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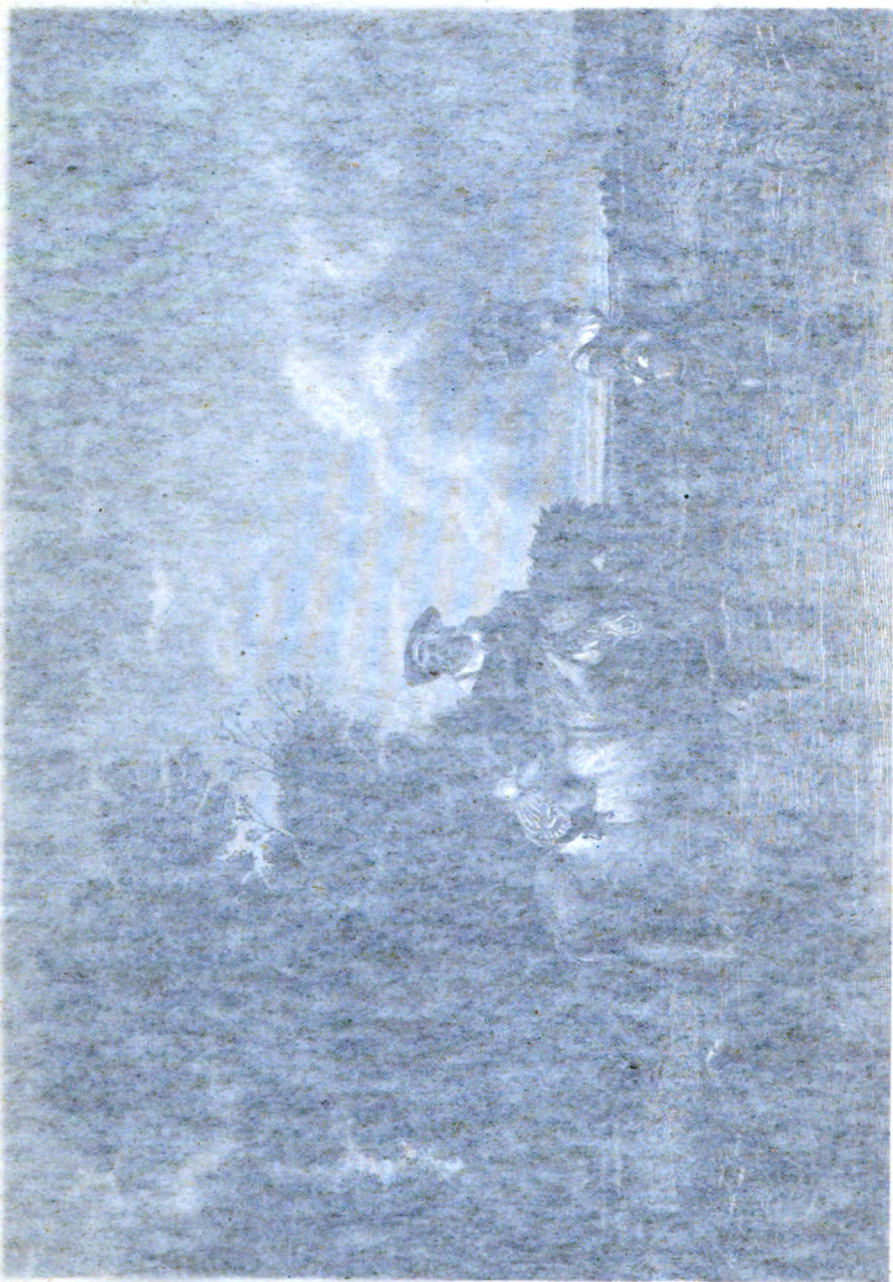
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DAWN OF CREATION AND OF WORSHIP.

REPLY TO DR. RÉVILLE.

BY RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

AMONG recent works on the origin and history of religions by distinguished authors, a somewhat conspicuous place may be awarded to the *Prolegomènes de l'Histoire des Religions*, by Dr. Réville, Professor in the College of France, and Hibbert Lecturer in 1884. The volume has been translated into English by Mr. Squire, and the translation\* comes forth with all the advantage, and it is great, which can be conferred by an Introduction from the pen of Professor Max Müller. It appears, if I may presume to speak of it, to be characterised, among other merits, by marked ingenuity and acuteness, breadth of field, great

felicity of phrase, evident candor of intention, and abundant courtesy.

Whether its contents are properly placed as *prolegomena* may at once be questioned; for surely the proper office of *prolegomena* is to present preliminaries, and not results. Such is not, however, the aim of this work. It starts from assuming the subjective origin of all religions, which are viewed as so many answers to the call of a strong human appetite for that kind of food, and are examined as the several varieties of one and the same species. The conclusions of opposing inquirers, however, are not left to be confuted by a collection of facts and testimonies drawn from historical investigation, but are thrust out of the way beforehand in the preface (for, after all, *prolegomena* can be nothing but a less homely phrase for

\* In his *Prolegomena to the History of Religions*. My references throughout are to the translation by Mr. Squire (Williams & Norgate, 1884).

a preface). These inquirers are so many pretenders, who have obstructed the passage of the rightful heir to his throne, and they are to be put summarily out of the way, as disturbers of the public peace. The method pursued appears to be not to allow the facts and arguments to dispose of them, but to condemn them before the cause is heard. I do not know how to reconcile this method with Dr. Réville's declaration that he aims (p. vi) at proceeding in a "strictly scientific spirit." It might be held that such a spirit required the regular presentation of the evidence before the delivery of the verdict upon it. In any case I venture to observe that these are not truly *prolegomena*, but *epilegomena* to a History of Religions not yet placed before us.

The first enemy whom Dr. Réville despatches is M. de Bonald, as the champion of the doctrine that "in the very beginning of the human race the creative power revealed to the first men by supernatural means the essential principles of religious truth," together with "language and even the art of writing" (pp. 35, 36).

In passing, Dr. Réville observes that "the religious schools, which maintain the truth of a primitive revelation, are guided by a very evident theological interest" (*ibid.*); the Protestant, to fortify the authority of the Bible; and the Roman Catholic, to prop the infallibility of the Church.

It is doubtless true that the doctrine of a primitive revelation tends to fortify the authority of religion. But is it not equally true, and equally obvious, that the denial of a primitive revelation tends to undermine it? and, if so, might it not be retorted upon the school of Dr. Réville that the schools which deny a primitive revelation are guided by a very evident anti-theological interest?

Against this antagonist Dr. Réville observes, *inter alia* (p. 37), that an appeal to the supernatural is *per se* inadmissible; that a divine revelation, containing the sublime doctrines of the purest inspiration, given to man at an age indefinitely remote, and in a state of "absolute ignorance," is "infinitely hard" to imagine; that it is not favored by analogy; and that it contradicts all that we know of prehistoric man (p. 40).

Thus far it might perhaps be contended in reply, (1) that the preliminary objection to the supernatural is a pure *petitio principii*, and wholly repugnant to "scientific method;" (2) that it is not inconceivable that revelation might be indefinitely graduated, as well as human knowledge and condition; (3) that it is in no way repugnant to analogy, if the greatest master of analogy, Bishop Butler,\* may be heard upon the subject; and (4) that our earliest information about the races from which we are least remote, Aryan, Semitic, Accadian, or Egyptian, offers no contradiction and no obstacle to the idea of their having received, or inherited, portions of some knowledge divinely revealed.

But I do not now enter upon these topics, as I have a more immediate and defined concern with the work of Dr. Réville.

It only came within the last few months to my knowledge that, at a period when my cares and labors of a distinct order were much too absorbing to allow of any attention to archæological history, Dr. Réville had done me the honor to select me as the representative of those writers who find warrant for the assertion of a primitive revelation in the testimony of the Holy Scriptures.

This is a distinction which I do not at all deserve; first, because Dr. Réville might have placed in the field champions much more competent and learned† than myself; secondly, because I have never attempted to give the proof of such a warrant. I have never written *ex professo* on the subject of it; but it is true that in a work published nearly thirty years ago, when destructive criticism was less advanced than it now is, I assumed it as a thing generally received, at least in this country. Upon some of the points, which group themselves round that assumption, my views, like those of many other inquirers, have been stated more crudely at an early, and more maturely at more than one later period. I admit that variation or development imposes a hardship upon critics, notwithstanding all their desire to be just; especially, may I say, upon such critics

\* *Analogy*, P. II. ch. ii. § 2.

† I will only name one of the most recent, Dr. Reusch, the author of *Bibel und Natur* (Bonn, 1876).

as, traversing ground of almost boundless extent, can hardly, except in the rarest cases, be minutely and closely acquainted with every portion of it.

I also admit to Dr. Réville, and indeed I contend by his side, that in an historical inquiry the authority of Scripture cannot be alleged in proof of the existence of a primitive revelation. So to allege it is a preliminary assumption of the supernatural, and is in my view a manifest departure from the laws of "scientific" procedure: as palpable a departure, may I venture to say? as that preliminary exclusion of the supernatural which I have already presumed to notice. My own offence, if it be one, was of another character; and was committed in the early days of Homeric study, when my eyes perhaps were dazzled with the amazing richness and variety of the results which reward all close investigation of the text of Homer, so that objects were blurred for a time in my view, which soon came to stand more clear before me.

I had better perhaps state at once what my contention really is. It is, first, that many important pictures drawn, and indications given, in the Homeric poems supply evidence that cannot be confuted not only of an ideal but of an historical relationship to the Hebrew traditions, (1) and mainly, as they are recorded in the Book of Genesis; (2) as less authentically to be gathered from the later Hebrew learning; and (3) as illustrated from extraneous sources. Secondly, any attempt to expound the Olympian mythology of Homer by simple reference to a solar theory, or even to Nature worship in a larger sense, is simply a plea for a verdict against the evidence. It is also true that I have an unshaken belief in a Divine Revelation, not resting on assumption, but made obligatory upon me by reason. But I hold the last of these convictions entirely apart from the others, and I derived the first and second not from preconception, of which I had not a grain, but from the poems themselves, as purely as I derived my knowledge of the Peloponnesian War from Thucydides or his interpreters.

The great importance of this contention I do not deny. I have produced in its favor a great mass of evidence, which, as far as I have seen, there has

been no serious endeavor, if indeed any endeavor, to repel. Dr. Réville observes that my views have been subjected to "very profound criticism" by Sir G. Cox in his learned work on Aryan mythology (p. 41). That is indeed a very able criticism; but it is addressed entirely to the statements of my earliest Homeric work.\* Now, apart from the question whether those statements have been rightly understood (which I cannot admit), that which he attacks is beyond and outside of the proposition which I have given above. Sir G. Cox has not attempted to decide the question whether there was a primitive revelation, or whether it may be traced in Homer. And I may say that I am myself so little satisfied with the precise form, in which my general conclusions were originally clothed, that I have not reprinted and shall not reprint the work, which has become very rare, only appearing now and then in some catalogue, and at a high price. When there are representatives living and awake, why disturb the ashes of the dead? In later works, reaching from 1865 to 1875,† I have confessed to the modification of my results, and have stated the case in terms which appear to me, using the common phrase, to be those yielded by the legitimate study of comparative religion. But why should those, who think it a sound method of comparative religion to match together the Vedas, the Norse legends, and the Egyptian remains, think it to be no process of comparative religion to bring together, not vaguely and loosely, but in searching detail, certain traditions of the Book of Genesis and those recorded in the Homeric poems, and to argue that their resemblances may afford proof of a common origin, without any anticipatory assumption as to what that origin may be?

It will hardly excite surprise, after what has now been written, when I say I am unable to accept as mine any one of the propositions which Dr. Réville (pp. 41-2) affiliates to me. (1) I do not hold that there was a "systematic"

\* *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*, 3 vols. Oxford, 1858.

† *Address to the University of Edinburgh* (Murray, 1865); *Juventus Mundi* (Macmillan, 1868); *Primer of Homer* (Macmillan, 1878); especially see Preface to *Juventus Mundi*, p. 1.

or wilful corruption of a primitive religion. (2) I do not hold that all the mythologies are due to any such corruption, systematic or otherwise. (3) I do not hold that no part of them sprang out of the deification of natural facts. (4) I do not hold that the ideas conveyed in the Book of Genesis, or in any Hebrew tradition, were developed in the form of dogma, as is said by Sir G. Cox,\* or in "six great doctrines," as is conceived by Dr. Réville; and (5) I am so far from ever having held that there was "a primitive orthodoxy" revealed to the first men (p. 43) that I have carefully from the first referred not to developed doctrine, but to rudimentary indications of what are now developed and established truths. So that, although Dr. Réville asks me for proof, I decline to supply proofs of what I disbelieve. What I have supplied proofs of is the appearance in the Poems of a number of traits, incongruous in various degrees with their immediate environment, but having such marked and characteristic resemblances to the Hebrew tradition as to require of us, in the character of rational inquirers, the admission of a common origin, just as the markings, which we sometimes notice upon the coats of horses and donkeys, are held to require the admission of their relationship to the zebra.

It thus appears that Dr. Réville has discharged his pistol in the air, for my Homeric propositions involve no assumption as to a revelation contained in the Book of Genesis, while he has not *ex professo* contested my statements of an historical relationship between some traditions of that book and those of the Homeric poems. But I will now briefly examine (1) the manner in which Dr. Réville handles the Book of Genesis, and (2) the manner in which he undertakes, by way of specimen, to construe the mythology of Homer, and enlist it, by comparison, in the support of his system of interpretation. And first with the first-named of these two subjects.

Entering a protest against assigning to the Book "a dictatorial authority," that is, I presume, against its containing a Divine revelation to anybody, he passes on to examine its contents. It contains,

he says, scientific errors, of which (p. 42, *n*) he specifies three. His charges are that (1) it speaks of the heaven as a solid vault; (2) it places the creation of the stars after that of the earth, and so places them solely for its use; (3) it introduces the vegetable kingdom before that kingdom could be subjected to the action of solar light. All these condemnations are quietly enunciated in a note, as if they were subject to no dispute. Let us see.

As to the first: if our scholars are right in their judgment, just made known to the world by the recent revision of the Old Testament, the "firmament" is, in the Hebrew original,\* *not* a solid vault, but an expanse. As to the second (a) it is *not* said in the sacred text that the stars were made solely for the use of the earth; (b) it is true that no other use is mentioned. But we must here inquire what was the purpose of the narrative? Not to rear cosmic philosophers, but to furnish ordinary men with some idea of what the Creator had done in the way of providing for them a home, and giving them a place in nature. The advantage afforded by the stars to them is named alone, they having no interest in any other purpose for which the stars may exist.

The assertion that the stars are stated to have been "creative" after the earth is more serious. But here it becomes necessary first of all to notice the recital in this part of the indictment. In the language of Dr. Réville, the Book speaks of the creation of the stars after the formation of the earth. Now, curiously enough, the Book says nothing either of the "formation" of the earth, or of the "creation" of the stars. It says in its first line that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." It says further on,† "He made the stars also." Can it be urged that this is a fanciful distinction between creating on the one hand and making, forming, or fashioning on the other? Dante did not think so, for, speaking of the Divine Will, he says:—

Ciò ch' Ella cria, e che Natura face.‡

\* The *σπεῖσμα* of the Septuagint is construed in conformity with the Hebrew.

† Gen. i. 16.

‡ *Paradiso*, iii. 87.

\* *Aryan Mythology*, vol. i. p. 15.



Luther did not think so, for he uses *schuf* in the first verse, and *machte* in the sixteenth. The English Translators and their Revisers did not think so, for they use the words "created" and "made" in the two passages respectively. The main question, however, is what did the author of the Book think, and what did he intend to convey? The LXX drew no distinction, probably for the simple reason that, as the idea of creation proper was not familiar to the Greeks, their language conveyed no word better than *poiein* to express it, which is also the proper word for fashioning or making. But the Hebrew, it seems, had the distinction, and by the writer of Genesis it has been strictly, to Dr. Réville I might almost say scientifically, followed. He uses the word "created" on the three grand occasions (1) of the beginning of the mighty work (v. 1); (2) of the beginning of animal life (v. 21) "And God created great whales," and every living creature that peoples the waters; (3) of the yet more important beginning of rational and spiritual life; "so God created man in his own image" (v. 27). In every other instance, the simple command is recited, or a word implying less than creation is employed.

From this very marked mode of use, it is surely plain that a marked distinction of sense was intended by the sacred writer. I will not attempt a definition of the distinction further than this, that the one phrase points more to calling into a separate or individual existence, the other more to shaping and fashioning the conditions of that existence; the one to *quid*, the other to *quale*. Our Earth, created in v. 1, undergoes structural change, different arrangement of material, in v. 9. After this, and in the fourth day, comes not the original creation, but the location in the firmament, of the sun and the moon. Of their "creation" nothing particular has been said; for no use, palpable to man, was associated with it before their perfect equipment. Does it not seem allowable to suppose that in the "heavens"\*

(v. 1), of which after the first outset we hear no more, were included the heavenly bodies? In any case what is afterwards conveyed is not the calling into existence of the sun and moon, but the assignment to them of a certain place and orbit respectively, with a light-giving power. Is there the smallest inconsistency in a statement which places the emergence of our land, and its separation from the sea, and the commencement of vegetable life, before the final and full concentration of light upon the sun, and its reflection on the moon and the planets? In the gradual severance of other elements would not the severance of the luminous body, or force, be gradual also? And why, let me ask of Dr. Réville, as there would plainly be light diffused before there was light concentrated, why may not that light diffused have been sufficient for the purposes of vegetation? There was soil, there was atmosphere, there was moisture, there was light. What more could be required? Need we go beyond our constant experience to be aware that the process of vegetation, though it may be suspended, is not arrested, when, through the presence of cloud and vapor, the sun's globe becomes to us invisible? The same observations apply to the light of the planets; while as to the other stars, such as were then perceptible to the human eye, we know nothing. The planets, being luminous bodies only through the action of the sun, could not be luminous until such a degree of light, or of light-force, was accumulated upon or in the sun, as to make them luminous, instead of being

silent as the moon,  
When she deserts the night  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.\*

Is it not then the fact, thus far, that the impeachment of the Book has fallen to the ground? There remains to add only one remark, the propriety of which is, I think, indisputable. Easy comprehension and impressive force are the objects to be aimed at in a composition at once popular and summary; but these cannot always be had without some departure from accurate classification, and the

tributively in verses 6-19; surely a most orderly arrangement.

\* *Samson Agonistes*.

\* In our translation, and in the recent Revision, the singular is used. But we are assured that the Hebrew word is plural (Bishop of Winchester on Genesis i. 1 in the Speaker's Bible). If so taken, we have the creation, visible to us, treated conjointly in verses 1-5, dis-



order of minute detail. It seems much more easy to justify the language of the opening verses of Genesis than, for example, the convenient usage by which we affirm that the sun rises, or mounts above the horizon, and sets, or descends below it, when we know perfectly well that he does neither the one nor the other. As to the third charge of scientific error, that the vegetable kingdom appeared before it could be subjected to the action of solar light, it has been virtually disposed of. If the light now appropriated to the sun alone was gradually gathering towards and round him, why may it not have performed its proper office in contributing to vegetation when once the necessary degree of severance between solid and fluid, between wet and dry, had been effected? And this is just what had been described in the formation of the firmament, and the separation of land from sea.

More singular still seems to be the next observation offered by Dr. Réville in his compound labor to satisfy his readers, first, that there is no revelation in Genesis, and secondly that, if there be, it is one which has no serious or relevant meaning. He comes to the remarkable expression in v. 26, "Let *us* make man in our own image." There has, it appears, been much difference of opinion even among the Jews on the meaning of this verse. The Almighty addresses, as some think, His own powers; as others think, the angels; others, the earth; other writers, especially, as it appears, Germans, have understood this to be a plural of dignity, after the manner of kings. Others, of the rationalising school, conceive the word Elohim to be a relic of polytheism. The ancient Christian interpreters,\* from the Apostle Barnabas onwards, find in these words an indication of a plurality in the Divine Unity. Dr. Réville (p. 43) holds that this is "simply the royal plural used in Hebrew as in many other languages," or else, "and more probably," that it is an appeal to the Bené Elohim or angels. But is not this latter meaning a direct assault upon the supreme truth of the Unity of God? If he chooses the former, from whence does

he derive his knowledge that this "royal plural" was used in Hebrew? Will the royal plural account for (Gen. iii. 22) "when the man is become as one of us"? and would George the Second, if saying of Charles Edward "the man is become as one of us," have intended to convey a singular or a plural meaning? Can we disprove the assertion of Bishop Harold Browne, that this plurality of dignity is unknown to the language of Scripture? And further, if we make the violent assumption that the Christian Church with its one voice is wrong and Dr. Réville right, and that the words were not meant to convey the idea of plurality, yet, if they have been such as to lead all Christendom to see in them this idea through 1800 years, how can he be sure that they did not convey a like signification to the earliest hearers or readers of the Book of Genesis?

The rest of Dr. Réville's criticism is directed rather to the significance or propriety, than to the truth, of the record. It is not necessary to follow his remarks in detail, but it will help the reader to judge how far even a perfectly upright member of the scientific and comparative school can indulge an unconscious bias, if notice be taken in a single instance of his method of comparing. He compares together the two parts of the prediction that the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent, and that the serpent shall bruise the heel of the seed of the woman (iii. 15); and he conceives the head and the heel to be so much upon a par in their relation to the faculties and the vitality of a man that he can find here nothing to indicate which shall get the better, or, in his own words, "on which side shall be the final victory" (p. 45). St. Paul seems to have taken a different view when he wrote, "the God of Peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly" (Rom. xvi. 20).

Moreover "our author" (in Dr. Réville's phrase) is censured because he "takes special care to point out" (p. 44) "that the first pair are as yet strangers to the most elementary notions of morality," inasmuch as they are unclothed, yet without shame; nay, even, as he feelingly says, "without the least shame." In what the morality of the first pair consisted, this is hardly the

\* On this expression, I refer again to the commentary of Bishop Harold Browne. Bishop Mant supplies an interesting list of testimonies.

place to discuss. But let us suppose for a moment that their morality was simply the morality of a little child, the undeveloped morality of obedience, without distinctly formed conceptions of an ethical or abstract standard. Is it not plain that their feelings would have been exactly what the Book describes (Gen. ii. 25), and yet that in their loving obedience to their Father and Creator they would certainly have had a germ, let me say an opening bud, of morality? But this proposition, taken alone, by no means does justice to the case. Dr. Réville would probably put aside with indifference or contempt all that depends upon the dogma of the Fall. And yet there can be no more rational idea, no idea more palpably sustained, whether by philosophy or by experience. Namely this idea: that the commission of sin, that is the act of deliberately breaking a known law of duty, injures the nature and composition of the being who commits it. It injures that nature in deranging it, in altering the proportion of its parts and powers, in introducing an inward disorder and rebellion of the lower against the higher, too mournfully corresponding with that disorder and rebellion produced without, as towards God, of which the first sin was the fountain head. Such is, I believe, the language of Christian theology, and in particular of St. Augustine, one of its prime masters. On this matter I apprehend that Dr. Réville, when judging the author of Genesis, judges him without regard to his fundamental ideas and aims, one of which was to convey that before sinning man was a being morally and physically balanced, and nobly pure in every faculty; and that, by and from his sinning, the sense of shame found a proper and necessary place in a nature which before was only open to the sense of duty and of reverence.

One further observation only. Dr. Réville seems to "score one" when he finds (Gen. iv. 26) that Seth had a son, and that "then began men to call on the name of the Lord;" "but not," he adds, "as the result of a recorded revelation." Here at last he has found, or seemed to find, the beginning of religion, and that beginning subjective, not revealed. So hastily, from the first

aspect of the text, does he gather a verbal advantage, which, upon the slightest inquiry, would have disappeared, like dew in the morning sun. He assumes the rendering of a text which has been the subject of every kind of question and dispute, the only thing apparently agreed on being that his interpretation is wholly excluded. Upon a disputed original, and a disputed interpretation of the disputed original, he founds a signification in flat contradiction to the whole of the former narrative, to Elohist and Jehovist alike; which narrative, if it represents anything, represents a continuity of active reciprocal relation between God and man both before and after the transgression. Not to mention differences of translation, which essentially change the meaning of the words, the text itself is given by the double authority of the Samaritan Pentateuch\* and of the Septuagint in the singular number, which of itself wholly destroys the construction of Dr. Réville. I do not enter upon the difficult question of conflicting authorities: but I urge that it is unsafe to build an important conclusion upon a seriously controverted reading.†

There is nothing, then, in the criticisms of Dr. Réville but what rather tends to confirm than to impair the old-fashioned belief that there is a revelation in the Book of Genesis. With his argument outside this proposition I have not dealt. I make no assumption as to what is termed a verbal inspiration, and of course, in admitting the variety, I give up the absolute integrity of the text. Upon the presumable age of the book and its compilation I do not enter—not even to contest the opinion which brings it down below the age of Solomon—beyond observing that in every page it appears from internal evidence to belong to a remote antiquity. There is here no question of the chronology, or of the date of man, or of knowledge or ignorance in the primitive man; or

\* See Bishop of Winchester's *Commentary*.

† This perplexed question is discussed, in a sense adverse to the Septuagint, by the critic of the recent Revision, in the *Quarterly Review* for October, No. 322. The Revisers of the Old Testament state (Preface, p. vi.) that in a few cases of extreme difficulty they have set aside the Massoretic Text in favor of a reading from one of the Ancient Versions.

whether the element of parable enters into any portion of the narrative; or whether every statement of fact contained in the text of the Book, can now be made good. It is enough for my present purpose to point to the cosmogony, and the fourfold succession of the living organisms, as entirely harmonising, according to present knowledge, with belief in a revelation, and as presenting to the rejector of that belief a problem, which demands solution at his hands, and which he has not yet been able to solve. Whether this revelation was conveyed to the ancestors of the whole human race who have at the time or since existed, I do not know, and the Scriptures do not appear to me to make the affirmation, even if they do not convey certain indications which favor a contrary opinion. Again, whether it contains the whole of the knowledge specially vouchsafed to the parents of the Noachian races, may be very doubtful; though of course great caution must be exercised in regard to the particulars of any primæval tradition not derived from the text of the earliest among the sacred Books. I have thus far confined myself to rebutting objections. But I will now add some positive considerations which appear to me to sustain the ancient, and as I am persuaded impregnable, belief of Christians and of Jews concerning the inspiration of the Book. I offer them as one wholly destitute of that kind of knowledge which carries authority, and who speaks derivatively as best he can, after listening to teachers of repute and such as practise rational methods.

I understand the stages of the majestic process described in the Book of Genesis to be in general outline as follows:—

1. The point of departure is the formless mass, created by God, out of which the earth was shaped and constituted a thing of individual existence (verses 1, 2).

2. The detachment and collection of light, leaving in darkness as it proceeded the still chaotic mass from which it was detached (verses 3-5). The narrative assigning a space of time to each process appears to show that each was gradual, not instantaneous.

3. The detachment of light from dark-

ness is followed by the detachment of wet from dry, and of solid from liquid, in the firmament, and on the face of the earth. Each of these operations occupies a "day;" and the conditions of vegetable life, as known to us by experience, being now provided, the order of the vegetable kingdom had begun (verses 6-13).

4. Next comes the presentation to us of the heavenly bodies, sun, moon, and stars, in their final forms, when the completion of the process of light-collection and concentration in the sun, and the due clearing of the intervening spaces, had enabled the central orb to illuminate us both with direct and with reflected light (verses 14-19).

5. So far, we have been busy only with the adjustment of material agencies. We now arrive at the dawn of animated being; and a great transition seems to be marked as a kind of recommencement of the work, for the name of creation is again introduced. God created

- (a) The water-population;

- (b) The air-population.

And they receive His benediction (verses 20-23).

6. Pursuing this regular progression from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the complex, the text now gives us the work of the sixth "day," which supplies the land-population, air and water having already been supplied. But in it there is a sub-division, and the transition from (c) animal to (d) man, like the transition from inanimate to animate, is again marked as a great occasion, a kind of recommencement. For this purpose the word "create" is a third time employed. "God created man in His own image," and once more He gave benediction to this the final work of His hands, and endowed our race with its high dominion over what lived and what did not live (verses 24-31).

I do not dwell on the cessation of the Almighty from the creating and (ii. 1) "finishing" work, which is the "rest" and marks the seventh "day," because it introduces another order of considerations. But glancing back at the narrative which now forms the first chapter, I offer perhaps a prejudiced, and in any case no more than a passing, remark. If we view it as popular nar-

rative, it is singularly vivid, forcible, and effective ; if we take it as poem, it is indeed sublime. No wonder if it became classical and reappeared in the glorious devotions of the Hebrew people,\* pursuing, in a great degree, the same order of topics as in the Book of Genesis.

But the question is not here of a lofty poem, or a skilfully constructed narrative : it is whether natural science, in the patient exercise of its high calling to examine facts, finds that the works of God cry out against what we have fondly believed to be His Word, and tell another tale ; or whether, in this nineteenth century of Christian progress, it substantially echoes back the majestic sound which, before it existed as a pursuit, went forth into all lands.

First, looking largely at the latter portion of the narrative, which describes the creation of living organisms, and waiving details, on some of which (as in verse 24) the Septuagint seems to vary from the Hebrew, there is a grand four-fold division, set forth in an orderly succession of times as follows : on the fifth day

1. The water-population ;
  2. The air-population ;
- and, on the sixth day,
3. The land-population of animals ;
  4. The land-population consummated in man.

Now this same four-fold order is understood to have been so affirmed in our time by natural science, that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact. Then, I ask, how came Moses, or, not to cavil on the word, how came the author of the first chapter of Genesis, to know that order, to possess knowledge which natural science has only within the present century for the first time dug out of the bowels of the earth ? It is surely impossible to avoid the conclusion, first, that either this writer was gifted with faculties passing all human experience, or else his knowledge was divine. The first branch of the alternative is truly nominal and unreal. We know the sphere within which human inquiry toils. We know the heights to which the intui-

tions of genius may soar. We know that in certain cases genius anticipates science ; as Homer, for example, in his account of the conflict of the four winds in sea-storms. But even in these anticipations, marvellous, and, so to speak, imperial as they are, genius cannot escape from one inexorable law. It must have materials of sense or experience to work with, and a *πῶς σὺ* from whence to take its flight ; and genius can no more tell, apart from some at least of the results attained by inquiry, what are the contents of the crust of the earth, than it could square the circle, or annihilate a fact.\*

So stands the plea for a revelation of truth from God, a plea only to be met by questioning its possibility ; that is, as Dr. Salmon† has observed with great force in a recent work, by suggesting that a Being, able to make man, is unable to communicate with the creature He has made. If, on the other hand, the objector confine himself to a merely negative position, and cast the burden of proof on those who believe in revelation, it is obvious to reply by a reference to the actual constitution of things. Had that constitution been normal or morally undisturbed, it might have been held that revelation as an *adminiculum*, an addition to our natural faculties, would itself have been a disturbance. But the disturbance has in truth been created in the other scale of the balance by departure from the Supreme Will, by the introduction of sin ; and revelation, as a special remedy for a special evil, is a contribution towards symmetry, and towards restoration of the original equilibrium.

Thus far only the fourfold succession of living orders has been noticed. But among the persons of very high authority in natural science quoted by Dr. Reusch,‡

\* In conversation with Miss Burney (Diary, i. 576), Johnson, using language which sounds more disparaging than it really is, declares that "Genius is nothing more than knowing the use of tools ; but then there must be tools for it to use."

† *Introduction to the New Testament*, p. ix. Murray, 1885.

‡ *Bibel und Natur*, pp. 2. 63. The words of Cuvier are : "Moyses hat uns eine Kosmogonie hinterlassen, deren Genauigkeit mit jedem Tage in einer bewundernswürdigen Weise bestätigt ist." The declaration of Sir John Herschel was in 1864.

\* Ps. civ. 2-20, cxxxvi. 5-9, and the Song of the Three Children in verses 57-60.

who held the general accordance of the Mosaic cosmogony with the results of modern inquiry, are Cuvier and Sir John Herschel. The words of Cuvier show he conceived that "every day" fresh confirmation from the purely human source accrued to the credit of Scripture. And since his day, for he cannot now be called a recent authority, this opinion appears to have received some remarkable illustrations.

Half a century ago, Dr. Whewell\* discussed, under the name of the nebular hypothesis, that theory of rotation which had been indicated by Herschel, and more largely taught by La Place, as the probable method through which the solar system has taken its form. Carefully abstaining, at that early date, from a formal judgment on the hypothesis, he appears to discuss it with favor; and he shows that this hypothesis, which assumes "a beginning of the present state of things,"† is in no way adverse to the Mosaic cosmogony. The theory has received marked support from opposite quarters. In the *Vestiges of Creation* it is frankly adopted; the very curious experiment of Professor Plateau is detailed at length on its behalf;‡ and the author considers, with La Place, that the zodiacal light, on which Humboldt in his *Kosmos* has dwelt at large, may be a remnant of the luminous atmosphere originally diffused around the sun. Dr. McCaul, in his very able argument on the Mosaic Record, quotes § Humboldt, Pfaff, and Mädler—a famous German astronomer—as adhering to it. It appears on the whole to be in possession of the field; and McCaul observes || that, "had it been devised for the express purpose of removing the supposed difficulties of the Mosaic record, it could hardly have been more to the purpose." Even if we conceive, with Dr. Réville, that the "creation," the first gift of separate existences, to the planets is declared to have been subsequent to that of the earth, there seems to be no known law which excludes such a supposition, especially with respect to the larger and more distant of their number. These,

it is to be noticed, are of great rarity as compared with the earth. Why should it be declared impossible that they should have taken a longer time in condensation, like in this point to the comets, which still continue in a state of excessive rarity? Want of space forbids me to enter into further explanation; but it requires much more serious efforts and objections than those of Dr. Réville to confute the statement that the extension of knowledge and of inquiry has confirmed the Mosaic record.

One word, however, upon the "days" of Genesis. We do not hear the authority of Scripture impeached on the ground that it assigns to the Almighty eyes and ears, hands, arms, and feet; nay, even the emotions of the human being. This being so, I am unable to understand why any disparagement to the credit of the sacred books should ensue because, to describe the order and successive stages of the Divine working, these have been distributed into "days." What was the thing required in order to make this great procession of acts intelligible and impressive? Surely it was to distribute the parts each into some integral division of time, having the character of something complete in itself, of a revolution, or outset and return. There are but three such divisions familiarly known to man. Of these the day was the most familiar to human perceptions; and probably on this account its figurative use is admitted to be found in prophetic texts, as, indeed, it largely pervades ancient and modern speech. Given the object in view, which indeed can hardly be questioned, does it not appear that the "day," more definitely separated than either month or year from what precedes and what follows, was appropriately chosen for the purpose of conveying the idea of development by gradation in the process which the Book sets forth?

I now come to the last portion of my task, which is to follow Dr. Réville into his exposition of the Olympian mythology. Not, indeed, the Homeric or Greek religion alone, for he has considered the case of all religions, and disposes of them with equal facility. Of any other system than the Olympian, it would be presumption in me to speak, as I have, beyond this limit, none but

\* Whewell's *Astronomy and General Physics*, 1834, p. 181 *seqq.*

† Whewell, *op. cit.* p. 206.

‡ *Vestiges*, &c. pp. 11-15.

§ *Aids to Faith*, p. 210.

|| *Ibid.*

the most vague and superficial knowledge. But on the Olympian system in its earliest and least adulterated, namely its Homeric, development, whether with success or not, I have freely employed a large share of such leisure as more than thirty years of my Parliamentary life, passed in freedom from the calls of office, have supplied. I hope that there is not in Dr. Réville's treatment of other systems that slightness of texture, and that facility and rapidity of conclusion, which seem to me to mark his performances in the Olympian field.

In the main he follows what is called the solar theory. In his widest view, he embraces no more than "the religion of nature" (pp. 94, 100), and he holds that all religion has sprung from the worship of objects visible and sensible.

His first essay is upon Heracles, whom I have found to be one of the most difficult and, so to speak, irreducible characters in the Olympian mythology. In the Tyrian system Heracles, as Melkart, says Dr. Réville in p. 95, is "a brazen god, the devourer of children, the terror of men;" but, without any loss of identity, he becomes in the Greek system "the great lawgiver, the tamer of monsters, the peacemaker, the liberator." I am deeply impressed with the danger that lurks in these summary and easy solutions; and I will offer a few words first on the Greek Heracles generally, next on the Homeric presentation of the character.

Dr. L. Schmidt has contributed to Smith's great Dictionary a large and careful article on Heracles; an article which may almost be called a treatise. Unlike Dr. Réville, to whom the matter is so clear, he finds himself out of his depth in attempting to deal with this highly incongruous character, which meets us at so many points, as a whole. But he perceives in the Heracles of Greece a mixture of fabulous and historic elements; and the mythical basis is not, according to him, a transplanted Melkart, but is essentially Greek.\* He refers to Buttmann's *Mythologus* and Müller's *Dorians* as the best treatises on the subject, "both of which regard the hero as a purely Greek character." Thus Dr. Réville appears to be in con-

flict with the leading authorities, whom he does not confute, but simply ignores.

Homer himself may have felt the difficulty which Dr. Réville does not feel, for he presents to us, in one and the same passage, a divided Heracles. Whatever of him is not *eidolon*\* dwells among the Olympian gods. This *eidolon*, however, is no mere shade, but something that sees and speaks, that mourns and threatens; no "lawgiver," or "peacemaker," or "liberator," but one from whom the other shades fly in terror, set in the place and company of sinners suffering for their sins, and presumably himself in the same predicament, as the sense of grief is assigned to him: it is in wailing that he addresses Odysseus.† Accordingly, while on earth, he is *thrasumemnon*,‡ *hyperthymos*,§ a doer of *megala erga*,|| which with Homer commonly are crimes. He is profane, for he wounded Here, the specially Achaian goddess;¶ and he is treacherous, for he killed Iphitos, his host, in order to carry off his horses.\*\* A mixed character, no doubt, or he would not have had Hebe for a partner; but those which I have stated are some of the difficulties which Dr. Réville quietly rides over to describe him as lawgiver, peacemaker, and liberator. But I proceed.

Nearly everything, with Dr. Réville, and, indeed, with his school, has to be pressed into the service of the solar theory; and if the evidence will not bear it, so much the worse for the evidence. Thus Ixion, tortured in the later Greek system on a wheel, which is sometimes represented as a burning wheel, is made (p. 105) to be the Sun; the luminary whose splendor and beneficence had rendered him, according to the theory, the centre of all Aryan worship. A sorry use to put him to; but let that pass. Now the occasion that supplies an Ixion and a burning wheel available for solarism—a system which prides itself above all things on its exhibiting the primitive state of things—is that Ixion had loved unlawfully the wife of Zeus. And first as to the wheel. We hear of it in Pindar;†† but as a

\* *Od.* xi. 601-4.

† *Od.* xi. 267.

‡ *Od.* xxi. 26.

\*\* *Od.* xxi. 26-30.

† *Od.* xi. 605-16.

§ *Il.* xiv. 250.

|| *Il.* v. 392.

†† *Pyth.* ii. 36.

\* Smith's *Dict.* ii. 400.



winged not a burning wheel. This "solar" feature appears, I believe, nowhere but in the latest and most defaced and adulterated mythology. Next as to the punishment. It is of a more respectable antiquity. But some heed should surely be taken of the fact that the oldest authority upon Ixion is Homer; and that Homer affords no plea for a burning or any other wheel, for according to him,\* instead of Ixion's loving the wife of Zeus, it was Zeus who loved the wife of Ixion.

Errors, conveyed without testimony in a sentence, commonly require many sentences to confute them. I will not dwell on minor cases, or those purely fanciful; for mere fancies, which may be admired or the reverse, are impalpable to the clutch of argument, and thus are hardly subjects for confutation. *Paulò majora canamus*. I continue to tread the field of Greek mythology, because it is the favorite sporting-ground of the exclusivists of the solar theory.

We are told (p. 80) that because waves with rounded backs may have the appearance (but query) of horses or sheep throwing themselves tumultuously upon one another, therefore "in maritime regions, the god of the liquid element, Poseidon or Neptune, is the breeder, protector, and trainer of horses." Then why is he not also the breeder, protector, and trainer of sheep? They have quite as good a maritime title; according to the fine line of Ariosto:

Muggendo van per mare i gran montoni.

I am altogether sceptical about these rounded backs of horses, which, more, it seems, than other backs, become conspicuous like a wave. The resemblance, I believe, has commonly been drawn between the horse, as regards his mane, and the foam-tipped waves, which are still sometimes called white horses. But we have here, at best, a case of a great superstructure built upon a slight foundation; when it is attempted, on the groundwork of a mere simile, having reference to a state of sea which in the Mediterranean is not the rule but the rare exception, to frame an explanation of the close, pervading, and almost profound relation of the Homeric Poseidon

to the horse. Long and careful investigation has shown me that this is an ethnical relation, and a key to important parts of the ethnography of Homer. But the proof of this proposition would require an essay of itself. I will, therefore, only refer to the reason which leads Dr. Réville to construct this (let me say) castle in the air. It is because he thinks he is accounting hereby for a fact, which would indeed, if established, be a startling one, that the god of the liquid element should also be the god of the horse. We are dealing now especially with the Homeric Poseidon, for it is in Homer that the relation to the horse is developed; and the way to a true explanation is opened when we observe that the Homeric Poseidon is *not* the god of the liquid element at all.

The truth is that the Olympian and ruling gods of Homer are not elemental. Some few of them bear the marks of having been elemental in other systems; but, on admission into the Achaian heaven, they are divested of their elemental features. In the case of Poseidon, there is no sign that he ever had these elemental features. The signs are unequivocal that he had been worshipped as supreme, as the Zeus-Poseidon, by certain races and in certain, viz. in far southern, countries. Certainly he has a special relation to the sea. Once, and once only, do we hear of his having a habitation under water.\* It is in *Il.* xiii. where he fetches his horses from it, to repair to the Trojan plain. He seems to have been an habitual absentee; the prototype, he might be called, of that ill-starred, ill-favored class. We hear of him in Samothrace, on the Solyman mountains, as visiting the Ethiopians† who worshipped him, and the reek of whose offerings he preferred at such times to the society of the Olympian gods debating on Hellenic affairs; though, when we are in the zone of the Outer Geography, we find him actually presiding in an Olympian assembly marked with foreign associations.‡ Now compare with this great mundane figure the true elemental gods of Homer: first Okeanos, a venerable figure, who dwells appropriately by the furthest § bound of

\* *Il.* xiv. 317.

\* *Il.* xiii. 17-31.

† *Od.* viii. 321-66.

† *Od.* i. 25, 26.

§ *Il.* xiv. 201.

earth, the bank of the Ocean-river, and who is not summoned\* even to the great Olympian assembly of the Twentieth Book; and secondly, the greybeard of the sea, whom only from the patronymic of his Nereid daughters we know to have been called Nereus, and who, when reference is made to him and to his train, is on each occasion† to be found in one and the same place, the deep recesses of the Mediterranean waters. If Dr. Réville still doubts who was for Homer the elemental god of water, let him note the fact that while *neros* is old Greek for *wet*, *nero* is, down to this very day, the people's word for water. But, conclusive as are these considerations, their force will be most fully appreciated only by those who have closely observed that Homer's entire theurgic system is resolutely exclusive of Nature-worship, except in its lowest and most colorless orders, and that where he has to deal with a Nature-power of serious pretensions, such as the Water-god would be, he is apt to pursue a method of quiet suppression, by local banishment or otherwise, that space may be left him to play out upon his board the gorgeous and imposing figures of his theanthropic system.

As a surgeon performs the most terrible operation in a few seconds, and with unbroken calm, so does the school of Dr. Réville, at least within the Homeric precinct, marshal, label and transmute the personage that are found there. In touching on the "log," by which Dr. Réville says Hera was represented for ages, she is quietly described as the "Queen of the shining Heaven" (p. 79). For this assumption, so naively made, I am aware of no authority whatever among the Greeks—a somewhat formidable difficulty for others than solarists, as we are dealing with an eminently Greek conception. Euripides, a rather late authority, says,‡ she dwells among the stars, as all deities might be said, *ex officio*, to do; but gives no indication either of identity or of queenship. Etymology, stoutly disputed, may afford a refuge. Schmidt § refers the name to the Latin *hera*; Curtius|| and Prel-

ler\* to the Sanscrit *svar*, meaning the heaven; and Welcker,† with others, to what appears the more obvious form of *ēpa*, the earth. Dr. Réville, I presume, makes choice of the Sanscrit *sva*. Such etymologies, however, are, though greatly in favor with the solarists, most uncertain guides to Greek interpretation. The effect of trusting to them is that, if a deity has in some foreign or anterior system had a certain place or office, and if this place or office has been altered to suit the exigencies of a composite mythology, the Greek idea is totally misconceived. If we take the pre-name of the Homeric Apollo, we may with some plausibility say the *Phoibos* of the poet is the Sun; but we are landed at once in the absurd consequence that we have got a Sun already,‡ and that the two are joint actors in a scene of the eighth *Odyssey*.§ Strange, indeed, will be the effect of such a system if applied to our own case at some date in the far-off future; for it will be shown, *inter alia*, that there were no priests, but only presbyters, in any portion of Western Christendom; that our dukes were simply generals leading us in war; that we broke our fast at eight in the evening (for *dīner* is but a compression of *déjeuner*); and even, possibly, that one of the noblest and most famous of English houses pursued habitually the humble occupation of a pig-driver.

The character of Hera, or Heré, has received from Homer a full and elaborate development. There is in it absolutely no trace whatever of "the queen of the shining heaven." In the action of the *Odyssey* she has no share at all—a fact absolutely unaccountable if her function was one for which the voyages of that poem give much more scope than is supplied by the *Iliad*. The fact is, that there is no queen of heaven in the Achaian system; nor could there be without altering its whole genius. It is a curious incidental fact that, although Homer recognises to some extent humanity in the stars (I refer to Orion and Leucotheë, both of them foreign personages of the Outer Geography), he never even approximates to a personification of the real queen of heaven,

\* *Il.* xx. 7. † *Il.* i. 358; xviii. 36.

‡ Eurip. *Helena*, 109.

§ Smith's *Dict.* art. "Hera."

|| *Griech. Etymol.* p. 119.

\* Preller *Griech. Mythol.* i. 121.

† *Griech. Götterlehre*, i. 362-3.

‡ See *infra*.

§ *Od.* viii. 302, 334.

namely, the moon. There happens to be one marked incident of the action of Hera, which stands in rather ludicrous contrast with this lucent queenship. On one of the occasions when, in virtue of her birth and station, she exercises some supreme prerogative, she directs the Sun (surely not so to her lord and master) to set, and he reluctantly obeys.\* Her character has not any pronounced moral elements; it exhibits pride and passion; it is pervaded intensely with policy and nationalism; she is beyond all others the Achaian goddess, and it is sarcastically imputed to her by Zeus that she would cut the Trojans if she could, and eat them without requiring in the first instance any culinary process.† I humbly protest against mauling and disfiguring this work; against what great Walter Scott would, I think, have called "mashackering and misgug-gling" it, after the manner of Nicol Muschat, when he put an end to his wife Ailie† at the spot afterwards marked by his name. Why blur the picture so charged alike with imaginative power and with historic meaning, by the violent obtrusion of ideas, which, whatever force they may have had among other peoples or in other systems, it was one of the main purposes of Homer, in his marvellous theurgic work, to expel from all high place in the order of ideas, and from every corner, every loft and every cellar, so to speak, of his Olympian palaces?

If the Hera of Homer is to own a relationship outside the Achaian system, like that of Apollo to the Sun, it is undoubtedly, with Gaia, the Earth, that it can be most easily established. The all-producing function of Gaia in the Theogony of Hesiod§ and her marriage with Ouranos, the heaven, who has a partial relation to Zeus, points to Hera as the majestic successor who in the Olympian scheme, as the great mother and guardian of maternity, bore an analogical resemblance to the female head of one or more of the Pelasgian or archaic theogonies that it had deposed.

I have now done with the treatment of details, and I must not quit them without saying that there are some of the

chapters, and many of the sentences, of Dr. Réville which appear to me to deserve our thanks. And, much as I differ from him concerning an essential part of the historic basis of religion, I trust that nothing which I have said can appear to impute to him any hostility or indifference to the substance of religion itself.

I make, indeed, no question that the solar theory has a most important place in solving the problems presented by many or some of the Aryan religions; but whether it explains their first inception is a totally different matter. When it is ruthlessly applied, in the teeth of evidence, to them all, in the last resort it stifles facts, and reduces observation and reasoning to a mockery. Sir George Cox, its able advocate, fastens upon the admission that some one particular method is not available for all the phenomena, and asks, Why not adopt for the Greek system, for the Aryan systems at large, perhaps for a still wider range, "a clear and simple explanation," namely, the solar theory? The plain answer to the question is, that this must not be done, because, if it is done, we do not follow the facts, nor are led by them; but, to use the remarkable phrase of Æschylus,† we ride them down, we trample them under foot. Mankind has long been too familiar with a race of practitioners, whom courtesy forbids to name, and whose single medicine is alike available to deal with every one of the thousand figures of disease. There are surely many sources to which the old religions are referable. We have solar worship, earth worship, astronomic worship, the worship of animals, the worship of evil powers, the worship of abstractions, the worship of the dead, the foul and polluting worship of bodily organs, so widespread in the world, and especially in the East; last, but not least, I will name terminal worship, the remarkable and most important scheme which grew up, perhaps first on the Nile, in connection with the stones used for marking boundaries, which finds its principal representative in the god Hermes, and which is very largely

\* *Mythology of Aryan Nations*, i. 18.

† καθ' ἑπ' αὐτῶν: a remarkable word, as applied to moral subjects, found in the *Eumenides* only.

\* *Il.* xviii. 239, 240.

† *Il.* iv. 35.

‡ *Heart of Midlothian*.

§ *Theog.* 116-136.

traced and exhibited in the first volume of the work of M. Dulaure\* on ancient religions.

But none of these circumstances discredit or impair the proof that in the Book, of which Genesis is the opening section, there is conveyed special knowledge to meet the special need everywhere so palpable in the state and history of our race. Far indeed am I from asserting that this precious gift, or that any process known to me, disposes of all the problems, either insoluble or unsolved, by which we are surrounded; of

the burden and the mystery  
Of all this unintelligible world.

But I own my surprise not only at the fact, but at the manner in which in this day, writers, whose name is Legion, unimpeached in character and abounding in talent, not only put away from them, cast into shadow or into the very gulf of negation itself, the conception of a Deity, an acting and a ruling Deity. Of this belief, which has satisfied the doubts, and wiped away the tears, and found guidance for the footsteps of so many a weary wanderer on earth, which among the best and greatest of our race has been so cherished by those who had it, and so longed and sought for by those who had it not, we might suppose that if at length we had discovered that it was in the light of truth untenable, that the accumulated testimony of man was worthless, and that his wisdom was but folly, yet at least the decencies of mourning would be vouchsafed to this irreparable loss. Instead of this, it is with a joy and exultation that might almost recall the frantic orgies of the Commune, that this, at least at first sight terrific and overwhelming calamity is accepted, and recorded as a gain. One recent, and in many ways, respected writer—a woman long wont to unship creed as sailors discharge excess of cargo in a storm, and passing at length into formal atheism—rejoices to find herself on the open, free, and “breezy common of humanity.” Another, also woman, and dealing only with the workings and manifestations of God, finds† in the

theory of a physical evolution as recently developed by Mr. Darwin, and received with extensive favor, both an emancipation from error and a novelty in kind. She rejoices to think that now at last Darwin “shows life as an harmonious whole, and makes the future stride possible by the past advance.” Evolution, that is physical evolution, which alone is in view, may be true (like the solar theory), may be delightful and wonderful, in its right place; but are we really to understand that varieties of animals brought about through domestication, the wasting of organs (for instance, the tails of men) by disuse, that natural selection and the survival of the fittest, all in the physical order, exhibit to us the great *arcanum* of creation, the sum and centre of life, so that mind and spirit are dethroned from their old supremacy, are no longer sovereign by right, but may find somewhere by charity a place assigned them, as appendages, perhaps only as excrescences, of the material creation? I contend that Evolution in its highest form has not been a thing heretofore unknown to history, to philosophy, or to theology. I contend that it was before the mind of Saint Paul when he taught that in the fulness of time God sent forth His Son, and of Eusebius, when he wrote the *Preparation for the Gospel*, and of Augustine when he composed the *City of God*; and, beautiful and splendid as are the lessons taught by natural objects, they are, for Christendom at least, indefinitely beneath the sublime unfolding of the great drama of human action, in which, through long ages, Greece was making ready a language and an intellectual type, and Rome a framework of order and an idea of law, such that in them were to be shaped and fashioned the destinies of a regenerated world. For those who believe that the old foundations are unshaken still, and that the fabric built upon them will look down for ages on the floating wreck of many a modern and boastful theory, it is difficult to see anything but infatuation in the destructive temperament which leads to the notion that to substitute a blind mechanism for the hand of God in the affairs of life is to enlarge the scope of remedial agency; that to dismiss the

\* *Histoire abrégée de différents Cultes*. Seconde édition. Paris, 1825.

† I do not quote names, but I refer to a very recent article in one of our monthly periodicals.

highest of all inspirations is to elevate the strain of human thought and life ; and that each of us is to rejoice that our several units are to be disintegrated at death into "countless millions of organisms ;" for such, it seems, is the latest "revelation" delivered from the fragile tripod of a modern Delphi. Assuredly on the minds of those who believe, or else on the minds of those who after this fashion disbelieve, there lies some deep judicial darkness, a darkness that may be felt. While disbelief in the eyes of faith is a sore calamity,

this kind of disbelief, which renounces and repudiates with more than satisfaction what is brightest and best in the inheritance of man, is astounding, and might be deemed incredible. Nay, some will say, rather than accept the flimsy and hollow consolations which it makes bold to offer, might we not go back to solar adoration, or, with Goethe, to the hollows of Olympus ?

Wenn die Funke sprüht,  
Wenn die Asche glüht,  
Eilen wir den alten Göttern zu.\*

—*Nineteenth Century.*

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DANIEL FOSQUÉ.†

"We are so made that the crime of one man is but the malady of another."

*Dramatis personæ.*

DANIEL FOSQUÉ (*a famous Goldsmith of Paris*).  
ANDRÉ (*his Apprentice*).  
NICOLAS HUMPHREY.  
M. DE FARAS.

M. SARGRAIS (*Chief of the Police*).  
Several Night-Watchmen.  
MADAME LA MARQUISE DE ST. OMER.  
STEPHANIE (*Fosqué's Daughter*).

*Period*—Louis Quatorze.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street in Paris, with DANIEL FOSQUÉ's house on the right and a monument in the middle of the roadway, obstructing further view up the street. The monument has statues in niches round it, about three feet from the ground.*

ANDRÉ is discovered standing about gossiping with neighbors as NICOLAS HUMPHREY and M. DE FARAS enter.

*Humphrey.* You are the very man I wanted to meet.

*De Faras.* Then it is well met indeed, for if I can put Nicolas Humphrey under an obligation I shall be a happy man. What can I do for you ?

*Hum.* I met last night at the reception a certain lady (whose name, my dear Faras, I am not going to tell you, so don't get curious), and this morning I am filled with the desire to present her with some token that shall fitly represent the depth of the impression that she has made upon my poor English heart. And it is here that I want

your assistance ; for though I contemplate staying some time now, I have, as you know, never been long in Paris before. You must therefore take me at once where I may best purchase what I want. Come, lead on !

*De Far.* Well, but first tell me what shape the token is to take ? Is it to be an elephant, a monkey, or a jewel ?

*Hum.* A jewel it must be, Faras, of great worth ; and not only a jewel—for a mere stone is a mere stone—it must have a setting of exquisite beauty and rare workmanship such as shall balance the value of the gem.

*De Far.* Take my advice and get an elephant ; it will be safer just now.

*Hum.* Too large, I am afraid, to go into the pocket, and therefore not so safe.

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\* *Brant von Corinth.*

† This play was suggested to me by an old German story of a goldsmith who murdered his customers to get back his work sold to them. *He was not a monomaniac.*

(*De Faras comes closer to HUMPHREY and lowers his voice.*)

*De Far.* It is very fortunate I met you.

*Hum.* What do you mean?

*De Far.* Come a little further this way, as we happen to be outside the house of Daniel Fosqué, the greatest jeweller in Paris, and what I have to tell you is a matter we don't talk about loud in the streets. (*They move to the side.*)

*Hum.* What is it?

*De Far.* Have you not heard in England of "The Invisible of Paris"?

*Hum.* "The Invisible?" no, indeed!

*De Far.* Many years ago he came upon us, murdering M. de Seville on his way home from the palace and disappearing with the jewels he carried; then followed the Comte de Salle, and a fatal list has succeeded; and only last night a gentleman rushed into the hall of the Marquise de St. Omer, as she was alighting from her chair, having escaped with his life by wearing a coat of mail.

*Hum.* But why should you credit one villain with all these deaths?

*De Far.* Because the same stab-thrust, leaving the same awful wound, is found in the left side of every victim alike.

*Hum.* Ay, that does seem like one man's work; and you call him "The Invisible"?

*De Far.* Yes; for several times he has killed a man close to some of the night-watch, who declare solemnly that when they chase him he makes with the utmost speed for this part of the city, and actually, when they are close upon him, disappears under their eyes.

*Enter M. SARGRAIS, the Chief of the Police.*

*Sar.* Ah, M. de Faras. Have you seen Madame de St. Omer this morning?

*De Far.* Yes; I met her leaving her house.

*Sar.* Is the report true?

*De Far.* Quite.

*Sar.* Who was the gentleman? Did she tell you?

*De Far.* She is quite ignorant of that. She told me that she was in her hall, and the servants were just shutting the door, when the man dashed in, and in

breathless agitation explained that he had been attacked and had fled for his life till chance brought him to her door.

*Sar.* But did she not ask him his name?

*De Far.* No. She let him out at the back of the house; and he implored her, as she had saved his life, to accept the jewels he still had with him, and for which, no doubt, he had been attacked.

*Sar.* Then she has the jewels!

*De Far.* No doubt.

*Sar.* Ah, I will go and see her. The jewels will, at any rate, give us the gentleman's name, and he may help us to identify this—murderer. He is the first who has looked him in the face and lived.

*De Far.* Is it a secret how the jewels will tell you their owner's name? For I can't fathom it.

*Sar.* Very simple. The jewels by their setting and marks will tell me whose workmanship they are, and the man who made them will tell me to whom he sold them.

[*Exit SARGRAIS.*]

*De Far.* I never thought of that. He is quite right. (*To HUMPHREY.*) Now, are you still bent on carrying priceless gems about the streets of Paris?

*Hum.* (*laughs heartily.*) Why, my dear De Faras, if it is dangerous, so much the better, for it will add to the value of the gift.

*De Far.* Well! (*Shrugs his shoulders.*) When will you see her?

*Hum.* To-night, this very night.

*De Far.* (*points to Fosqué's house.*) There lives the greatest jeweller in France, and, for all I know, in the world; but, before you go in, tell me where you have appointed to meet this lady of yours. Then I will after Sargrais and tell him to have the watch on the alert in the neighborhood. It is a precaution worth taking—indeed it is.

*Hum.* Oh, well, if you must know, it is in this very street at the house of a kinswoman of hers up there, beyond the monument, about fifty yards.

*De Far.* Good! Farewell till tomorrow. [*Exit DE FARAS.*]

*Hum.* He's a good fellow, but what a fuss about nothing! (*To ANDRÉ.*) Ho, fellow! is your master within?

*And.* No, sir; he has been away now

some two hours, but he will be back ere the day is much older.

*Hum.* But can you not strike a bargain for him?

*And.* I! I sell his work? Why, sir, it will take you a long day to get him to sell you any of it himself.

*Hum.* Indeed! Is not the making and selling of jewelry his business and occupation?

*And.* His business, sir, is without doubt the making of jewelry; but, next to that, his chiefest occupation is the avoiding of selling it.

*Hum.* In truth a most uncommon occupation for a goldsmith.

*And.* My master, sir, is not a common goldsmith. He loves his workmanship more than money, and his craft more than profit.

*Hum.* A very artist.

*And.* The greatest in France, sir—without a rival.

*Hum.* Well, will you tell him that I shall visit him as the day wanes, desiring to purchase his work?

*And.* I will tell him so, sir.

[Exit HUMPHREY.]

SCENE II.—DANIEL FOSQUÉ's workshop, an old panelled room with turning-lathes, vices, iron chests, &c. DANIEL FOSQUÉ, ANDRÉ his apprentice, and STEPHANIE his daughter, discovered; the first two are working at the back, and STEPHANIE is spinning by the fire.

*And.* Master, let me take a turn at that chasing. I am sure you must be very tired.

*Fos.* They must go hungry who cannot work. Have you ever heard me say I was tired?

*And.* You never complain, sir, of anything except parting with your workmanship; but I am sure you are often weary, though you say nothing of it.

*Steph.* Dear father, let André do it; you know you work more hours than are good for you.

*Fos.* My child, life is a long, low corridor, wherein if a man bow not his neck he may bruise his forehead. Labor is a blessing within all men's reach, and to the wicked it is their only comforter, in that it banishes memory.

*Steph.* But, father, you are not at all wicked.

*Fos.* Am I not? (They go on working; presently he continues musingly.) After all, there is one thing even worse than a wicked man, and that is a wicked book.

*And.* How so, sir? A wicked man cannot but do more evil than a wicked book, which may often rot unread.

*Fos.* Ay, it may rot, even as the wicked man rots at last; but a wicked book, André, can never repent. Now even I may one day repent, and herein am I better than a wicked book.

(ANDRÉ comes down near STEPHANIE to get an implement from a shelf.)

STEPH. (aside to ANDRÉ). It is one of his melancholy fits, André; some of

them must have been trying to get from him the work they have ordered.

*And.* (aside to her). There are a great quantity of beautiful things in the chest there quite finished, and no doubt the great gentlemen and ladies are importunate to have them.

*Fos.* What are you whispering about? Ay, ay, billing and cooing, cooing and billing. Daughter, is he eloquent?

*Steph.* Well, sir, I think his words are always chosen with discretion.

*Fos.* Knavery, starvation, and love give men persuasive tongues; but I am ready to believe that André is beholden to the last only. Man is fire, woman straw, and the devil comes and sets them in a blaze.

*And.* With all respect I will not allow that the devil has anything to do with my desire to marry Stephanie.

*Fos.* Go to! go to! Young men always think old men fools, but old men know well enough who wears the cap and bells.

*And.* If I might venture, sir, I would submit that when age scorns youth merely because it is young, it is rather making too much of death.

*Fos.* A man cannot make too much of death, whether he be old or young. For Death with his brother Sleep are your poor man's only friends; one helps him to forget life, the other to leave it. But as to this question of wedlock, Master André, this much I will grant you, that he who marries does well—

*And.* Ay, truly.

*Fos.* But he who marries not does better. Therefore, thou wilt not yet marry my daughter.

*Enter the MARQUISE DE ST. OMER.*

*Mar.* Good day, worthy Master Fosqué—good day.

*Fos.* There are no good days, madam; to me all are evil, evil days. Do not, therefore, come hither to make them worse by wanting to take away any of my work with you. For you shall have none of it, none of it.

*Mar.* No, I have not come to rob you of any of your treasures to-day, though you know how long I have envied you that exquisite gold dish up there.

*Fos. (taking it down).* Ah, look well at it, madam. I will let you see it as you do not wish to take it from me. André, how long did this take me?

*And.* It must have been at least twenty weeks.

*Steph.* More even than that, I think.

*Fos.* Ay, more, more.

*Mar.* It is wonderfully finished. He must have been a perfect master who taught you your marvellous skill. What was his name?

*Fos.* Satan, madam, and I have never seen a worker in gold and silver to equal him.

*Mar. (laughing, takes the jewels from her pocket).* Did you or he make these, then?

*Fos. (seizes the work in a transport).* Ah! Give it me! give it me!

*He hurries up with the jewels and puts them away and brings down a bag of money which he puts down with a bang on the table, then he walks about, rubbing his hands together with apparent glee.*

*Mar.* They are your work then, Fosqué! (*He takes no notice, goes on walking. To ANDRÉ.*) They are his work?

*And.* Yes, madam, I remember them.

*Fos.* Oh yes, they are mine, they are mine. Fool that I was to let them go; but I have got them safe back now.

*Mar.* To whom did you sell them?

*Fos. (stops in front of her and says slowly).* The man took them from me and gave them to you; how, then, do you not know him as well as I? Ah! I forgot, he perhaps gave them to you in the dark. His name was the Comte

de Vallette. Give him his money back. I keep the jewels.

*Mar.* I will do so. I have no doubt the arrangement will please him, for your jewels brought "the Invisible" upon him last night.

*Fos.* Indeed! Then he's gone to grass with his teeth upwards.

*Mar. (to the others).* What does he mean?

*And.* Mc thinks, madam, he means that the man is buried.

*Mar.* If you mean, sir, that the Comte was killed, you are fortunately mistaken; for being a player for high stakes, and therefore often abroad at night with large sums upon him, he told me he had of late worn a coat of mail under his tunic, so that the blood-thirsty fiend only blunted his dagger. He ran for his life, and escaped without a scratch.

*Fos.* I am glad of it. A coat of mail, you say?

*Mar.* So he told me himself.

*Fos.* Just so. A coat of mail—most fortunate.

*Mar.* It was indeed. For my part, were I a gallant I would not walk abroad at night, not even at the bidding of the most beautiful woman in France.

*Fos.* Many men, madam, would be cowards if they had courage enough. He is probably as much in want of courage as money.

*Mar.* I don't suppose he is in want of money.

*Fos.* I thought you said he gambled for high stakes.

*Mar.* I understood him to say that he did.

*Fos.* Then must the gentleman be very poor.

*Mar.* Poor? You mean rich.

*Fos.* Poor, madam, poor. The richest cannot desire to lose, and only the indigent can desire to live on their friends and companions. Therefore, as I have said, if the man be a gambler, he must be very poor.

*Mar.* Well, I never heard such a view of gambling before!

*Fos.* Very like. (*He goes to the working bench and sits down to work.*)

*Mar.* May I ask you one question, Fosqué, before I go? (*Fosqué looks at her vacantly and nods.*) How is it that this horrible murderer attacks only



those who have your jewelry upon them?

*Fos.* Is it so? Is there such taste in the rogue?

*Mar.* So M. Sargrais told me.

*Fos.* Did he? Ah, your accomplished thief is a connoisseur; he will not kill a man for a metal button.

*Mar.* But how does he know who carries your work? For it seems a man may carry a doublet full of other goldsmiths' jewels through the streets and never be discovered or molested.

*Fos.* Young men are braggarts. All Paris knows when one of them has got a thing from me.

*Mar.* That, I think, will not always account for it.

*Fos.* (*rising and moving towards the door*). No? Then ask the gentleman in black; the matter lies in his particular province.

*Mar.* What! your old master?

*Fos.* Even he. I have heard that he never denies a woman anything.

*Mar.* But where shall I find him, Fosqué?

*Fos.* Do you live in Paris, madam, and not know that he may be met in every street?

(*Opens the door for her to go out.*)

*Mar.* (*to herself*). It's clear I can't get anything more out of him, so I suppose I had better go.

*Fos.* (*bowing low*). You will not, madam, have to walk far.

[*Exit MARQUISE. ANDRÉ looks out of the window.*]

*And.* Sir, I forgot to tell you that an Englishman came here this morning when you were out, and said he would return, but I told him you would sell him nothing.

*Fos.* You told him the truth.

*And.* I am afraid he didn't believe me, for I see he has come.

*Fos.* He may come, if he is so eager to waste his time.

*Enter HUMPHREY. FOSQUÉ comes forward and bows to him.*

*Hum.* Good-morrow, Fosqué. I have come, as no doubt your apprentice has told you, to look at your work.

*Fos.* Only to look at it?

*Hum.* Well, sir, I have heard your name spoken of in England as being the greatest master of your craft in

Europe, and being in Paris I thought you would perhaps permit me to see some of your renowned handiwork.

*Fos.* Ah, do they say that of me in England? Of the justice of such judgment, sir, I cannot speak; there may be others better skilled than I, for I am old now, and my hands are not what they were; but in the love of my art I will yield to no man. I have risen early and toiled late all the days of my life, that I might at the last achieve something worthy of that art. The road to perfect skill in anything is steep and full of stones. I have not attained it yet, and cannot now live to do so; but, sir, I have attained to this, that I love my craft and my work better than my life. I am not a man of many words, therefore look at my work and depart.

(*He fetches various pieces of work and lays them before HUMPHREY; lastly, the jewels left by the MARQUISE.*)

*Hum.* Ah, these are indeed exquisite! At what price would you fix these were you ever to part with them?

*Fos.* I shall not part with them. They are worth five hundred louis d'ors.

*Hum.* Would you not let me purchase them that I might take them to England, and show them in my country how just is your fame?

*Fos.* No, sir; I would never let them leave France.

*Hum.* Well, then, you shall be satisfied in that; for if you will let me have them, I will, this night, give them to the fairest lady in Paris.

*Fos.* What is the lady's name?

*Hum.* Nay, nay, my worthy Fosqué, that is sacred.

*Fos.* Where does she live?

*Hum.* You would not know the street were I to tell you its name, for it is at the other end of Paris. Rest assured, the necklace will reach her safe enough, if only you give it to me. Come, good Fosqué, you will let me take it?

*Fos.* If I give it you, will you keep it safe?

*Hum.* Safe! how? What do you mean?

*Fos.* I have been told there is a nimble fellow abroad in the streets, who takes my work from drunken fools o' nights. Beware of him!

*Hum.* I will; do but give me the

jewels, I will be very sure not to lose them.

*Fos.* He is lean, very lean, and terribly swift—in the feet.

*Hum.* Is he, indeed? And who do you think this supple fellow is?

*Fos.* Ah, ah! his name is Death! (*HUMPHREY starts.*) But, noble sir, let not this dash you. For if you must have the jewels, why you must have them; you must forgive an old man who loves his craft better than his own life, and one piece of his handiwork better than yours—

*Hum.* But what has this to do with sudden deaths?

*Fos.* Death, I take it, is always sudden to the unprepared. Are you thus?

*Hum.* Indeed I am, as I fear most of us are.

*Fos.* Ah, then you had best leave this necklace with me another month. I have thought me of a perfection that might even yet be wrought upon it.

*Hum.* Do you think it might be improved?

*Fos.* Ay, all things can be improved except God.

*Hum.* Let me see it. (*Takes it and gets nearer the door.*) Nay, it is indeed perfection already, good Fosqué, and here is more than the value you set upon it. (*Gets to the door.*)

*Fos.* Ah, give it me back!

*Hum.* Nay, nay, I cannot.

(*HUMPHREY throws his purse on to the table and exit; FOSQUÉ hurries out after him.*)

*And.* That was very sharp of the Englishman, was it not? I never thought he would get his necklace to-day.

*Steph.* I wonder he took it. I was quite frightened at what father said about the murders.

*And.* But, you see, the Englishman was still more frightened of visiting his mistress empty-handed, who, by the way (*FOSQUÉ opens the door a little way and listens*), does not live, as he said, at the other end of Paris, but in this very street, a few doors up, beyond the monument; for I heard him tell his friend so this morning when they were talking in the street outside.

(*FOSQUÉ shuts the door gently.*)

*Steph.* Well, then, he kept his secret very well, for I quite believed him.

*And.* I shall slip out to-night, and

watch outside the house where she lives, and you must let me in when I come back.

*Steph.* What do you mean? What for?

*And.* This invisible fellow always attacks his victims near their mistresses' houses; and if the Englishman is attacked, I will see whether I can't help him to get the best of it. He would be my sworn friend for ever. Besides, it would be a real adventure, which of all things is what I like.

*Steph.* Oh, but I hate adventures, André, and I shan't let you go. Supposing they attacked you, what should I do?

*And.* Oh, you may be quite sure they won't touch me. I am not worth killing.

*Steph.* But you know you are worth more than killing to me; you are worth—what do you think?

*And.* Tell me.

*Steph.* Well, I was going to say I might possibly think you were worth living for. But I would not make you vain, André; for then, you see, your value would go down again.

*And.* Well, if I am worth living for, you are beyond all possibility of doubt worth living and dying for.

*Steph.* Then it is clear we are both most valuable persons, at any rate to each other.

*And.* So much so, that we should each become the veriest beggar if we lost the other.

*Steph.* Therefore we must never lose each other.

*And.* And never part!

*Steph.* Never!

*And.* A bargain?

*Steph.* A bargain.

*And.* Good! Let's seal it. (*He kisses her.*)

*Steph.* (*going to the table.*) I wonder how much more he has paid than he need. Shall we peep into the bag? Undo the strings, André.

(*ANDRÉ unties the strings, and they look in with their heads together. Re-enter FOSQUÉ.*)

*Fos.* What are you doing? Does the sight of gold tickle your greedy eyeballs? Then make haste and get blind! Do your fingers love to paddle with money? Go and ask God to strike you paralytic!

*And.* Oh, my good master, no such avarice was in my thoughts !

*Steph.* Indeed, sir, André is no miser, he is a liberal to a fault ; it were better if he loved money more than he does.

*Fos.* (*walking up and down*). To think that I should have been befooled like this ! Oh, André, André ! why did you let him take it from me ? What do I care for his wretched money-bags ! Ah ! it drives me—God knows where ! I must have it back, I will have it back ! I say, I will have it back !

*Steph.* But, dear father, he has paid you more than you asked.

*Fos.* Bah ! Money ! money ! I want no money ! He is rich who has enough, and he has enough who need neither borrow nor flatter. "Enough" carries us through the world ; but if we get more than enough, we must carry it through the world, a millstone round our throats. Where is the use of hoarding ? Money is a mere manure ; to be useful it must be spread out. I wanted not his filthy money, and he has stolen my work ! I tell you he has stolen it, and I will have it back !

*He stands haggard and wild looking as the curtain descends.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The street outside DANIEL FOSQUÉ's house.*

#### NIGHT.—*Enter SARGRAIS.*

*Sar.* Everything seems very quiet to-night. The watch should pass along here directly, so I'll wait for them. (*Walks up and down.*) It is very chilly ; it will be almost a frost before morning. I must catch this fellow ; my reputation is staked upon it. (*Enter several Watchmen.*) Well met. Have you met any villain abroad ?

*1st Watch.* Nay, God be thanked, we have met neither ghost nor devil to-night !

*Sar.* You need not search for ghosts ; it is villanous flesh and blood we want.

*2d Watch.* It's ugly work, sir, chasing apparitions.

*1st Watch.* Indeed, sir, it is no flesh and blood we are after, else were we all as valiant as Columbus.

*3d Watch.* It is only dead men that can run upon the air without touching the ground, and go through solid walls !

*Sar.* Dead men ! What do you mean ?

*2d Watch.* Ay, it is a dead man, for some have heard its bones rattle as it runs !

*1st Watch.* And one of the watch, sir, in the next *quartier* swore to me that once, as he pursued it, the thing turned its head, and he perceived, in the moonlight, that it had no eyes in the ghastly sockets, and no flesh over the grinning teeth !

*Sar.* Nonsense ! nonsense !

*1st Watch.* Ah ! what was that ?

(*They listen.* FOSQUÉ *laughs under the stage.*)

*Sar.* It is some revellers returning from a banquet.

*1st Watch.* Ay, doubtless ! Come along, comrades, we'll go and guard them home !

(*Exit the Watchmen, hurriedly, huddling close together.*)

*Sar.* Truth is truth, and I like not this business. Eugh ! I suppose it is the cold, but my skin creeps. It cannot be denied that in this very street, indeed somewhere near this very spot, I myself have seen the thing disappear under my own eyes. How can flesh and blood disappear ? (*FOSQUÉ laughs underneath.*) Ah, God help me ! What was that ? I cannot face the immortal ! I will after them, and walk no more alone to-night. [*Runs out.*]

*The moon comes out and shines on the monument ; one of the statues silently turns on its pedestal, and FOSQUÉ, white and wild-looking, appears from behind it ; he looks cautiously round and leaps nimbly down.*

*Fos.* Belshazzar was no coward, and the words on the wall did not frighten him ; why, then, did he tremble ? Because the hand that wrote belonged to an invisible body ; and thus we see that he who would face a thousand natural deaths runs away before a laugh from an unseen throat ! We sleep-walkers frighten honest wakeful souls

out of all knowledge of themselves—do we not, Daniel? Ha, ha! do we not? The night is cold, but very quiet—quiet and cold as a nun at her prayers. See how the houses sleep in the moon, their eyelids shut and their gabled brows frowning above! They have slept a long, long time, while we pass to and fro within, being their melancholy dreams. Listen! They are speaking to me. "Daniel Fosqué," they whisper to me—"Daniel Fosqué, wake us not, wake us not." Nay, then, I will tread softly. I will not wake you, ye sad, dark habitations, that cover up so much sleep, so much weariness, so much despair, so much death. Ah, listen! they are whispering to me again. "What do you here, Daniel Fosqué? what do you here?" Ah, what? True, my jewels. (*He goes suddenly striding up and out past the monument, saying*) Ay, ay, ay, my jewels, my jewels!

[*Exit.*]

(*The door of FOSQUÉ's house opens, and ANDRÉ and STEPHANIE enter.*)

*And.* What a lovely night! Upon my word, it's enough to turn a burglar into a poet, right off!

*Steph.* Oh! but you *will* take care of yourself, won't you, André? You are sure you have nothing about you to tempt the robbers? Do look once again in *all* your pockets before you start.

*And.* Start? Why, you talk as if I were going a journey to Jerusalem, when I am only going ten doors up the street. Now go in and shut the door, and when I give three raps you will know I have come back.

*Steph.* Whatever you do, don't knock too hard, or you may wake father up, and he would be very angry with your going out at this time of night; you know he would. Oh, do give it up!

*And.* Run along—here's somebody coming. (*Exit STEPHANIE.*) This is most romantic! I'd give anything to have a good run after this invisible gentleman. I'm not much of a believer in your common cutpurse turning himself, whiff! into a smell of brimstone in the middle of the street. Ah! I must hide myself.

(*He goes into the shadow of a doorway. Enter HUMPHREY, humming to himself.*)

*Hum.* I am afraid, like all true lovers,

I have outrun time; and the moon, that loves all lovers, will show me whether I have or not. (*Looks at his watch.*) Yes, I am, indeed, too early. So I will tarry a moment or two. Let me see,—yes, it is so—this is Fosqué's house. I like not that old man, and I will buy no more of him. He hath a most evil eye, and most assuredly I believe he would this morning have liked to kill me, for merely desiring to have what I paid for. Ha, ha! I had to be pretty active to get away from him, for he was almost too quick for me; I never thought his old bones could move so fast. He is, no doubt, sleeping off his choler comfortably enough in there now. But I am getting too cold to wait any longer, so, early or not, I will on to my warmer destination. (*Goes up and out.*)

*And.* Poor, dear man! Fancy his thinking that old Daniel Fosqué wanted to kill him or anybody else! I am afraid I am not in for an adventure to-night; the place is as quiet and empty as a graveyard, but I may as well track him safely down to his fair haven.

(*Goes up and out; a moment's pause; then a very short scuffle is heard, a heavy fall and a groan; then ANDRÉ's voice, loudly.*)

*And.* (*without.*) Ah, you wretched coward! Strike a man from behind! By God's help you shall not escape!

*Enter FOSQUÉ, running, pursued by ANDRÉ. ANDRÉ catches and struggles with him in a dark corner.*

*And.* Infernal, dastardly, murderous hound! Turn yourself into brimstone now, if you can! An honest man has got you by the throat this time, and so sure as the stars are above us, you have done your last murder! Come out into the moonlight, and let me look at your damned visage! Come out, I say! (*ANDRÉ drags him into the moonlight. They stand and look at each other. FOSQUÉ grins; ANDRÉ gasps, and steps back. FOSQUÉ immediately runs up; ANDRÉ, recovering, at once gives chase. FOSQUÉ runs once round the monument, and jumps up. The statue turns, and he is gone in an instant. ANDRÉ, following him round the monument, comes running down and finds FOSQUÉ disappeared. He stands bewildered.*) Merciful heavens!

he has vanished! (*He runs to the door and gives three tremendous knocks.*) Stephanie! Stephanie! open quickly, for the love of God! (*STEPHANIE unbars the door, and appears on the threshold.*) Quick! for your life! run and see if your father is in his room!

*Steph.* What do you mean? Of course he is in his room, and for pity's sake don't rouse him with this noise.

*And.* Nay, then, I will go and see if he is there myself!

(*FOSQUÉ appears in the doorway in a long cloak.*)

*Fos.* Who is this brawler? Stephanie, begone! (*STEPHANIE goes into the house.*) Who are you, I say? (*Holds his lantern to his face.*) Ha, ha! my own apprentice! I did not know you walked the streets in the dead of night, sirrah. Get you in and disturb not my house again—get you in; do you hear?

*And.* My heart will stop. O God, grant that this is a dream!

[*ANDRÉ goes into the house.*]

*Fos.* Ay, it is a dream, for all things are a dream!

SCENE II.—DANIEL FOSQUÉ'S workshop. FOSQUÉ and ANDRÉ are discovered silently at work. STEPHANIE with her needlework by the fire. They remain silent a few moments, then—

*Fos.* André.

*And.* Sir?

*Fos.* Have you ever known a madman?

*And.* I do not think, sir, that I ever have. (*They go on working.*)

*Fos.* Is madness, think you, a crime?

*And.* I believe, sir, it is more often a punishment for crime done by the madman himself or by his parents.

*Fos.* I had none—that is, I have never heard of them. Have you put my mark on that plate? Let me look at it. Good—very good! You are a cunning craftsman. Do you desire to wed my daughter?

*And.* (*hesitating.*) I did once.

*Fos.* How now? What do you mean? Do you not love her still?

*And.* Ay, God knows I love her!

*Fos.* Good. She may one day lose her father; will you then stand between her and the world, and guard her from the taunts of men? (*STEPHANIE rises and goes to him.*) Will you defend her in that dark hour?

*And.* I will—with my life!

*Fos.* Then thou shalt have her.

(*He leads STEPHANIE to ANDRÉ, who folds her in his arms.*)

*Fos.* (*sitting down.*) No man can tell the weight of another's burden.

*Steph.* Dear, dear father (*she sits at his feet*), what burden can you have that even I, humble as I am, would not willingly share with you? you, whose only sin, if it be a sin, is a too great pride and love of your work.

*Fos.* Sin! what is sin? Is it not a

thing that the physician would often better cure than the divine?

*And.* That is a strange doctrine.

*Fos.* Not at all. We are so made that the crime of one man is but the malady of another.

*And.* Humph! And thus murder is a mere disease.

(*A pause. FOSQUÉ looks steadily at ANDRÉ, who goes on working.*)

*Fos.* Leave us a moment, Stephanie.

[*Exit STEPHANIE.*]

*Fos.* Well?

*And.* If you wish me to speak on this subject, sir, I must say that I cannot regard a murderer as an invalid to be pitied and physicked.

*Fos.* Was your father a drunkard?

*And.* No, indeed!

*Fos.* Then being ignorant of the craving of the drunkard's son, judge him not! Had you that craving, you might perchance drink as deep as he. You started in the race unequal, and who knows whether he may not have gained on you? Do you blame the oak for being stunted that is planted on a rock?

*And.* No; I blame the husbandman that planted it there.

*Fos.* But what if the husbandman be God? It will take another world to cancel the inequalities of this one, if justice be not a figment. Therefore, my worthy apprentice, till you get into that other world remember that you see and understand all things only partially. No man will ever see the other face of the moon till, having climbed heaven, he looks back!

(*They go on working a few minutes in silence*)

And. Master, will you hear a dream I had last night?

Fos. (*slowly*). Ay.

And. Methought I saw you murder the Englishman who took away that necklace.

(FOSQUÉ *does not answer*.)

And. (*continues*). The moon was very bright, and I distinctly saw your features.

Fos. Dreams are knavish frolics of Nature. It was once thought that they proved us to be immortal, till some irreverent fellow remarked that your common hearth-rug dog will hunt in his sleep; since when, dreams have remained inexplicable and purposeless to the wise, but to the foolish, superstition and a stumbling-block.

And. But my dream had little of the dream about it till you disappeared in the middle of the street. That, I own, was somewhat after the manner of phantasy!

Fos. (*laughs*). Ha, ha! I disappeared, did I?—disappeared? Ha, ha! Where did you sup last night, André?—where did you sup?

And. At home, sir; but I was awake and walking in the street when I had my dream.

Fos. Ah! I remember you said you were on the dark side of the street at the time.

And. I have never said so; but your memory is good, and will recall to you that you were in the moonlight.

Fos. What thou seest in the moonlight believe not.

And. I am not likely to believe my dream to be reality, for doubtless when I inquire I shall find that the Englishman is alive and well.

Fos. Yes; and that he slept a better sleep than you did last night.

And. Ay, a sleep too deep for dreams.

Fos. (*suddenly changes his manner*). When a crime sleeps, wake it not, for the dead cannot reward their avengers.

(ANDRÉ *sits doggedly in silence*. FOSQUÉ *rises, and standing over him, says as follows in terrific accents* :—)

Fos. It is an idiot ivy that would blast the tree whereon it grows. Leave thy damned dream where thou found it. Look no further. For he who pries into

a tomb had best beware that the door shut not behind him and bury him, living, with the dead!

*Re-enter STEPHANIE. ANDRÉ buries his head in his arms on the table.*

Steph. (*going to him*). Are you unhappy, André? What's the matter?

Fos. Hush, child! do not awake him; he is asleep, and—he has been dreaming.

*Enter the MARQUISE.*

Mar. Well, good Fosqué, I have seen the Comte de Vallette.

Fos. And have given him back his money?

Mar. Indeed, no; for he says nothing will induce him to have back either the money or the jewels, for he declares that I saved his life, the which he values higher than both put together.

Fos. Ah! he values his life more than my work, does he?

Mar. I have not the least doubt of it.

Fos. I share the view in that matter with the man he met that night. However, we are all now well satisfied, for he will keep his life, you your money, and I my handiwork.

Mar. Softly, not too fast, good Fosqué. I cannot possibly accept money from M. le Comte, but as he insists, I must persuade myself to accept his jewels; and therefore, most excellent and worthy Fosqué, here is your money back, and you must give me the diamonds.

(FOSQUÉ *turns and walks up and down in angry silence*.)

And. Are you not afraid, madam, to possess that which brought the assassin upon the Comte de Vallette?

Mar. My young friend, I do not walk the streets of Paris *alone* at night; and if I did, "the Invisible" has never yet been known to attack a lady.

Fos. The devil was always a gentleman.

Mar. Yes, indeed! He carried gallantry to perfection last night, for, as you know, he killed the Englishman, M. Humphrey, under his lady's window, but was considerate enough not to wake her in the doing of it!

Fos. An Englishman, say you? Dead! Why, it must be to him that I sold a dia-

mond and sapphire bracelet for his mistress but yesterday. Dead? Well, your lover was ever Death's favorite! Where did this fair one live that slept so soundly?

*Mar.* Is it possible you have not yet heard of it all! Why, his body was found this morning only a few doors from here.

*Fos.* He said she lived at the other end of Paris; the man was a liar.

*Mar.* And there was a large crowd outside as I came by, and M. Sargrais and his men were examining the spot.

*Fos.* Were they? I had not observed it. I have my work to do. I leave gaping in the streets to my neighbors—gaping at a corpse will not unstiffen its limbs.

*Mar.* It is very dreadful that they can't find this horrible murderer. M. Sargrais will, I hope, give him a fearful punishment if he ever catches him.

*Fos.* If he is a man, madam, he is punished already.

*Mar.* How so?

*Fos.* He that lives in daily dread of torture suffers torture in that dread; and he that deserves such torture, dreads it.

*Mar.* What a philosopher it is!

*Fos.* Never believe it; many talk like philosophers that live like knaves.

*Mar.* But you are no knave,—in proof whereof, give me my jewels.

*Fos.* Are you tired of living?

*Mar.* Not at all; but on the contrary, I shall increase my pleasure in life by the wearing of your most admirable work. When, Fosqué, did you begin so much to dislike parting with your jewels?

*Fos.* When my customers began to be killed for it. I will go get your necklace. *(He goes up to fetch it.)*

*Mar. (aside).* Good as he is odd. Few goldsmiths would care what became of their customers so they paid their bills.

*And. (aside to her).* Madam, for the love of God do not take the necklace!

*Mar.* My good fellow, what do you mean?

*Fos. (coming down with the necklace in his hand.)* What said he, madam?

*Mar.* He was imploring me, for the love of God do not take the necklace!

*Fos.* He's a fool; attend not to him.

Here is your bauble. You will not lose it. *(A shout is heard outside.)*

*Mar.* What is that?

*(They all run to the window, except FOSQUÉ, who remains in front, apparently unconscious of everything but the loss of his jewels.)*

*Fos.* So they take all I love away from me, bit by bit, piece by piece, and they grin at me as they do it. Perdition! I saw her grin at me when she took it.

*Mar. (at the window).* See, see! Sargrais is doing something to the statue in the monument there!

*Steph.* What on earth is he doing, embracing that old figure?

*Fos. (still at his own thoughts).* But Daniel Fosqué will have it back one night, then it will be his turn to grin—his turn to grin!

*Mar.* Look, look! They are giving him a torch.

*Steph.* He has turned the thing round. And see, he has disappeared behind it! Father, father, come and see!

*Fos.* See what? see what? Come away, girl, from the window, and let not our neighbors think my daughter a busybody. What is the shouting about, André?

*And. M. Sargrais, sir, has, it seems, discovered how the murderer disappears; for he has turned the statue in the monument outside, and found a passage behind it, into which he has this moment gone with four others.*

*Fos.* Ay, a knavish statue.

*And. (aside to FOSQUÉ).* Had you not better be gone? I will keep them in parley till you can get down the street.

*Fos.* And damn myself by running? Ha, ha! it is a very young man, this apprentice.

*(A panel in the wall slides back, and SARGRAIS appears with a torch in his hand, closely followed by four Guards.)*

*Sar.* Close the doors, and let no one leave the house. Take the torch, and bring in the chest we came upon in the passage.

*(Exit two of them through the panel.)*

*1st Guard.* This innocent, blushing apprentice, sir, has no doubt made good use of that passage.

*Sar.* If so, he has used it for the last time.

*Steph.* Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, he

has done nothing. We did not know any of us of this passage. André, tell them you know nothing of it—tell them so.

*And.* I cannot, for it would be a lie.

*Steph.* A lie?—a lie? In God's name, what do you mean?

*(The chest has now been brought in, and is burst open; heaps of jewelry and gold-work roll out on the floor. STEPHANIE sinks down.)*

*And.* Well, gentlemen, be brief. I am ready to confess anything you may require; but this is no place for such things. *(He points at STEPHANIE prostrate.)* My most honored master, farewell; look to your daughter.

*Fos. (to SARGRAIS).* Stay, this man is to marry my daughter.

*And.* I thank you, sir, for your sorry jest. God may forgive you, I cannot.

*Fos.* A jest?—a jest? M. Sargrais, I must tell you that this young man never knows when I am in jest or when

I am in earnest. I have said he shall marry her. Is it not enough? You silly jailers! can you not see that he is blushing while I am pale? It is better to blush than grow pale. Do you mark what I say? the man is innocent! I, I, Daniel Fosqué, have slain all men in the dead o' night who dared to rob me of my jewels. But I shall lose them all now, for they bury men naked by the roadside. Sirs, the dead are very, very poor. No gold there—no jewels there! No throbbing head there—no bursting heart-strings there! No love there—no little daughter there! *(STEPHANIE throws herself sobbing into his arms.)* Ah, God, no little daughter there! Shall I show you the knife that did the murders? Look for it in my corpse. *(He stabs himself and falls.)*

*Steph.* Oh, father, father, father!

*Fos.* Little one, think not too ill of me; think not, I pray you, too ill of me. *(He dies.)—Blackwood's Magazine.*

## SOCIALISM AND ITS DIVERSIONS.

BY H. R. FOX BOURNE.

SOCIALISM is neither a new craze, as some of its opponents assert, nor a new revelation, as some of its apostles would have us believe. It is, if not as old as the hills, or even as old as mankind, at least as old as civilisation. So soon as any group of men in remote ages, outgrowing the limits of family life, learnt the expediency of living together in friendship, the need arose of rules for social organisation and mutual subjection to the common interest. The need was, to some extent, met by those communal institutions among primitive races about which Sir Henry Maine and others have written very learnedly and instructively, and of which traces—more or less confused and perverted—exist nearly everywhere to this day. And if, from the earliest times of which we have record, the oldest and most aggressive tribes and races were so busy in extending their sway over other tribes and races that the necessity for developing schemes of peaceable and orderly living among themselves was postponed, the necessity still existed, and efforts to meet it were

not wanting. We find indications of this inevitable tendency in the traditions and literature of every ancient community about which we know anything, and Plato's "Republic," though the completest, is but one among many of old-world socialistic plans. With whatever notions of interdependent life among its members the bolder and more aggressive tribes or races that forced their ways through regions and centuries may have started, and however they may seem to have strayed from the original simplicity with which they began, yet this original simplicity, or some expansion or distortion of it, became an ideal, and thoughtful men, like Plato and a crowd of others, did little more than strive to bring back and build up again the old ideal.

The history of all civilisation, then, includes, as an essential item, the history of Socialism, and this is especially the case with the various nations that have come under the influence of Christianity. Apart from its theological tenets, the whole genius of Christianity is socialistic



or communistic, and not a few of those theological tenets mainly served to emphasise the socialistic or communistic institutions of the early Christians. Into the Church, becoming militant and tyrannical perforce, and making many compromises with the militant and tyrannical organisations that it encountered, divers abuses crept. But there has been no age of the Church in which some of its worthiest men have not sought, by reverting to the ideal, to crush or check those abuses. "The rich are robbers," wrote St. Chrysostom; "all things should be in common;" "Nature created community," wrote St. Ambrose; "private property is the offspring of usurpation." "In strict justice everything should belong to all," wrote St. Clement; "iniquity alone has created private property." And so all through the generations, and with popular as well as with sacerdotal reformers. The Jacques in France and Lollardism in England, such writings as "The Vision of Piers the Plowman," and such preachings as John Bale's are but efforts, vague enough and faulty enough without doubt, but real and earnest, to bring back and build up again the Socialist ideal.

"God made man upright; but they sought out many inventions." Modern intelligence has given to the text a new reading, which neither the most bigoted theologian nor the most rigid Socialist attempts to controvert. Most of the inventions that mankind has sought out have been vastly to its advantage, even though some, or many, or all of them, may have brought harm as well as benefit in their train; and although not a few—from the invention of darts and arrows down to the invention of dynamite—may, for some time after their disclosure, have seemed to be overwhelmingly mischievous. None of us would like to go back to the rude savage life of our remote forefathers, or to the Garden of Eden—if we could find it. We should feel ourselves poor indeed without our steam-engines, and other appliances of civilisation; and we should be very uncomfortable indeed if we were as devoid of clothing as were our "first parents," or even if we had nothing warmer and seemlier to cover us than the fig-leaves that Eve was prompted by

the serpent to string together. The processes of evolution—whether we start from such very crude beginnings as Darwin indicated, or whether we date our researches only from the primitive bases of human development to which Mr. Herbert Spencer and others refer us—are of a nature that Socialists have as little reason to complain of as to refuse credence to; and the author of "The Earthly Paradise," who spent much of his early leisure in sweet singing about Greek myths and those phases of old-world life in which he then delighted, and who now devotes the leisure of middle age to the writing of Socialist chants and to fierce advocacy of Socialism, as he understands it—would be no more willing than any one else to have us thrown back into the age of unæsthetic barbarism, or even into the æsthetic surroundings of Mediterranean existence as it is imagined to have been some two dozen centuries ago.

The avowed Socialists are, for the most part, evolutionists like the rest of us. They accept all that they find good in the triumphs slowly and laboriously won by civilisation from the first ages till now, and they adapt their socialistic ideal thereto. No one can blame them for that. Such blame as they seem fairly open to will be stated presently.

It was said in the commencement of this paper that Socialism is as old as civilisation. It may also be said that its complete ideal, rightly set forth, is one that all who enjoy the fruits of civilisation, and who desire those fruits to issue in seeds and blossoms and other fruits, must be substantially agreed about. All poets, all philosophers, all men of science, and all whose sympathies with humanity at large are real, however faulty may be their utterance of them, are substantially of one mind here. The ideal is nothing more nor less than the perfection of civilisation, the realisation of a heaven upon earth which, whether or not any other heaven can be reached hereafter, will be as heavenly as any earthlings can hope for.

According to this ideal, which all of us may share and few can quarrel with, the time will come, and must be striven after till it does come, when every living person will be as happy as it is possible for him or her to be; when every child

born into the world will be healthy in mind and body, and will have healthy and ennobling surroundings all through the years of up-bringing, all the mental and bodily faculties being developed to the utmost, and an in every way auspicious training-time being followed by a no less auspicious start in the serious work of life ; when that work in life will be never too serious and never irksome, men and women alike taking the shares they are best fitted for, and contributing no more toil than is necessary for the enjoyment of each and all under the simplest conditions of refined happiness and in a perfect harmony of individual independence with mutual combination for the good of all ; when there will be no capitalists, no middlemen, no rent-taking, and no interest-drawing, and if there is any wage-paying, only such wage as is a due and full equivalent for the portion of work done, which shall be measured by the exigencies of the community, and shall be so assessed and paid for as to leave no margin of profit to any but the actual workers ; when all tasks, the most menial and the most dignified, will be so agreeable and so cheerfully undertaken as to be no tasks at all, or, if still irksome in any way so evenly distributed that none can be aggrieved at having to do his share ; when, evil being eradicated along with every other disease, by proper nurture and education, there will be no crime, no need for harsh administration of justice, and no other machinery of government than that which is voluntarily and gladly appointed in the truest democracy that can be devised ; when, purity and honesty being the universal rule, there will be no occasion for marriage laws or any interference with altogether natural developments of family life ; and, finally, when the old and infirm will be cared for, like the young and feeble, by the community at large, and death will be as entirely freed from its terrors as birth was freed from its risks. Truly a millennium, or something better than any millennium ever portrayed for us in any inspired apocalypse ! Yet a dream worth dreaming, and an ideal worth aiming at.

Modern Socialists, of course, differ from one another as to particular details in the future they look forward to, just as they differ from older Socialists, and

as those older Socialists also differed from one another. Fancies can only be elaborated out of facts, and, though our imagination is not bounded by our knowledge, it is limited to its radiations. To-day's ideal cannot be the same as yesterday's, nor can mine be identical with yours. This reflection should make both you and me tolerant of other people's disagreements with us, and should warn all of us that fresh ideals, to-morrow and afterwards, may supersede to day's, just as to-day's have superseded yesterday's. But, broadly stated, the views epitomised above are the views of most modern Socialists, and few enthusiastic schemers after the perfection of humanity will materially dissent from them. Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Swinburne substantially endorse them, as well as Mr. William Morris, among the poets ; and political economists of the school of Mill and Cairnes, and disciples of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Carlyle, and George Eliot, no less than Mr. Ruskin and his followers. How, then, is it that any one can have much or anything to say against the Socialists ?

That question brings us to the considerations which it is the purpose of this paper briefly to point out. There are hundreds of persons who are Socialists, so far as the adoption or toleration of the Socialistic ideal is concerned, for every one who consents to join with the avowed Socialists in their plans or professions for aiming at their ideal. Why so ? Because, however excellent their ideal, and however worthy their intentions may be, the avowed Socialists seem to outsiders to go quite astray in their projects for realising it. Socialism is a beautiful thing ; but the methods chosen for making the ideal a reality, or in any way approaching thereto, appear to be for the most part unwise diversions, often amiable, but oftener mischievous, and always illogical.

Modern Socialism—or Communism as it then usually called itself, and as that form of it is still styled, in order to separate it from the younger and more vigorous growth—began to be a creed or a religion in France barely a century ago. Rousseau, and the other intellectual rebels who helped on the Revolution of 1789, by their words, if not by

their acts, were its pioneers, and it took shape, albeit vague and various, under the guidance of men like the Abbé Fauchet, Saint-Just, and Joubert. The downfall of the First Republic wrecked the schemes of those who hoped to raise France by one jerk from the degradation of an effete feudalism into a paradise of "liberty, equality, and fraternity"; but it left many heroic malcontents to work out divers schemes of social regeneration, whence ensued phalansteries and experiments of all sorts, not only in France, but in England, and yet more in the United States. Robert Owen's Harmony Hall furnishes an example with which many Englishmen are familiar; and though Harmony Hall soon failed, and Owen's "Book of the New Moral World" has hardly any readers now, the wisdom involved in his fallacies has largely influenced not a few of the philanthropic movements of the past half century.

Neither Robert Owen, nor such French prophets and apostles of Socialism as Proudhon, Saint-Simon, and Fourier, nor such German imitators of them as Weitling and Albrecht, however, are recognised as leaders of the Socialistic movement which, in separate and often conflicting currents, is now in progress. "Socialism is dead," wrote Louis Reybaud in 1853. "To speak of it is to pronounce its funeral oration." It had to be revived by Rodbertus-Jagetzow and his famous interpreters and continuators, Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle. It is to these two chief exponents of German Socialism that the various English schools look for guidance and inspiration, though many of them, unable to read the German texts, and not enlightened by such hazy paraphrases and commentaries as Mr. Hyndman and others offer them, are now welcoming the lucid boldness of the newest and cleverest treatise within their reach, "The Co-operative Commonwealth" of Mr. Laurence Gronlund, an American Socialist. Mr. Gronlund takes his political economy, such as it is, chiefly from Marx's development of the teachings of Rodbertus, and joins with it much ethical speculation, such as it is, drawn from Lassalle, who was much more than a theoriser in economics, as well as from other precursors.

But this brief reference to the literature of Socialism is by the way. It would be idle here, and foreign to the purpose of this paper, to attempt any detailed review of it. All that need be attempted is to specify roughly, but it is to be hoped not unfairly, some of the most notable diversions of the new religion—using the term "diversions" in both its dictionary senses. A diversion may be either a serious, and perhaps mischievous, turning aside from the safe and proper pathway between a beautiful ideal and its realisation; or it may be mere playing with a subject, more or less harmless, and perhaps even commendable, but only pastime for all that.

It is not too much to say that, in England at any rate, the vast majority of people who call themselves Socialists make little more than a plaything of their Socialism. Whether the avowed English Socialists number ten or fifty or a hundred thousand—and even friendly estimates vary between these figures—it may be safely asserted that not more than a hundred of them have ever read a line of Karl Marx's "Das Kapital," that being a very heavy piece of reading with which the critics who condemn it are much more familiar than the disciples who claim it as their gospel; while the great bulk of them know hardly anything more of Ferdinand Lassalle than is contained in the pathetic record of his blighted life, or in the somewhat cruel exaggeration of it in Mr. George Meredith's "Tragic Comedians." Mr. Hyndman, of course, they try to understand through his books and pamphlets, and they obtain weekly or monthly doses of diluted Socialism from *Justice*, the *Commonweal*, *To-day*, and other periodicals. Moreover, there are plenty of other volumes besides Mr. Gronlund's "Co-operative Commonwealth" for them to study if they choose; but most of them do not choose. They find it easier to talk Socialism, more or less prettily, or more or less angrily, but always vaguely, in drawing-rooms, public-house parlors, and elsewhere, and to make it the pastime of their spare week-day evenings and Sunday afternoons, than to adopt it as their study or the business of their lives.

These English players with Socialism are too closely mixed up with one

another, either as friends or as foes, or as both by turns, to be separated into distinct classes or clusters; but they may for convenience be spoken of under four groups, as the Scientific Socialists, the Christian Socialists, the Æsthetic Socialists, and the Anarchic Socialists.

The Scientific Socialists are those who regard Karl Marx, whether they have ever read him or not, as the greatest political economist who ever lived. Karl Marx, of course, is a guide and prophet to a great many, in and out of England, who do not follow him in some respects, and who go beyond him in others; but "*Das Kapital*" is especially the text-book of those who claim to discuss and to develop scientifically the principles of Socialism. "*Das Kapital*" is a treatise not easy to refute. Starting with the economical truths or truisms propounded by Adam Smith, Ricardo, and other approved economists, Marx insisted that, labor being the only standard of value, all the produce of labor ought to belong to the laborer. There should be no "surplus value" taken, under the guise of interest, rent, profit, or what not, from its rightful owner the laborer, and wrongfully appropriated by any one else known as a capitalist. Capital is but the accumulation of so much wealth as has been filched or forced by fraud or tyranny from the inadequately paid laborer; "it is dead labor, which can revive only by sucking, vampire-like, the blood of living labor, which lives and thrives with all the more vigor the more blood it absorbs." "Hence we find," said Marx, "that the accumulation of wealth at one pole of society advances step by step with an accumulation at the other pole of poverty, servitude, and moral degradation of the class which, out of its produce, brings capital into existence."

Marx was fond of spicing his logic with bold rhetoric, and in his efforts to give mathematical precision to his scheme, he assumed as fact much that cannot be proved; and more than that, he vitiated his whole problem for practical purposes by shutting his eyes to realities which, however obnoxious they may be, must be dealt with as realities until they can be abolished. It may be that, in an ideal state of society, there will and should be no class of capitalists

opposed to the class of laborers—no classes at all, indeed; and if capital of any sort, only such capital as is worthily applied by the community at large for the joint benefit of all its individuals. But the whole ideal must be achieved before any portion of it can be other than visionary and untrustworthy. Marx's contention that the capitalist *régime* has only existed in Europe for some three hundred years is in the nature of a quibble, for the feudal landlords, the trading guilds, the monastic organisations, the courtly sycophants, and so forth of the middle ages were, in truth, quite as much capitalists as are the great merchants and manufacturers, the wealthy bondholders, and the prosperous middlemen of the present day; and however unjust may be the treatment of the laboring classes now, they fare much better than did their predecessors in former centuries. Capital may or may not be a curse to be got rid of hereafter, but it has been a blessing as well as a curse hitherto; and in any case the only possible method of getting rid of it or of making it solely a blessing is to profit by experience, and, step by step, to work out the reforms by which, if anyhow, our ideal is to be reached. Even Socialists must take the world as they find it, if they really want to mend it; and Marx, in his calm moments, freely acknowledged this. "From my point of view," he said, "according to which the evolution of the economic system of society may be likened to the evolution of nature, the individual cannot be held responsible for social conditions, whose creature he must remain, however he may strive to free himself from them." Again, "Even when a community has succeeded in discovering the course of the natural law that regulates its advance, it can neither avoid the phases of its natural development nor abolish them by decree, but it can somewhat abridge their periods and diminish the evils that come in their train."

If Karl Marx had always held the discreet opinion just quoted, and if his followers would now abide by it, the Marxian school would have few opponents, and might count its adherents by hundreds of thousands. But the Scientific Socialists are not satisfied with doctrines and propagandist methods in

which there would be no fundamental difference, whatever might be the divergencies in detail, between them and the pupils of such other pioneers of social reform, themselves widely divergent in detail, as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. In their ostensible anxiety to rush at once towards their ideal, they stumble and fall grotesquely and pitifully in their everyday occupations.

To those who apprehend the wisdom that was combined with the errors in Karl Marx's teaching, it is a spectacle too sad for laughter which is offered nowadays by the Scientific Socialists in their frivolous quarrelling with one another, as well as with all who stand aside from the quarrel. The comical conditions under which, less than a year ago, the Socialist League broke off from the Social Democratic Federation that till then had been the acknowledged representative of Marx's policy in England, are known to many. Before that, however, the Social Democratic Federation had quarrelled with Mr. Henry George and other more or less violent champions of land nationalisation and other projects, wise or foolish, practicable or impracticable, for approaching the end which all the agitators were presumably anxious to reach. Had Mr. Hyndman and his friends understood their opportunity, and been as competent as we must suppose that they were anxious, to make Scientific Socialism a power in England, they might have made, two or three years ago, a start in a crusade which, thus started and prudently carried out, would even already have been formidable instead of contemptible.

But a more notable instance and warning occurred a few years earlier. The International Working Men's Association, crudely projected by Karl Marx and others as far back as 1847, first took shape in London in 1864, when George Odger and many other prominent champions of working-class interests, and Professor Beesly and other influential outsiders, joined with delegates from France, Germany, Italy, and other foreign countries, in planning an organisation, thoroughly socialistic in its tendencies, for revolutionising the whole of Europe. The International was never strong enough to justify the alarm that

its name stirred up; but, had it worked in the lines on which it started, it might have secured for millions of foreign working men similar benefits to those that English working men had gained by their trades unions, and might have anticipated and greatly surpassed the work that is now being done by its modest offshoot, the Workmen's Peace Association, whose secretary and moving spirit is Mr. Cremer, the original secretary of the International. But Karl Marx was the moving spirit of the International, and under his guidance—social reformer and economist though he was—it was quickly diverted from economical into political channels, and made an instrument for abortive revolutionary efforts instead of fruitful schemes of reformation. Sober Englishmen, and many foreigners as well, had withdrawn from it, but Karl Marx had continued and came to be more than ever its leader, before its exploits culminated in the Paris Commune of 1871—an outburst of lawless patriotism which diverse critics will judge diversely, though there cannot be much difference of opinion as to the merits or demerits of the cold, calculating theorist who managed or mismanaged it from his cosy study on Haverstock Hill.

As I saw a good deal of Karl Marx about that time, and had somewhat exceptional opportunities for checking his theories by his practice, I may be allowed here to interpolate a small anecdote, which seems to illustrate not only his character but much of the infirmity of the school of Scientific Socialists founded by him. On my asking him one day why he had sent to me, with a very complimentary letter of introduction, one of his hangers-on, who may be called Mr. Blank, he frankly replied, "Mr. Blank is a very great fool, but he is a very good tool." Whether fool or not, Mr. Blank, when he ceased to have employment as Karl Marx's tool, passed into the employment of other politicians, first Whigs and afterwards Tories.

The Christian Socialists have some excuse for standing aloof from, or not fraternising very closely with, the Scientific Socialists, especially as they claim to be an older organisation. Christian Socialism, as a distinct movement in England, dates from 1848, when Charles

Kingsley, Frederick Denison Maurice, and others, started a newspaper organ, began to issue tracts, and did other useful and useless work, being prompted thereto partly by sympathy with the Chartists and partly by hatred of what Kingsley called the "narrow, conceited, hypocritical, anarchic, and atheistic scheme of the universe," put forward or implied in the policy of the Manchester School. "Alton Locke" was a vigorous presentment, in the form of fiction, of the views of these Christian Socialists; and if they failed to take the world by storm, it was not through lack of eloquent literature or forcible preaching. Their influence has not died out, though the body which now purports to represent them is only an insignificant and pretentious clique, styling itself the Guild of St. Matthew, with about half a hundred clerical and about a hundred lay members. The views put forward by Kingsley and Maurice are held, with more or less clearness and more or less zeal, by vast numbers of the clergy, whether of the Broad Church or of the High Church, and by not a few Non-conformist ministers and their flocks. They have issued in a distinct cult at the universities, and find practical expression in such schemes as that of Toynbee Hall, in Whitechapel.

Whether we think them otherwise or not, we have no right to speak disrespectfully of the Christian Socialists, and of the multitude of zealous or well-meaning men and women who, not calling themselves by that name, are more or less guided by the sentiments or convictions of which the Guild of St. Matthew now undertakes to be the chief interpreter. Whether or not they accept the teachings of Karl Marx as scientifically true, and of solid value, they base their creed on something more than science, and, in their opinion, of far greater importance than any scientific deductions. They point to the precept and example of the Founder of Christianity, who denounced the money-changers in the Temple, and rich and greedy people everywhere, who taught communism in its simplest form, and, while bidding His followers "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and when smitten on the one cheek, turn the other cheek also to the smiter, laid

down clear rules of justice for the mutual advantage of all persons alike. Having actual experience to quote—that is, on the assumption that the records of early Christianity are authentic history—the Christian Socialists are on a smoother ground of argument than the Scientific Socialists; and to those who question the possibility of a heaven on earth or anywhere else being attained by natural processes, they are able to suggest supernatural expedients. This makes the work of proselytising easier for the Christian Socialists than for some others, and, with all respect for its apostles and their mission, it must be avowed that their doctrines are in as convenient agreement with the sacerdotalism that some people regard as a pernicious outgrowth of Christianity, as with the communistic ideas that were part of its conception. The Christian Socialists condemn hierarchies—only the other day I heard a clergyman of the Church of England sneer at his bishops and archbishops in terms that made me wonder how he could reconcile it with his conscience to wear the same cloth with them—and promise a revival of the unofficial pastorates of the first Christian generation; but they assume a spiritual supremacy, which is the kernel of sacerdotalism, and in these days of threatened disestablishment and disendowment of the Church, those who desire its maintenance as a beneficent and powerful institution may well encourage the development of Christian Socialism on the score of worldly prudence no less than of ideal justice.

The exact position and limits of Christian Socialism are hard to define, but it is yet harder to give a definition of Æsthetic Socialism. That the thing exists, however, and is a distinct and active force in modern opinion, especially in England, must be apparent to every one. It may be said to have begun, at any rate in its modern shape, with Mr. Ruskin, though in Mr. William Morris it has its foremost exponent. In his graceful and seductive essay or lecture, "Art and Socialism," Mr. Morris says, "It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would

make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious." That is an aspiration after something nobler and happier than the lotus-eater's dream, more exalted than the Nirvana of Buddha. To the prosaic ideal of the Scientific Socialists it adds a poetic charm, and there is a refinement about it which is wanting in the Christian Socialist's scheme of rigid duty. It is easy to see how this Æsthetic Socialism, if so it may be termed, has branched off from Christian Socialism and allied itself, without subservience or agreement in all respects, with Scientific Socialism. Poets and painters, and many of like mind with them who know not how to string rhymes or to handle a brush, instinct with love and longing for beauty in all its forms and hues, resent the ugliness in the world, and in a mood of "divine discontent" seek to make things better. It is one token out of many that the world is mending more than they think, that, with the spread of æsthetic tastes, and of the dainty judgment shown in cultivating them among those who are in a condition to make this progress in their own lives and homes, there should be a generous desire to see the same improvements made in all grades of society, and that, instead of revelling themselves in their refined enjoyments, as the æsthetes of former times, if such there were, may have done, so many of our æsthetes nowadays should yearn and even toil to it for the æsthetic progress of all mankind; and more than that, that in promoting their æsthetic mission, they should look beneath the surface, and yearn and even toil for that complete regeneration of society for which æstheticism can only afford a slightly and seemingly covering. The thoughts are worthier of him than the verses in "The Message of the March Wind," one of the Socialist poems which Mr. Morris has lately written.

Hark, the wind in the elm-boughs! From  
London it bloweth,  
And telling of gold, and of hope and unrest;  
Of power that helps not; of wisdom that  
knoweth,  
But teacheth not aught of the worst and the  
best.

Of the rich men it telleth, and strange is the  
story  
How they have, and they hanker, and grip  
far and wide;

And they live, and they die, and the earth and  
its glory  
Has been but a burden they scarce might  
abide.

Hark! the March-wind again of a people is  
telling;  
Of the life that they live there, so haggard  
and grim,  
That if we and our love amidst them had been  
dwelling  
My fondness had faltered, thy beauty grown  
dim.

This land we have loved in our love and our  
leisure  
For them hangs in heaven, high out of their  
reach;  
The wide hills o'er the sea-plain for them have  
no pleasure,  
The grey homes of their fathers no story to  
teach.

The singers have sung, and the builders have  
builded,  
The painters have fashioned their tales of  
delight;  
For what and for whom hath the world's book  
been gilded,  
When all is for them but the blackness of  
night?

How long and for what is their patience  
abiding?  
How oft and how oft shall their story be  
told,  
While the hope that none seeketh in darkness  
is hiding,  
And in grief and in sorrow the world grow-  
eth old?

Mr. Morris, and all others of poetic and artistic culture, do well to ask such questions, and, by asking them, to provoke such a response of public opinion as may help towards redress of the evils in society which their honest sympathy makes grievous to them, as well as to the people at large who actually suffer and are degraded by those evils. But when they turn aside from writing plaintive verse, or from drawing allegorical pictures, like that of "The Vampire" which Mr. Walter Crane lately contributed to *Justice*, and attempt to suggest remedies for the evils of society, they show that they are only visionary theorists whose nostrums are altogether unworkable. Mr. Morris, or at any rate the Socialist League of which he is the founder and leader, is of opinion that if the whole existing arrangements of "so-called civilisation" can be overturned—if "the land, the capital, the machinery, factories, workshops, stores, means of transit, mines, banking, all means

of production and distribution of wealth," can be made "the common property of all"—"every man will then receive the full value of his labor without deduction for the profit of a master, and, as all will have to work, and the work now incurred by the pursuit of profit will be at an end, the amount of labor necessary for every individual to perform, in order to carry on the essential work of the world, will be reduced to something like two or three hours daily, so that every one will have abundant leisure for following intellectual or other pursuits congenial to his nature." But we are not told how that wonderful result is to be achieved; what grounds there are for supposing that—in such a crowded country as England, for instance—two or three hours' work a day by each person will suffice for his maintenance; what method shall be adopted in a community without rulers for obliging each person to do his fair share of work, or to make no pernicious use of his "abundant leisure," or anything else that can induce reasonable men and women to give a moment's serious thought to their project. The *Æsthetic Socialists* are amiable enthusiasts and beautiful dreamers, but towards the realisation of their dream they offer us nothing better than a ladder of cobwebs.

In truth, however, in so far as there is any logic in *Æsthetic Socialism*, it is the logic of *Anarchic Socialism*. The *Socialist League*, which has Mr. Morris at its head and some prominent disciples of Karl Marx on its council of twenty, appears to affect rather the policy of Michael Bakounin, Marx's sometime comrade and afterwards great rival, than that of Marx himself; while the *Social-Democratic Federation*, which still accepts the leadership of Mr. Hyndman, its founder, has taken a good deal more than its name from Bakounin, who organised the *Alliance of Socialist Democracy* in 1869, and who is regarded as the great apostle of Russian Nihilism, and of the less formidable *Anarchism* of France and other continental countries. There is, of course, no counterpart in England to the Nihilist or Anarchist movements in Russia or other parts of Europe. A very few Englishmen, associated with foreign refugees in England, call themselves *Anarchists*,

and there are not many English Socialists who are not sympathisers with, and apologists for, the Nihilists; but, happily, the conditions of political life in our country, as well as the temperaments of even the boldest revolutionists among us, afford little room here even for burlesquing the incendiary violence which frightens despots and disturbs autocratic governments abroad. For all that, there is a phase of Socialism in England, neither trivial nor merely ludicrous, which may be called *anarchical*. The whole purpose and effort of Socialism, indeed, in England as well as elsewhere, whenever it goes beyond peaceable argument, or appeal without argument, for a reform of existing laws and social institutions, is essentially *anarchic*; every intentional breaking of the laws of the land or wilful violation of its social institutions, however slight or, it may be, justifiable, being a step in the direction of anarchy.

A memorable instance of this has occurred within the past few weeks, when, after a series of harsh dealings by the police and one of the magistrates in the East end of London with certain members of the *Social Democratic Federation*, all the schools of Socialists forgot their jealousies for the moment and banded together in forcible assertion of their claim to convene and address public meetings in the open street. "The Dod Street victory," as it was called, was a real and praiseworthy victory, won by Radical working men as well as by Socialists, in the interests of the public at large, over reckless or malicious officials who had stretched too far their authority, and thus perpetrated some paltry tyranny, which, had it been allowed to become a precedent instead of being promptly and effectively rebuked, might have had serious consequences; but none the less was it anarchy in its character, and of a sort that, if it had happened in Moscow or St. Petersburg, or even in Lyons or Paris, might have caused some hundreds of victims to be imprisoned for years.

There is no risk of *Anarchic Socialism* ever becoming a serious danger in England. The Socialists are not numerous to indulge in perilous law-breaking, and the temptations to law-breaking by any but offenders who will deserve and



will obtain ready punishment for their offences, are too few and slight. So it is, at any rate, as regards political affairs. Whatever may be the extent and strength of Socialism in this country it has not many followers among the "workers" to whom its apostles appeal in fervid prose and verse. The great body of the English working classes have found that by means of trades-unionism and the like they can so much better promote their individual and class interests than by accepting as guides Mr. Hyndman Mr. Morris or any of the other champions of Socialism, that almost to a man they hold aloof from the movement. Its rank and file, as well as its commanding officers, are drawn almost entirely from the middle classes, and consist of men and women of high culture or of little or no culture, who may be in earnest, or may think themselves in earnest, about it, but to whom, as I have already said, it is seldom much more than a pastime. If such people choose to be law-breakers at all, their law-breaking is generally of a sort with which it is not easy or may not be wise to interfere, and which is generally best dealt with by being let alone, so as not to afford them the notoriety they covet.

Of the few members of the working classes who profess themselves Socialists it cannot be denied that the majority do so because, through misfortunes for which they may or may not be responsible, they have not prospered as well as their fellows in the struggle for existence. It is the same with a good many of the middle-class Socialists. Lord Beaconsfield's description of critics as "men who have failed in literature or art," may be paraphrased as regards some enterprising Socialists. They have not succeeded so well as they hoped as merchants or shopkeepers, lawyers or clergymen, school-teachers, journalists, political agitators, or what not; so they have taken to Socialism as a line of business in which they can get themselves talked about, if nothing else. This much can be said without in any way disparaging the great number of honest enthusiasts and estimable men and women who belong to or are in sympathy with the various Socialist cliques; nor is there any harm in call-

ing attention to a significant item in the programme of Mr. Morris's League, as it is pertinent to a noteworthy form of law-breaking which many Socialists—in this, if in no other particular, anarchists of a kind—take credit for. As one of the great benefits to society that would come from "the complete social revolution" to be aimed at, we are told, "our modern bourgeois-property-marriage, maintained as it is by its necessary complement, universal venal prostitution, would give place to kindly and human relations." Some of the Socialists, who at present only offer a theoretical opposition to the accumulation of capital, the earning of wage, the receiving of rent, and other vices now sanctioned by the law, anticipate the millennium they look for by setting up a law for themselves as regards "kindly and human relations between the sexes." In all such concerns the public has no right to pry into private arrangements, but Socialists should remember that they thus discredit the cause they champion. Would-be reformers, like Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion. Phalansteries are now out of vogue. Every phalanstery ever started has failed ignominiously, and the Socialists have wisely refrained from making fresh experiments in that way. The proved futility of any efforts of a small body of enthusiasts, like the associates in Robert Owen's Harmony Hall, to live together in a compact colony or conventional arrangement, where they could frame rules for themselves in accordance with the principles they all professed, and where they might be expected to work amicably and without hindrance for their mutual advantage and the common good, may be taken as evidence that, however admirable may be the Socialist ideal, its attainment is not easy, and, at best, can only be reached by slow stages. The Socialists themselves, on all hands, now admit that they must temporise, and content themselves with securing, step by step, if they can, the objects they have at heart. This is prudent, if somewhat undignified; but the lack of dignity is chiefly shown in the uncertainties and contradictions of their action and teaching. No one can blame Socialists of different schools for pursuing methods

different from one another—some for making whatever they can of Karl Marx's economic theories, others for attempting to revive the original plan of Christianity, others for indulging in æsthetic dreams and hopes, and others, again, if their anarchism is kept under restraint, for being simply rebels against the existing order of things. But they should be consistent, whatever they are, and within whatever opportunist limits they think right and expedient. In other words, assuming that they know what sort of an ideal they set before themselves, they should adopt systematic and coherent ways and means for approaching it.

This they hardly do. Though they profess to follow, in the main, the economic guidance of Karl Marx, with more or less addition or alteration, there are wide divergencies of opinion and interminable quarrels among them about details, and much more than details. Their great theoretical controversy is as to the relative merits or demerits, practicabilities or impracticabilities, of collectivism and individualism; the individualists barely admitting that any check whatever should be put, for the protection or assistance of his neighbors, upon each individual's claim to do just as he likes; the collectivists barely denying that the ideal state they propose to set up will be a despotism more overwhelming and comprehensive than any autocrat or knot of bureaucrats has ever been able to procure or maintain. And, in England if not abroad, the collectivists being by far the more numerous and influential of the two factions, their chief occupation is in disputing as to the attitude to be taken up towards such collectivist machinery as already is in existence. Here, for the most part, their attitude is antagonism to everything that might help on their movement. They reject trades unionism as an "aristocracy of labor," which, subservient now to the capitalist, is considered to aim at nothing but the aggrandisement of its fortunate and selfish members at the expense of the great mass of the laboring population. They regard such an advanced plan of land nationalisation as is advocated in "Progress and Poverty" as "tilting at windmills," and sneer at Mr. Henry George

as "a typical middle-class reformer, believing in the virtues of free contract and competition." All schemes of co-operation among working men, or between workmen and employers, for production and distribution, they treat with scorn; and nearly all other practical efforts that are being made for the amelioration of society under its present conditions are condemned by them as so many pernicious schemes for diverting public attention from the real work of revolution to be done. Revolution, in fact, not reformation, is what they insist upon; and, zealous as they are in the presentment of their ideals, they trouble themselves little or not at all with thought as to whether any solid good, or anything but general disturbance, is to come of the revolution they talk glibly about.

It cannot be said, however, that the Socialists are doing no good work. They are few in numbers and vague of purpose, but they are an outgrowth of the general social movement that is now in progress, and much more important than the proverbial fly on the wheel. They render service to the community by opening the eyes of many who are not misled by their extravagancies to the existence of great evils in society, and to the need of redressing them. Let this be set to their credit. On the other hand, those who gladly honor all that is honest in their enthusiasm must not forget that they are assisting in a political game with which, when it is ended, and if it is ended as its chief players wish, neither they nor other Radicals are likely to be pleased. We saw not many years ago how a clever political adventurer like Louis Napoleon was able to divert or pervert the Socialistic tendencies of his day towards the building up of the Third Empire in France. We see how at the present time an astute statesman like Prince Bismarck is making use of German Socialism to prop up the huge despotism which he presides over. And those who are discerning may see through the lines of policy now adopted by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and those who with him are endeavoring to make the term Radicalism interchangeable with State Socialism, as well as by Lord Randolph Churchill and other orators

of Tory Democracy, with a view to obtaining at the forthcoming general election the sanction of the nation to certain rival political and social projects which may have least welcome results to those who hope most from them, and may prove acceptable only to those who

dread them. It is an infirmity of democracy that it sometimes encourages demagogues, and it is not a new thing in the history of Socialistic movements for them to issue in tyrannies.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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### RAMBLES IN CANTON.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

AMONG many most interesting memories of Canton none impressed me more deeply than certain walks in the early morning, under the guidance of one who has devoted a quarter of a century to mission work in the city, and so is thoroughly acquainted with all its nooks and corners. One too who, being blessed with a keen interest in the manners and customs of the land in which he lives—which is by no means a necessary sequence of long residence!—proved a delightful companion on such rambles: and I need scarcely say that really to enjoy such expeditions one must go quietly on foot, with all powers of observation on the alert, never knowing what strange novelty will entail a halt at any moment.

We started one morning at sunrise, but already the tide of busy life was well astir in the narrow streets of shops, through which we walked on our way to the great market for jade-stone, which is held daily at early morning in the open air near the temple of the Five-hundred Disciples of Buddha, and closes before ordinary mortals are astir.

Considering the extraordinary value which attaches to this precious mineral, I was chiefly amazed at the enormous quantity which we saw offered for sale. Not only is the market itself, a very large square building, entirely filled with stalls exclusively for the sale of objects manufactured from jade, but many of the surrounding streets are lined with open booths and shops for the same purpose, and truly, though every woman who can possibly obtain a jade ornament delights in it as a European or an American glories in her diamonds, the prices are so prohibitive that it is difficult to imagine how a sale can be ob-

tained for such a mass of bracelets and brooches, ear-rings and finger-rings, and especially of very ornamental pins for the hair.

Here poor women and middle-class tradesmen who cannot afford the genuine article solace themselves with imitation gems of green glass or some such composition, which take the place of spurious diamonds and effectually deceive the untrained eye. But at this market I believe only the genuine article is sold. We saw specimens of very varied color, from a semi-opaque cream or milky white tint to the clearest sea-green, or a dark hue the color of blood-stone.

I am told that it is all imported from the Kuen-luen mountains in Turkestan, where there are mines of this mineral—the only mines in the world which are worked, so far as is known. It has thence been brought to China as an article of tribute from the earliest times of which even the Celestials have any record, and so highly have they prized it that they have jealously striven to keep it entirely in their own hands. It is, however, thought possible that, as this mineral is not known to occur anywhere in Europe, the jade-celts which have been found in European lake-dwellings, and other prehistoric remains, have probably travelled thither as barter in the course of the great Aryan westward migration from the highlands of Central Asia. Tradition affirms that the Aryan regarded the wearing of a jade ornament as the most effectual charm against lightning—a faith which would naturally account for their carrying with them many such treasures.

So in Hindoostan, though specimens

of carved jade inlaid with rubies and diamonds were among the priceless treasures of the Mogul Emperors, there is no reason to believe that this mineral has ever been found in the empire; and it is supposed that the raw material must have been brought from those same mines, of which there are considerably over a hundred, one great mountain-side being riddled by dark tunnels, which are the entrances to long, winding galleries, excavated in every direction, and in some cases piercing right through the mountain to its farther side. The jade is found in veins which are sometimes several feet in depth, but it is so full of fissures that it is rare to obtain a perfect block more than a few inches thick. Hence the great value of large pieces when found without a flaw. Such are reserved for the imperial tribute, and the Emperor himself awards such blocks to the artist who is most certain to do it justice, the natural form of the block deciding what shall be the character of the sculpture.

Such an imperial commission is equivalent to a life work, for although when first broken from its rocky bed the jade may be scratched with an ordinary knife, it soon hardens so as to become the most difficult of minerals for the sculptor's art. Hence, such vases and other ornaments as became so familiar to us after the looting of the Summer Palace, each represented twenty or thirty years of ceaseless toil at the hands of a patient and most diligent worker. And yet I have seen some of these priceless art treasures in British homes, where their value in this respect seems undreamt of.

The Chinese name of the stone is Yu-Shek, and that by which we call it is said to be a corruption of a Spanish word referring to a superstition of the Mexican Indians, who deemed that to wear a bracelet of this stone was the surest protection against all diseases of the loins, hence the Spaniards named the mineral *Piedra de hijada* (stone of the loins), by which name it became known in Europe, and ere long was contracted to its present form. Where the Mexicans obtained their specimens is not known, mineralogists having failed

to discover the mineral on the American Continent.

New Zealand, however, has supplied her own jade in the form of great pebbles, which with infinite labor have been wrought into those large celts and grotesque amulets which formed the most priceless possessions of the high chiefs.

As a matter of course, in this daily market of the modern work produced in the jade-cutters' street, we saw no specimens of very artistic work; such can rarely come into the market; but the prices of even simple thumb-rings or ear-rings is so great that I had to console myself by the thought that I could get much more show for my money by investing in some very pretty vases of a cheap green stone mounted in well-carved stands of polished blackwood.

It really is amazing to think of the value of the goods offered for sale on those stalls of rough wooden planks! The real price—not the price asked with a view to its being beaten down, in the wearisome manner in which all shopping is here conducted, but the price which a Chinese mandarin might pay for a string of really good bright green beads, might be 1,000/.! For two buttons, suitable for his own use, he would pay 30/. The most costly color is a vivid green like that of a young rice-field, and for a really good specimen of this 500/. or 600/. is sometimes paid for a personal ornament of very moderate size.

A large amount of the jade offered for sale in the market is quite in the rough, and here the lapidaries come to select such pieces as seem likely to be sound and of a good color throughout. It is extremely interesting to see these men at work in their primitive shops, which form a whole street by themselves. First the rough block is placed between two sawyers, who saw it in two by the horizontal movement of a saw of steel wire, with bow-shaped handle. From time to time they drop a thin paste of emery powder and water along the line they purpose cutting. These reduced portions are then passed on to other men who work with small circular saws, and thus fashion all manner of ornaments.

Not very far from this street there is

one wholly inhabited by silk weavers, whose hand-loom are of the most primitive description. A little further lies a curious water-street, a sort of Chinese Venice, where the houses edge a canal so closely that the people step from their doors into boats. This canal runs straight to one of the water-gates, by which all the market boats enter the city every morning. These gates, being the portals beneath which the canal flows through the city walls, are closed at night, so all boats arriving after sunset must lie outside till morning, and great is the rush when at sunset the portcullis is raised, and each boat seeks to enter first.

Amongst the produce thus brought to the daily market are sucking-pigs in search of a mother, as Chinese farmers do not care to allow one mother to suckle more than a dozen little piggies, whereas bountiful Nature occasionally sends a litter of nearly double that number. So whenever the births exceed the regulation limit, the supernumeraries are conveyed to the sucking-pig market, which is held daily in the early morning; and there the farmer whose styes have not been so abundantly blessed buys a few of the outcasts to make up his number. But lest the maternal sow should object to adopting the little strangers, her own babies are taken from her and placed with the new comers, when all are sprinkled with wine. When the combined litter is restored to the anxious parent she is so bamboozled by the delightful fragrance of the whole party that she forgets to count them (or fears she may be seeing double!), so she deems it prudent "to keep a quiet sough," as we say in the north, and accepts the increased family without comment.

Of course in passing through the shop-streets I could not resist many a halt, while my good guardian, with inexhaustible patience, explained to me the use or meaning of sundry objects, which to me were all strange curios. In many of the shops an unusual willingness to sell goods at reasonable prices plainly indicates the approach of the new year, as do also the number of street stalls for the sale of small curios, inasmuch as it is a positive necessity for all accounts to be settled before the close of the old

year, and therefore a tradesman will sometimes even sell at a loss in order to realize the sum necessary to meet his liabilities. Should he fail to do so, he is accounted disgraced, his name is written on his own door as a defaulter, his business reputation is lost, and no one will henceforth give him credit.

I believe that debts which are not settled on New Year's Eve cannot subsequently be recovered, for a curious custom exists whereby a creditor who has vainly pursued a debtor all through the night may still follow him after day-break, provided he continues to carry his lighted lantern, as if he believed it was still night. This, however, is his last chance.

We wandered on from shop to shop, and from temple to temple, till I was fairly bewildered, but one scene remains vividly before my memory as the finest subject for a picture that I have seen in Canton. It is in the western suburb, close to the temples of the gods of war, and of literature, and of the queen of heaven—in one of which I was especially fascinated by the multitude of small figures, carved and gilt, which adorn the roof, the sides of the temple and altar. Standing on the temple steps you look along the street and combine a picturesque bridge with an arched gateway of the firewall spanning the highway. It is such a quiet quarter that there would be little difficulty in securing a drawing of the scene.

Of course, in arranging to sketch near a temple, the chances of quiet depend on the day: as every god has his day, when the whole population crowd to do him homage, and then the neighboring streets, however dull on other occasions, are decorated and thronged.

I am told that one of the prettiest of these festivals occurs in the middle of April, in honor of the very beneficent and popular god, Paak-tai, who has at various times been incarnate upon the earth, for the good of mankind. One of these incarnations occurred after the deluge which destroyed the whole world in the reign of the Chinese Emperor Yaou, B.C. 2357 (a date which closely corresponds with that of the Universal Deluge recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures, and noted in our chronology as

B.C. 2349). After this terrible flood all knowledge of agriculture, art, and science was lost, so Paak-tai came back to earth to instruct the survivors.

The really pretty and unique feature of his festival is that on three successive evenings all his worshippers bring their pet singing-birds—generally larks, which they habitually carry about with them in their pretty cages, just as Englishmen go out accompanied by their dogs. I am not sure, however, that a Briton would appreciate the trouble of always carrying his pet, as these Celestials do!

Thus a crowd of several hundred larks are assembled, and all are brought into the brilliantly illuminated temple. The cages, which are covered for the occasion, are suspended from horizontal bamboos, so that presently the whole temple is full of them. On a given signal, all the coverings are removed, and the astonished larks, supposing that they have overslept themselves, and allowed the sun to rise without their morning hymn, make up for lost time by bursting forth into a most amazing chorus of song, which they keep up for about a couple of hours, equally to the delight of the human crowd, rich and poor, and of the beneficent deity who is thus honored. So these people, who enlist the breezes and the streams to sound the bells which chime the praises of Buddha, teach the birds also to do their part in the general thanksgiving.

On the third and last evening of the bird concert the festival concludes with a most gorgeous procession. First come huge lanterns, on each of which is inscribed the name of the god; then a number of gay banners, embroidered with scenes in his history; then come several scores of tiny children, splendidly dressed to represent characters in the old legends; they are mounted on little ponies, and led by attendants in rich silken robes. They are children of wealthy parents, who deem it an honor to take part in the festival. The children's interest is sustained by frequent pauses, when they are fed with cakes and sweetmeats. In the procession are carried several canopied shrines: some of carved and polished blackwood, containing the images of the god and of his parents; others are more ornamental, and are covered with

figures apparently enamelled, but really made of lovely kingfishers' feathers. These shrines contain only beautiful objects, such as old bronze of jade-stone vases, which are lent by their owners to grace the procession. All along the road where the procession is to pass the people prepare small altars outside their doors, and make offerings to the idol as it is carried past, sometimes pouring libations of wine on to the ground.

Our last but not least curious experience on this morning of strange sights was a visit to one of the innumerable shops devoted solely to the manufacture of pasteboard models of every conceivable object, from a doll-house ten feet square to a good large pony, boots, hats, sedan chairs, but above all money, all with a view to supply offerings of burnt-sacrifice to the spirits of the dead. Some less reverent foreigners had enlisted the services of these purveyors of Hades in that of their own amusement, for there was a fancy ball in prospect, at which one gentleman proposed to appear as Punch, and two young ladies, who had not yet "come out," but were determined to see the fun, had solved the problem of how to "stay in" without missing the ball, by ordering two tall, seven-storied pagodas made of bamboo and pasteboard, within which they could remain securely hidden, peeping out through cunningly contrived windows. Surely a quainter device than that of a brace of locomotive pagodas never was invented!

Each day slipped by full of many interests, even when we went no further than the limits of the green isle, but sat watching the infinitely varied boats or junks gliding past with their great brown or yellow sails, or else at sunset doing "joss-pigeon" (which in the horrid *patois* called pigeon-English means God's business), throwing burning gilt-paper into the river as an offering to the water-dragon; firing noisy crackers to keep off evil spirits, or lighting sweet incense-sticks and candles to place on the tiny boat altar.

I often lingered on the embankment to watch these till I was conscious of a cold mist rising, and was glad to retreat to a cosy fireside—not without a thought of pity for the children who can never know the meaning of that word.

The miasma which on these really chill nights rises from the river and canals is by no means the sole danger which these little ones survive ! One of the most apparent is the amazing amount of diluted filth which they swallow. I observed in Canton the same peculiarity which struck me so forcibly at Benares—namely, the large amount of washing of clothes which is done, but the utter indifference to the condition of the water used for the purpose.

All these thousands of boats which lie moored in compact phalanx along the shores of the river, at the mouths of the creeks which are little better than sewers, get their water-supply by just dipping their bucket overboard—although they could easily obtain comparatively pure water in mid-stream ! And this terribly unclean water is used unfiltered for all cooking purposes.

Considering our own terrible experiences of how luxurious homes in Britain have been left desolate by a draught of sparkling water into which, all unheeded, some taint of drainage had filtered, or even from the use of milk vessels washed in such water, it does seem amazing that all this goes on with impunity, and that the whole population does not die wholesale in consequence—a wonderful proof of the safeguard of only drinking boiled water, as is the Chinese invariable custom, in the form of tea.

We had plenty of opportunities for watching these people, as the boats lay moored around us in every direction, so that even without leaving the shore they were always before our eyes, and whenever we went an expedition on the river we necessarily passed through crowds of boats innumerable and indescribable, and some are very ornamental. Of their number some idea may be formed from the fact that the boating population of Canton alone is estimated at three hundred thousand persons, who possess no other home ; whose strange life, from their cradle to their grave, is spent entirely on the rivers, with the dipping of the oars, or the tremulous quiver of the long steering scull as the ceaseless accompaniment of all life's interests. This is especially true of the women who work the boats, for many of the men work on land all day, only returning at night to the tiny but ex-

quisitely clean floating home, which, though barely twenty feet in length, probably shelters three generations !

These are the sampans, or slipper-shaped boats with movable roofs of rain-roof bamboo basket-work.

Somewhat different from these are the boat-houses of sailors who are absent for months on long voyages on board of ocean-going junks, who return year after year, to find the home in which they were probably born moored in the self-same spot in one of the multitudinous water-streets, for every boat has its own appointed anchorage, and the municipal regulations affecting the water-population are most minute, and strictly carried out, as indeed must be necessary where so enormous a community is concerned.

For this purpose, a special river magistrate has command of a strong body of water-police, who live in police-boats, and are bound to row about all night, blowing on shrill conch-shells, which are most effectual for awakening peaceful sleepers, and for giving notice of their approach to all evil-doers, more especially to those very daring river-pirates from whose depredations they are bound to protect the public.

These water-constables, however, enjoy a very evil reputation, and are said frequently to be in league with the malefactors, accepting bribes from pirates to keep well out of the way when any unusual deed of darkness is in prospect, such as capturing a wealthy citizen while crossing the river at night, and carrying him off as a prisoner until a large ransom can be extracted from his relations, which is one of the cheerful possibilities of life in these parts !

Still more frequently, however, the guardians of the peace are said to levy blackmail on their own account, helping themselves gratis from the market-boats, whose proprietors dare not complain, lest they should be falsely accused of some offence, which would lead to their prosecution and imprisonment, quite as certainly as if they were really guilty.

As regards cargo or passenger boats, fines, severe flogging, or imprisonment, or even a combination of all three, await the captain and crew of any boat which neglects to report its movements to the authorities, or which has the misfortune

to lose any of its passengers. Should such an one fall overboard and be drowned, the boat or junk is compelled to lie to, or anchor till the corpse has been recovered. Grievous indeed is the lot of all concerned should a junk or boat capsize in a squall, more especially if it can be proved that her masts or sails exceeded the regulation size. If under such circumstances only one or even two passengers are drowned, the captain alone suffers, but should three perish, the vessel is confiscated, and not only the captain but every man of the crew is condemned to wear the ponderous wooden collar ("the cangue") for thirty days, and then to endure a judicial flogging.

Our barbaric notion that the captain must be absolute autocrat of his vessel is by no means allowed in China, where the law provides that in the event of an approaching storm the passengers may require the captain to strike sail, and wait till the danger is past. Should he refuse to comply with the requirements of the land-lubbers, he is liable to receive forty blows of a bamboo! But terrible as are Chinese floggings, they are mere trifles compared with the penalty of three months subject to the tortures of a Chinese prison as a sequence to shipwreck.

I noticed one class of boat which seemed to ply a very busy trade—namely, that of the river-barbers, who devote themselves exclusively to shaving and head-scraping their floating customers. Each barber has a tiny boat in which he paddles himself about in and out among the crowd of sampans, attracting attention by ringing a little bell. The river-doctor likewise gives warning of his whereabouts by means of a bell, so that as he goes on his way he can be called to any one needing his services.

There is not a phase of life on land which has not its counterpart on the river, and every variety of boat has its distinctive name. To begin with, there are whole fleets of market boats, each of which supplies the boating population with some one article. There are oil boats, and firewood boats, rice boats, and sugar-cane boats, boats for vegetables, and boats for the sale of flowering plants. There are fruit boats, bean-

curd boats, confectioners' boats, shrimp boats, and fish boats, boats for sundry meats and for pork in particular, boats for the sale of crockery, of salt, or of clothing. Some boats advertise their cargoes by a realistic sign hung from the mast-head, such as an earthenware jar, an oil-cask, a bundle of sugar-cane, or of firewood, that their customers may espy them from afar.

There are floating kitchens, provided with an extensive brick-wood cooking-range, where most elaborate dinners are cooked; these are served on board of floating dining-halls, euphoniouly called flower boats, which are most luxuriously fitted up and highly ornamental, resplendent with a wealth of beautiful wood-carving, often brightly colored and heavily gilt, and always brilliantly illuminated. These are hired by wealthy citizens who wish to give their friends dinner-parties, as it is not customary to do so at their own homes except on great family festivals; such dinner-parties are enlivened by the presence of richly attired singing-women. Poorer people find one end of the floating kitchen fitted up as a cheap restaurant or tea-house.

There are also floating hotels which are chiefly for the accommodation of persons arriving after the gates of the city are closed, or who merely wish to tranship from one vessel to another. Similar house-boats are hired by wealthy Chinamen as cool summer quarters, or for going expeditions. For pleasure excursions there are Hong-Kong boats answering to Venetian gondolas, with large comfortable saloons adorned with much carving and gilding, but so arranged as to be able to hoist a mast and sail.

In striking contrast with these gay boats are the dull, unattractive ones which we may term floating biers, as they are used only for conveying the dead to their place of rest. For though the dwellers on the land allow the boat people no homes ashore during their lifetime, they dare not refuse the dead a resting-place in the bosom of the earth.

Far sadder than these biers for those whose weary life-struggle is ended are the leper-boats, tenanted by such of the boat folk as are afflicted with leprosy, that most terrible of diseases, and who are therefore outcasts, forced to live apart from their fellows, and only allowed



to solicit alms by stretching out a long bamboo pole, from the end of which is suspended a small bag (just as was done in mediæval days by the lepers in Holland, as described in "Evelyn's Diary," A.D. 1641, when he noted "divers leprous poor creatures dwelling in solitary huts on the brink of the water, who asked alms of passengers on the other canals by casting out a floating box to receive their gifts"). Of course these boats are deemed as wholly unclean as their inmates. Hence, when in 1847 six young English merchants had been brutally murdered at a village in the neighborhood of Canton, the crowning insult to the hated foreigners was to return the mangled corpses to Canton in a common leper-boat.

Then there are ecclesiastical boats; for, though each dwelling boat has its domestic altar, the public service of the gods is by no means omitted. So a large number of Taouist priests have stationary boat-houses for themselves and their families, the chief saloon being dedicated to sundry Taouist idols. These priests are liable at any moment to be summoned on board other boats to perform religious ceremonies on behalf of the sick, especially such as are supposed to be possessed of evil spirits. They also officiate in floating temples in which elaborate services are performed on behalf of the souls of drowned persons, or of such beggar spirits as have been neglected by their descendants.

During these "masses for the dead" the floating shrine is decorated with many white and blue banners, flags and draperies, to indicate mourning. At other times the flags and decorations are of the gayest, and a band of musicians with shrill pipes and drums produce deafening sounds, all of which tell that the temple has been engaged by two families of the boat community for the solemnisation of a wedding; for in their marriage, as in all else, these people live wholly apart from those who dwell on land, and although the women are a much nicer, healthier-looking lot than those we see ashore, such a thing as intermarriage is unknown, the boat population being greatly despised.

But of all the multitudinous boats perhaps the strangest are the duck and geese boats, some of which shelter as

many as two thousand birds, which are purchased wholesale at the great duck and geese farms, and reared for the market. After seeing these boats I no longer wondered at the multitude of these birds in the provision markets, where they form one of the staple foods of the people.

Beyond the first expense of buying the half-grown birds, the owner of the boat incurs none in the rearing them, as he simply turns them out twice a day to forage for themselves along the mud shores and the neighboring fields, where they find abundance of dainty little crabs, frogs, worms, snails, slugs, and maggots. They are allowed about a couple of hours for feeding and are then called back, when they obey with an alacrity which is truly surprising, the pursuit of even the most tempting frog being abandoned in their hurry to waddle on board. Never was there so obedient a school, and it is scarcely possible to believe that this extraordinary punctuality is really attained by the fear of the sharp stroke of a bamboo, which is invariably administered to the last bird.

One afternoon we went a most interesting expedition up the river, and then turned aside into one of the many creeks, to the village of Faa-tee, and thence onward in search of one of the great duck-hatching establishments, where multitudinous eggs are artificially hatched. The first we came to was closed, but the boatmen told us of another farther on, so we landed and walked along narrow ridges between large flooded fields, in which lotus and water-chestnuts are grown for the sake of their edible roots. Both are nice when cooked, but the collecting of these in this deep mud must be truly detestable for the poor women engaged in it.

Passing by amazing heaps of old eggshells (for which even the Chinese seem to have as yet found no use) we reached the hatching-house, in which many thousands of eggs are being gradually warmed in great baskets filled up with heated chaff, and placed on shelves of very open basket-work, which are arranged in tiers all round the walls, while on the ground are placed earthenware stoves full of burning charcoal. Here the eggs are kept for a whole day and

night, the position of the baskets with reference to the stoves being continually changed by attendants who reserve their apparel for use in a cooler atmosphere !

After this preliminary heating the eggs are removed to other baskets in another heated room, to which they are dexterously carried in cloths, each containing about fifty eggs. No one but a neat-handed Chinaman could carry such a burden without a breakage ! Here the eggs remain for about a fortnight, each egg being frequently moved from place to place to equalise their share of heating. After this they are taken to a third room, where they are spread over wide shelves, and covered with sheets of thick, warm cotton ; at the end of another fortnight hundreds of little ducklings simultaneously break their shells, and by evening perhaps a couple of thousand fluffy little beauties are launched into life, and are forthwith fed with rice-water.

Duck farmers (who know precisely when each great hatching is due) are in attendance to buy so many hundreds of these pretty infants, whom they at once carry off to their respective farms, where there are already an immense number of ducks and geese of different ages, all in separate lots. The geese, by the way, are not hatched artificially, owing to the thickness of their shells, consequently they are not so very numerous as ducks. Still, flocks numbering six or eight hundred are reared, and are provided with wattle shelves on which to roost, as damp ground is considered injurious to the young birds. A very large goose-market is held every morning in Canton, which is supplied by geese boats, each of which brings two or three hundred birds.

As to the baby ducks, they are fed on boiled rice, and after a while are promoted to bran, maggots, and other delicacies, till the day comes when the owners of the duck boats come to purchase the half-grown birds, and commence the process of letting them fatten themselves as aforesaid. This continues till they are ready for the market, and are either sold for immediate consumption or bought wholesale by the provision dealers, who split, salt, and then dry them in the sun. The heart, gizzard,

and entrails are also dried and sold separately, and the bills, tongues, and feet are pickled in brine.

It was so very amusing to watch scores of little beaks breaking their own shells and struggling out, only to be unceremoniously deposited in a basket of newborn infants, that we were tempted to linger long in this strange nursery. At last, however, we summoned resolution to leave the fluffy little darlings, and retraced our way to Faa-tee, where we again landed in order to see some of the gardens for which it is so justly celebrated. There are private gardens of wealthy citizens and market-gardens, all in the quaint style peculiar to the country. We went to see specimens of each, with lovely camellias, roses, chrysanthemums, daphnes, and narcissi ; all these plants are in ornamental pots, arranged in rows along the paths, but not planted out as in our gardens. The narcissus, which *par excellence* is called the New Year flower, is grown in saucers filled with gravel and water. The great pride of a Chinese gardener is to grow many spikes from one bulb, and the more flowers that bloom thereon, the greater is his prospect of success in the coming year. Branches of fruit-trees are cut for the market to supply the much-prized blossoms for the approaching New Year.

But the predominant feature of these gardens lies in the grotesqueness of the figures, produced by training certain shrubs over a framework of wire, so as exactly to take its form, and still more wonderful is the revelation of amazing patience which must have been expended in order to train each tiny twig, each separate leaf, into its proper place, so as to form a perfectly even surface, representing garments or whatever else is to be indicated.

Evergreen dragons, frisky fishes, dolphins with huge eyes of china, and human figures with china or wooden hands, heads, and feet, are among the favorite forms represented. We also saw a very fine vegetable stag with well-developed antlers, and a long rattan trained into the likeness of a serpent. Different shrubs assume the forms of junks, bridges, houses, flower-baskets, fans, or birds ; and tall evergreen pagodas are adorned with little china bells, hanging round each story.

We also saw a very large number of grotesquely distorted and dwarfed shrubs and trees, the Chinese being well-nigh as expert as the Japanese in this strange sort of gardening. Though no one really knows what is the true secret, I am told that a very effectual method of dwarfing trees is to give the plant no rest, continually to disturb its roots and expose them to the air, and by every means cramp its vitality and luxuriant growth. Certainly the result produced is extraordinary, for these tiny miniatures have every characteristic of the full-grown, indeed of the aged, tree. With gnarled and twisted roots and branches, although the total height is often only a few inches, the quaint little dwarf stands in a beautiful china vase. Some of the most successful dwarfs are pear-trees and fir trees. The older they are the more perfect is their grotesqueness, so that such plants as these are bequeathed from generation to generation.

Amongst the various characteristic industries which by turns called forth our special interest I must not omit to mention the rearing of silkworms, which affords occupation to so large a number of the Chinese. Great mulberry orchards are cultivated in order to supply "the precious ones," as the hungry worms are called, with an unfailing supply of leaves; and as the trees are kept low to enrich the foliage, I have seen men and even women climb the trees and combine pruning with gathering by cutting off large branches which they throw down, and then the women and children pick off the leaves, wasting the half-ripe fruit *which grows along the stem*. The fruit, however, is insipid even when ripe. The branches thus cut are bound in fagots and sold as firewood. The leaves must be perfectly dry ere they are given to the silkworms, which lie in masses in large flat baskets, and are fed incessantly. At this stage of their existence they resemble great fat white maggots, and their appetite is something amazing.

When first hatched from their tiny eggs, these almost invisible atoms, which are like morsels of black hair, are supplied with fresh food every half-hour. Their nurses, ignoring the fact that these creatures, indigenous to Chinese mul-

berry-trees, are probably able to feed themselves, take the trouble to mince the leaves very fine before supplying these precious babies! When they are past their first infancy they are fed *ONLY twenty-four times a day!* But even this trifling amount of attention must make it a matter of rejoicing when they are so full-grown as only to require four meals a day.

Happily, in the course of its hungry life each worm takes three days' sleep for one day at a time, at intervals of a week, and on each occasion it changes its skin. The first skin is black, the second amber-colored, the third white. But as these little creatures are hatched on different days it follows that they sleep on different days, so there are always plenty of hungry waking ones requiring attendance. Indeed, from first to last the care bestowed on them is incessant, beginning with the careful selection of the parent moths—only the finest being allowed to survive. Each mother moth produces about five hundred eggs, which are deposited with the greatest regularity on pieces of coarse paper. These sheets of paper are gently dipped in fresh water and are then hung up to dry, being thus left suspended to horizontal bamboos all through the autumn. In December they are removed to a room which has been carefully swept, and which is subject to all the good influences of light and aspect. In February the eggs are again washed and are then placed on mats, which are spread on bamboo shelves all round the room. Great care is taken to secure their house from all bad smells, though it is difficult to conceive by what standard this subtle matter is decided, as the whole Chinese nation are apparently altogether devoid of the sense of smell!

The temperature of the silkworm house is also carefully regulated, the thermometer by which it is determined being the human body! The attendant is required periodically to throw off his raiment, and so enter the presence of "the precious ones." Should he thus become conscious that the air is damp or cool, he must at once bring in a charcoal stove. He must specially guard against any breath of wind blowing into the house, as this produces a disease

akin to rheumatism. Should a thunder-storm arise he must quickly cover all the shelves or trays with sheets of very thick paper to lessen the glare of the lightning, which is supposed to alarm the worms. Unfortunately the roar of the thunder cannot be shut out, and these little creatures are supposed to be so sensitive to noise that those who approach them must be careful only to whisper with bated breath, if indeed any speech be necessary. Only think what blessed peace and quietness one might secure by finding summer quarters on a silk farm, which is not only an unusually clean brick house, but moreover is isolated in the midst of its mulberry groves to secure silence! Ceaseless war is also waged against flies, which would attack the young worms and try to deposit their eggs upon their bodies.

One item of attention to the health of the young worms consists in a judicious change of diet; a little fine flour of rice, green peas, and black beans being administered as an occasional tonic during their thirty-two days of worm life. Then they commence spinning and work for about five days, when the cocoons are complete, and the spinners who have thus prepared their sarcophagi proceed to transform themselves into mummy-like chrysalides, vainly hoping to be allowed to await their resurrection undisturbed. This, of course, is by no means the intention of the silk-farmer, who immediately collects the cocoons and places them on bamboo frames near a slow fire of charcoal, the heat of which effectually kills the self-imprisoned spinners, who otherwise would, of course, break through the cocoon and cut the silk.

If only the silkworms are as economical as their human masters, it might soothe their spirits to know that these poor little mummies are by no means wasted, for when dexterous human fingers have unwound the silken cocoons—producing therefrom the loveliest, glossy skeins, some golden, some of shining whiteness—all the chrysalides are carefully collected, boiled and eaten, being esteemed a great delicacy!

There appears every reason to believe that this whole process has continued unchanged from year to year for at least forty-five centuries, when (about B.C.

2700) it seems to have occurred to the Empress Si Ling-Chee, the wife of the Emperor Hungtai, to establish sericulture as a definite industry, wherein she and the ladies of her household set the example by domesticating the worms which had hitherto wandered at large in the wild mulberry groves. Under her fostering care silk fabrics were woven as offerings to the national gods. Of course the imperial example was quickly followed in all parts of the empire when it was found that the creatures would flourish, and after the death of the Empress Si Ling-Chee this benefactress of the world was deified, and has thenceforth been worshipped as the goddess of silkworms.

To her honor many temples are dedicated, and "the cocoon festival" in November is one of the national holidays observed by all good Chinamen, when the mandarins and officials are required to solemnise a great State service, therein following the example which is annually set by the empress and the ladies of her court at Peking. These repair in state to the Temple of the lady who discovered the use of silk, and they proceed to gather leaves from the Temple mulberry-trees, the Empress using golden scissors, and her ladies silver ones. When they have fed the Temple silkworms and offered sacrifice to the goddess, they proceed with their own delicate fingers to unwind several cocoons as an example to all the silk-workers. Considering what a practised hand is required to unwind these without breaking the silk, it is to be feared that this imperial labor may not prove altogether remunerative. However, the intention is excellent, and, like the Emperor's ploughing at the Temple of Agriculture, it is supposed in a manner to consecrate a vast national industry.

Various superstitious ceremonies are enjoined for the good of the worms. In some parts of Britain it is customary to bestow very reverential attention on the bees, as it is supposed that they will abandon a careless family which neglects to inform them of its births, deaths, and marriages. Here the silkworms are quite as particular, and far less sympathetic. Whoever visits them, including their own attendants, must, ere crossing the threshold, purify himself by dipping

a bunch of mulberry leaves in water, and therewith sprinkling himself. In some districts a few grains of sand are sprinkled on the head in lieu of water, just as a Mohammedan may symbolise his ceremonial ablutions by a dry rub with sand, when water cannot be obtained. The attendants are also required to abstain from eating certain meats and vegetables while they are in waiting on "the precious ones." Visits from strangers are generally unwelcome, while sick or deformed persons are strict-

ly prohibited from coming near. On no account must any one mourning for the dead approach them till seven weeks have elapsed, and on no consideration whatever may a woman who shortly hopes for an addition to her family enter the silkworms' house. In short, the rearing of silkworms, and the care of them, and the worship of their discoverer, form a very important feature in the life of a vast multitude of the sons and daughters of Han.—*Belgravia*.

## RECENT OBSERVATIONS ON THE HABITS OF ANTS, BEES AND WASPS.

BY SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

ONE of the most interesting questions connected with the instincts and powers of animals has reference to the manner in which they find their way back after having been carried to a distance from home. This has by some been attributed to the possession of a special "sense of direction."

On this subject Mr. Darwin suggested that it would be interesting to try the effect of putting animals "in a circular box with an axle, which could be made to revolve very rapidly, first in one direction and then in another, so as to destroy for a time all sense of direction in the insects. I have sometimes," he said, "imagined that animals may feel in which direction they were at the first start carried." In fact, in parts of France it is considered that if a cat is carried from one house to another in a bag, and the bag is whirled round and round, the cat loses her direction and cannot return to her old home.

On this subject M. Fabre has made some interesting and amusing experiments. He took 10 bees (*Chalcidoma*), marked them in the usual manner with a spot of white, and put them in a bag. He then carried them half a kilometre in one direction, stopping at a point where a cross stands by the wayside, and whirled the bag rapidly round his head. While he was doing so a good woman came by, who was not a little surprised to find the aged professor standing in front of the cross solemnly whirling a bag round his head, and, M.

Fabre fears, strongly suspected him of some satanic practice. However this may be, having sufficiently whirled his bees, M. Fabre started off back in the opposite direction, and carried his prisoners to a distance from their home of 3 kilometres. Here he again whirled them round, and then let them go one by one. They made one or two turns round him and then flew off in the direction of home. In the meanwhile his daughter Antonia was on the watch. The first bee did the mile and three-quarters in a quarter of an hour. Some hours after two more returned, the other seven did not reappear.

The next day he repeated this experiment—of course with different bees. The first returned in five minutes, and two more in about an hour. In this case, again 3 out of 10 found their way home.

In his next experiment he took 49 bees. When let out a few started wrong, but he says that "*lorsque la rapidité du vol me laisse reconnaître la direction,*" the great majority flew homewards. The first arrived in 15 minutes. In an hour and a half 11 had returned, in 5 hours 6 more, making 17 out of 49. Again he experimented with 20, of which 7 found their way home. In the next experiment he took the bees rather further—to a distance of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. In an hour and a half 2 had returned, in three hours and a half 7 more; total, 9 out of 40. Lastly he took 30 bees; 15 marked rose he took by a roundabout

route of over 5 miles; the other 15 marked blue he sent straight to the rendezvous, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from home. All the 30 were let out at noon; by 5 in the evening 7 "rose" bees and 6 "blue" bees had returned, so that the long detour had made no appreciable difference. These experiments seem to M. Fabre conclusive. "La démonstration," he says, "est suffisante. Ni les mouvements enchevêtrés d'une rotation comme je l'ai décrite; ni l'obstacle de collines à franchir et de bois à traverser; ni les embûches d'une voie qui s'avance, rétrograde et revient par un ample circuit, ne peuvent troubler les *Chalicodomas* dépayés et les empêcher de revenir au nid."\*

I am not ashamed to confess that, charmed by M. Fabre's enthusiasm, dazzled by his eloquence and ingenuity, I was at first disposed to adopt this view. Calmer consideration, however, led me to doubt, and though M. Fabre's observations are most ingenious, and are very amusingly described, they do not carry conviction to my mind. There are two points specially to be considered—

1. The direction taken by the bees when released.

2. The success of the bees in making good their return home.

As regards the first point, it will be observed that the successful bees were in the following proportion, viz. :—

3	out of	10
4	"	10
17	"	49
7	"	20
9	"	40
7	"	15

or altogether 47 " 144

This is not a very large proportion. Out of the whole number no less than 97 appear to have lost their way. May not the 47 have found theirs by sight or by accident? Instinct, however inferior to reason, has the advantage of being generally unerring. When two out of three bees went wrong, we may, I think, safely dismiss the idea of instinct. Moreover, the distance from home was only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 miles. Now, bees certainly

know the country for some distance round their home; how far they generally forage I believe we have no certain information, but it seems not unreasonable to suppose that if they once came within a mile of their nest they would find themselves within ken of some familiar landmark. Now, if we suppose that 150 bees are let out 2 miles from home, and that they flew away at random, distributing themselves equally in all directions, a little consideration will show that some 30 of them would find themselves within a mile of home, and consequently would know where they were. I have never myself experimented with *Chalicodomas*, but I have observed that if a hive bee is taken to a distance she behaves as a pigeon does under similar circumstances; that is to say, she flies round and round, gradually rising higher and higher and enlarging her circle, until I suppose her strength fails or she comes within sight of some known object. Again, if the bees had returned by a sense of direction they would have been back in a few minutes. To fly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 miles would not take 5 minutes; one bee out of the 147 did it in that time, but the others took 1, 2, 3, or even 5 hours. Surely, then, it is reasonable to suppose that these lost some time before they came in sight of any object known to them. The second result of M. Fabre's observations is not open to these remarks. He observes that the great majority of his *Chalicodomas* at once took the direction home. He confesses, in the sentence I have already quoted, that it is not always easy to follow bees with the eye. Admitting the fact, however, it seems to me far from impossible that the bees knew where they were; and at any rate this does not seem so improbable that we should be driven to admit the existence of a new sense, which we ought only to assume as a last resource.

But M. Fabre himself says, "lorsque la rapidité du vol me laisse reconnaître la direction," which seems to imply a doubt. Moreover, some years previously he had made a similar experiment with the same species, but taking them direct to a point rather over 2 miles (4 kilometres) from the nest, and not whirling them round his head. I looked back therefore to his previous work to see

\* "Nouveaux Souvenirs Entomologiques," p. 119. By T. H. Fabre.

how these behaved, and I find he says (p. 305)—

" Aussitôt libres, les Chalicodomes fuient, comme effarés, qui dans une direction, qui dans la direction tout opposée. Autant que le permet leur vol fougueux, je crois néanmoins reconnaître un prompt retour des abeilles lancées à l'apposé de leur demeure, et la majorité me semble se diriger du côté de l'horizon ou se trouve le nid. Je laisse ce point avec des doutes, que rendent inévitables des insectes perdus de vue à une vingtaine de mètres de distance."

In this case some went in one direction, some in another. It certainly would be remarkable if bees which were taken direct missed their way, while those which were whirled round and round went straight home.

Moreover, it appears that after all they did not fly straight home. If they had done so they would have been back in three or four minutes, whereas they took far longer. Even then if they started in the right direction, it is clear that they did not fly straight home. I have myself tried experiments of the same kind with hive bees and ants. For instance, I took 40 ants which were feeding on some honey, and put them down on a gravel-path about 50 yards from the nest, and in the middle of a square 18 in. in diameter which I marked out on the path by straws. They wandered about with every appearance of having lost themselves, and crossed the boundary in all directions. I marked down where they left the square and then took them near the nest, which they joyfully entered. Two of them, however, we watched for an hour each. They meandered about, and at the end of the time one was about 2 ft. from where she started, but scarcely any nearer home; the other about 6 ft. away and nearly as much farther from home.

I prepared a corresponding square on paper and having indicated by the arrow the direction of the nest, I marked down the spot where each ant passed the boundary. They crossed it in all directions, and if the square were divided into two halves, one towards the nest and one away from it, the number in each were almost exactly the same.

One of the most interesting questions in connection with instinct arises from the remarkable habit of certain solitary wasps (*Sphex* and *Ammophila*). The

*Ammophila*, for instance, having built her cell, places in it as food for her young a full-grown larva of *Noctua segetum*. Now if the larva were uninjured, it would struggle to escape and almost inevitably destroy the egg, nor would it permit itself to be eaten; on the other hand, if it were killed it would decay and become unfit for food. The insect, however, avoids both horns of this dilemma. Having found her prey, she pierces with her sting the membrane between the head and the first segment of the body, thus nearly disabling the caterpillar, and then proceeds to inflict eight more wounds between the following segments; lastly crushing the head and thus completely paralysing her victim, but not actually killing it; so that it lies helpless and motionless, but, though living, let us hope insensible. Now M. Fabre argues that this remarkable instinct cannot have been gradually acquired.

The spots selected are exactly those occupied by the ganglia. No others among the innumerable points which might have been chosen would have answered the purpose; not one wound was misplaced or thrown away. M. Fabre truly observes that chance could not explain the difficulty. If, he says, the insect "excelle dans art, c'est qu'il est doué, non seulement d'outils, mais encore de la manière de s'en servir. Et ce don est original, parfait des le début; le passé n'y a rien ajouté, l'avenir n'y ajoutera rien. Tel il était, tel il est et tel il sera." The problem is certainly one of great difficulty, and it is with diffidence that I would suggest to M. Fabre certain considerations which may perhaps throw some light on it. Let us examine some of the other solitary wasps and see whether their habits may afford us any clue. That an animal of prey knows where its victim is most vulnerable, has not in itself anything unusual or unaccountable. The genus *Bembex* kills the insects on which its young are fed, and supplies the cell with a fresh victim from time to time. *Eumenes* like *Ammophila* and *Spex* stores up the victims once for all. They are grievously wounded, but not altogether paralysed. Here, then, we have the very condition which M. Fabre considers would be fatal to the tender egg of the wasp. But not

necessarily so. The wretched caterpillars lie in a wriggling mass at the bottom of the cell; a clear space is left above them, and from the summit of the cell the delicate egg is suspended by a fine thread, so that even if touched by a caterpillar in one of its convulsive struggles it would simply swing away in safety. When the young grub is hatched, it suspends itself to this thread by a silken sheath in which it hangs head downwards over its victims. Does one of them struggle, quick as lightning it retreats up the tube out of harm's way. In *Odynerus* the arrangement is very similar, but the grub simply attaches itself to the support and does not construct a tube. Moreover, while in the solitary bees and wasps the laying of the egg is generally the final operation before the closing of the cell, in *Odynerus*, on the contrary, or at least in *Odynerus reniformis*, the egg is laid before the food is provided. This perhaps may have reference to the different condition of the victims.

At present the *Ammophila* supplies each cell with one large caterpillar; but was this always so? One species of *Odynerus* deposits in each cell no less than twenty-four victims, another only eight. *Eumenes Amedei* regulates the number according to the sex: ten for the female grub, five only for the smaller male.

Is it then impossible that the ancestors of our present *Ammophilas* in far bygone ages may have fed their young from day to day with fresh food, as *Bembex* does even now; that they may then have gradually stored up provisions, choosing small and weak victims, and laying the egg in a special part of the cell, as *Eumenes* does? That during these long ages they may have gradually learnt the spots where their sting would be most effective, and thus saving themselves the trouble of capturing a number of victims, have found that it was less trouble to select a fine fat common caterpillar of *Noctua segetum*, and so have gradually acquired their present habits. Wonderful doubtless they are; but, though I hint the suggestion with all deference, such a sequence does not seem to me to present any insuperable difficulty. That instincts are modifiable

by change of circumstances cannot, I think, be doubted. M. Fabre, indeed, regards instinct as something invariable and unalterable. But innumerable cases might be quoted to show that this is not so. *Eumenes pomiformis* builds, as already mentioned, a cell in the open air. If attached to a broad base, "C'est un dôme avec goulot central, évasé en embouchure d'urne. Mais quand l'ap-pui se réduit à un point, sur un rameau d'arbuste par exemple, le nid devient une capsule sphérique, surmontée toujours d'un goulot, bien entendu."\*

I may quote another interesting case from the same excellent observer. In a previous paper he has described the habits of *Sphex flavipennis*. This species, which provisions its nest with small grasshoppers, when it returns to the cell leaves the grasshopper outside, and goes down for a moment to see that all is right. During her absence M. Fabre moved the grasshopper a little. Out came the *Sphex*, soon found her victim, dragged it to the mouth of the cell, and though she had just been down again left her prey as usual, and went alone into the cell. Again M. Fabre moved the grasshopper, the wasp found it, dragged it to the cell, and left it as before. Again and again M. Fabre moved the grasshopper, but every time the *Sphex* did exactly the same thing, until M. Fabre was tired out. All the insects of this colony had the same curious habit; but on trying the same experiment with a *Sphex* of the following year, after two or three disappointments the *Sphex* learnt wisdom by experience, and carried the grasshopper directly down into the cell.

Perhaps, however, it may be asked why should the insect change its habit? Several reasons might be suggested. The prey first selected might be exterminated, or at any rate diminish in numbers, and though each species as a general rule confines itself to one special victim, some exceptions have already been noticed. For instance, *Sphex flavipennis* habitually preys on a species of grasshopper, but on the banks of the Rhone M. Fabre found it, on the con-

\* "Nouveaux Souvenirs Entomologiques," p. 66. By T. H. Fabre.



trary, attacking a field cricket, whether from the absence of the grasshopper or not he was unable to determine.

In considering the question whether these remarkable instincts were purposely (so to say) engrafted in the insect, or whether they were the result of innumerable repetitions of similar actions carried only by a long series of ancestors, we may perhaps be aided by the consideration that though the results would in either case be in many respects the same, there are some in which they would altogether differ. In the former, for instance, we might expect that the insect would be so gifted that no slight obstacle should interfere with the great end in view: in the latter, on the contrary, the very repetition which gave such remarkable results would tend to incapacitate the insect from dealing with any unusual conditions.

We should, in fact, find side by side with these wonderful instincts almost equally surprising evidence of stupidity. Now one species of *Sphex* preys on a large grasshopper (*Ephippigera*). Having disabled her victim by one antenna, M. Fabre found that if the antennæ be cut off close to the head, the *Sphex*, after trying in vain to get a grip, gives the matter up as a bad job, and leaves her victim in despair, without ever thinking of dragging it by one of its legs. Again, when a *Sphex* had provisioned her cell, laid her egg, and was about to close it up, M. Fabre drove her away, and took out the *Ephippigera* and the egg. He then allowed the *Sphex* to return; she went down into the empty cell, and though she must have known that the grasshopper and the egg were no longer there, yet she proceeded calmly to stop up the orifice just as if nothing had happened.

The genus *Sphex* paralyses its victims and provisions its cell once for all. *Bembex*, on the contrary, as already mentioned, kills the insects on which its young are to feed, and, perhaps on this account, brings its young fresh food (mainly flies) from time to time. But while the *Bembex* thus preys on some flies, there are others which avenge their order. The genus *Miltogramma* lays its eggs in the cells of the *Bembex*; and though there seems no reason why the *Bembex*, which is by far the stronger

insect, should tolerate this intrusion, which, moreover, she shows unmistakably to be most unpalatable, she never makes any attack on her enemy. Nay, when the young of the *Miltogramma* are hatched, so far from being killed or removed, these entomological cuckoos are actually fed until they reach maturity. Nevertheless it seems contrary to etiquette for the fly to enter the cell of the *Bembex*; she watches the opportunity when the latter is in the cell and is dragging down the victim. Then is the *Miltogramma*'s opportunity; she pounces on the victim, and almost instantaneously lays on it two or three eggs, which are then transferred, with the insect on which they are to feed, to the cell.

It is remarkable how the *Bembex* remembers (if one may use such a word) the entrance to her cell, covered as it is with sand, exactly to our eyes like that all round. Yet she never makes a mistake or loses her way. On the other hand, M. Fabre found that if he removed the surface of the earth and the passage, exposing the cell and the larva, the *Bembex* was quite at a loss, and did not even recognize her own offspring. It seems as if she knew the door, the nursery, and the passage, but not her child.

Another ingenious experiment of M. Fabre's was made with *Chalicodoma*. This genus is enclosed in an earthen cell, through which at maturity the young insect eats its way. M. Fabre found that if he pasted a piece of paper round the cell the insect had no difficulty in eating through it; but if he enclosed the cell in a paper case, so that there was a space even of only a few lines between the cell and the paper, in that case the paper formed an effectual prison. The instinct of the insect taught it to bite through one enclosure, but it had not wit enough to do so a second time.

One of the most striking instances of stupidity (may I say) is given by M. Fabre (p. 163) in the case of one of his favorites bees, the *Chalicodoma pyrenaica*. This species builds cells of masonry, which she fills with honey as she goes on, raising the rim a little, then making a few journeys for honey, then raising the rim again, and so on until

the cell is completed. She then prepares a last load of mortar, brings it in her mandibles, lays her egg and immediately closes up the cell; having doubtless provided the mortar beforehand, lest during her absence an enemy should destroy the egg or any parasitic insect should gain admittance. This being so, M. Fabre chose a cell which was all but finished, and during the absence of the bee he broke away part of the cell-covering. Again, in some half-finished cells he broke away a little of the wall. In all these cases the bee, as might be expected, repaired the mischief, the operation being in the natural order of her work. But now comes the curious fact. In another series of cells M. Fabre pierced a hole in the cell below the part where the bee was working, and through which the honey at once began to exude. The poor stupid little bee, however, never thought of repairing the breach. She worked on as if nothing had happened. In her alternate journeys she brought first mortar and then honey, which, however, ran out again as fast as it was poured in. This experiment he repeated over and over again, and with various modifications in detail, but always with the same result. It may be suggested that possibly the bee was unable to stop up a hole once formed. But that could not have been the case. M. Fabre took one of the pellets of mortar brought by the bee, and successfully stopped the hole himself. The omission therefore was due, not to a want of power, but of intellect. But M. Fabre carried his experiment still further. Perhaps the bee had not noticed the injury. He chose therefore a cell which was only just begun and contained very little honey. In this he made a comparatively large hole. The bee returned with a supply of honey, and, seeming much surprised to find the hole in the bottom of the cell, examined it carefully, felt it with her antennæ, and even pushed them through it. Did she then, as might naturally have been expected, stop it up? Not a bit. The unexpected catastrophe transcended the range of her intellect, and she calmly proceeded to pour into this vessel of Danaïs load after load of honey, which of course ran out of the bottom as fast as she poured it

in at the top. All the afternoon she labored at this fruitless task, and began again undiscouraged the next morning. At length, when she had brought the usual complement of honey, she laid her egg, and gravely sealed up the empty cell. In another case he made a large hole in the cell above the level of the honey: a hole so large that through it he could see the bee lay her egg. Having done so she carefully closed the top of the cell, but though she closely examined the hole in the side, it did not enter into the range of her ideas that such an accident could take place, and it never occurred to her to cover it up. Another curious point raised by these ingenious experiments has reference to the quantity of honey. The cell is by no means filled: a space is always left between the honey and the roof of the cell. The usual depth of the honey in a completed cell is 10 millimetres. But the bee is not guided by this measurement, for in the preceding cases she sometimes closed the cell when the honey had a depth of 5 millimetres, of 3, or even when the cell was quite empty. No; in some mysterious manner the bee feels when she has provided as much honey as her ancestress had done before her, and regards her work as accomplished. What a wonderful, but what a narrow, nature! She has built the cell and provided the honey; but there her instinct stops: if the cell is pierced, if the honey is removed, it does not occur to her to repair the one or fill up the other. M. Fabre not unnaturally asks: "Avec la moindre lueur rationnelle, l'insecte déposerait-il son œuf sur le tiers, sur le dixième des vivres nécessaires; le déposerait-il dans une cellule vide; laisserait-il le nourrisson sans nourriture, incroyable aberration de la maternité? J'ai raconté, que le lecteur décide."

M. Adlerz has written a very interesting paper on the curious species *Stenamma Westwoodii*. This little ant lives with the Horse Ants, following them when they change their nest, running about among them and between their legs, tapping them inquisitively with their antennæ, and even sometimes

\* "Nouveaux Souvenirs Entomologiques," p. 177. By T. H. Fabre.

climbing on to their backs, as if for a ride, while the large ants seem to take little notice of them. I have ventured to suggest they almost seem to be the dogs or the cats of the ants. As every one knows, the ants possess the interesting feature of comprising two or more kinds of females—the queens or perfect females, and the workers, of which again there are in some cases two or even more distinct forms. The males, however, in all the ordinary species of ants are all alike, and are in almost every case winged. M. Adlerz, however, has found that in *Stenamma*, besides the winged males, there are others which, though functionally perfect, do not possess wings. There are in fact not only two distinct forms of the female, but also of the male. The wingless males, however, do not, any more than those with wings, take any part in household duties. The wingless form had already been observed, but in the absence of complete information it had been regarded as a different species.

These observations of M. Adlerz have rendered it probable that *Ponera androgyna*, which had been supposed to be a hermaphrodite form of *P. punctatissima*, is really in the same way a wingless but perfect male.

M. Adlerz confirms the statements of previous observers that the large *F. rufa* take no notice whatever of their little companions. It almost seems as if the latter were provided with caps of invisibility. Once or twice only he saw a *F. rufa* touch a *Stenamma*, as if aware of its presence. In fact, the relation between the two species still remains involved in much obscurity. Nor is it known on what the *Stenamma* feed. M. Adlerz never observed them to leave the nest, nor would they touch any of the delicacies which he offered them. Meanwhile the community flourished, and the larvæ grew rapidly. A dark suspicion naturally arises that the *Stenamma* feed on the larvæ of the Horse Ants, but there is as yet no direct evidence against them, and as the Horse Ants have not attacked them, as one would in such a case naturally expect they would, we must give them the benefit of the doubt. It is evident that there is here a very interesting subject for further study.

Dr. Blockmann has published some observations on the formations of new nests, about which we had no certain knowledge until I succeeded in keeping two females of *Myrmica* which successfully brought up a family. McCook confirmed this by similar observation with *Camponotus*, and Dr. Blockmann has now repeated the same experience.

The anterior segment of the abdomen in the Formicidæ is separated from the rest and is known as the "knot." In the Myrmicidæ the two first segments are thus detached, so that there are two "knots." Some years ago I ventured to connect the existence of a second knot among the Myrmicidæ with their power of stinging, an advantage which the Formicidæ do not possess: suggesting that "though the principal mobility of the abdomen is given in the former, as in the latter, by the joint between the metathorax and the knot, still the second segment of the peduncle must increase the flexibility, which would seem to be a special advantage to those species which have a sting."

I felt myself, however, bound in candor to admit that the genus *Ecophylla*, which has only one "knot," was said to possess a sting; which of course would be an objection, though not, I thought, an insuperable objection, to my theory. M. Forel, however, has pointed out that the statement as regards *Ecophylla* is really incorrect, and that the sting in that genus is really rudimentary as in the other Formicidæ.

When we consider the immense number of ants in a nest, amounting in some cases to over 500,000, it is a most remarkable fact that they all know one another. If a stranger, even belonging to the same species, is placed among them, she is at once attacked and driven out of the nest. Nay more, I have found that they remember their friends even after more than a year's separation. This is not by any sign or pass-word, because even if rendered intoxicated, so as to be utterly insensible, they are still recognized. As regards the mode of recognition, Mr. McCook considers that it is by scent, and states that if ants are more or less soaked in water, they are no longer recognized by their friends, but are at-

tacked. He mentions a case in which an ant fell accidentally into some water :

"She remained in the liquid several moments and crept out of it. Immediately she was seized in a hostile manner, first by one, then another, then by a third ; the two antennæ and one leg were thus held. A fourth ant assaulted the middle thorax and petiole. The poor little bather was thus dragged helplessly to and fro for a long time, and was evidently ordained to death. Presently I took up the struggling heap. Two of the assailants kept their hold ; one finally dropped, the other I could not tear loose, and so put the pair back upon the tree, leaving the doomed immersionist to her hard fate."

His attention having been called to this he noticed several other cases, always with the same result. I have not myself been able to repeat the observation with the same species, but with two at least of our native ants the results were exactly reversed. In one case five specimens of *Lasius niger* fell into water and remained immersed for three hours. I then took them out and put them into a bottle to recover themselves. The following morning I allowed them to return. They were received as friends, and though we watched them from 7.30 till 1.30 every hour there was not the slightest sign of hostility. The nest was moreover placed in a closed box so that if any ant were killed we could inevitably find the body, and no ant died. In this case therefore it is clear that the immersion did not prevent them from being recognized. Again, three specimens of *Formica fusca* dropped into water. After three hours I took them out, and after keeping them by themselves for the night to recover, I put them back in the nest. They were unquestionably received as friends, without the slightest sign of hostility or even of doubt. I must, however, repeat these experiments, returning the ants at once into the nest.

Not the least interesting fact which has resulted from my observations has been the unexpected longevity of these

interesting insects. The general opinion used to be that they lived for a single season, like wasps. Aristotle long ago stated that queen-bees live for six and some even for seven years. Bevan, however, observes that "the notions of both ancients and moderns upon this subject have been purely conjectural. Indeed, it appears to be somewhat doubtful whether the length of life which the former seem to have attributed to individual bees was not meant to apply to the existence of each bee-community."

The nests, however, which I have devised have enabled me to throw considerable light on this question. The queen ants are so easily distinguished from the workers that they can be at once identified, while, if a nest be taken in which there is no queen, we can satisfy ourselves as to the workers, because, though it is true that workers do sometimes lay eggs, those eggs invariably produce male ants. Hence, in such a case, the duration of the nest gives us the age of the workers ; at least they cannot be younger, though, of course, they may be older. In this way I have kept workers of *Lasius niger* and *Formica fusca* for more than seven years. But what is more remarkable still, I have now two queens of the latter species which I have kept ever since 1874, and which, as they were then full-grown, must now be nearly twelve years old. They laid fertile eggs again this year, a fact the interest of which physiologists will recognize.

Although a little stiff in the joints, and less active than they once were, they are still strong and well, and I hope I may still keep them in health for some time to come. I need not say that I shall do my best ; but I hope that the interest I feel in them myself may not have tempted me to trespass too long on the kindness and indulgence of my readers.—*Contemporary Review*.

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## HELPING THE FALLEN.

BY HON. MRS. F. JEUNE.

TILL within a very recent period, among the many suffering poor and outcasts in this country there were none

whose condition was more pitiable and more hopeless than that of the fallen women of our large towns. Such

women, deserted by the men who had ruined them, abandoned by friends and relations, seemed to have no prospect but residence in the workhouse for the rest of their lives. In those days it was not the fashion to hold out the hand of fellowship to the misguided. No repentance, however long, painful, or sincere, could expiate the fault, and, therefore, when a woman wandered from the path of virtue, the door of society was relentlessly barred against her, and over the portals of the new home and life she entered were inscribed the words, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." No matter how great the sacrifice she was prepared to make, no one would engage a fallen girl to fill even the most menial place as a domestic servant; and among those trades where female labor was employed a girl known to have taken a false step stood little chance of getting employment. Every outlet in this country was closed, and as all the emigration agencies to the colonies were strict in inquiries as to the respectability and the past life of intending female emigrants, it was impossible, by sending a woman to a new country where her fault was unknown, however truly convinced those interested in her might be of her repentance, to help her. Unless, therefore, a woman's relations were willing to receive her back, and assist her in supporting herself and her child, the workhouse was her only refuge; and to those who knew anything of the condition of the workhouse, such an alternative was almost as bad as leaving her to the struggle of an attempt to obtain the means of subsistence elsewhere. In the workhouse, until her child was old enough to be weaned, she was allowed to keep it with her, or rather to live in the nursery with it. Generally the workhouse nursery was a long, low, ill-ventilated room at the top of the house, where the children and mothers passed the day, had their meals, and slept at night. It was full of crying, suffering children, some with mothers to attend to them and some without, the latter given to the care of some of the inmates who looked after them in addition to their own children. Many of the children were sickly, diseased creatures, and as such while they lived poisoned the air

and infected everything with which they came in contact, so that the more healthy children grew up pale, thin, and miserable likewise. The workhouse nursery combined all the worst influences that could be brought to bear on a fallen woman. She passed her life without any discipline or moral training; she lived in an atmosphere as bad physically as morally, and her child was a source of weariness to her, as its little ailments required her constant attention and care. The conversation and tone of the whole place tended to completely degrade a character already sufficiently low. Even the natural love for her child was exposed to tests that tried it sorely, and she left the nursery for the more active life of a permanent inmate of the workhouse, fully prepared to imbibe the poison which an experience of ordinary workhouse life would be too likely to impart.

Few more heart-rending sights can be conceived than the nursery of a large metropolitan workhouse used to present. Fifty or sixty children, from a month to three years old, the majority of whom were wan, ill, and unhealthy, with the careworn expression of old people, or the wistful look of great suffering, were a spectacle not easily to be effaced from memory. There was nothing to relieve the cheerlessness of the room. In one corner were two or three little cots with suffering or dying babies, left alone in their last moments, with no loving mother or nurse to do what tenderness could to ease their pain; and, saddest, perhaps, of all, was the long row of little low chairs, into which were strapped five or six children, who were old enough to sit up, but not strong enough to walk, and who with eager little eyes looked for some one to lift them out and give them the much longed-for jump or walk round the room. From this preparatory stage of the workhouse life, where no attempt was ever made to foster the maternal love, the woman, at the end of a year or two, was sent on into the body of the workhouse, to be put to such work as she was found fitted for, either in the kitchen or laundry. Life in the ordinary wards of a workhouse was as fruitful of evil as life in the nursery.

Many able-bodied inmates of the

workhouse were fallen women, who, having no friends willing to assist them, and no other means of subsistence, were constrained to rely upon the parish during the remainder of their lives. The majority, but for their one sin, were harmless enough and contented to accept the only existence open to them. Among them, however, from time to time, came many of the more hardened and abandoned of the class to which they belonged—women from the very lowest ranks, who from want, disease, or drink were too low for almost any hospital treatment, and were driven for a season to seek the shelter of the workhouse. Their stay was not permanent nor long, but of quite sufficient duration to work an amount of evil that is difficult to calculate. However strict the discipline or perfect the management of any workhouse, it would be impossible to separate in its daily life the more degraded from the less degraded of its inmates. There is no machinery for doing so, and in a large institution, with its hundreds or thousands of inmates, such an arrangement would be out of the question. Therefore, in their daily life, in their sleeping and living rooms, the worst women were brought into hourly contact with some of the young girls from the nursery, and the latter, though deteriorated by their stay in the nursery, would be pure in comparison with the former. It would not necessarily follow that all the younger women had accepted their fate as inevitable, or were lost to all feelings of shame and repentance, and yet all of them were compelled to pass their days in the companionship of women who had long since cast the rags of modesty and shame to the winds, but still possessed a good-hearted roughness and friendliness that constituted a kind of attraction. In recounting the downward history of her career, the more abandoned and hardened woman would dwell on the fun, the excitement, the gaiety of its different phases, always keeping silent (even if for the moment she had not forgotten) about the squalor, misery, and degradation of the other side of it. Foul, coarse language, oaths and jests, were used, and the darkest page of the woman's life discussed with such freedom and absence of shame that

the less corrupted of the women would become habituated to thoughts and aspects of vice from which they would have shrunk in horror a few weeks before. The poison would sink into their souls, and in mind and body they would become nearly as low and degraded as their more sinful sisters. If it were possible in the management of a workhouse to separate the classes so as to prevent the more abandoned women from coming in contact with the others, the harm done by a short term of residence in the house would be comparatively insignificant, but when both classes of women are together in daily and hourly communication, the infection of evil spreads just as quickly and surely as scarlet fever or measles in a school, and goes through the whole community, leaving terrible and lasting effects.

The knowledge that the workhouse was almost a certain stepping-stone to the lower life of the streets made those interested in rescue work very desirous of saving young women and girls from entering it at all, or if that was unavoidable, of shortening their sojourn there as much as possible; but for a long time the practical difficulties in the way were very great. It was not the fashion to help women who were fallen, and the subject had not secured public attention, so that the few women and men who took the matter up were obliged to work in a very circumscribed and tentative way, from the difficulty of getting money, or even sympathy. The subject could not be discussed openly, or only in whispers when there were more than two or three people present, and for a long time the prospect of helping those weak creatures who needed help and sympathy so sorely was a dream indulged in only by a few enthusiastic women, who, struggling against every opposition and discouragement, clung to the hope that public opinion might change, and the charity of some portion of the community be directed towards them and their objects. Now the long-desired change has come, and for the moment a great deal of the sympathy and charity of the wealthy in England is being lavished on homes and penitentiaries for raising and rescuing the fallen. That numbers of women have been rescued and restored to a respect-

able life, and have regained a position in the world that fifteen years ago seemed impossible, is a fact, and that, taking the work as a whole, it has been done well, is also true. But in this country, when the sympathy or interest of the community in any particular direction or object is awakened, it generally overreaches itself and shakes off all restraint, and, remembering only its shortcomings in the past, endeavors, by misdirected zeal in the future, to expiate its former apathy. We are now passing through this phase of public expiation, and are likely, from excess of zeal, to carry on a campaign of rescue in a manner calculated to do more evil than good. It would be well, therefore, to consider the classes that can be helped, and what are the practical and lasting means at our disposal.

The moral standpoint from which the upper and lower classes in this country view the matter is entirely different. The penalty paid by an unmarried woman of the upper classes who ceases to be virtuous is complete ostracism from her former position. Every door is closed to her, her name ceases to be mentioned, and those nearest to her are generally her sternest judges. With the poor nothing is more curious than the expression of incredulous surprise with which they receive the statement that such pains and penalties overtake their richer and better-born sister if she falls like one of themselves. To the majority the chief reproach is that the sin has brought its punishment, and that for the remainder of their life they will have to support that burden. It would be unjust, therefore, to judge the women of the lower classes by the same standard that applies to the upper. If we compare for one moment the life of a well brought-up and well cared-for daughter of the better class, shielded from every temptation and from the knowledge of the vice and evil of the world around her, with the life of most of the girls of the poorer classes, whether in the country and large towns, reared in perfect familiarity with men, living and sleeping in the same room with father, mother, brothers, and sisters, we shall realise that it is impossible to apply the same test to both. The poorer girl is not necessarily impure because she has

never enjoyed the 'safeguards of the richer. Perhaps in some ways her completer knowledge acts as a shield. When she is obliged to leave home for service we have no right to blame her, if chaste personally, because she is not pure-minded; pure-minded in the sense in which the term is ordinarily used she cannot be. But as all the relations of life to her are an open book, she is not influenced by the sense of mystery, and the feeling of curiosity which exists in the minds of many innocent, well brought-up women. Thus, while she may be deprived of the freshness and delicacy of an ignorant woman, she does not run the same danger of falling.

At the same time familiarity with these things does not keep women pure, for while the knowledge they have protects them in one direction, it weakens them in another. A woman may be perfectly virtuous yet not pure-minded, and there the difference begins between the way in which women of the upper and lower classes view the matter. A poor woman is perfectly well conducted, faithful to her husband, and excellent in all the essential duties of a wife and mother, but she is not a modest-minded woman in the same sense as women in a better class of life. Her education and hard struggling life have prevented her being so, and she brings up her daughters like herself. They are probably warned not to get into trouble and advised to be steady, not because to fall is wrong, and a sin against herself and society, but because there are practical inconveniences which may follow such an act. If one of her friends or acquaintances is less wise than herself, she is more pitied than blamed, and the tendency is to regret she was so foolish as to fall, and that she has had to seek the shelter of the workhouse. When she comes out she is an object of intense sympathy for some time to the neighbors, and all her experiences are listened to and discussed with great interest. It will thus be seen that in a class where there is no strong public feeling in favor of women being pure, and where the parental authority is not enforced, girls being allowed perfect freedom of association with any man they may know, and the parents letting things take their course, it is very difficult in rescuing, or attempting to do

so, to know on what basis to begin. It is not often possible to appeal to the knowledge of the sorrow it has caused their parents, and it is hard to convince them they have been anything but unfortunate, or that a portion at least of the wrong and sin is theirs. To tell them that they have lost what ought to be to a woman her most precious possession is to appeal to instincts unknown to them. -It is, as I shall presently show, useless to dwell on the religious or on the sentimental aspect of the subject. One is baffled and disappointed at every turn, and it is only after vain attempts to rouse their better and higher feelings that one endeavors to see what effect practical or material influences have on them. And on the whole the latter way of dealing with the difficulty seems the best. To come to a woman in this desolate and forlorn position with any of the commonplaces or consolations of religion only irritates her. She is conscious of the sin and of her weakness. Her future is very dark and hopeless, and she is searching about for some way of earning a living for herself and her child. The only means of influencing and helping her is to enable her to realise that, far as she has fallen, earthly help and pardon are forthcoming as surely as the pardon given to the greatest sinner among women by the Divine Master.

After she has thus once been convinced that she has found a friend, there is no reason to fear that she will not respond to all that can be done for her in the amplest way. The majority of such women are as a rule good-natured and ignorant. They have never known anything of real moral training, and they are grateful and responsive; but there is always the weak spot somewhere in their character, and it is not difficult after a time to be able to put one's finger on it. Many of them are not born naturally with a robust constitution. They are strong neither physically nor morally, and, having gone early to service, have been very much overworked. How far strength of character and will depend on physical strength is a problem that must always disturb people engaged in rescue work. Occasionally one comes across a woman with a strong and passionate nature, who has recognised her

position, having committed her sin with her eyes open, and is fully conscious of and willing to accept the consequences in the vain hope of retaining the affection and love which she feels is becoming a thing of the past. A woman with such a nature is certain to return to the utmost all that is done for her, and the deep love for her child acts as an anchor from which she never drifts. She is prepared for any trials, and meets them with great heroism and self-sacrifice. But such women are exceptions, and the majority of them are, as described before, led by drink, love of dress, and vanity into their present position, for in such cases affection plays the most subordinate part. They feel the disgrace and desertion very much less than the hopelessness of their position and the uncertainty of their future. Such a woman is fond of her child in a way, and was fond of its father, and yet in many cases, when he willingly comes forward and offers to marry her, though she have the strongest inducement to do so in the fact that she and her child will then have a legal claim on him for support, she will refuse, from a feeling of resentment that, having suffered all the shame, she would rather bear the burden of supporting the child alone than admit the right of any paternal interference. To allow a woman of such a nature to remain for long in a workhouse, exposed to the lowering and debasing influences there, is to leave her in a kind of moral *lasaretto* from which she must inevitably come out several degrees more degraded, or at least with a greater knowledge of evil, than when she entered.

There are several points which are most important in rescue work, and on these being adhered to or neglected the success or failure of the work must mainly depend. The first is the necessity of keeping the different classes of women apart—that is, having the work so divided that the more degraded women are never brought into contact with those who are less guilty. Many people have tried to carry on rescue work without keeping these two elements asunder, and it has failed for the same reason as the workhouse has failed before it. Having demonstrated already the difficulties and disadvantages of this



system, it is needless to say more about it. The second point is that of the size of the home or institution where the work is carried out, for to be successful it is important to have the women under supervision and control. Boarding and lodging them out with respectable women who exercise a certain amount of supervision over their actions has been tried in some places with signal failure. Whether it is ever desirable to bring a great number of these women together into one large institution is a moot question. On economical grounds it is no doubt the cheapest plan, and in many very large penitentiaries, where the discipline and training is that of a reformatory or prison, the difficulties are much diminished; and with the very lowest class of women, reduced by drink, disease, and poverty to a point where nothing but the exercise of the strictest discipline can hope to reform them, it has no doubt salutary effects. Many years' experience in the work has not tended to increase my belief that any great or lasting good can be done with the majority of such women. At times in their life they are so miserable, so wretched, so absolutely lost, that they grasp at any rope thrown out to save them. Shattered in health, the rest, quiet, and constant occupation of such homes for a time tame and change their savage natures; but when the restraints are removed and they go forth into the world once more the craving for drink and excitement gets the mastery, and they are again overpowered. When a woman of this kind becomes, as they all do in time, a confirmed drunkard, her case is a very hopeless one. Women can be rescued from infamy, thieving, almost any crime till they have taken to drink; then there seems no power, no influence of any service. While under restraint such a woman is quiet and well behaved; when that restraint is withdrawn she is the incarnation of all that is terrible.

But attaching as I do so much importance to personal influence and individual knowledge of character in this work, I have no hesitation in saying that for the better class of fallen women there can be no question as to the superiority of the smaller over the larger house. In a very large institution, with

its hundreds of inmates, it is almost impossible to acquire that personal knowledge of each woman's history and character which it is necessary to become acquainted with before her confidence can be gained and she can be brought to realise that she has found a friend in whose eyes she has an identity of her own. To feel that she is one of the herd is no satisfaction to her, but to be convinced that she represents a woman who has suffered and sinned, and is sorrowful to the heart, anxious to repent, and willing to be put on the road to the straight path from which she has wandered, conveys a real sense of comfort to her, and introduces at once a new element into her life. Up till then she has been buffeted and knocked about, with no one to help her, no one to hold out a hand to her, no one who, while condemning her, was moved to pity her; but having found sympathy and hope she is a different creature, with a prospect of a better future. How often has a woman felt, after making the confession of all her sins and shortcomings, and opening up the shameful page of her life's history, that, stern and sad as were the words of admonition and advice that have been given to her, that they were nevertheless the first ray of light shed on her faltering steps. To condone the fault is a grievous mistake. In most cases, if a woman feels sure she has found a sister who will hold out her hand to her and lead her back to a better life, there is never any resentment on the plainest of speaking.

In order to have that personal knowledge of each woman which will enable you to win her confidence and persuade her to tell you her story of sin and temptation, and so to regard you as a friend, the number in a home must be limited. No two women are alike; you have to make allowances for dispositions, tempers, and characters as dissimilar as possible, to adapt yourself to each, and never allow the routine of the work to diminish the strong personal interest you wish to impress on each woman as the motive which urges you to befriend her. The darker side of her history need never be alluded to, or but slightly—only as much as is necessary to attain the knowledge which may be wanted in order to realise how best to

help her. When that is done, the new life that is before her is the subject on which to dwell, for that new life and all its features gives her the hope of which for so long a time she has been deprived. Under no circumstances, therefore, should, in my opinion, the number of inmates in a house exceed twenty-six or thirty, or the period of their stay be less than two months. With such numbers and during that time it is possible to obtain an insight into each woman's disposition, to form an idea as to the probabilities of saving her, and to enable those put over her to form some idea as to her capabilities for a particular occupation. One of the reasons why so much rescue work in this direction fails, is that when a woman is anxious to begin her life outside again, and a situation is found for her, she is often sent to it without any knowledge as to whether the place is a suitable one for her or not, or whether there is any reasonable chance of her succeeding in it. It should never be forgotten that the great difficulty that women of this class usually have to contend with is their want of any systematic training for domestic service. Most of them come out of poor, ill-regulated homes, they have never been taught any habits of method or self-restraint, and their ignorance of the ordinary duties of a servant, as well as their love of independence and their resentment at any attempt to control them, have often been the cause of all the troubles of their life. Therefore, in the Home training it is most important, if possible, to make their stay there long enough to induce some habits of obedience and order, and as much benefit is derived from never losing sight of this fact as from any other part of the work. Owing to the restraints and drudgery of domestic service in these days, the difficulty of getting servants, among the middle classes especially, is enormous; and partly for that reason, and partly because under such circumstances a woman commands lower wages, it is always easy to get a situation for these women. In fact, the application for servants at some Homes far exceeds the supply. But the places are very hard and the duties so varied that even first-rate servants could scarcely hope to fulfil them. How, therefore, can a woman obviously

inferior, and against whom a bad or spiteful mistress has an easy opportunity of reproach, be expected to do so? Many a woman fails in her first places for some or other of these reasons, gets disheartened, and leaves one after another; and the losing of a place is not to them a light matter, as it would be to another servant with better antecedents. Every place after the first is in a descending scale as to comfort and the chances of respectability, and all because one of the most elementary parts of the business has been overlooked. Occupation in the Home then should be regular, and as much as possible chosen with reference to the position a woman is to have on leaving it. From a moral as well as physical standpoint, work is most necessary. In homes where very large laundry businesses are carried on the physical improvement of the inmates is remarkable; and in the returns of the workhouse wards and lying-in hospitals it will be found that the mortality is much less among women who have come from institutions where work is regular, but rather hard than otherwise, than among those who come from places where a sedentary life is the rule.

With reference to the last point in this work, it is difficult to write plainly about it without running some risk of being misunderstood. It has for so long been the custom to regard the matter in a religious light, that any one who attempts to approach it from any other standpoint is looked on with grave suspicion and mistrust. And yet years of work and experience have convinced me that those who thus begin, begin at the wrong end. It is important to get at the truth, to convince a woman that it is a woman like herself, who more or less understands her, knows her nature, her life, its temptations, and drawbacks, and who, though more happily circumstanced than she, can enter into all that her weaker nature has suffered, who is appealing to her—who, but for the greater good fortune of her lot, might have been no better than she. It is really only by applying the true test of human sympathy divested of any religious attributes that a woman's confidence is won. You do not appeal to her from a higher moral position or a more sanctified one, you appeal to her as one woman to

another—a woman on whom Providence has showered its happiest gifts, and out of whose thankful heart a stream of pity and love is flowing towards her unhappy sister. And when a woman understands that there is no desire or intention to approach her from the standpoint of a superior holiness, she at once unbends, gives you her affection, and does not hesitate to confess her sins and shortcomings with perfect honesty. When that result has been attained, and the victory over her won, it is easy, as it is above all things important, to convince her that there is but one strength and guidance that can keep her in the straight path she is desirous to walk in, but which she will find strewn with undreamt-of difficulties. The whole downward career of such a woman is one long tissue of falsehood, and her nature has become so steeped in deception that it is quite natural to her to feign a repentance and religious frame of mind which impose on those who look anxiously for such easily-wrought signs of a repentance that exists only in name and lasts only while it serves to attain the object she has in view. It is curious to observe the manner in which some women adapt themselves to the tone of mind and bent of ideas of those who are striving to save them. They will be religious with one whom they know applies that test to their repentance, while half an hour later they will be prepared to go in the exactly opposite direction with those whose views are different. Therefore, while speaking with the greatest respect and admiration for those who hold opinions on this point opposed to my own, and while recognising the magnitude and value of the work they have done, every day's experience convinces me that unless you are prepared at once to stretch out a hand to supply the material wants of a woman, your efforts will be wasted. When all that can be done to help her materially is accomplished, and her face is set to the point whence her new and better life is to begin, then the story of a Divine life full of sorrows and temptations, but pure as no earthly pureness can ever attain to, can with any hope of success be dwelt on as an example for her life. There is no one who needs the consolation and strength that re-

ligious belief gives more than such a woman, but it should not be given her till she is ready to listen to its teachings and when she is so inclined, there is no safeguard that protects and helps her like the thought of that pure and stainless Life.

It is not, however, with her departure to service that the work of rescue ceases, for then, perhaps, the most important and troublesome part of it commences. It is worse than useless to launch any one straight from the order, quiet, and discipline of a Home into a place where everything is carried on with the irregularity of an English middle-class establishment, where the work is heavy and continuous, and where there is nothing at hand to diminish the perpetual strain on the servant's mind and body; where she has to be nurse, cook, house and parlor-maid, and everything in turns: to do everything, forget nothing, and be the first to rise and the last to go to bed, probably without having had a moment's rest or a regular meal during the day. Then come the severest tests to a woman's sincerity, and it is one of the most cheering parts of the work, that, while such is the life on which the majority of women embark on leaving the Home, the failures are so few. It is at this time that the sympathy, personal friendship, and influence of a woman—a lady if possible—are of such inestimable value; the friendship of their own friends and class they possess, but the friendship and sympathy of a woman better than themselves socially and morally elevates them. It gives a color to their life, and nothing transforms them and enables them to remain virtuous and tolerate the harshness of their life so surely as the consciousness of that friendship to which they may look for advice, help, encouragement,—for everything, in short, that can be included in the word "friendship" in its best and widest sense.

It is a very comprehensive friendship, for one is called on to attend to and give advice on a multiplicity of matters that might well puzzle the wisest; but one has to be prepared, and to impress on them the fact that one is always ready with some solution or remedy for the complications which arise in their lives from time to time. The correspondence

such work entails is enormous, for even the fortunate ones do not like dropping out of recollection ; and, apart from the mass of writing the everyday work of the Home necessitates, one would be very unwilling to leave unanswered the Christmas or New Year's letters from women who are prospering and happy, but who have not forgotten the friend who came to them in the dark hours of shame and sorrow, and who have responded to that help so fully that they can now look back on the past as only a hideous and terrible dream.

The most softening and powerful influence with many women is the love of their child. With some it is all-absorbing, and when it is so, one need never fear for the mother's future. Many women, on the other hand, are indifferent, not wishing the child to die, but performing their duty to it, such as paying for its support and clothing, in a perfunctory manner, and evincing no interest in it one way or another. Even in such cases, that the child should live is very important, for with those in whose breasts the maternal instinct is dumb—and one wonders often that it should ever be otherwise—the existence of the child is a check on their relapsing into immorality, which they probably might do were it dead. Thus, for most women, it is better that the unwelcome little one should live. To the mother who is careless, it protects her against herself ; and to the mother who loves it, it is the one being in the world, shameful though its existence be, on whom she can lavish all the affection of her heart. It is often said, How can they care for a child which is a symbol of their shame, and which will be a burden to them all their lives ? And to a superficial observer this seems unanswerable. But the maternal instinct is so strong in every woman's nature that, bad as she often is, there always remains that one break in the clouds of her dark life—the love of her child ; and I have seldom seen more genuine grief than that of many an erring mother when her babe died.

The children are too often neglected from the inability of a mother to keep up her payments for their support ; and where, as is frequently the case, the wages are small, and not paid regularly, the foster-mother is less careful, and they

die, not so much from starvation as over-feeding with food they cannot digest, which is given them because it is cheaper and more easily procurable than the milk that ought, at a tender age, to be their only diet. It is always important to make a woman realise that the responsibility of supporting the child rests on her, and her alone, and that all she earns must be devoted for this purpose. To help her by giving her money for that object is therefore ill advised. One method that has been tried with girls who were unfit for good situations and could only earn sufficient wages to pay for the child, is to contribute from time to time to their outfit, making a condition of so doing that their entire earnings were to be paid to the foster-mother. On the whole this is the safest and least objectionable way of helping them.

In many cases, especially when the child is dead, if emigration were possible, it would be by far the most satisfactory and certain means of saving a woman. If she could go to a new country where her story was unknown, and could cut herself adrift from her past surroundings and acquaintances, she would be in a much better position to begin her life anew. Often a woman never rises to any substantially better position than that she occupied before her fall because of the friends and acquaintances who knew about her, and whose presence is always a reminder of what she should live to forget ; added to which there is the chance of her coming across the man who has ruined her, and towards whom she probably has still some feelings of affection. It is natural that the colonial authorities should be anxious that the wives and mothers of their country should be all that a good woman is. Nothing is more reprehensible and dishonest than the schemes many people countenance of sending away to the New World those who are too lazy to work or too dissolute to be tolerated in England ; but I think it might be feasible, if carefully and honestly carried out, to organise an association which would enable women, after serving a certain term of probation in this country, to emigrate, with advantage to themselves and with no detriment to their new home. I merely

mention this as a suggestion, and one to which I am aware great objections may be made, though I am certain it would prove in the long run a great success.

Having thus very briefly indicated the way in which rescue work can be carried out—I may add, not theoretically, but in a practical manner—there remains only one other point which is of interest in regard to it, namely, the probable result, successful or otherwise, of attempting to rescue women not altogether depraved or past repentance. There are few, if any, works for improving and helping the poor unfortunate in which the success or failure of the attempt is seen so quickly. In many charitable works the results of the labor are not seen for years, or those helped drift away before the work done has had time to bear fruit; but with this work it is just the reverse. In six months, or a year at most, it is easy to see what is going to be the result with each woman. She is either morally stronger and better, struggling successfully with her uphill life and making heroic efforts to repay all that has been done for her, or else she is a poor spiritless creature, who will need all the help and sympathy she can get to keep her on her feet if she is not to fall back again to her old life. Endeavors to raise up and improve the condition of those who, from want of training or moral strength, cannot help themselves are not always successful, and those who enter on the work in too sanguine a spirit are doomed to disappointment. There are times of great failure, and moments of great depression. They should not dishearten any one, but act as a spur to continued exertion, in the end to be crowned with success. It is not easy to speak with certainty as to the number of women who are rescued by, in proportion to the number who are received into, Homes. It may, however, be mentioned that last year—and last year was relatively neither better nor worse than previous years—no less than one hundred and thirty-six women were rescued by two homes out of one hundred and forty-eight received into them.

In these days of luxury, extravagance, and self-indulgence, ladies should turn for a moment from their happy life, and

give a thought to their suffering and struggling sisters, many of whom have known days of luxury and pleasure, and who are now groping along the dark road of expiation and penance. The work is essentially a woman's work; it is too fraught with risk for any man to attempt, even though many men have achieved in it great results. It is for women to hold out the hand of fellowship, and lead the fallen back again to a pure life. But to do that successfully they must approach the subject in a practical spirit, entirely putting on one side the sentimental and romantic aspect of the question. One of the many objections urged against the work is, that if you render the consequences of the sin less painful to a woman, you diminish her dread of falling, and that the result of the efforts made to save her in these days has been to increase the number of fallen women. As an answer to this objection, it may be stated that the workhouse returns in the parishes where these institutions are located show, by the diminished number of their inmates, that these women have sought the Refuge or the Home in preference to the workhouse, and that the Home has, therefore, done the desired work in rescuing them from the baneful influence of the House. No good is all good, and no evil unmixed evil, and there will always be enthusiastic people whose discretion exceeds their discernment, and who will tell you every woman can be rescued, and cynical people, who will impress on you that your money, time, and sympathy are wasted, and that you are the dupe of designing and untruthful creatures, who impose on your credulity and good-nature. And so one often may be; but for all that, the good that is done and the number of women who have been rescued and restored to respectable positions in society have exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

It is neither desirable nor possible to enter into any particulars as to individual cases in one's experience, but there are some that stand out prominently as beacons across the dark night of human sin and suffering as instances of characters and dispositions as fine and noble as have lived on the earth. Recalling the first moment when they came across

one's path, one cannot doubt that, had no helping hand been ready to lift them up, the world would have been so much the poorer, because they would have drifted back into the abyss. To seek out and save such as these is a privilege no woman, so far as lies in her power, should neglect. For her own sake, if for no other reason, she should do this, for no woman can throw herself into such work without feeling that, if her influence and example are to be the

moving power, she must raise her own standard of what a woman's life ought to be, and that conviction must have an elevating influence on her character. But the real incentives should be love of humanity, the feeling of sympathy and fellowship with even the most degraded, and the belief that, while we cannot make people perfect, we can all help to make them better than they are.  
—*Contemporary Magazine.*

### A FORGOTTEN GODDESS.—MADAME EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

DELPHINE GAY was born in the last year of the French Republic, the first of the Empire. Her father, a favorite of Napoleon's, held office as Receiver-General in Aix-la-Chapelle, and there is a tradition that the future goddess was baptized upon the tomb of Charlemagne! The child was educated according to the quasi-military, quasi-poetic ideas in vogue during the Empire, and under the careful wing of her mother, Sophie Gay, a cleverish worldly woman who herself had shone, both as beauty and novelist, among the squadron of fair notabilities of a preceding generation.

After the Receiver's death, and amidst the many-hued political and social vicissitudes of France, the fortunes of Madame Gay and of her handsome daughter must have fluctuated not a little. At the moment when de Girardin appeared upon the scene as wooer, these ladies occupied a couple of rooms in an entresol of the Rue Gaillon: dingy rooms, with low black ceilings, with furniture of a gone-by fashion, the remains, assumably, of the Receiver's former opulence. . . . a few books suspended on either side the fireplace, a table covered with the blotted copy of novels and verses, at the farther end of the apartment a study, no bigger than a closet, into which Delphine was wont to retire when she would close her ears to poor Sophie's high-flavored gossip and give herself up to the inspiration of her facile muse.

A muse, obviously, of the out-at-elbows, or unpaying order, and still a

muse whose name was accredited in high places. To these dingy rooms the most brilliant men and women in Paris—Balzac, De Musset, Vigny, even such veterans as Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand—sought admittance.

As a girl in her teens—it was a fashionable accomplishment under the Restoration—Delphine had been apt at religious verse, had sung of the Magdalen, and the Church, and the Miracles. She had been crowned by the Academy for a youthful poem on the Plague of Barcelona, had recited a longish hymn of her own composition from the cupola of the Pantheon. Later on, during a journey to Rome (while Beranger, the Burns of France, lay in prison for one of his songs!), she had been publicly honored, a second Corinne, in the Capitol.

Her celebrity as a beauty was on an equal footing with her fame as a poet. Villemain, the infinitely witty, though hideous Villemain, had sought her hand, and was only deterred from making her his wife by his mother's threat of throwing herself from a three-story window on his wedding-day. There had been a court intrigue to bring about a morganatic marriage between Charles X. and the fair Muse of the nation, the name by which Delphine, in print and conversation, was wont to style herself. Casimir de la Vigne, Lamartine, were at her feet. And her heart remained untouched! In her twenty-sixth year the Muse of the Nation was still Mademoiselle Gay, sharing with her

mother the shabby entresol of an unfashionable quarter, and receiving the attentions of an obscure political agitator; a newspaper editor, until lately not even the possessor of a name, Monsieur Emile de Girardin. How were these things to be understood?

A passage from one of Delphine's later novels throws a side light, I think, on the situation.

"Every well brought up Frenchwoman," wrote Madame de Girardin, "is ambitious and calculating, at least, until youth is on the wane. Before her thirtieth year it is rare for her to experience a solitary generous sentiment. The good-bye to youth spoken, she will, possibly, ask herself if she have not taken the wrong road, if tender human affection would not be better worth possessing than celebrity! Enlightened, for the first time, by a genuine feeling, she may discern that all is vanity, may consent even, for once, to a hazardous experience, run the terrible risk of allowing her heart to beat! The danger does not last long. Her real character re-asserts itself. She returns to her true and colder self—looks back, perhaps, with futile tears, from the heights of social influence upon the madness of a single hour of disinterestedness and love . . . If we Frenchwomen have at last, in this nineteenth century, arrived at the goal of our ambition, it must be said for us that the race has been contested foot by foot, inch by inch. We have feigned resignation, have accepted with sweet obedience the unimportant rôle assigned to us by man's jealousy. We have veiled our real superiority under the mask of exaggerated childishness—have veiled it so well that our masters, say rather, our rivals, have forgotten the depth of our designs in their contempt for the frivolity of our pleasures. We have danced to hide that we could think, have coquetted to hide that we could reason, have (some of us) pretended to love to hide that we could judge. In a word, we have stolen the sceptre of power, but have hidden it so carefully beneath laces, ribbons, and rice powder, that not one Frenchman out of a thousand is conscious of our reign."

The sceptre of power. In these words is betrayed the motive of her existence. Poets might sigh at her feet, princes offer her left-handed allegiance. With the keen instinct begotten of a master passion Delphine Gay saw that power, for the women of her generation, lay not *there*, but in politics. On the thin sallow cheek, in the dark restless eye of young de Girardin, she discerned traces of a spirit adventurous as her own, and, if that be possible, more fervently ambitious. After the shortest wooing, with the scantiest allowance of romance on either side, she became his wife. And

on this day the drama of her life may be said to commence.

For in her early Paris days Delphine, if truth be spoken, had scarcely been more than a charming actress, a pseudo-Corinne, with pale-blue gauze setting off her blonde skin, her amber hair, with an infantine laugh—the constant laugh at which even Lamartine took umbrage—with the most conventional of French mothers at her side. It was a golden era for goddesses of the drawing-room. What Madame de Staël calls the spirit of sociability had once more become the fashion throughout Europe. Berlin had its Rachel: London had the Miss Berrys, Miss White, Lady Davy. In Paris the salon reigned supreme. The Empire had fallen, the Restoration had been inaugurated with a new length of skirt, new modes in hairdressing, and a complete change of decorations, but with a vast number of the old actors still on the scene. The war between the two great schools of French writers, the classic and the romantic, was still slumbering. Refined aristocratic patronage of intellect—literature (flavored by elegance) were still the order of the day.

Delphine, with her delicately pure beauty, her reputation as poetess, her caustic gaiety, drew in flattery with every breath, and perhaps remained as natural, where all things were artificial, as true, where all things were false, as was possible. Her wit, her grace, her verses, made her the delight of Paris. Not many months ago I heard her spoken of by a living French novelist, her contemporary, and one of the few by whom the goddess, in her youth, is remembered. His vivid portraiture brought before me the scenes, the manners of sixty years ago. I pictured the girl reciting her poems before the most exclusive of audiences, a fillet of blue ribbon round the forehead that the Academy had crowned, her chiselled features aglow, her fresh voice rising and falling with sonorous effect, her whole demeanor "inspired."

Poor little goddess in her teens—applauded by princes and fine ladies, men like Hugo and de Musset crowding round to assure her of her genius and of their homage! Were not these things

enough to turn the head whose waves of gold the practised hand of Sophie Gay had dressed with such studied negligence?

It was at the Théâtre Français, during one of the earliest, stormiest representations of "Hernani," that Théophile Gautier first saw her. Mademoiselle Gay entered her box, he tells us, and under the influence of her marvellous beauty, the tumult stopped. A minute later and the house resounded to a triple salvo of applause. This manifestation was a defiance to every orthodox canon of good taste. But the theatre, it must be remembered, was filled with Victor Hugo's friends—men of the new romantic school, poets, sculptors, painters—men easily carried away by emotion, slaves to beauty of form, indifferent to the laws of society. Delphine wore the blue gauze scarf that Hersent's portrait had already made immortal, and as she leant her white arm upon the velvet edge of her box, the familiar effect of the picture was startlingly reproduced. Her magnificent hair, gathered together, according to the fashion of the day, in a large knot upon the top of the head, formed a coronet that would have befitted an empress. Its golden haze softened the clean-cut outlines of her face—a face for whose coloring, Gautier adds, no better simile than the hackneyed one of rose-colored marble can be found. The pit applauded to a man. The acting of Mademoiselle Mars herself was, for the moment, forgotten.

Lamartine came under Mademoiselle Gay's thrall at Terni, "with a spring sky overhead, with gentians and forget-me-nots, blue as the weather, under foot." The poet drew near, unperceived, and watched young Delphine as she gazed at the waterfall across a parapet of rocks. A painter could not have chosen a position, a day, a scene, more in harmony with her loveliness. She was leaning against the half-fallen trunk of a tree, her arm, admirable alike for shape and fairness, rested upon the parapet, and sustained her pensive head. The noble proportions of her figure lost nothing by the carelessness of her attitude. Her silken tresses swayed to and fro in the impetuous breath of the waterfall, like those of a sibyl in ecstasy.

Her fine eyes wandered in space. On her long dark eye-lashes hung two diamond drops—tears distilled from the soul by excess of artistic emotion, and which, ere long, dropped slowly from her eyelids into the cascade! Her aquiline profile stood forth like a cameo against the blue of the sky, the pale green of the waters. Strength and delicacy were admirably blent in every line of her face. The forehead showed masculine intellect. The mobile lips, slightly parted, wore a more than feminine sensitiveness. She spoke, and the sound of her voice completed the charm. It had the true ring of inspiration. The poet adds that he loved her until the hour of her death, but not with the kind of passion that at one time was wrongly attributed to him. She remained for him, to the last, as he first saw her beside the waterfall of Terni—a goddess.

Such had been Delphine's youth: Italian wanderings, Academic crowns, public recitals, the whispered flattery of salons, the devotion of poets, blue gauze scarves, becoming attitudes, tear-dewed eye-lashes. At her marriage she began the battle of life in earnest, and, after many a wound, many a cruel adventure, won it. Hand in hand—no, the expression must be cancelled, side by side, undaunted by rebuffs, by years of repeated failure, Emile de Girardin and his wife fought their way to the front. On their wedding-day the young couple had scarcely five hundred francs between them. At Delphine's death their fortune was valued at six millions. M. Emile de Girardin at the time when he gave his famous dinner to Charles Dickens was credited with being the possessor of twelve!

The hero of one of Madame de Girardin's novels pronounces marriage to be a mere association of convenience, a brotherhood of interest, not sentiment. If these opinions were her own, Delphine had the courage of them. De Girardin, in his poverty, could boast of few friends. The world held aloof from this man of many duels, this adventurous politician who had been by turns Legitimist, Republican, Democrat, Bonapartist. His beautiful wife stood beside him staunchly in all reverses, the sharer of his ambitions, the mainstay



of his courage. When a losing game had to be played, she could wait—with no ordinary woman's patience. When the time for action came she could act, promptly, fearlessly as Emile de Girardin himself.

And the genius of success was in him. Before his marriage he had pushed forward the cause of cheap literature—periodicals at thirty sous a year, atlases at one sou the map. In 1835 we find him an active propagandist in favor of savings-banks. His next creation was monster advertisements, the huge orange and blue placards which now disfigure the walls of all European capitals. On July the first, 1836, appeared the first specimen number of *La Presse*.

This newspaper was the solid foundation stone of de Girardin's fortune. Up to the present time the annual subscription to first-class political papers in France had varied between seventy and eighty francs. The *Presse* cost forty, and published, daily, a feuilleton from the pen of some novelist of note. Madame Emile de Girardin was enormously instrumental in bringing about its success. She surrounded herself with men of distinction, Gautier, Balzac, Dumas, Sandeau, had one of the most brilliant salons in the capital, and giving up poetry forever, commenced the original and vivacious series of Parisian Letters signed Vicomte de Launay.

Looking dispassionately at her literary merits, there can be no doubt that Madame de Girardin's genius was overrated by her contemporaries. Her early academically crowned poems, her novels of society barely rise beyond the level of her mother's works. Her tragedies are over-strained, sickly, true neither in local coloring, nor to the human nature which is the same in all ages and countries. That the woman stood a head and shoulders higher than the authoress the great men of her generation bear evidence incontestable. Possibly if she had contented herself with silent literature her fame might have been more lasting. There was a healthy masculine fibre in Madame de Girardin's mind, an interest in public events, in political and national causes, which kept her from falling into the flabby emotional egotism, the voluptuous self-absorption with which some

later goddesses have made us familiar. Much of her social influence she owed to her personal beauty. She possessed also, in a high degree, the kind of intellectual power which has been called *dæmoniac*—thorough presence of mind combined with keen knowledge of the world—a power which gives to the commonest subject a breath of life, a subtle charm of originality. If she could not be deep, it was equally impossible to Madame Emile de Girardin to be dull.

In society her light, sparkling sayings appear to have been inexhaustible. Nothing could exceed her tact, her facility, her ease in attack and repartee. Some of her best things were, no doubt, premeditated, but the moment her spirits began to warm she was ready with others, genuinely the offspring of the moment, and scarcely less good of their kind. It was really in society that her finest qualities showed themselves. As a girl, it used to be said of her that with all her splendid natural endowments Delphine Gay never once made use of her gifts to torment a man or to outlive a woman. The same innate generosity characterised her in middle life, and when she had become a finished citizeness of the world.

And still, when her pen was in her hand, Madame de Girardin was a power to be dreaded; notoriously so, when her pen was inditing the famous de Launay Letters. Just at this epoch the threads of Delphine's many-webbed existence crossed each other curiously. Reared in the most brilliant days of the Empire, admitted as a girl into the highest salons of the Restoration, she now found herself a member of the Democracy of Journalism, and would fain have stood well with both worlds, have entered the exclusive Legitimist drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain as an equal, not a lion. Hence arose rebuffs, disappointments, reprisals. One ancient dame, the Marquise de Bellison, refused stoutly to receive the ex-Muse of the Nation, either as equal or lion, and was vigorously caricatured during a series of letters as the "*Dame aux sept-petites-chaïses*"—the dowager's supposed pronunciation of the English word "*steeple-chase*."

Delphine de Girardin, firm in her personal friendships, was, I should say,

a singularly good hater in black and white. All her gall, as Southey observed of Gifford, was in her inkindness. She had immense talent for distinguishing surface character. She had not the breadth of judgment that accompanies deep insight; and probably to this very narrowness the de Launay Letters owe some of their finest malice, their most subtle raillery. The Vicomte is piquant, light, gay, paradoxical. You cannot explicitly believe him; indeed, the last thing he would wish to inspire would be belief. The human nature he can best deal with is of the kind to be met between the Boulevard and the Bois; and even here is apt to describe chiffons rather than solid flesh and blood. He concerns himself with the outside of things, with the caprices of the season, the hour. A steeple-chase, a new fashion in polemics, or politics, or bonnets, a frivolous theme treated seriously, a serious theme treated frivolously—these are the subjects he chooses, these his triumphs.

A French critic declares that the "Lettres Parisiennes" may be placed, side by side, with the best papers of the *Spectator*. Addison and the Vicomte de Launay! The criticism, it must be remembered, was written at a time when the author's personal influence over the cleverest men in Paris was at its zenith.

*La Presse* was founded in '36. Four years later Madame de Girardin made her début as a dramatic writer in "l'Ecole des Journalistes." Georges Sand and Heine, the ringleaders of the Society of Frondeurs, were among her intimate friends, and the comedy was interdicted by the "scrupulous" government of Louis Philippe. A tragedy, "Judith," was accepted in '43 by the Théâtre Français; but even the genius of Rachel, who filled the principal part, could not save it from failure. "Cléopatra," magnificently put upon the stage in '47, met with scarcely a better fate. "Lady Tartuffe" ("Tartuffe en-laidi!") cried the wits) had something of a run, Rachel and Regnier filling the two principal rôles. "La joie fait peur," brought out two years before the author's death, was a genuine success. This simple, pathetic story of maternal love was the truest note ever touched by Madame Emile de Girardin. A pearl made from a tear . . . Such

was the eulogy pronounced on it by Armand de Pontmartin, a critic who has furnished me with several personal recollections of the forgotten goddess.

I am tempted to give a sketch—this time a malicious one—of an elderly Delphine, surrounded in her own salon by the adorers who had been faithful to her for over twenty years.

"My friend and I arrived towards nine o'clock," writes Armand, "at the De Girardins' house, a kind of Greek temple constructed partially under ground, on the model of the Erechtheum, and into which you had to descend by flights of steps, as though you were entering a cellar. Everything that could give effect to an evening reception was there—stone pillars, statues, flowers, pictures, funkeys in black coats and knee breeches. And still one had a sensation that the whole scene was accidental and of gourd-like growth, that eight-and forty hours later the pictures might be sold, the servants dismissed, the husband started on his travels, the salon shut—nay, the temple itself razed to the ground!

"The Muse, exquisitely dressed, reposed on a low divan, her MS. on her knee. Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, and Lamartine, the three stars of our poetic heavens, were present, together with such secondary planets as Gautier and Mery. There was a little appreciative gathering of painters and actors. There were a few men and women of the world.

"Madame de Girardin was at this time advanced in middle life. Her lips had grown pinched and tired-looking; the Roman profile betrayed an ever-increasing proximity of nose and chin. But her flatterers still clamored aloud of her beauty. Her conversation was brilliant, but lacked charm. Her wit forced itself upon your attention. Her best things seemed to take you by assault. In her character sheer strength had finished by usurping the place of grace. She had no repose. Two hours of Delphine's society brought your nerves to tension-point.

"By some accident, her husband was present, in a corner. As a rule, Monsieur de Girardin, who disliked conversation, and had little taste for literature, did not appear at his own entertainments. To-night it seemed part of the ceremonial that every one in the room, his wife most of all, should treat him, openly, as a kind of superior being. I observed afterwards that it was ever the de Girardins' habit to extol each other's talents in public; and this with a profuseness of display a frankness of expression, that made you at once admire—and doubt.

"My friend mentioned my name. The Muse of the Nation received me with smiles. She had already learned, who shall say how, that I possessed in the heart of the Faubourg St. Germain a great-aunt, a *real* Duchess, accepted as a social authority from the Quai Voltaire to the Rue de Babylone, and perfectly in a position to open, for any free lance she favored, Legitimist doors which neither riches nor celebrity could force.

"And this was Delphine's besetting weakness—to be received into the Noble Faubourg, to live on an equal footing with its inhabitants, to be able to say, 'My friend, the little Marchioness,' or, 'I have just been to see our dear Jeanne—you know her? our dear darling Countess—she is suffering tortures from tooth-ache.' This kind of triumph was worth more to her than the applause of readers, audiences, or friends. A good half of the sarcasm with which the Vicomte de Launay's letters were seasoned was occasioned by the obstinate refusal of two or three courageous dowagers to open their houses to Madame de Girardin. Accordingly, I was received with smiles which, had I been a little less sophisticated, I might have supposed due to my own literary merits. After a time our hostess began to read one of her latest compositions aloud. It was a tragedy, and bore evidence on every line of being the work of a woman, and a most feminine one—a tragedy which was neither ancient nor modern, neither classic nor romantic, but a confused mixture of all. The audience, however, did their duty bravely. I feel assured that not the 'Cid,' not 'Athalie,' could have called forth such raptures at a first reading. Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo, declared that nothing so fine had been written in any century, in any land, in any tongue. Lamartine surpassed them in a shower of ambrosial and poetic compliments. The crowd applauded in chorus."

Poor Delphine—poor Muse of the Nation, few more successes were in store for her! In November, 1854, she wrote a farce, "*Le Chapeau d'un Horlogier*," for the Gymnase, and the comedy of "*La Femme qui deteste son Mari*" for Rose Chéri. These were her last works. Attacked by the cruellest of all diseases, she lingered miserably through the winter of 1855, and died in the following June at the age of fifty-one.

Death came to her as a relief. Months before she suspected the fatal character of her sickness, when she was in the height of popularity, every ambitious dream of her youth more than realized, the taste of life had grown bitter to Madame de Girardin. For a brief

space she inclined, like de Musset, towards the supernatural—the *table-rappings* and spirit-voices which were the epidemic of the day; then she turned from it in disgust. She had none of the child-like trust which upheld another great social goddess at the last. We grow old in tears, said Rachel Varnhagen, in the presence of death, but all is well. God is wiser than we. Madame Emile de Girardin had not this faith. If she had passed through life without happiness, she had passed through it "without opium," to use the sorrowful phrase a great English authoress has coined for us. She would speak a little to her intimate associates, notably to Georges Sand, of her loneliness . . . for a woman all superiority must, perforce, be a kind of exile . . . she regretted her childless state, the incompleteness of her lot. After writing so much of human love, it was part of the irony of her fate that she should go to her grave without tasting it. Her friends urged change of climate, but she elected to die in Paris, clinging, though she had lost touch of all old interests, to the city in which she had once reigned supreme.

As the disease took ever faster hold of her shattered body, a beauty almost rivalling that of youth returned to her. Her face, her figure, her transparent hands lost the traces of age. Her eyes regained the blue lustre they had worn on the day when the poet saw her beside the Fall of Terni. Her cheeks got back their bloom. A certain distinction, a quiet and noble self-command, never left her. She would not take to her bed, would not be treated as an invalid. Even when she suffered the fiercest pain, no word of complaint escaped her lips.

Madame Emile de Girardin died *standing*; bravely, alone, as she had lived.—*Temple Bar*.

## CULTURE AND SCIENCE.\*

BY PROF. E. A. SONNENSCHNEN.

It is with some diffidence that I have elected to address you to-day on the

subject of culture and science. I am aware that I shall have to speak about matters on which I am imperfectly in-

\* An Address delivered at the Distribution of Prizes in the Mason College, Birmingham (October 1st, 1885), by E. A. Sonnenschein,

M.A., Professor of Classics, and Chairman of the Academic Board.

structed in the presence of masters of the craft ; and even to tread ground on which the eminent man who opened this college five years ago—Professor Huxley—has unfurled the flag of occupation. But after all, science and culture are subjects of perennial interest, upon which a good deal may be said. And there is perhaps a certain fitness in reverting, at the close of our first college *lustrum*, and on a day when the memory of our generous founder and of our late venerable president, Dr. Heslop, is fresh, to the topics in which they were so deeply interested.

But I must, at the outset, guard myself against misapprehension. In comparing culture and science, I have no intention of contrasting the faculties of art and science in this or any other college. I must claim the original right of a speaker to define the terms he uses in his own way. By science I do not mean merely the science of nature ; by culture I do not mean merely literary culture. Nor is it the object of this address to define the position and relations of classics and physical science in the school curriculum. I am about to speak to students of a "miniature University" about university studies. And my object is to indicate the relations of science—in the widest sense—and letters to culture. Let us first ask, "What is science?"

By science I understand organised knowledge, working by method, based on evidence, and issuing in the discovery of law. By culture I mean the complete spiritual development of the individual. The object of science is exact knowledge ; the object of culture is a complete human being.

Nor can I admit that this view is arbitrary. Underlying much confusion of thought and polemical perversity, I find some such distinction as I have indicated present to the consciousness of educated men and women.

In contending, then, that the distinction between science and culture is not coincident with the distinction between the study of the external universe on the one hand and the study of letters on the other, let me first try to show that science does not exclude letters—that letters admit of a scientific treatment

just as much as the phenomena of light or the circulation of the blood.

Having given an extended sense to the word science, I will indicate the part that it plays in culture ; and finally I will maintain that, though an essential factor in culture, it is not the only factor. I will try to show that science embraces one aspect of letters, but is itself only one element in a wider conception of culture.

I do not wish to base my argument on authority ; but it is the fashion nowadays to appeal on important questions to Germany, and I will remind you that the word *Wissenschaft* is by no means so restricted in its use as our corresponding English word "science" sometimes is. *Wissenschaft*—scientific knowledge—embraces philology, philosophy, theology, laws, no less than mathematics and the branches included under the name *Naturwissenschaft*, chemistry, physics, biology, and so on. This is not a mere question of terminology ; under distinctions of words there generally lie distinctions of things, and by this use of their word *Wissenschaft* the Germans—the most active body of explorers in the world—declare that they regard all these subjects as admitting of scientific treatment ; and they make it the chief business of their Universities to treat them in this way. The word *arts* I cannot but regard as unfortunate. It carries very little meaning in it. There are fine arts, and arts which are not fine. There are even black arts. But why philology, for instance, should be called an art, and medicine a science, does not appear, except to the historic consciousness.

My illustrations shall be derived chiefly from the subject in which I am personally most interested—the study of classical philology. Classics is a wide field, and includes two main divisions—interpretation, and textual criticism. It embraces in its scope several departments, such as ancient history, archæology, mythology, epigraphy, palæography. The latter is the study of manuscripts, and aims at determining the method of deciphering them, and the law of error in them. The object of the whole of classical philology is to restore a picture of human life in

the Greek and Roman world. The object of textual criticism is the restoration of texts, the discovery of what the classical writers really said. This it effects by exposing the traces of detrition in them, the havoc which time and error have wrought, and by finding the true way of repairing their devastations. George Eliot speaks with light banter of inventing a few Greek emendations, as if emendation were mere guesswork, to be thrown off in a careless hour for the amusement of the world of scholars and the advertisement of one's own ingenuity. But to amend scientifically is no light task. The scholar must employ method and proof if his work is to claim serious attention. To discover that a passage is corrupt, he must have found that this word, or this construction, or this rhythm, is a barbarism, or at any rate is never so used by his author; that this sentiment or allusion is an anachronism; he must, in fact, discover or rectify the law of the word, the law of the sentence, the law of the metre. Here there is plenty of room for independent observation. These laws are not to be found ready-made in grammars; an emendation really new must be based on nothing less than a new examination of the facts. The proof of corruption of the text lies in the application of the resulting laws to a particular passage. To emend is to form an hypothesis as to the original constitution of the passage—an hypothesis which must pass through the ordeal of verification by all the known laws—palæographical, linguistic, historic, and other.

Let us not be dominated by the phrase "inductive science." Each science has its own peculiar methods, in which induction and deduction, observation and experiment, play parts more or less prominent. The methods of physics are not identically the methods of the so-called natural sciences. Mathematics is not usually reckoned as an inductive science at all. But the methods and results of one and all may be equally scientific—may be alike calculated to carry an authoritative power of conviction.

No doubt the processes of textual criticism have been often conducted in such a way as to lead to results which were tentative, or even purely fanciful.

But other sciences too have passed through an empirical stage. As practised nowadays, especially in the philological seminaries of Germany, textual criticism may claim to rank as a science; its methods are well-established, its results definite—*κρίματα ἐς δὲ*, wrung from the wilderness of mediæval barbarism by the devoted efforts of armies of scholars. If a scholar of the sixteenth century could come to life, he would be astonished at the magnitude of the results which have been achieved. He would find many a familiar interpolation excised, many a sorry gap filled up by probable or certain conjectures, many a line—nay, even a whole author—restored to metrical form. It is scarcely too much to say that the face of classical literature has undergone, and is undergoing, a process of renovation.

I might extend my illustrations almost infinitely. There is comparative philology, one of the most brilliant examples of what can be effected by scientific research in the field of language. It has opened up to us glimpses into a past far more remote than the beginnings of history; it has given us a far from colorless picture of early Aryan civilisation, and a still fuller account of the periods when the western Aryans separated from their eastern kinsfolk. I might quote the marvellous discoveries in the history of Assyria and Egypt, the deciphering of the cuneiform character and the hieroglyphics. There is comparative mythology, which has brought to light the various deposits of nature-worship, hero-worship, and primitive custom embedded in the soil of language, like the remains of extinct animals in the crust of the earth. All these sciences are sisters german of anthropology and archæology. To sketch the early condition of man many different kinds of evidence must be pressed into the service; and the study of language is not the least of them.

By a similar argument I might establish the claims of history, of sociology, of political economy to the name of sciences. All the great products of human thought and human life may form the subject-matter of science, if examined on scientific principles.

Let us, then, cease to oppose one

subject to another as scientific and non-scientific. The distinction is not in subjects, but in methods of treating them. Let us hold fast to the position that science is a particular method of treating subjects, leading to results of a particular kind.

I am not going to discuss the question of the school curriculum. But even at the risk of seeming to adopt the platform that there is "nothing like leather," I will say one word upon the educational value of these studies. If scientific in themselves, they may be so taught as to furnish a scientific discipline. The highest ideal of teaching is that which follows the path of discovery, leading the pupil along lines which an original discoverer pursued, or might have pursued. And I do not know that there is any better field for educating the logical powers than the scientific treatment of language and the products of literature. Am I confronted with the statement that these studies depend on authority? Not, I reply, if they are taught and studied rationally. Whose authority? Not the authority of the classics themselves. The days are past when men set the classics of Greece and Rome on an icy pinnacle of excellence by themselves, unapproachable by the literary masters of other countries. All serious students of the classics know, or ought to know, that not all the writers of Greece and Rome are equally worthy of admiration and imitation. Nor would any classical teacher, I imagine, claim special consideration for any opinions expressed by these writers. Is it the authority of the grammar that is referred to? I reply that a grammar is not the arbitrary creation of schoolmasters, but the record of law discovered by the patient observation of ages, and liable to revision by any independent inquirer into the phenomena of language. No, the doctrine of the infallibility of the Eton grammar, like the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of manuscripts, has had its day. I believe that so far from fostering a blind adherence to authority, there is no discipline more helpful in liberating the mind from the thralldom of words. Hear one, who cannot himself be charged with any prejudice in favor of authority—the late John Stuart Mill :—“To

question all things, never to turn away from any difficulty, to accept no doctrine either from ourselves or from other people without a rigid scrutiny by negative criticism ; letting no fallacy or incoherence or confusion of thought step by unperceived ; above all, to insist upon having the meaning of a word clearly understood before using it, and the meaning of a proposition before assenting to it—these are the lessons we learn from ancient dialecticians.” And again, “In cultivating the ancient languages. . . . we are all the while laying an admirable foundation for ethical and philosophical culture.”

And this is not the expression of an isolated opinion. The unanimous and maturely-considered verdict of the University of Berlin, contained in the memorial addressed in the year 1880 to the Prussian Minister of Education on the question of the admission of *Real-schüler*—pupils of modern schools—to the University, constitutes, perhaps, the most important modern testimony to the value of a classical education. This memorial was signed by all the members of the philosophical faculty, including such names as Hoffmann, the chemist ; Helmholtz, the physicist ; Peters, the naturalist ; Zeller, the philosopher ; as well as Mommsen, the classical philologist ; Zupitza, the English philologist ; Curtius, the historian. I am aware that the whole of Germany is not unanimous upon the educational questions raised in the Berlin memorial ; but they are nevertheless worthy of our most earnest attention. The interesting point of the memorial is the emphasis with which it insists on the value of classical philology in cultivating what it calls “the ideality of the scientific sense, the interest in science not dependent upon, nor limited by, practical aims, but ministering to the liberal education of the mind as such, the many-sided and broad exercise of the thinking faculty.” By science is of course here meant not merely the science of nature. But the science of nature is included. Germany has built temples and palaces for the study of nature, as Professor Hoffmann says. But she cultivates philology side by side with nature more assiduously than ever ; and here we have some of her leading physicists and naturalists joining hands

with the philologists, and coming forward to tell the world that they consider classics not in the light of a foe, but rather as a discipline of peculiar value as a preparation for other scientific pursuits. And the German Universities are schools of universal learning. Here are a few statistics. In the year 1880 German Universities numbered in all eighteen hundred and nine teachers, including extraordinary professors and *Privat-Dozenten*. Of these, nine hundred and thirty belonged to the philosophical faculty, which includes what we should call the faculties of science and arts. Now, how are these nine hundred and thirty teachers distributed? About one-third of them represent mathematics and the sciences of nature; the other two-thirds are engaged upon classical philology, oriental philology, modern philology (the latter two branches are increasing in numbers from year to year), archæology, history, political science, and philosophy. The numbers at Leipsic were:

Total of ordinary professors (not including extraordinary professors and <i>Privat-Dozenten</i> ).....		34
23	Professors of Classical Philology ...	5
	"    Oriental and Modern Philology.....	9
	"    Archæology.....	2
	"    History.....	2
	"    Philosophy.....	2
	"    Political Economy....	3
	"    Mathematics and Astronomy.....	4
11	"    Physical and Natural Science.....	7

If we consider the numbers of students, the proportions are similar. In 1881-82, the German Universities numbered about twenty-four thousand students; of these, nine thousand five hundred were members of the philosophical faculty—rather more than five students for each professor. And the percentages of their distribution were:—

Students of Philology, Philosophy, History, &c.....	63 per cent.
Students of Mathematics and the Sciences of Nature. ....	37 "

But I must in fairness also mention the fact that during forty years the students of mathematics and the sciences of nature have increased ten-fold, while those of philology and history have not yet been tripled; and also that of the

three-fold increase in students of philology, a large part is due to the students of modern philology. On the other hand, the ten-fold increase is largely due to the mathematicians. And it is a curious fact that the study of medicine is not making such strides in popular favor as the philological and historical sciences.\*

I cannot give you accurate statistics about France or America; but the recent announcement of the prospectus of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, of no less than thirteen advanced courses of lectures in oriental philology alone, shows that one university of the United States, at any rate, does not regard physical science and philology as inconsistent ends.

The nineteenth century—the “so-called nineteenth century,” as an indignant and sarcastic lecturer is said to have called it—is marked by a powerful reaction against the tradition of an exclusive classical education. France led the way, at the end of last century, by abolishing her classical schools and setting up polytechnics in their place; and although she soon repented and returned to the paths of Greek and Latin, recent changes, and especially those made under the ministry of M. Jules Ferry in 1880, seem to point to another oscillation in the direction of the ideas of the Revolution. Germany is agitated by the question of modern as against classical education. In England, one parliamentary commission after another has reported upon the deficient provision for science teaching in our public and endowed schools, apparently without much effect upon the majority of schools in question. Physical science and modern languages are in revolt, demanding—and demanding justly—a fair recognition in our school curriculum. The claims of their most accredited champions are strictly moderate, and the enlightened educationist must, I think, pronounce their revolt to be completely justified, and sympathise with an agitation the object of which is to remove the educational ban laid by our traditional system upon the study of nature and modern languages.

\* See Conrad's *German Universities for the last Fifty Years*, translated by J. Hutchison.

But sometimes physical science, arrogating the broader name of science, takes up an aggressive attitude, and exhibits a special animus against what it calls "dead languages." "Sweep away the lumber of the middle ages," it cries; "cease mumbling of the dry bones of your classics, and open the book of nature." It would appear that physical science, like Ireland, cannot get her grievances redressed without threatening the sister realm. But this attitude of aggression is essentially of the nature of temporary reaction; its representatives might do well to bear in mind that a reaction, pushed too far, may provoke a counter reaction.

But this is by way of digression. Permit me to remind you of the general drift of my argument. So far I have been claiming language and literature as departments of science. But this was not my main object. My main object is to define the relations of science and letters to culture.

Perhaps it is unnecessary for me to dwell much upon the importance of science as an element of culture. But I desire to lay some emphasis upon what I may call the formative function of science, because in the first place I have extended the use of the word, and in the second place there is one point of view in which the man of science, and especially the student of nature, appears to be often misunderstood. "A mere specialist" has become a term of reproach. Now I will not deny that specialism has its dangers. We all know the scarabæist of Wendell Holmes, who sunk his life in beetles, and regarded the man professing to be an entomologist as necessarily a humbug. There is the classical scholar who, as Byron says:—

"Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,  
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name."

There is the German student of American politics who follows the minutest ramifications of parties across the Atlantic, but has neither thought nor interest for the political problems of his own country. Science is long, life short. And we are sometimes tempted to fear that science may become so split up—like the practical arts—that every man

will be working at a branch of the subject which no one cares for or can understand except himself.

"Im engen Kreis verengert sich der Sinn,"\* says Goethe. "Culture means compensation of bias," says Emerson; and in a similar spirit Dr. Martineau, the venerable ex-principal of Manchester New College, has recently told us that he compelled himself when a young man to devote his best energies to the subjects for which he had no aptitude, leaving those for which he had a gift to take care of themselves. So considerable are the dangers of specialism.

But there is another side to the picture. I submit that specialism may be claimed as an essential element in the life of the mind, and that from the point of view of culture. This may sound paradoxical; but a man's bias is at least part of himself; and there is something in the consecration of all the faculties to a limited field, which braces the mind and gives it intellectual grip. Specialism means depth of insight, the probing a subject to the core; it means discovery, it means originality. I believe it means development of character and growth of the capacity for knowledge. Let me compare the mind to a house with many windows. For a vital comprehension of truth, I would prefer to look through one window thoroughly cleaned, than through all of them only half purified from the obscuring medium of error and prejudice. To the young student especially I would say: "Clean one of your windows; be not content until there is one branch of your subject—if it be only one branch of a branch—which you understand as thoroughly as you are capable of understanding it, until your sense of truth is satisfied, and you have intellectual conviction." Be assured that in learning this one thing you will have added an eye to your mind, an instrument to your thought, and potentially have learned many things. In the life of the mature investigator specialism plays a similar part; to remain healthy, he must continually drink deep at the fountain head; he must go further than others have gone before him; and to this end he must devote

\* "In a narrow sphere the mind becomes narrowed."



what may seem to outsiders an abnormal amount of time and energy to his special department. It is too common an experience that the man of mere general culture loses interest in what he studies ; his mind ranges over wide tracts, through which he is guided by no central idea or dominant conviction ; he acquires a habit of thinking, like the typical Oxford man, that "there is nothing new, nothing true, and it does not much matter." The cure for this intellectual ailment is concentration. Let the sufferer make some little plot of ground his own ; let him penetrate through and beyond the region of literary orthodoxy, and he will find that the universe is not exhausted by even the highest thoughts of the greatest minds ; that truth has ever new lights for the inquirer, and that the humble efforts of pignies like himself may by combination lead to the scaling of heights which even giants could not take by storm.

Do not, then, neglect the scientific attitude in your studies. Whatever it be that you are engaged upon—whether chemistry or physics, or biology or geology, whether mathematics or classics, or some modern language or literature—make it your effort, if possible, to be a discoverer, on however small a scale, or at any rate to exercise independent thought.

I have accentuated the importance of the scientific attitude in the development of mind. But a further and important question remains. Is the scientific attitude the only and all-sufficient attitude ? Let us consider more closely what the method of science involves. The object of science is essentially to arrange phenomena in the most simple way—to introduce order into our conceptions of things. To effect this, each science adopts a single point of view, and is compelled to deal with single aspects of things—employs, in fact, division of labor. For to treat all aspects at once would be to introduce cross divisions into science, and so make it unscientific. Thus mathematics, for instance, deals with things from the point of view of number and space ; physics treats them as exhibiting energy ; chemistry as compounded or un-compounded ; biology as living ; psychology as thinking and feeling ; sociology

as living in societies or states. Comte sketched out a pyramid of the sciences, in which they were arranged in a sort of hierarchy of complexity ; at the base the most general and simple, at the apex the most special and complex. But, whether more or less complex, each science deals with its one aspect of things, and that only. No single science can exhaust even the smallest concrete thing. A piece of chalk represents for the physicist a certain group of forces ; for the chemist certain elements combined in certain proportions ; for the geologist a certain stage in the history of the earth's crust. To the political economist man is wealth-producing, for political economy deals mainly with human nature as concerned in wealth. Each science, then, consciously limits its view, in order that it may give a more complete account of one phase of things—directs its energies into one channel in order to give force to the stream. In other words, science is abstract.

But man is not content always to confine his view to aspects of things ; he needs also to regard them as wholes. It is true that the several sciences to a certain extent supplement one another. The man who is acquainted with physics, chemistry, geology, and other sciences, has an insight into several aspects of the same lump of chalk. But still the unity, the wholeness, may be missed. For, though the whole is made up of its parts, it cannot be conceived by addition of isolated conceptions of parts. This has been expressed with fine sarcasm by Goethe's Mephistopheles :—

"Wer will was Lebendig's erkennen und beschreiben,  
Sucht erst den Geist herauszutreiben,  
Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand,  
Fehlt leider nur das geistige Band." \*

How, then, are we to grasp the "spirit that binds things together ?" The answer is, by another than the scientific method—by the method of poetry. Science analyses and arranges according to special aspects ; poetry bodies forth conceptions of wholes, rejecting all definition by limitation, sac-

\* "The man who seeks to know and describe a living thing first drives the spirit out of it : he then holds the parts in his hand ; but alas ! the spirit that bound them together has departed."

rificing detail for breadth. The poet's aim is to build up again in his own soul the unity of things, which science is always breaking down; to find in the universe an object which can satisfy the claims of his emotional as well as his intellectual nature. Thus, if in one sense it is true that poetry always lags a little behind science, turning the laborious results of one generation into the fairy tales of the next, in another sense poetry anticipates science; the vision of the poet dimly traces out the lines along which the science of the future will march. Shall I seem to be trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, if I say that some of the highest generalisations of science appear to me to be in large degree of the nature of poetry—anticipations of nature, conceived and believed long before anything like adequate evidence was forthcoming? I would name the doctrines of the conservation of energy and the evolution of life. The latter may be read, in a somewhat archaic form, in the philosophic poem of Lucretius, written nearly two thousand years ago; and I can well believe that it was present to Darwin as a poetic idea before he conceived of the exact method of its demonstration.

No doubt poetry must renounce the severity and caution of which science is so justly proud. For the objects at which the poet "throws out" his conception are too great to be compassed by definition, and his ideas will often be pronounced faulty by the future researcher. But he is content in his own sphere of work—that of a maker or creator—knowing that his results, too, are unapproachable by the scientific man. No amount of psychology would create a Hamlet.

And, if the results of poetry are different from those of science, so is the form into which the poet throws his ideas. He does not aim at an iron rigidity of logical proof, but rather at a lightness of touch which hints rather than demonstrates, veils while it unveils. The ideal of science is exhaustive demonstration; that of poetry imaginative creation. The poet does not attempt to give new knowledge; rather he takes the reader into partnership, and tries, by the power of sympathy, to

awaken his slumbering conceptions. And the products of literature can be apprehended only imaginatively. If we seek for demonstration, we find emptiness. I know of a young man, trained in mathematics and Latin grammar, who patiently—almost pathetically—read and re-read his Sartor Resartus in the hope of finding a syllogism or some semblance of a proposition of Euclid in it, and who did not understand it. Like the mathematical reader of *Paradise Lost*, he could not make out that it proved anything. Perhaps it would not be going too far to say that, in the interests of science itself, we ought to cultivate the capacity for a non-scientific attitude. For the first attitude in approaching an object, whether natural or literary, should be a receptive one. The widening of one's experience, letting things tell their own tale, even the attitude of mere passive enjoyment, will often carry the beginner further in understanding than a relentless search for law.

Nature, then, is not exhausted by the most complete inquiry into her laws taken separately. It still remains to conceive her as a whole—to apprehend her by the imagination; and some of her secrets reveal themselves less to the microscope than to the poetic eye. "This most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire"—how many a digger and delver in the cause of science has presented to them a mind petrified by absorption in a fixed idea, and insensible to their magic? "We live by admiration" is one of the favorite texts of Wordsworth. The scientist seeks not to live, but to reduce things to his categories of thought. Like Mr. Browning's Paracelsus:

"He still must hoard and keep and class all truths

With one ulterior purpose: he must know."

To him nature is indeed never a mere "pestilential congregation of vapors." For there is the beauty of her law ever unfolding itself before his eyes; "the heavens," it has been said, "declare to him the glory of Kepler and Newton." But this is not all their glory. He must have something of the poetic mind if he would feel the awe and rapture with which Kant gazed upon the starry heavens, and Linnæus upon the gorse in

blossom ; if he would see nature as she paints herself upon the canvas of Turner ; if he would love her as Wordsworth loved her. Otherwise the soul of nature escapes his ken ; we may say of Nature what Schiller says of truth generally :

“ Dich zu fangen, ziehen sie aus mit Netzen  
und Stangen,  
Aber mit Geistesritt schreitest du mitten  
hindurch.”\*

Let me further illustrate this difference of attitude in dealing with the products of literature. The scientific observer brings them into the field of the grammatical microscope or the historic telescope. But their aroma is apt to vanish in the process. One may have ransacked the Iliad and the Odyssey to discover the development of a mood or a particle, while remaining wall-eyed to the beauty of these poems ; one may be an authority on the Homeric question without having known Homer. I would not call such a man a pedant ; but I would say that he has confined himself to one aspect of the poet and missed his poetry. A fair country lies around him, waiting for illumination from the dawn of poetic imagination. He gropes in it, guided only by the uncertain beams of his grammatical candle. For to enter into the conceptions of the poet, one must be something of a poet oneself ; one needs, at any rate, some literary experience. A sense of humor is one thing ; an inquiry into the humorous—the rationale of humor—is quite another.

I think a protest is needed at the present day against an exclusive devotion to the scientific side of literature, and especially of classical literature. The laws and history of the classical languages are the main objects of work in our classical schools and universities ; grammar tends to replace literature, prosody is substituted for poetry, and little room is left for the play of contemplative imagination. This perhaps cannot be otherwise so long as we live under the whips and scorpions of an exigent examination system ; for the scientific side of literature presents obvious advantages, in

the examination room, both to examiners and examined. Literary culture, like astronomy, does not pay. So our students learn to translate and compose, but not to read or appreciate ; and the literary artists are approached through the medium of what the scientific scholars have said about them. It is commonly believed abroad that the English man of business, or country squire, refreshes his soul during the long winter evenings by reading his Virgil or Horace. This is, I am told, an exaggeration, and likely to be less true since it has ceased to be the fashion for members of Parliament to quote Horace in the House—or at any rate to quote him correctly. However, in the treatment of the classics as *literature*, we might perhaps do well to remember the best traditions of English scholarship, and emulate the wider and more liberal reading of the age of Bentley.

Again in history we have the same two elements—the scientific and the purely literary. I have no wish to depreciate the great achievements of scientific history—a science which has resulted in discoveries as instructive as those of palæontology or geology. It is an admirable thing to weigh evidence, and to correct hasty judgments by fuller research ; but history, written in this spirit only, loses its power of inspiration, of kindling the imagination at the thought of great deeds and great men, and of carrying the reader on the wings of sympathy into a remote past. And this—its dramatic or poetic function—is surely one at least of the functions of history.

Here then you have my conception of the prime essentials of culture in the two attitudes of mind—the scientific and the poetic. Intellectual manhood is not reached till concentration, exact inquiry, begins ; but the mind grows poor without the poetical spirit. There is one truth of science, and another of poetry, and both are indispensable. But it is not many subjects that are needed for culture ; rather it is a many-sidedness of mind by which to conceive things both scientifically and imaginatively. To maintain this two-fold attitude is, I know, not easy. Men inspired with the ardor of pursuit, and conscious of the limitless field of research

\* “ To catch thee they take the field with  
nets and poles ; but thou, like a spirit, passest  
through the midst of them.

right ahead, may say with Luther, "God help me, I can no other;" and he would be a bold man who ventured to cast a stone at them.

"The ink of science," says a Moham-medan proverb, "is more precious than the blood of martyrs." But the victories of science too have been achieved not without sweat and blood. Let us not fail to remember the cost to the intellectual martyrs themselves. They have nobly served humanity; but they have sacrificed their own development. The Nemesis is inevitable; we cannot, for our own sakes, afford to be less than cultured. Nay, we cannot afford to be less than cultured for others' sakes. Culture as well as science has its altruistic side. Society is the gainer by every complete unit that is added to it, and enriched by every ideal human creature.

I do not mean to say that he who commands both attitudes of mind possesses all knowledge. Man's mind I have compared to a house with many windows: some of them, let us say, look out upon the trees and flowers of the garden; others are turned towards the street, crowded with human life; its skylights look upon the heavens. Doubtless it were a grand thing to have knowledge of all the great objects of human contemplation; but we must recognise the limitations of our nature, and renounce the impossible.

On the other hand, we may console ourselves with the reflection that one subject deeply studied involves examination of others. No man can thoroughly probe a difficult question of law without coming upon problems of morals, politics, and religion; no one can carry his researches into language far without solving on the way many a question of logic and even metaphysics. In this way one science leads over to another; and the specialist is not so incomplete as he is sometimes supposed to be. His knowledge stretches itself out in many directions, like the branches of a tree, which spring from a single trunk and are centred in it. Still no man can be a master of all sciences.

But there is one kind of knowledge of which we must all take account—all must be students in the school of life and manners. Some practical ex-

perience of men and affairs is essential to character and social refinement.

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille;  
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt."\*

For those who have not yet stepped forth into the arena of public life, there is the microcosm of school or college in which they may learn many of the lessons which the great world teaches. This social life is a hardly less important feature of a college than the lecture room. And I hope that while in the latter you will imbibe something more than you can get from books, catching the contagion of the lecture room and laboratory—the *vis viva* of nascent thought—you will, by contact with one another in the common rooms and Union, gain that education of which Oxford and Cambridge are so justly proud—the experience of the world, which makes a man.

Let me cast a brief glance upon the general aim and purport of what I have said. The prime essentials of culture are science and poetry; and they may be cultivated without spreading ourselves impartially over the whole field of knowledge, without ascetically denying our special bent. One branch of either of the great departments, nature and literature, may give us scope for both energies of soul; but the student of nature cannot be independent of the aid of poetry, unless, indeed, he is a poet himself. Further, in resigning claims to universal knowledge, we may remember that to command one department is to command many potentially, and even involves inquiry into, and partial grasp of, subjects lying outside it. Finally, life is long enough to admit of our making practical experience of our fellow-men, without which we ourselves are scarcely human.

I do not know whether my conception of the distinction between science and poetry will be accepted. I am aware that some philosophers—even Plato—give a very different account of poetry, reducing it to mere imitation and subjective fancy. The position of coordinator which I have given to poetry is assigned by Plato to dialectic, that is,

\* "Genius develops in retirement; a character in the stream of life."—GOETHE.

philosophy, which he calls the "coping stone of the sciences." But I think you will agree with me that there is a difference between poetry and science, and that both are essential elements of culture. And perhaps what Plato means by "philosophy" is not, after all, so very different from what I mean by poetry—from the highest kind of poetry. Philosophy might be called poetry in undress. The late Mark Pattison spoke of philosophy as a disposition, a method of conceiving things—not a series of demonstrable propositions. In this sense it means the power of escaping from one's own imitations, and of rising to higher conceptions; the capacity of reverence for the wider universe of which one's positive knowledge touches merely the fringe; the saving knowledge by which man corrects the tendencies to intellectual arrogance: and this is what I mean by poetry.

Plato prophesied, half seriously, that the State would never cease from ill till philosophers became kings, or kings philosophers. For the academic workers of the future I do not demand royal prerogatives. But if the University is worthy of its calling the people will look to it for intellectual light and leading. England is waking up to the paramount importance of education; to this question the new Democracy is sure to turn with increasing earnestness. Is it too much to hope that the University will hold its position at the helm of the educational system? From the University the nation will expect guidance in developing the education of the people; and if it is not to be false to its trust, it must take up the problem of education in a serious, in a scientific spirit. Teaching may be called a science or an art; but the enlightened know that it admits of definite principles and of progress; and progress, even in details, involves far-reaching consequences to millions. In the science of education England is far behind the foremost nations of Europe—perhaps behind America. This deficiency is nothing less than a "national calamity." To faulty and antiquated methods of teaching we may safely attribute much of that ill-success in the race of life of which we have recently heard such just complaints. The future of England hangs

not only on the recognition of physical science, but far more upon the creation of a high ideal of teaching, and the total abolition of that senseless ingurgitation of compendious statements, which has usurped its place in the national consciousness.

I am drawing near the conclusion of my task. I fear I have already taxed your patience too far. One word in conclusion.

A genial bishop was in the habit of inquiring from his candidates for ordination whether they were married. "Happy man!" cried the prelate if the answer was given in the affirmative; if in the negative, his formula of benediction was, "Lucky dog." In a similar spirit I would address the younger members of this college who have elected to be members of the faculties of science or the faculties of arts respectively. Those of you who pursue physical science have before you a sphere worthy of all the highest energies of the mind. You will come into direct contact with Nature—get to know her, not at second-hand from her blurred reflection in books, but face to face. The field on which the victories of physical science have been won is teeming with problems of the widest bearing on many questions of the day—social, religious, and philosophical, as well as natural. To the scientific man belongs the "spirit of the great world brooding upon things to come." In a very true sense, his is the future.

To the students of what I must still call arts, I would say: You are about to make personal acquaintance with the great minds of the past. Before you there will unfold itself a rich and manifold life, to which you may be brought very near. The inheritance of the past is yours, and in the literature of your own and other countries you may study the great generalisations of science, clarified by their passage through great minds, turned to shape and incorporated in the consciousness of the race by the pen of poet and philosopher.

"Happy the man," sang Virgil, "who has gained a knowledge of the causes of things, and trampled all fear under foot, and risen above relentless Fate and the hungry clamor of death. Yet not less blest is he who knows the rustic gods—

even Pan, and old Silvanus, and the sister nymphs."

Thrice happy he who has strength "to do these things, and not to leave the others undone." Firmly centred

in the present, he reaches a hand both to the past and to the future. He is the true "heir of all the ages."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

### FISH OUT OF WATER.

STROLLING one day in what is euphemistically termed, in equatorial latitudes, "the cool of the evening," along a tangled tropical American field-path, through a low region of lagoons and water-courses, my attention happened to be momentarily attracted from the monotonous pursuit of the nimble mosquito by a small animal scuttling along irregularly before me, as if in a great hurry to get out of my way before I could turn him into an excellent specimen. At first sight I took the little hopper, in the grey dusk, for one of the common, small green lizards, and wasn't much disposed to pay it any distinguished share either of personal or scientific attention. But as I walked on a little further through the dense underbrush, more and more of these shuffling and scurrying little creatures kept crossing the path, hastily, all in one direction, and all, as it were, in a formed body or marching phalanx. Looking closer, to my great surprise I found they were actually fish out of water, going on a walking tour, for change of air, to a new residence. Genuine fish, a couple of inches long each, not eel-shaped or serpentine in outline, but closely resembling a red mullet in miniature, though much more beautifully and delicately colored, and with fins and tails of the most orthodox spiny and prickly description. They were travelling across country in a bee-line, thousands of them together, not at all like the helpless fish out of water of popular imagination, but as unconcernedly and naturally as if they had been accustomed to the overland route for their whole lifetimes, and were walking now on the king's highway without let or hindrance.

I took one up in my hand and examined it more carefully; though the catching it wasn't by any means so easy as it sounds on paper, for these peram-

bulatory fish are thoroughly inured to the dangers and difficulties of dry land, and can get out of your way when you try to capture them with a rapidity and dexterity which are truly surprising. The little creatures are very pretty, well-formed catfish, with bright intelligent eyes, and a body armed all over, like the armadillo's, with a continuous coat of hard and horny mail. This coat is not formed of scales, as in most fish, but of toughened skin, as in crocodiles and alligators, arranged in two overlapping rows of imbricated shields, exactly like the round tiles so common on the roofs of Italian cottages. The fish walks, or rather shambles along ungracefully, by the shuffling movement of a pair of stiff spines placed close behind his head, aided by the steering action of his tail, and a constant snake-like wriggling motion of his entire body. Leg spines of somewhat the same sort are found in the common English gurnard, and in this age of Aquariums and Fisheries Exhibitions, most adult persons above the age of twenty-one years must have observed the gurnards themselves crawling along suspiciously by their aid at the bottom of a tank at the Crystal Palace or the polyonymous South Kensington building. But while the European gurnard only uses his substitutes for legs on the bed of the ocean, my itinerant tropical acquaintance (his name, I regret to say, is *Callichthys*) uses them boldly for terrestrial locomotion across the dry lowlands of his native country. And while the gurnard has no less than six of these pro-legs, the American land fish has only a single pair with which to accomplish his arduous journeys. If this be considered as a point of inferiority in the armor-plated American species, we must remember that while beetles and grasshoppers have as many as six legs apiece, man, the head and crown of things, is

content to scramble through life ungracefully with no more than two.

There are a great many tropical American pond-fish which share these adventurous gipsy habits of the pretty little Callichthys. Though they belong to two distinct groups, otherwise unconnected, the circumstances of the country they inhabit have induced in both families this queer fashion of waddling out courageously on dry land, and going on voyages of exploration in search of fresh ponds and shallows new, somewhere in the neighborhood of their late residence. One kind in particular, the Brazilian Doras, takes land journeys of such surprising length that he often spends several nights on the way, and the Indians who meet the wandering bands during their migrations fill several baskets full of the prey thus dropped upon them, as it were, from the kindly clouds.

Both Doras and Callichthys, too, are well provided with means of defence against the enemies they may chance to meet during their terrestrial excursions; for in both kinds there are the same bony shields along the sides, securing the little travellers, as far as possible, from attack on the part of hungry piscivorous animals. Doras further utilises its powers of living out of water by going ashore to fetch dry leaves, with which it builds itself a regular nest, like a bird's, at the beginning of the rainy season. In this nest the affectionate parents carefully cover up their eggs, the hope of the race, and watch over them with the utmost attention. Many other fish build nests in the water, of materials naturally found at the bottom; but Doras, I believe, is the only one that builds them on the beach, of materials sought for on the dry land.

Such amphibious habits on the part of certain tropical fish are easy enough to explain by the fashionable clue of "adaptation to environment." Ponds are always very likely to dry up, and so the animals that frequent ponds are usually capable of bearing a very long deprivation of water. Indeed, our evolutionists generally hold that land animals have in every case sprung from pond animals which have gradually adapted themselves to do without water altogether. Life, according to this

theory, began in the ocean, spread up the estuaries into the greater rivers, thence extended to the brooks and lakes, and finally migrated to the ponds, puddles, swamps and marshes, whence it took at last, by tentative degrees, to the solid shore, the plains, and the mountains. Certainly the tenacity of life shown by pond animals is very remarkable. Our own English carp bury themselves deeply in the mud in winter, and there remain in a dormant condition many months entirely without food. During this long hibernating period, they can be preserved alive for a considerable time out of water, especially if their gills are, from time to time, slightly moistened. They may then be sent to any address by parcels post, packed in wet moss, without serious damage to their constitution; though, according to Dr. Günther, these dissipated products of civilisation prefer to have a piece of bread steeped in brandy put into their mouths to sustain them beforehand. In Holland, where the carp are not so sophisticated, they are often kept the whole winter through, hung up in a net to keep them from freezing. At first they require to be slightly wetted from time to time, just to acclimatise them gradually to so dry an existence; but after a while they adapt themselves cheerfully to their altered circumstances, and feed on an occasional frugal meal of bread and milk with Christian resignation.

Of all land-frequenting fish, however, by far the most famous is the so-called climbing perch of India, which not only walks bodily out of the water, but even climbs trees by means of special spines, near the head and tail, so arranged as to stick into the bark and enable it to wriggle its way up awkwardly, something after the same fashion as the "looping" of caterpillars. The tree-climber is a small scaly fish, seldom more than seven inches long; but it has developed a special breathing apparatus to enable it to keep up the stock of oxygen on its terrestrial excursions, which may be regarded as to some extent the exact converse of the means employed by divers to supply themselves with air under water. Just above the gills, which form of course its natural hereditary breathing apparatus, the climbing perch

has invented a new and wholly original water chamber, containing within it a frilled bony organ, which enables it to extract oxygen from the stored-up water during the course of its aerial peregrinations. While on shore it picks up small insects, worms, and grubs; but it also has vegetarian tastes of its own, and does not despise fruits and berries. The Indian jugglers tame the climbing perches and carry them about with them as part of their stock in trade; their ability to live for a long time out of water makes them useful confederates in many small tricks, which seem very wonderful to people accustomed to believe that fish die almost at once when taken out of their native element.

The Indian snakehead is a closely allied species, common in the shallow ponds and fresh-water tanks of India, where holy Brahmans bathe and drink and die and are buried, and most of which dry up entirely during the dry season. The snakehead, therefore, has similarly accommodated himself to this annual peculiarity in his local habitation by acquiring a special chamber for retaining water to moisten his gills throughout his long deprivation of that prime necessary. He lives composedly in semi-fluid mud, or lies torpid in the hard baked clay at the bottom of the dry tank from which all the water has utterly evaporated in the drought of summer. As long as the mud remains soft enough to allow the fish to rise slowly through it, they come to the surface every now and then to take in a good hearty gulp of air, exactly as gold fish do in England when confined with thoughtless or ignorant cruelty in a glass globe too small to provide sufficient oxygen for their respiration. But when the mud hardens entirely they hibernate, or rather æstivate, in a dormant condition until the bursting of the monsoon fills the ponds once more with the welcome water. Even in the perfectly dry state, however, they probably manage to get a little air every now and again through the numerous chinks and fissures in the sun-baked mud. Our Aryan brother then goes a-fishing playfully with a spade and bucket, and digs the snakehead in this mean fashion out of his comfortable lair with an ultimate view to the manufacture of pillau. In

Burmah, indeed, while the mud is still soft the ingenious Burmese catch the helpless creatures by a still meaner and more unsportsmanlike device. They spread a large cloth over the slimy ooze where the snakeheads lie buried, and so cut off entirely for the moment their supply of oxygen. The poor fish, half-asphyxiated by this unkind treatment, come up gasping to the surface under the cloth in search of fresh air, and are then easily caught with the hand and tossed into baskets by the degenerate Buddhists.

Old Anglo-Indians even say that some of these mud-haunting Oriental fish will survive for many years in a state of suspended animation, and that when ponds or jhils which are known to have been dry for several successive seasons are suddenly filled by heavy rains, they are found to be swarming at once with full-grown snakeheads, released in a moment from what I may venture to call their living tomb in the hardened bottom. Whether such statements are absolutely true or not the present deponent would be loth to decide dogmatically; but, if we were implicitly to swallow everything that the old Anglo-Indian in his simplicity assures us he has seen—well, the clergy would have no further cause any longer to deplore the growing scepticism and unbelief of these latter unfaithful ages.

This habit of lying in the mud and there becoming torpid may be looked upon as a natural alternative to the habit of migrating across country, when your pond dries up, in search of larger and more permanent sheets of water. Some fish solve the problem how to get through the dry season in one of these two alternative fashions, and some in the other. In flat countries where small ponds and tanks alone exist, the burying plan is almost universal; in plains traversed by large rivers or containing considerable scattered lakes, the migratory system finds greater favor with the piscine population.

One tropical species which adopts the tactics of hiding itself in the hard clay, the African mud-fish, is specially interesting to us human beings on two accounts—first, because, unlike almost all other kinds of fish, it possesses lungs as well as gills; and, secondly, because



it forms an intermediate link between the true fish and the frogs or amphibians, and therefore stands in all probability in the direct line of human descent, being the living representative of one among our own remote and early ancestors. Scientific interest and filial piety ought alike to secure our attention for the African mud-fish. It lives its amphibious life among the rice-fields on the Nile, the Zambesi, and the Gambia, and is so greatly given to a terrestrial existence that its swim-bladder has become porous and cellular, so as to be modified into a pair of true and serviceable lungs. In fact, the lungs themselves in all the higher animals are merely the swim-bladders of fish, slightly altered so as to perform a new but closely allied office. The mud-fish is common enough in all the larger English aquariums, owing to a convenient habit in which it indulges, and which permits it to be readily conveyed to all parts of the globe on the same principle as the vans for furniture. When the dry season comes on and the rice-fields are reduced to banks of baking mud, the mud-fish retire to the bottom of their pools, where they form for themselves a sort of cocoon of hardened clay, lined with mucus, and with a hole at each end to admit the air; and in this snug retreat they remain torpid till the return of wet weather. As the fish usually reach a length of three or four feet, the cocoons are of course by no means easy to transport entire. Nevertheless the natives manage to dig them up whole, fish and all; and if the capsules are not broken, the unconscious inmates can be sent across by steamer to Europe with perfect safety. Their astonishment when they finally wake up after their long slumber, and find themselves inspecting the British public, as introduced to them by Mr. Farini, through a sheet of plate-glass, must be profound and interesting.

In England itself, on the other hand, we have at least one kind of fish which exemplifies the opposite or migratory solution of the dry pond problem, and that is our familiar friend the common eel. The ways of eels are indeed mysterious, for nobody has ever yet succeeded in discovering where, when, or how they manage to spawn; nobody

has ever yet seen an eel's egg, or caught a female eel in the spawning condition, or even observed a really adult male or female specimen of perfect development. All the eels ever found in fresh water are immature and undeveloped creatures. But eels do certainly spawn somewhere or other in the deep sea, and every year, in the course of the summer, flocks of young ones, known as elvers, ascend the rivers in enormous quantities, like a vast army under numberless leaders. At each tributary or affluent, be it river, brook, stream, or ditch, a proportionate detachment of the main body is given off to explore the various branches, while the central force wriggles its way up the chief channel, regardless of obstacles, with undiminished vigor. When the young elvers come to a weir, a wall, a floodgate, or a lasher, they simply squirm their way up the perpendicular barrier with indescribable wriggings, as if they were wholly unacquainted, physically as well as mentally, with Newton's magnificent discovery of gravitation. Nothing stops them; they go wherever water is to be found; and though millions perish hopelessly in the attempt, millions more survive in the end to attain their goal in the upper reaches. They even seem to scent ponds or lakes mysteriously, at a distance, and will strike boldly straight across country, to sheets of water wholly cut off from communication with the river which forms their chief highway.

The full-grown eels are also given to journeying across country in a more sober, sedate, and dignified manner, as becomes fish which have fully arrived at years, or rather months, of discretion. When the ponds in which they live dry up in summer, they make in a bee-line for the nearest sheet of fresh water, whose direction and distance they appear to know intuitively, through some strange instinctive geographical faculty. On their way across country, they do not despise the succulent rat, whom they swallow whole when caught with great gusto. To keep their gills wet during these excursions, eels have the power of distending the skin on each side of the neck, just below the head, so as to form a big pouch or swelling. This pouch they fill with water, to carry a good supply along with them, until they reach

the ponds for which they are making. It is the pouch alone that enables eels to live so long out of water under all circumstances, and so incidentally exposes them to the disagreeable experience of getting skinned alive, which it is to be feared still forms the fate of most of those that fall into the clutches of the human species.

A far more singular walking fish than any of these is the odd creature that rejoices (unfortunately) in the very classical surname of *Periophthalmus*, which is, being interpreted, Stare-about. (If he had a recognised English name of his own, I would gladly give it; but as he hasn't, and as it is clearly necessary to call him something, I fear we must stick to the somewhat alarming scientific nomenclature.) *Periophthalmus*, then, is an odd fish of the tropical Pacific shores, with a pair of very distinct fore-legs (theoretically described as modified pectoral fins) and with two goggle eyes, which he can protrude at pleasure right outside the sockets, so as to look in whatever direction he chooses, without even taking the trouble to turn his head to left or right, backward or forward. At ebb tide this singular peripatetic goby literally walks straight out of the water, and promenades the bare beach erect on two legs, in search of small crabs and other stray marine animals left behind by the receding waters. If you try to catch him, he hops away briskly much like a frog, and stares back at you grimly over his left shoulder, with his squinting optics. So completely adapted is he for this amphibious longshore existence, that his big eyes, unlike those of most other fish, are formed for seeing in the air as well as in the water. Nothing can be more ludicrous than to watch him suddenly thrusting these very movable orbs right out of their sockets like a pair of telescopes, and twisting them round in all directions so as to see in front, behind, on top, and below, in one delightful circular sweep.

There is also a certain curious tropical American carp which, though it hardly deserves to be considered in the strictest sense as a fish out of water, yet manages to fall nearly half-way under that peculiar category, for it always swims with its head partly above the surface and partly below. But the fun-

niest thing in this queer arrangement is the fact that one half of each eye is out in the air and the other half is beneath in the water. Accordingly, the eye is divided horizontally by a dark strip into two distinct and unlike portions, the upper one of which has a pupil adapted to vision in the air alone, while the lower is adapted to seeing in the water only. The fish, in fact, always swims with its eye half out of the water, and it can see as well on dry land as in its native ocean. Its name is *Anableps*, but in all probability it does not wish the fact to be generally known.

The flying fish are fish out of water in a somewhat different and more transitory sense. Their aerial excursions are brief and rapid; they can only fly a very little way, and have soon to take once more for safety to their own more natural and permanent element. More than forty kinds of the family are known, in appearance very much like English herrings, but with the front fins expanded and modified into veritable wings. It is fashionable nowadays among naturalists to assert that the flying fish don't fly; that they merely jump horizontally out of the water with a powerful impulse, and fall again as soon as the force of the first impetus is entirely spent. When men endeavor to persuade you to such folly, believe them not. For my own part, I have *seen* the flying fish fly—deliberately fly, and flutter, and rise again, and change the direction of their flight in mid-air, exactly after the fashion of a big dragonfly. If the other people who have watched them haven't succeeded in seeing them fly, that is their own fault, or at least their own misfortune; perhaps their eyes weren't quick enough to catch the rapid, though to me perfectly recognisable, hovering and fluttering of the gauze-like wings; but I have seen them myself, and I maintain that on such a question one piece of positive evidence is a great deal better than a hundred negative. The testimony of all the witnesses who didn't see the murder committed is as nothing compared with the single testimony of the one man who really did see it. And in this case I have met with many other quick observers who fully agreed with me against the weight of scientific opinion, that they have seen the flying

fish really fly with their own eyes, and no mistake about it. The German professors, indeed, all think otherwise ; but then the German professors all wear green spectacles, which are the outward and visible sign of "blinded eyesight poring over miserable books." The unsophisticated vision of the noble British seamen is unanimously with me on the matter of the reality of the fishes' flight.

Another group of very interesting fish out of water are the flying gurnards, common enough in the Mediterranean and the tropical Atlantic. They are much heavier and bigger creatures than the true flying fish of the herring type, being often a foot and a half long, and their wings are much larger in proportion, though not, I think, really so powerful as those of their pretty little silvery rivals. All flying fish fly only of necessity, not from choice. They leave the water when pursued by their enemies, or when frightened by the rapid approach of a big steamer. So swiftly do they fly, however, that they can far outstrip a ship going at the rate of ten knots an hour ; and I have often watched one keep ahead of a great Pacific liner under full steam for many minutes together in quick successive flights of three or four hundred feet each. Oddly enough, they can fly further against the wind than before it—a fact acknowledged even by the spectacled Germans themselves, and very hard indeed to reconcile with the orthodox belief that they are not flying at all, but only jumping. I don't know whether the flying gurnards are good eating or not ; but the silvery flying fish are caught for market (sad desecration of the poetry of nature !) in the Windward Islands, and when nicely fried in egg and bread-crumbs are really

quite as good for practical purposes as smelts or whiting or any other prosaic European substitute.

On the whole, it will be clear, I think, to the impartial reader from this rapid survey that the helplessness and awkwardness of a fish out of water has been much exaggerated by the thoughtless generalisation of unscientific humanity. Granting, for argument's sake, that most fish prefer the water, as a matter of abstract predilection, to the dry land, it must be admitted *per contra* that many fish cut a much better figure on terra firma than most of their critics themselves would cut in mid-ocean. There are fish that wriggle across country intrepidly with the dexterity and agility of the most accomplished snakes ; there are fish that walk about on open sandbanks, semi-erect on two legs, as easily as lizards ; there are fish that hop and skip on tail and fins in a manner that the celebrated jumping frog himself might have observed with envy ; and there are fish that fly through the air of heaven with a grace and swiftness that would put to shame innumerable species among their feathered competitors. Nay, there are even fish, like some kinds of eels and the African mud-fish, that scarcely live in the water at all, but merely frequent wet and marshy places, where they lie snugly in the soft ooze and damp earth that line the bottom. If I have only succeeded, therefore, in relieving the mind of one sensitive and retiring fish from the absurd obloquy cast upon its appearance when it ventures away for awhile from its proper element, then, in the pathetic and prophetic words borrowed from a thousand uncut prefaces, this work will not, I trust, have been written in vain.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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## THE THEATRE.

### I.

#### SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIC MODEL.

BY WILLIAM SPINK.

WITH the works of the author of *Hamlet* in the ascendant at the theatre—two of his tragedies and one of his

comedies occupying the stage at three of the chief London theatres—it becomes a matter of more than curious inquiry

whether the continuous occupation of the stage by Shakespeare's works of recent years is due to adventitious causes or to inherent lasting elements of popularity for the theatre in the principal plays of this "solitary luminary."

The varying fortunes of the poet of all time, off as well as on the stage, have been vivified by the investigation of Isaac Disraeli. "We hear of none of his plays having been condemned, though such mischances are recorded of his rivals," writes Disraeli. But, singularly enough, the feeling still exists in some quarters that the reception accorded to Shakespeare's works after his own time has been due to his overpowering fame. Johnson stated his belief to be that not one "play which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion;" and since Johnson's time the same view, based upon knowledge of the contemporary stage, has again and again been enunciated; his great preface has kept alive the fancy, exercising, I believe, a pernicious influence upon the fortunes of the dramatic art.

Everybody knows that there have been periods since the works of Shakespeare were printed when they were of no real account in the theatre. His universal celebrity is probably not yet much more than a hundred years old. When the reigning public sentiment is mean and frivolous, such plays are, of course, of interest to very few; and even an intelligent man like Pepys will declare that he considers *Othello* to be "a mean thing." But such periods are the exception. The audiences assembled to see the greater plays fairly worthily represented are usually large, and if the stage is occupied by even one great favorite, the attendance is very great and the enthusiasm equally so. Among all classes who go to the theatre in our own day, individuals commonly witness these plays ten or even twenty times for twice they see any other piece, from, say, the *Honeymoon* to the *Overland Route*.

The question first naturally occurs, Is this attendance to hear the performance of the plays of a dramatist who wrote three hundred years ago, followed by writers almost all forgotten, a delusion, due to the perpetuated magic at-

tendant upon a once great theatrical name, but too antiquated in form to be received now with acclamation as original drama? The simple answer to that query seems sufficiently found in the circumstance of the many number of times that individuals, in the course of years, witness the same plays of this author. Mere curiosity or attention to fashion would be easily satisfied. At no period of time have the pretensions of fame been more keenly inquired into, and any delusions in this respect received their quietus so far as the public is concerned. Writing of the present theatres in English-speaking countries, all testify that audiences pay their money to enjoy themselves when they witness a play of Shakespeare.

Taking it for granted, then, that Shakespeare "draws" at the theatre at this time "better than burlesque" (in the words of an evening journal), and that this is not due to a delusion on the part of audiences that they are enjoying themselves, while they are only victims of a rage or a tradition, the inquiry is a very important one—to what is this great popularity due? I unhesitatingly answer, mainly to the superiority of the material selected by "the prophetic eye of genius." This manager of the "Globe" possessed a finer eye for picking up good things than any man who ever conducted a theatre. His manufacture is not far behind, but it is scarcely up to the excellence of his material as it comes out ready for the loom. Johnson says, "I am indeed far from thinking that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection." It is, perhaps, not particularly acute to surmise this, for the execution of almost all authors will hardly come up to their conceptions. "In this world," writes George Eliot, "all things are only approximations." But we look in vain in "higher drama" for the rich outlines and ingredients of story like his, and must conclude that other writers have been less able, less diligent, or not so lucky in their search, or all three.

But what are these good things? A delusion of the common mind is that Shakespeare's great name is obtained by the greatness and beauty of his language. Imperfectly-formed judgment can, of course, only read the "fine bits" of the

dramatist, such as Macbeth's and Hamlet's soliloquies. But, according to the opinion of some critics, these "fine bits" show a weakness, not the strength of the dramatist. A literary journal is responsible for a paragraph attributing to the late Mr. G. H. Lewes an opinion that Lord Tennyson's *Becket* improves on Shakespeare by not condescending to unauthorised lines to secure admiration. Do the strong excitements of situation, the warm displays of tenderness, and the comic play—which I suppose are meant in the phrase "the exigencies of the modern theatre" (about which we have so much from those who lay down the laws of success in it)—prevail to account for the popularity on the stage now of his otherwise universally admitted great works; yet old and of heavy form for lovers of domestic drama? Do we find the exciting conflicts of passion of Sardou, and the author of the *Ironmaster*; do we find also displays of such tenderness and flow of sympathy as live in stories like *Rip Van Winkle* and *Dot*, which will draw the tears from many eyes,—when the death of Ophelia by greatest poet sung, or, the more natural lament of Constance over her son's death,—

Grief fills the room of my absent child,

are only appreciated—standing boldly pronounced on the stage with the greater elements of a powerful art? In Shakespeare we are interested in the progress of events, as in any other cunning dramatist. But he does not purchase our interest by the mere artifices of situations, or any half-maudlin unreality of affection or pity. When the curtain falls, too, over his puppets he does not seek to "bring down the house."

The secret of the popularity of Shakespeare on the stage is certainly not to be found in a provision of feverish excitements. Johnson says in his note to Julius Cæsar, "I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it." And altogether it is to be suspected that the enjoyment of the old playgoer, with all the plays, is really more intellectual than otherwise. Again and again he will, like Macaulay, keenly, but with freedom from agitation, watch the slow, patient, but resentful Iago enjoying the

possession of his master passion, as its forces are brought forward again and again to torture "the great one," the general who passed over for brighter natures the honestly reputed but probably indifferent soldier, than will he shed tears with Desdemona.

Shakespeare's characters are not by common audiences felt to be what is called sympathetic. Addison's view of the essence of tragedy, as the show of a good man in conflict with a bad world, is better suited to their understandings so far as regards pity; the wife of a supposed shipwrecked sailor struggling against the embraces of a cruel creditor ere she is rescued by her jolly tar, who has been wonderfully delivered from the jaws of the ocean, being quite in keeping with the highest demands of much English sensibility.

Then what of the roots of this popularity in the theatre? Johnson inquired "by what particular excellences Shakespeare gained and kept the favor of his countrymen." His answer is, that Shakespeare is the poet of nature, that his persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, that his characters are men and not heroes; the course of the world around them being expressed, "the reveller is hasting to his wine, the mourner burying his friend," and so on; that his plays are crowded with incidents "to please a rude people," and that he has excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer by "exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity."

Johnson does not there express the prime superiority of the Shakespearean art, for the greater number of the excellences may account for the success of the best melodramas of our day. Shakespeare has shown his knowledge of human nature in nothing better than in this, that he has taken care that the interest he seeks to arouse shall be aroused for no mean, absurd, or frivolous life and being. His best stories are the most interesting to the highest longings of fancy; while they lend themselves at once to dramatic excitement and theatrical display. The ordinary looker-on is struck between the eyes as it were, awed with the greatness of the exhibition, even of his beggars; while

his chief persons are of high worldly, as well as due corresponding mental rank, and are only reduced to the level of natural human beings as they bustle with their difficult spirits in the common world. This, it appears to me, expresses the most real of all Shakespeare's super-excellence of material, and forms the first ground for his paramount popularity in the theatre. He has great persons, and great stakes are played for. Poetry, nor truth to nature, nor life pictures, nor the construction of his plots would have, of themselves, kept him on the stage if he had been content to take the absurd characters and plots of most French pieces, or stories of merely common every-day life, treated accordingly; the difficulties of Manchester bagmen, ticket-of-leave men, weak-kneed Irish landlords, and Scotland Yard detectives. The noble and manly intellect of the son of the Warwickshire wool-stapler in the days of Elizabeth refused to confine his highest imagination to such as the chief stage persons of the Victorian era, whose intellects are often little better than those of mere stablers. Charles Lamb says: "We do not go to the theatre, like our ancestors, to escape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm our experience of it." This has been generally true, and will always remain true, to a considerable extent, with many persons. But a large class do go to the theatre to escape from the pressure of reality, and, though finding this escape only at present in the topsyturvydom of some imperial scenes in China or Japan, they would prefer to see a serious intellectual drama maintained on the stage.

It is accounting for popularity in the theatre in comparison with other writers that I am concerned with, and after the imperial nature of most of Shakespeare's interests must, I think, be placed what Johnson calls expressing the world around the characters of the drama. His chief figures have their natures demonstrated, as the plot is advanced, by bringing them in contact with the incidents of life common to all eyes or fancies. In *Hamlet* we have a wonderful variety of these—officers and soldiers on guard speaking and shivering like men at cold midnight, and startled by a ghost, which appears to the summoned

Prince of the kingdom to reveal his father's murder; a family parting; a rehearsal of a play, and the performance itself; a king at prayer; the murder of an eavesdropper; the madness of a daughter and a mistress; the humor of grave-diggers; the funeral which follows; the grappling of enemies there; the fencing-match and concealed villainy, with the death of the chief personages at it. These incidents are not lightly passed over and just hinted at, but are main elements possessing the stage to keep the interest of the audience alive. They are in furtherance of the plot; but, according to the methods of other dramatists, the play would have proceeded without most of them. They are not essential to the course of a drama concerned with the prostration of a Prince by the baseness of his nearest relatives, and rather with fits of "run a-muck" than settled pursuit of purpose. How would a dramatist of to-day treat this subject? He would have likely gone straight to the design (in the bald manner of most verse) of showing Hamlet's irresolution; Ophelia would try to soothe him, and, partly succeeding, his father's ghost would appear to chide his softness, and the curtain would come down on the first Act as Hamlet falls prostrate to the ground with fearful resolution, frightening Ophelia off with his mad shrieks as she reappears. Not a scene from the cool surrounding world, with the soldiers busy only about the quality of the night and the time of their going to sleep. This unconcern in the picture looks strange to shallow and little sensitive natures, but what nature, possessed of any sensibility, but must at times, when great or harrowing events are taking place, have been grateful for the relief.

Shakespeare felt the need of this relief, and put it in his dramas, never proceeding with merely exciting scenes of passion, cutting off all the roots of these, and all the surrounding common things of nature. Compare Shakespeare's repose over the direst scenes of troubled high life with Sardou's story of a Princess's revenge in *Fedora*. The differences of treatment may be imagined by most playgoers who have not seen this play, without any detailed comparison, for neither repose nor poetry charm

away the painfulness and irrationality of passion in this drama of to-day. No doubt first-rate melodramas can compete, in a limited sense, as regards chaste power (in general) with Shakespeare's plays in respect of surrounding life and character. The *Ticket-of-Leave Man* and Mr. Boucicault's Irish dramas, for instance, have an excellent variety of incident representing life and manners.

But though this character-drawing is the mark of superior excellence without which all the rest is vain, nevertheless it may not tell with material directness in the theatre without previous appreciation in the closet. Modern dramatists may discover an immediate advantage to be secured over Shakespeare in the theatre that their characters might be made more sympathetic by the substitution of beings more in accordance with Addison's design of a tale of good people struggling with adversity, a design which cannot apply to tragedy, in which the characters are made to appear sufferers mostly by their own imperfect natures.

But the magic of intellect is, over all the creations of the dramatic master, to delight the half-educated playgoers. When an ordinary dramatist draws a murderer it is only a murderer he draws, not a man like any in the audience, and he would think it waste time, if not too ridiculous, to exhibit a wretch of this kind at any time in any condition creditable to his moral nature. The entire influence of Shakespeare's method is to soothe the audience by the presentation of beings, however vile their actions, of a mould which seems grander and rarer to them than those of the common clay, and are still just the same, though, by the concentration of the dramatist's genius not less upon the salient features of their lives than upon the, perhaps, hidden mysteries of their nature, they are revealed wonderfully; in tragedy, having all excuses as they go along, bound in their human servitude to the despotism of fate.

If the popularity of Shakespeare on the stage is not discovered there immediately by the simple greatness of his creations, it requires little penetration to see the popularity in his poetry. Poetry is only an offence on the stage when the persons or the situations are

poor and inadequate; and as Shakespeare's are rich and ample, his verse heightens the effect to all. Simply recited, of course, persons who go to the theatre to be moved would resent the ineffectiveness. They do not go to an elocutionary school, but when these come in pat, and as a relief to the bustle of the play, they are taken with delight, and the stronger the situation, the more highly-wrought the poetic lines are liked to be. Yet this passion of the proper patron of the theatre is strangely misunderstood sometimes. "What manager, actor, or audience," writes a critic in the *Athenæum* (recently reviewing, in interesting style, Lord Tennyson's *Falcon*, "would now tolerate, in a new play, so fine a speech as Macbeth's soliloquy when he waits for the signal for entering Duncan's chamber to commit the murder?" I answer, so fine a speech, *in a situation equally adequate to carry it off*, is what we are all waiting for—"gods" and all—with some well-grounded fear that we will not get it. Just as I write these words I find Mr. James Bryce, in a review of Sardou's *Theodora*, recalling his longing, as he witnessed the magnificent representation, that the dialogue should have been in verse, the tale being dragged down by the poor prose. "I longed for verse," he writes, "to keep the piece on that level to which imagination sought to raise it." With a bankrupt or poor dramatist poetry is of little use—indeed, is, perhaps, worse than useless. An audience is annoyed to find that strings of poetically-sounding words are used to cover the poverty of the conceptions, the want of unity of design, and of incident.

The excitement of a restless curiosity Johnson would, no doubt, see in Shakespeare's dramas more particularly in comparison with such pieces as Thomson's *Sophonisba*. In our day, when we are favored with a drama of serious interest from a British author, which is a rare event, the comparison with Shakespeare in this respect is not quite to the disadvantage of the authors whose works have found their way to the stage. The *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, for instance, was a well-constructed drama, which excited the curiosity of waiting on the event. The "trick" is absolutely necessary for theatrical success, and Shakespeare

knew it. But few writers of blank-verse dramas, at all events, seem to appreciate this necessity of the art. Byron was always writing against these arts theatrical, as if they were some monstrously artificial absurdity of which respectable writers should be ashamed. Yet the art is nothing more than skill of prolonging the interest through a natural series of events, following the spring of the tragic motive power in the case of tragedy, or the solace of the better-balanced mind in case of the struggle of a great man with adversity, which is the promise of a drama or play, like the *Merchant of Venice*.

Though in the opinion of a late manager of Drury Lane Theatre, Shakespeare "spelt bankruptcy" and Byron only "ruin"—which I supposed at the time to mean something less than bankruptcy, as only emptying the treasury—there can be no comparison between the dramatic methods of these two writers. Byron pretended, at all events, that he wrote so as to be shunned by theatrical caterers. Readers of drama, in taking up plays in blank verse by any other writer than Shakespeare, in order to read them, see at the very outset how badly many of these prints are supplied with material for exciting curiosity. There is a lifeless tone about them very different from the bright, decisive notes at once sounded in the lively Shakespearean stage. And when we proceed further we are, commonly, but little rewarded with more show of life. Exceptions are to be found in a lower form of drama, where, great character not being attempted to be grappled with (too often strangling the dramatist), high excellence of design is out of consideration, such as the *Lady of Lyons* and the *Hunchback*. Shelley's *Cenci* has been represented to be the drama "least distant from Shakespeare." It is difficult to discover on what this opinion is based. It excites no curiosity; there is no real story to tell; the outer world is not made to appear to us; the tragedy has unity certainly, but with a repulsive monotony, not richly attired in its scenes, as the master of the art accomplishes for his audience. The fact is, we care nothing about it. Shelley at once dashes into his horrors, loses command over nature, and having no just characters, he has

no incident, only the frenzy of a fiend's passion. This is not holding "the mirror up to nature," or life or character. And the *Ticket-of-Leave Man* and the *Lady of Lyons* are nearer Shakespeare in my opinion. Nothing seems to me to show better the mistaken estimate of Shakespeare's art than the almost generally accepted literary canon that the *Cenci* is the least distant from Shakespeare.

Probably for the author who can conceive original characters, this is the first effect of the great dramatist he must accomplish—to discover the secret of creating an unquenchable curiosity respecting the event; though, as I have said, I cannot imagine a feverish condition on the part of the intelligent portion of Shakespearean audiences. Now if the author were writing a novel he would, no doubt, endeavor to excite and maintain this curiosity, and, probably, with some success. Why is it, if he attempts a blank-verse play, it is so often the case that his desires or his powers, or both, fail him? Has he engaged in a "lost art," or does the discouraging medium of the theatre paralyse his genius? If he is not as enthusiastic as the manager of the Elizabethan Globe, the real Prospero, about his "so potent art," he cannot hope to give a permanent addition to the small library which holds the volumes dedicated to the pursuit of a true dramatic art.

The success with which Shakespeare accomplishes this settled curiosity is largely due, in the first place, to his unity of design. With wonderful closeness, through diversified incident, he adheres to his aim. Though his characters do not preach, he has a great moral design, which keeps the artist's hand in proper control; and the reader and audience, though they may be annoyed at times (and often wrongly) by the introduction of conceits and boisterous interruptions are never shocked by the departure of the play upon some absurd phase which may create a scene, but which has no relation to the original motive. In the case of *Macbeth*, the tragic note of the play is sounded in Lady Macbeth's ambition, not in her husband's ambition, or even his superstition; and how clearly does the play



work itself out. Here is a grand simplicity without monotony, which ought to be the dramatist's particular study. She prompts and sustains the commission of the crime; then takes on the sustaining of her husband's nerves, and succumbs herself in the fearful process—he standing now alone. A few simple scenes, but sustained with force and directness, sum up all the appearances. Observe the directness of aim in a single character, say Ophelia. As Hamlet sinks under the base deeds of his nearest relatives, Ophelia sinks under the baseness of their harsh minds' suspicions. Her reason goes evidently from a disgust which the artist's duty is not to express. One who was not an artist would have made Ophelia rave against the cruel insinuations she is always brought on the scene to have levelled against her.

It will require courage, no doubt, to tread on ground where the magician has been, but without imbibing some of the magician's courage nothing need be attempted; and the critic who should condemn a scene with witches or hags in a modern play, because these are already in *Macbeth*, will only succeed in his flouting if the dramatist vulgarises in the manner of Shakespeare's prototype Middleton, with his "devil-toads and devil-dams." The modern dramatist, if he possesses original genius, may appropriate from Shakespeare what matter he may without just reprimand. "Hardly a single drama," says Disraeli, "can be deemed to have been of his own original invention."

A close comparison between the tragedies of Shakespeare and the stage tragedies of this century is not attended with any particular profit to the general reader. But the student of the dramatic art will readily discover, to his advantage, how much the art of the manager of the Globe Theatre excels that of those who have attempted tragedy, or what may pass with some as high-class drama because it is written in verse. As a picture should have beauty and charm, so should a drama; the exact delineation with brush or pen of objects and persons unlovely in themselves will not alone constitute a work of art. Coming to particulars, the first principles of the superficiality of the art,

unity and singleness of motive, are not often seen in taking up a modern tragedy. It would be out of place here to describe the methods of more than one tragic stage-play; but I will take the *Fazio* of Dean Milman, a tragedy which it was some time ago reported was about to reappear in a leading London theatre, and which, whatever may be its faults, is an animated piece in which attention is paid to the necessity on the stage of strong situations. *Fazio*, however, is without charm, as its characters are truly almost repulsive. While there might appear to be singleness of purpose in the story of a poor man who once loved a great lady finding the chance of his passion being gratified after he has already married, by a sudden accession of enormous wealth, the material is defective to create any sympathy whatever. I can imagine a theme of this kind greatly treated, and worthy of a great dramatist; yet it seems to me doubtful if Shakespeare would have undertaken this as he undertook Othello's theme. As it is detailed, it is the story of a weak-kneed philosopher who leaves his wife's side to pore—

O'er musty tomes, dark signed and character'd,  
O'er boiling skellets, crucibles, and stills,  
Drugs and elixirs,

with the view of gaining fabulous wealth to lord it in Florence, and who has his dream strangely realized through a miser next door to him being killed by robbers, but whose gold Fazio himself appropriates. Fazio now, with enormous wealth, becomes the victim of his old lover, to obtain his release from whom his wife accuses Fazio to the Duke of Florence. The result is Fazio's apprehension, and his wife's remorse. The Duke and his council, singularly enough, find Fazio guilty of murder without evidence, but, as the laws of Florence made robbery a capital crime, it does not matter; so Fazio must die, and his wife dies too in painful raving against the Duke and Fazio's enchantress.

At the opening of this play, when we read the words of Fazio, with his newly-acquired riches, hovering upon the skirts of his old enchantress, who had despised him when he was poor, it might be supposed that this is to turn out a tragedy of revenge. Fazio says:

Now, lofty woman, we are equal now,  
And I will front thee in thy pitch of pride.

And when we read further on and find  
the enchantress soliloquising thus,—

My dainty bird doth hover round the lure,  
And I must hood him with a skilful hand :  
Rich and renowned, he must be in my train,  
Or Florence will turn rebel to my beauty,—

it would appear that the motive power of the play is to be a woman's lust of sexual power, just as the motive power in *Othello* is not so much his jealousy as Iago's lust and liking of revenge. But the remaining three Acts of *Fazio* are mostly occupied with Fazio's wife scolding at the Duke and Council and the enchantress.

Leaving this outline of the story of this philosopher of Florence, and taking to that of the tragedy of the Moor of Venice, we become acquainted with an interesting set of characters, redeemed, with all the weakness and viciousness of some of the persons, by master-touches revealing their real and suffering humanity ; and the student will observe in the handling of them the hand of the master of the dramatic art. Founded upon natural causes, Iago's revenge, *Othello's* jealousy, and Desdemona's simplicity of character are depicted in unbroken lines throughout the piece. This as to the construction ; but the general conception of the clergyman's drama is coarse, and his strongest parts often a glorifying of physical effects ; whereas the work of Shakespeare, with its slight occasional lapses into foulness of speech, is elevating and pure. Even the strumpet Bianca, in *Othello*, suggests more purity than the Marchesa Aldabella, the enchantress of Fazio. Fazio is not drawn to us as a man in whose lapse into crime we can see any palliation. A man who gloats over the idea of immense riches, and when he gets the same revels, with his low physical nature, in the arms of an abandoned woman, is a creature not worthy of our consideration in the realms of art. How far removed from this is the revelation of the ruined, but noble, affectionate Moor ! Fool as he has been called, and murderer as he comes to be, we love him, even with Desdemona. Bianca is better than Fazio, and if an artistic hand had dealt with her on truer dramatic lines the character might have inspired sympathy.

But, according to my mind, the author has blundered. We can see that Bianca must have been frantic under the treatment she received, but some noble piece of devotion in the cause of her good-enough natured husband would have been a much finer working-out of her position than scolding the judges. Such treatment as this is very absurd, and it is to be feared it is but a fair sample of the imperfectly-educated dramatic artist. There being no motive power in the play, and no humanity in the leading characters, there is neither art nor moral grandeur in it. It is tragic, just as an ordinary crime is tragic as reported in the criminal records, without the poet's magic hand to trace out the humanity in the criminal's career and elevate his story at least with the shadow of redeeming love.

I am not here contending that Shakespeare's great plays are throughout absolutely perfect models for the modern dramatist. They need, of course, to be pared down, for one objection that can be made. Disraeli observes there are barbarisms, bustle which does not stimulate our feelings, indecours and nonsense to the taste of the groundlings of the Globe. But I must insist that the weakness of the art, and the poverty-stricken condition of its literature, is due to having placed him virtually under the ban of dramatic authorship. Johnson said that his plays were not tragedies or comedies, but "compositions of a distinct kind," and he follows up this absurd asseveration with some particulars as to what form they assume in his mind. Some such unthinking fancy still prevailing has prevented authors going straight to the works of the great and only master of the art, not only to draw inspiration, but to learn by his methods. Just as I write, I find this ever-floating fallacy that Shakespeare is not for us to follow after in these days borne along by a dramatic author and a critic, the one Mr. H. A. Jones, in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and the other, Mr. W. Archer, in the *Nineteenth Century Review*. The first-named gentleman states that, while he considers "literature" and "character painting" as the chief tests of a good play, and that while Shakespeare's plays stand this test, they "do not stand the

test of originality of plot, probability, or even possibility, of story, of dramatic situations at the end of the acts, of neatness and plausibility of construction; they would be condemned on these points, and on many others." Mr. Archer writes: "To imitate Shakespeare, if it be a rational endeavor at all, cannot be the noblest aim of the English dramatist."

Now I think Mr. Jones's specified objections may be disposed of in few words. (1.) An audience does not care a straw about "originality of plot," provided the material is used with skill. It may detract from the author's fame, but not from the audiences's enjoyment, that the plot is borrowed from a novel or an inferior play. (2.) Improbability, and even impossibility, are nothing where even moderate genius has in hand the fusion of the material. Witness the impossible *Claudian* of Messrs. Wills and Herman, the most successful of blank-verse pieces of this quarter of a century; and will Shakespeare, after that success, not stand as a model, because of the witches in *Macbeth*, and such like? Why, I believe that these apparitions are an exceedingly slight poetic exaggeration on the actual truth, believing that the Thane and King did consult weird women. This, and such like, are nothing to the "perpetual youth" which has been so well accepted by the majority. (3.) Shakespeare. I understand, wrote his plays continuously, without cutting them up into acts, and, for all I know, may have ended with a strong scene. But is not this clap-trap, in a way? and why should not the audience be content to have the climax in the middle as at the end? It is a fashion, and may change. Audiences (whatever untoward event may happen for a night or two) cannot condemn a bright, steady play, with interesting characters, on an extrinsic ground; some managers might condemn *Macbeth* or *Othello*, or something approaching to them, but that would only show their want of discernment or courage. Doubtless *Claudian*, "the perpetual youth," was condemned in some quarters; but, finding a manager who had courage and the discernment to appreciate the likelihood of its characterization (barring the Tetrarch) and its stir and dialogue

over-riding other considerations, the lesson of the success there often lies in high endeavor was read.

The phrase "imitation of Shakespeare," which Mr. Archer uses, is rather vague. Dryden uses it in his preface to *All for Love*, his play founded on Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. He wrote, that in "imitating the divine Shakespeare," he had excelled himself, and in this opinion his critics have shared. The imitation does not appear to have got further than putting a restraint on the author's dialogue. Rowe also said that in his *Jane Shore* he had "imitated the style of Shakespeare," and, although the imitation has not been apparent to his critics, the play remains known; so that it might appear that even imitation of Shakespeare, at least in the case of an author of discernment, may be productive of advantage. Imitation, however, of this kind will not materially advantage the art; and if "style" is all, I agree with Mr. Archer that the proceeding would not be rational. But if he means that Shakespeare's great plays—those masterpieces of art—are to be entirely rejected as studies or models for the dramatist, I entirely dissent. I dissent as much as a true artist of the brush would as surely dissent from the admiring critic of, say, Mr. Frith enforcing his own taste to the extent of advising that there should be no imitation of the great masters of all time, not "solitary luminaries."

There is but one great master of the dramatic art—Shakespeare. He retains possession of the stage, not by force of fallacy, or the tyranny of tradition, but because of the inherent interest created by his art in its best forms; and it is as certain as that he shall live while the English language is spoken, that tragedies such as *Macbeth* and *Othello*, and plays such as the *Merchant of Venice* and *As You Like It*, were they to be produced now, would, with good acting, be received with the greatest acclamation. Moreover, I am thoroughly convinced that it only requires the fallacy that Shakespeare must be rejected as a model to turn the attention of writers of ability in the proper direction, and plays worthy of the master will be written and produced. Horace Walpole's opinion was that the secondary characters of

Shakespeare might be created by ordinary mortals; and novelists since Walpole's day have again and again proved his view of the not altogether comparatively destitute imaginations of other mortals to be correct. The novels of our best writers of this century present a vast library of excellence beyond that of past times, and dramatic literature should now have a chance. For many years it has been the fashion of the critics to write that the days of the drama have gone, that the spirit of the age was not that of the Elizabethan period, and was unsuited to bring forth the fresh vigor of the writers of Shakespeare's time. But a truer estimate of these times seems to be gaining. And I am in league rather with the sentiments of a writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*, reviewing Lord Tennyson's *Becket*, who asserts that in many ways we have swept back again into the Elizabethan sunshine, recovered the Elizabethan magic and passion, a more than Elizabethan sense of the beauty and complexity of nature and the Elizabethan music of language, than am I in accord with the croaking followers of Hazlitt, who discovered in none of the authors of his day "the venturous magnanimity of dramatic fiction," or their power to accomplish it. It would be foreign to this paper to discuss the point whether living poets who have written dramas, such as Lord Tennyson and Mr. Austin, show sufficiently strong dramatic genius to win fame in the theatre. But if these two had insisted on modelling their dramas upon Shakespeare's methods I venture to say that a new era would have already dawned in dramatic literature. It seems a strange calamity that has long overtaken the drama in England that we cannot obtain for it a fair portion of British genius. In this century, Scott, Thackeray, Eliot, and obscurer names, more ready, perhaps, with more intellectual characters than amusing drolls, have more nearly than poets rivalled Shakespeare, or at all events provided for our lasting pleasure many vivid characters. On the stage must the century be content with Paul Pry, Lord Dundreary, and the Myles-na-Copleen heroes of Boucicault, as the sum of all English creation of original character? Are the forces of the genius

of the nineteenth century, working to the concentration of the spirit and passion of humanity, in the terse dialogue of the drama, to be summed up mostly by these oddities? It is a lamentable confession of weakness; and angry lovers of the great master, not knowing where to hit, can only exclaim with Hamlet, as they witness the poor stuff so long offered for their entertainment, "It shows a most pitiful condition in the fool that uses it."

Hitherto such dramatic authors in our day as have obtained any footing on the stage have either acknowledged no master, or been influenced by contemporary writers who have shown some originality of their own. They would have stared if they had been asked after what master they had felt such inspiration as they possessed. It is not so in the case of painting; and yet the advice which might be offered a student is much the same in the one case as in the other. "Wait," says Mr. Herkomer, the artist, in a lecture delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, "until you know the man whose works appeal to you, and who is in sympathy with you." Then it would be more a matter of "seeing nature with the same eyes, than of imitating the master's art, and the student's individuality was sure to assert itself." This seems to me to put the case well for the disciple of Shakespeare. If his own individuality is not asserted, and in attempting to draw a new "Hamlet" he simply draws a revengeful, halting moraliser, his work will be conventional, and, though it may have some success in the theatre, owing to the melodramatic incidents, it can afford no real pleasure, and will not promote the art. I doubt very much whether a dramatist of these times who has drunk his inspiration throughout at domestic comedy, burlesque, and comic opera, can ever blossom into writing such a play as the *Merchant of Venice*. Probably there is more hope from writers who have proved their ability to construct the plots and draw the characters of original novels. But whoever attempts this higher drama will need courage, and probably patience. Since Shakespeare had to be encouraged, and did not grow to maturity in a day, new

conditions of the author's relationship to the theatre may require to be introduced, not, I should say, in the way of a National Theatre, but of an association undertaking for dramatic authors the position that publishers have to authors of books. The object is surely a worthy one, to secure for the drama some of that wasted genius which lies about us, repressed rather by needless discouragement than by the long and exacting apprenticeships of art.\*

But, wherever these writers are to be got I am persuaded that nothing but the enthusiasm which is generated in the mind by the name of Shakespeare, and the associations and the lights connected with it, kindling some imaginative genius into power, will ever rescue the dramatic art from degradation; not to any mere imitations of his style after the manner of Rowe and Dryden, and certain estimates of his art, but according to his breadth and grandeur, as later thinkers have discovered these in the works of the holder of the world's intellectual throne.

The difficulty lies in following the guide through the mine and making it, in some like manner, to yield treasure. But the work must be entered on; and the accomplishment will show with more or less completeness and success, as compared to dramas such as the one before examined, fairly representative of the "art" hitherto least distant from Shakespeare; (1) a higher order of created characters, for which, whether they be serious or comic, a certain respect and sympathy will always exist; (2) a distinct moral design will be visible in the material of the fable; the moralist and the artist working, whether the character succumbs to the tyranny of nature and events, or escapes by their lesser pressure; (3) the interest of the audience will not alone be secured by the succession of incidents, but their nakedness will be relieved by the elevation of verse, shadows of the ever-living day, and the charm of original character, however outwardly mean. Whoever has the

\* I have in my hands the prospectus of such an association, to be founded on a commercial basis, and I see no reason that, with a moderate capital, it should not prove a success.

dramatic faculty in these days, and insists on seeing that he is following the master after these aims, will assuredly produce a drama nearer Shakespeare than has yet appeared, and far greater for all of us. But there may need to be a concentration of the forces of those intelligences interested in the art to make way against the dead weight of theatrical indifference to its "unknown gods."

The want of a present living dominant power in the dramatist's art has recently been strongly shown by very despairing sounds arising out of the failure of Lord Lytton's play of *Junius*. It is found written, "blank-verse drama has received its death-blow"; "for years no manager will be found looking at a poetic drama," and so on; one angry critic likening blank-verse drama to a red rag, and the public who has confronted it to an infuriated bull. To all this absurdity it is sufficient to reply that we must, indeed, have fallen upon evil days if a well-devised and interesting story put into blank verse is to enrage. What there is in blank verse, or poetic language, to cause such disaster does not appear. The case of these reporters of a supposed fickle taste would only, indeed, be proved if they could show any one that the play of *Junius* reduced to prose would have been a success. The fact is incontestable that, although the mere words which express action are not of the first value, that good words in intellectual drama are far better than commonplace prose. Therefore, to rave about blank verse being killed is to be needlessly assisting in the degradation of the theatre. Shakespeare could call a spade a spade, and one of the excellences of his to be followed is, that his lines are so fused with the language of common life that we feel the speech to be real. But it generally rises to transcend the real, to the strength and beauty of the conception. I open his volume at random, and my eye lights on the scene of Othello in torture over the death of his great love, the victim of his mad jealousy. In prose he would say, "I have been unworthy of Desdemona, and am only now fit for hell-fire." The blank verse is—

Whip me, ye devils,  
From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
Blow me about in winds; roast me in sulphur!  
Wash me in steep down gulphs of liquid fire!  
O Desdemona! Desdemona, dead!

He must be a puny attendant on this

"age of reason" who cannot appreciate this wild poetry as more thrilling, as it is more fitting to the dark warrior, than plain words, although these even would tell doubtless in the strong situation.

## II.

### THE STAGE OF GREATER BRITAIN.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE theatrical life of to-day throughout the Anglo-Saxon world may be described as an incessant round of splendid strolling. The player has ceased to be a rogue, but he remains a vagabond. In the days of Elizabeth the servants of this or that nobleman prowled about the country, from market-town to market-town, humbly soliciting the sufferance of the authorities, and grateful if Bumble spared them the stocks, and sent them on their way with a largesse of a few shillings. Now the distinguished actor travels with a retinue as large as that of Leicester himself, and civic dignitaries feel honored by his condescending notice. There have been many intermediate stages between these two extremes. In the theatrical memoirs of last century we read of the provincial "circuits" or groups of country towns, each catered for by one manager, who was obliged every now and then to pay toll of his best talents to the great patent theatres in the capital. Then came the star system, not quite extinct to this day. Each country town had its "stock company," including within itself the forces requisite for every theatrical enterprise from *Hamlet* to the Christmas pantomime, but also prepared to "support" the stars who, from time to time, rose in solitary splendor over the local horizon. To this system all our older artists owe their training; indeed, it subsisted in almost undiminished vigor until within the last ten or fifteen years. Several causes combined to destroy it, and supply its place with the present "combination" system. Foremost among these was the growing demand for scenic sensation and realism

of externals, seconded by the healthier taste for adequate presentation of minor parts, good stage management, and careful playing together. Increased rapidity of transit, the facilities for centralization afforded by telegraph, even such apparent trifles as the introduction of elaborate picture-posters—these and many other causes contributed to the destruction of the good old stock companies. In theatrical speculation, in short, as in all other branches of commercial enterprise, the tendency toward concentration has proved irresistible, and the modern impresario plays for such high stakes, and on such a vast scale, as would have made his predecessor of twenty-five years ago stand aghast.

Under the star system, an actor in serving his apprenticeship played many parts in one place; on the present combination plan he plays one part in many places. Mr. Henry Irving, as we learn from Mr. Brereton's careful biography, has played the astonishing number of 649 parts, and of these the round 600 certainly belong to the period of his novitiate. Had he gone on the stage some twenty years later, his provincial experience would have consisted of two or three characters a year, played under the supervision of a despotic stage manager, in servile imitation of the actors who "created" the parts in London. The former method of training was not perfect, but it gave play to natural selection and the survival of the fittest; the latter method fosters mechanical mimicry at the expense of original and creative talent. In this lies one serious danger for the future of the stage.

There is scarcely an actor of to-day

who could not write an itinerary of the United Kingdom as minute as Barnabee's, if not quite as lively. But the universal strolling is not confined to the United Kingdom. A perpetual circulation of theatrical talent is rapidly establishing itself throughout the English-speaking globe. To a modern actor a tour round the world is a less formidable affair than a tour round the Bristol, York, or Edinburgh circuit was to his grandfather. It is more comfortable and less adventurous. He is as much at home in San Francisco as in Liverpool. He is, in the full sense of the words, a citizen of Greater Britain. Expanded England is rapidly becoming, so far as the theatre is concerned, one great Republic.

To this commonwealth of art America contributes almost as much as she receives. She has for long held her own in the matter of actors. Against Kean and Macready she could set off Forrest and Charlotte Cushman, comparable, if not equal in genius; if we sent her Sothorn, she gave back in Jefferson more than she got. She has until recently imported much more theatrical art than she has exported, but the difference has been in quantity rather than quality. Now the balance is rapidly becoming even in both respects. The theatrical talent of the two countries is being, so to speak, shuffled and equally dealt between them. This is true of the actors, and it is rapidly becoming true of the plays as well. Some of the best work in more than one line which the modern English drama can show has been done in America, and her contributions to the stage-literature of Greater Britain are almost certain to go on increasing in quantity and improving in quality. Our market, both for players and plays, is thus widened enormously, while at the same time a novel element of competition is introduced. What will be the effect of these new conditions upon our stage? And how can we best take advantage of our new opportunities?

London remains for the present the theatrical capital of Greater Britain. The verdict of London has an authority in New York which the verdict of New York cannot claim in London. American actors are content to carry home

laurels from England. If they can harvest sovereigns too, so much the better; but they do not consider their time mis-spent if the glory is greater than the gain. English actors, going to America, think more of the gain than the glory. Their laurel-wreaths must be of gold, or they care little for them. The first appearance of Mr. Irving or Mrs. Langtry is a much greater event in New York than the first appearance of Mr. Edwin Booth or Miss Mary Anderson in London. The American artists come here to confirm their reputation; Mr. Irving and Mrs. Langtry go to America not so much to confirm as to exploit, he his fame, she her notoriety. So, too, with plays. English successes are competed for with avidity by American managers; American successes are regarded with suspicion in England. It sometimes happens, indeed, that the English verdict on a play or an actor is reversed in America, just as some plays and actors succeed in London and fail in the English provinces. Nevertheless in America, as in the provinces, the approval of London carries with it a much stronger recommendation than the approval of New York or Manchester can be said to carry with it in London. The former affords a strong presumption of success, the latter (in the case of plays, at any rate) little or none. One leading theatre in New York has for years relied almost exclusively upon English plays, and very largely upon English actors. In spite of occasional reverses, Wallack's has on the whole been successful; but it would be well-nigh impossible, and certainly fatal, for any London theatre to return the compliment and rely exclusively upon American productions.

It must be admitted, then, that the centre of production and distribution is still on this side of the Atlantic. Our actors and authors have brought home many more dollars from America than American actors and authors have taken from England. This is partly because the field is wider, and the pecuniary conditions of the American stage on the whole more favorable; but it is also because the Americans pay much more respect to the London hall-mark than we pay to the stamp of American approval.

It by no means follows from this that

we are more enlightened, more refined, or in any way more truly critical than the Americans. On the contrary, our insular self-satisfaction, our egoism, our Chauvinism, plays a large part in the matter. It may be hoped, as I shall afterwards point out, that the growing influence of America will tend to break down the parochial prejudice which precludes our taking any interest in events beyond our narrow horizon, or in thoughts and emotions not directly germane to our own. Meanwhile we must note that our claim to a metropolitan position in the theatrical Greater Britain does not rest upon our arrogant narrowness alone, but has a solid foundation in the fact that London presents a much larger public in a given space than any American city, and has thus advantages not shared by New York, Boston, or Chicago. A particular form of art has here greater space in which to strike root and develop. A London actor *may* be stationary: an American actor, unless he be content with a very subordinate and local reputation, must be nomadic. Thus we have here established a method in poetic drama and in comedy which the Americans may or may not admire, but which they certainly have not succeeded in rivalling on their own account. Among all the multitudinous critics who have pronounced themselves upon Mr. Irving, from Boston to St. Louis, from Chicago to Baltimore, there has been unanimity on one point, namely, that in stage-management, scenic decoration, and general completeness of presentation, his enterprise teaches a valuable lesson. It is because he has found in the Lyceum a local habitation with a large, intelligent, and steadily appreciative public, that Mr. Irving has been enabled to develop the method of presentation which so much surprises and delights the Americans. No city in the Union has hitherto presented the conditions which rendered this possible. Mr. Edwin Booth, an actor as intelligent as he is finely endowed, made a similar attempt in New York some years ago which failed completely. So, too, in comedy, our Haymarket\* and St.

James's form between them a genuine school, with a manner not always of the best, and a tradition not quite of the loftiest, but still a manner and a tradition. In popular drama, again, Mr. Wilson Barrett has it in his power, if he pleases, to form a school. Such theatres as the Lyceum, the St. James's, and the Princess's, can flourish only in a city which is a dramatic centre in a quite different sense from that in which any of the great towns of America can claim the title. Mr. Irving and Mrs. Kendal, however they may occasionally wander, are much more truly at home in London than Mr. Edwin Booth or Miss Mary Anderson in any city of their native land; and the public among which such artists can find a permanent home may fairly, if only in respect of its numbers, claim something like a metropolitan position.

But a metropolitan position has its dangers as well as its advantages. If it favors the material development of the stage, it also fosters a spiritual narrowness. The cockney, the *boulevardier*, the *ächte Berliner*, is a personage of conventional ideas and narrow sympathies, forgetful in his microcosm of the existence of a macrocosm, and inclined to resent any call for intellectual effort, any request to put aside his own prejudices, for however short a time, in order to study the prejudices of other people. We English especially, with our deficient artistic sense and our imperviousness to ideas, have always tended toward this parochialism, which has been confirmed by our inherited habit of regarding the stage as a vehicle for mere amusement. Our forefathers held it to be necessarily frivolous and sinful; we have struck out the latter term from their definition, but have implicitly adhered to the former. An anomalous and vexatious censorship has exercised its irresponsible powers in placing a premium upon frivolity. Everything has tended to intensify in relation to the stage the insular habit of thought from which all artistic and literary effort suffers so much. The London public has been reduced to a dead level of homogeneous philistinism; and as it gives the tone to theatrical life throughout the country, playwrights had, until recently, no chance of ap-

\* Written before the retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft.



peeling from its verdict. The very centralization which has permitted us to develop tolerable schools of acting and admirable methods of stage-management and decoration, has cramped and stunted our dramatic production.

In America, paradoxical as it may seem, the public is more European than here. It does not insist that everything shall be Americanized before it will look at it, as we insist that everything shall be Anglicized. It will accept a French statement, and even a French solution, of a dramatic problem; it will take interest in a German play without forcing it into Anglo-Saxon dress. It frequently happens that a French play is acted in two forms—in an American translation and an English adaptation—and the former is often the more successful of the two. The dramatic fare presented to and relished by the American playgoer is far more varied than the English public demands or would accept. "Our public," says Mr. Brander Matthews, "is less prudish and less prurient than yours." He might have added that its tastes are more catholic, its distastes less irrational. It does not leave its brains with its umbrella in the cloak-room; its lorgnettes are not always colored with provincial prejudice. It is ready enough to flock after sensation and frivolity, but it is also capable of giving patient attention to serious dramatic work. In short, it is more heterogeneous and less self-centred than ours, more tolerant and less captious.

The example of America will probably tend, as dramatic intercourse becomes closer, to widen our receptivity and increase our intelligent interest in the drama of foreign nations. We may one day learn to value a French or German play in proportion to its inherent vigor and truth, not in proportion to the greater or less facility with which it can be tortured into an English form, and made to rhyme with English social prejudices and moral commonplaces. Already we are beginning to accept pictures of American life and character for their own sake and on their own merits. In time, America, which is becoming, as it were, a telephone-exchange for the spiritual influences of Europe, may interpret to us

France and Germany, Italy and Scandinavia.

And further, as the English dramatist learns to reckon upon the immense extension of his public involved in the throwing open of the American market, he will set about his work with greater freedom. He will no longer depend entirely on the prejudice or whim of one city. He will be able to appeal from the homogeneous narrowness of England to the heterogeneous receptivity of America, where the censor ceases from troubling, and the cockney reigns no more. As yet, he is scarcely aware of the loosening of his bonds, and that for two reasons. In the first place, it is only within the last few years that judicial decisions and ingenious devices of theatrical agents and middlemen, aided, no doubt, by a more enlightened public opinion, have combined to secure the rights of English dramatists in America almost as completely as if the coming international copyright were already in existence. The full import of such a change does not make itself felt at once. In the second place, the verdict of London has still undue weight in America. A piece which has not been tried, or which has failed, here, as yet finds the American market practically closed against it. A success of esteem on this side has frequently become a money success beyond the Atlantic; but to secure a fair chance in America, a play must have met with a certain amount of acceptance here. I could name at least one English playwright whose income for some years past has been about equal to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the great proportion of it being drawn from America; but all his pieces have been first tested in London. This state of things, however, must soon pass away. The English dramatist will enter into more direct relations with the American public, the American dramatist with the English public. Intercourse will no longer be carried on solely through speculators who, often without reading or seeing a play, take its reception in England as a sufficient omen of its American fortunes. To the English dramatist America is, as yet, a mere Tom Tiddler's ground, a "big bonanza" upon which he has chanced to stumble. As time goes on, and as

the Americans develop their own resources, his disproportionate profits may decline, and he may feel the effect of American competition in the home market. But by that time he will also feel the solid and abiding gain which lies in the extension and differentiation of the audience to which he can address himself. He will go to America not merely to pick up gold and silver, but to seek his elective affinities, to find an outlet for his ideas and aspirations. In the American public he will see no mere dollar-minting machine, but a vast and varied assemblage of thinking men and women, among whom he can scarcely fail to find appreciation for his technical skill, sympathy for his literary or social convictions.

Am I rashly anticipating in this forecast of the day when the English, or the Greater-British, dramatist shall combine technical skill with a serious "criticism of life"? That time is certainly not yet come; but the main purpose of these pages is to inquire whether there be not a reasonable hope that the theatrical expansion of England may hasten its coming.

It is to the natural growth of things that I mainly trust—to the inevitable and gradually widening action of tendencies already traceable. But it seems to me that the altered and altering conditions of the stage may also give room for a definite new departure in theatrical enterprise—a departure for Utopia, some may be inclined to call it, when I explain my meaning. Perhaps they are right. America has furnished sites for more air-castles than were ever built in Spain, and mine may be of the number. But voyagers to Utopia have sometimes found greater things than they sought, and a chart of the route to El Dorado may indicate a fruitful direction, even if it proposes an impossible goal.

Theorists on the drama have long told us that no great art is to be expected while management is a trade, and the theatre is expected not only to pay its way, but to yield a handsome interest on capital. A theatre which must make money from day to day and from week to week can only do so, they say, by pandering to "the giddy Phrygian crowd that hastes not to be wise." They point to the great subventioned theatres

of the Continent, and ask why, if the land of Molière has a Théâtre-Français, the land of Shakespeare should not have an English Theatre. Others dream of an Endowed Theatre, drawing from a fund supplied by private munificence the yearly income which, like a steady-beating propellor, shall enable it to hold its ideal course careless of the alternate storm and calm of popular favor. There is undoubted truth in this diagnosis of the disease; the question is whether either of the remedies proposed is the right one.

A State Theatre may be put out of the question at once. Whatever its advantages or its disadvantages in France, in England it is an impossibility, unless, indeed, we are content to await the socialistic millennium. An Endowed Theatre is not theoretically impossible, but it is practically improbable. Its constitution and government would offer immense difficulties; and, as a matter of fact, the millionaires who turn their attention to the stage are generally more inclined to endow an actress temporarily than a theatre in perpetuity. But, short of absolute endowment, can we not conceive a theatre, or rather a wide-spreading theatrical enterprise, founded in the interests of serious art by a body of art-lovers, who should be content with a moderate interest on their investment, and should resolve to apply any surplus of profit to the extension, solidification, and perfection of their undertaking? Can we not, in short, conceive a self-supporting National Theatre? I think we can, if only our nation be wide enough—not London or England, but Greater Britain; that is to say, if we make our National Theatre truly International, not English but Anglo-Saxon.

The gambler who has unlimited capital and who plays on a system must, if he play long enough, at least recoup himself. The betting-man whose operations are wide enough and who hedges skillfully, "stands to lose" but little. So an organization of sufficient resources, appealing to a sufficiently diversified public, might keep steadily in view a certain artistic ideal and yet in the long run make both ends meet, if not considerably overlap. It is the desire to make large profits while catering for a narrow demand which cramps, if it does

not degrade, private theatrical management.

Let us inquire for a moment what should be the ideal of an Anglo-American Theatre. We cannot go for our model to the Théâtre-Français, with its august traditions, and its rich, but exclusively French, repertory. Some German theatres might teach us apter lessons, for we are a Teutonic race, and should aim at something of a Teutonic catholicity of culture. But the conditions of our international life, literary, social, and political, are so thoroughly peculiar to ourselves, that the servile imitation of any foreign model could only lead to failure. In the first place, our store of dramatic literature is richer than that of any other people, and we, more than any other people, have allowed it to moulder in neglect. Shakespeare we have always with us, galvanized into factitious vitality by lavish decorations and the popularity of individual artists. But even of Shakespeare's works only some half-dozen can really be said to hold the stage. The rest have no overwhelmingly important star-parts, or do not adapt themselves to such decorative displays as will attract the town for months on end. It should be the first duty of a National Theatre to place the great majority of Shakespeare's plays effectively on its repertory, that is, to represent them from time to time with an efficient cast, careful stage-management, and solid, soberly-appropriate decoration. *Coriolanus*, *Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, *Measure for Measure*, *Cymbeline*—all these, and others of less importance, are practically dead to us so far as stage representation is concerned. The Germans know them better than we. An Anglo-Saxon Theatre should literally "revive" them—not mount them gaudily to produce a temporary sensation, but place itself in a position to represent them adequately at certain intervals, so that no period of, say, four or five years, should ever pass without each having had its turn. Several leading German theatres have given cyclic representations of our great Anglo-Saxon epics from *King John* to *Henry VIII.*—why is such a national solemnity impossible in England and America? Nor

should Shakespeare alone be unshelved. Many plays of his contemporaries would amply repay occasional presentation on the stage, and that not merely as curiosities. To do them justice, and bring into relief their elements of abiding vitality, would demand in the artistic directors of the theatre great literary taste, as well as technical skill; but there seems to be no good reason why such qualifications should not be forthcoming.

Pausing here in our sketch of the ideal policy of our International Theatre, let us inquire into the means of carrying out this portion of it, of doing for our national drama from Shakespeare to Sheridan what the Théâtre Français and the Odéon do for the French drama from Corneille to Beaumarchais. The difficulty in our case is clearly much greater, for we have to deal, not with the classic, but with the romantic drama—a drama which calls for larger companies, more original histrionic talent, and more varied and expensive decorations. A large subvention would evidently be needed by any London theatre which should attempt adequately to carry out such a programme. It would demand a numerous company of competent actors, with two or three of the first order, a huge wardrobe, and a vast store of scenery. But suppose the field of operations widened; suppose the same expenditure of thought, labor, and material enabled to seek its return, not in London alone, but in one or two great provincial centres, not in England alone, but in New York, Boston, and Chicago in due succession; is it not conceivable that the interest of the Anglo-Saxon race in the treasures of its literature might in the long run yield effectual support to such an enterprise?

This, however, is only half, or more properly one-third, of the functions to be fulfilled by such a theatre as I conceive. It should draw the greater part of its nourishment from two other tap-roots—the drama of Germany and France, both classical and contemporary, and the actual contemporary drama of England and America. There is no possible reason why *Faust* and *Tasso*, *Fiesco* and *Wallenstein* should be banished from our stage. The versification of the French classic drama

would render it difficult to deal with even if its spirit were not unsympathetic; yet it is hard to see why Molière should be possible in Germany and impossible in England. Several of Calderon's masterpieces, again, have been made genuinely attractive on the German stage—are we too hopelessly insular even to try such an experiment? But it is in the contemporary drama of France, Germany, and, I may add, of Scandinavia, that our theatre would find most material. There are hundreds of modern plays, both poetic and realistic, ill-suited to the Anglicizing now considered necessary, yet full of human interest, dramatic vigor, and valuable illustrations of the manners and modes of thought of contemporary Europe. Such plays are not so absorbingly attractive as to secure the requisite two hundred nights' run in London alone, but should find an adequate public in Greater Britain.

In its relation to the contemporary drama of England and America should lie the highest utility of our International Theatre—the highest utility, and perhaps the greatest difficulty, for there would be two opposite tendencies to be guarded against in the selection of new plays. On the one hand there would be the temptation to make money at the expense of art, to swerve from the ideal course at every momentary gust of popular favor. On the other hand—and this would perhaps be the greatest difficulty of all—undue influence would always be attempting to procure a useless hearing for the feeble amateur dramas which now litter the manager's room in every popular theatre. It might be found necessary to establish a fundamental rule that no play by a shareholder in the undertaking, or by any one within a traceable degree of relationship to a shareholder, should on any account be accepted for representation. In the absence of some such proviso the enterprise would only too probably degenerate into a short-lived series of Gaiety matinées. This danger fairly averted, it would be the duty of the committee or committees of management to treat the plays submitted to them in a catholic spirit. Preference should, of course, be given to serious dramatic studies of modern life, but healthy farce, graceful

light-comedy, powerful melodrama, should by no means be excluded from consideration. Nothing human should be held alien. Among the above-mentioned stacks of still-born plays many excellent works are probably hidden, which some fortuitous circumstance prevents from obtaining a hearing—an "unhappy ending," perhaps, or weakness of "female interest," or absence of "comic relief," or some other peculiarity which conflicts with popular prejudice or managerial superstition. It is this class of play which our theatre should rescue from oblivion, while saving playwrights in the future from the necessity of weakening or distorting their work in deference to the said prejudice and superstition. Not that the superstition is groundless. Too much gloom, or the absence of a sympathetic love-story, is certainly not conducive to great monetary success here in London. But it should be the distinctive advantage of our international enterprise to be able to balance large receipts in one place against small receipts in another, the great success of this production against the comparative failure of that. What playwright has not found himself at one time or another hampered by the necessity of weaving a love-intrigue into a plot which left no room for it, breaking up a serious drama with interludes of farce, or elaborating into disproportionate prominence a part for the manager or for the leading actress? Our theatre would offer a sort of safety-valve for the relief of this pressure. Subjects naturally suited for five-hundred-night triumphs, with star parts, female interest, and comic relief complete, would still be treated after the received managerial recipe; themes which do not offer all these advantages would be handled according to their inherent capabilities with a view to more modest success on a stage which should have no room for five-hundred-night triumphs. A hundred nights of popular success are sometimes gained by the sacrifice of qualities which might have secured a hundred years of genuine vitality.

So much for the aims of our ideal enterprise; a few words in conclusion on its means and organization. The initial capital should be subscribed in small

shares—the more shareholders the better—and every effort should be used to secure an approximately equal division of the shares between the two countries. The shareholders should elect from their own number a board of financial supervision, who, again, should appoint the committee of artistic direction, men of acknowledged eminence in literature and art, acting in conjunction with men of technical stage experience. This would be the deliberative body, which would naturally stand in close relation to a central executive authority, probably consisting of one or two individuals, selected for their organizing talent, energy, experience, and enthusiasm. The guild (if I may call it so to distinguish it from "the company" of actors) should commence operations with permanent theatres in London, New York, and at least one other American centre, perhaps Chicago. It would have to lay its account with considerable losses at first, until the initial outlay in material, &c., should be covered: until experience should ascertain the best routine of circulation between the different centres of activity: until the public should become habituated to its methods and accept it as an established institution. Its company would, of course, be very large, and should include all sorts and degrees of talent, except the overpowering individuality which no art-organism can, as it were, assimilate. There will always be virtuosos in every art, meteors created to whirl in an orbit all their own. It was written in the laws of nature that Sarah Bernhardt should burst the bonds of the *Comédie Française*; such an organization as we are imagining would scarcely give scope to an individuality like that of Henry Irving. Even talents of this order might be temporarily secured for special parts; but, as a rule, the guild should seek by long engagements, by the offer of retiring allowances, possibly by some co-operative system like that of the *Théâtre-Français*, to secure a more or less permanent company at the lower rates of remuneration which this very permanence would render possible. As time went on and means permitted, the centres of activity might be indefinitely multiplied; and in any case much might be expected from temporary visits

of one or other branch of the company—like the memorable *Gesammtgastspiel* of the Meiningers—to cities in which no permanent establishment had been made. Expenses of transport, whether of actors or of material, would, of course, form a large item in the outlay of the guild, as in that of the great private impresarios of to-day; but even these might be minimised by means of the "special rates" at which large and continuous traffic can be conducted. Advertising expenses, on the other hand, would be comparatively small, for it is only the individual speculator who seeks notoriety by posing at the top of columns of press opinions. I need scarcely remark that only the actors of more or less important parts would require to make the round of this extended circuit, since each of the established centres should have permanently attached to it a body of performers trained to fill efficiently the subordinate parts in all the different classes of drama included in the repertory. The transport of scenery from theatre to theatre might sometimes be advisable, sometimes not; but in any case only one "scene-plot," one set of designs, one scheme of stage-management, would be required for any number of reproductions at the different theatres of the guild. Apart from the possibility of a special training-school under the auspices of the guild, the constant alternation of pieces could not but have a good effect upon the art of many young actors who are now exposed to the premature ossification of manner involved in the "combination" system. In the employ of an organization of such varied activity, special talent would quickly gravitate towards the style of work best suited for it. The International Theatre might not succeed in elevating the standard of dramatic writing—the average of acting it could scarcely fail to raise.

I do not pin my faith to the possibility of the scheme I have indicated, and still less to any single detail of it. My purpose has been rather to point out an opportunity of development, than to define the precise course which the development must follow. "Dreams are true while they last," says the Laureate; yet even in the very rapture of my vision I recognize two great, per-

haps insuperable, obstacles to its realization. The first is the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient capital-fund on the conditions indicated; namely, that the subscribers should be content with a low rate of interest, and should allow all further profits to be devoted to the extension and solidification of the enterprise. This is absolutely essential; no theatre can serve Art and Mammon. The second obstacle is the difficulty of devising a practicable constitution for the enterprise, one which should exclude corruption and allow of harmonious co-operation between the central management and the local sub-managements. Minor difficulties will no doubt suggest themselves to every reader; while behind them all arises the great question whether, supposing all preliminary obstacles satisfactorily overcome, the enterprise would maintain itself on a solid basis and fulfil its artistic ends. There lurks in the background of my own consciousness a suspicion that a truly successful National or International Theatre is not to be created at one stroke, but must gradually develop, perhaps from germs already existing. If this be so, it is at least well to set clearly before ourselves the probable nature and direction of this development, that we

may recognize and assist it when it begins to manifest itself. The bane of our present theatrical system is that it encourages, or rather necessitates a perpetual strain after sensational success. Between triumph and failure no mean is possible. The large capitals employed demand correspondingly large returns. A small success is merely a failure disguised. This necessity of flying at great results, whether in revivals or new productions, excludes from the stage nine-tenths of the best dramatic work of the past, while it restricts the activity of the present and affects it injuriously in every way. I cannot but hope that in one way or another our growing solidarity with America may provide an outlet from the evil groove. Mr. Matthew Arnold has recently been assuring the Americans that there is safety in "numbers," since the greater the numbers the greater is the absolute strength of "the remnant." Minority representation may or may not be practicable in politics; in art it is surely possible. Is it quite Utopian to predict that a theatre of catholic literary aims may one day meet with adequate support from the remnant, not of England, or of America, but of Greater Britain? —*National Review*.

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#### THE EDICT OF NANTES.

If a "simple of itself" bi-, ter-, or any other of the class, centenary is ever to be celebrated at all, the French Protestants and the descendants of French Protestants in other countries were justified in celebrating the return of the two hundredth anniversary of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes on October 18th, 1685. The truly heroic era of the Huguenots then began in earnest. It is difficult to say whether those who fled or those who remained behind and braved the utmost exertion of the law enforced by an army, set on foot by a jealous priesthood and supported by much popular feeling, are the more admirable. The example of those who remained is among the proofs of how hard opinion dies. The "church of the desert," as the Protestant writers call it, continued, in spite of the most

searching persecution, to exist in the South. It survived, what is equally hard to bear, a hundred years of toleration, neglect, and contempt, amid the growth of new ideas and interests, so that even now the strongholds of French Protestantism are in the Cevennes, in Languedoc generally, and in Dauphiné. Of about half a million French Calvinists, nearly a quarter are in the department of the Gard. But the remnant in France are after all but a remnant of the great Huguenot party, and exercise no appreciable effect on French social life or politics to-day. Those who abandoned home and country, friends and fortune, for freedom of religion in foreign lands were of the stuff to make nations, and French Protestantism bore its richest fruits in foreign soil. A Frenchman to begin with had formu-

lated Protestantism in the shape which it took in half Germany, in Switzerland, in the Netherlands, in Scotland, and to a great extent in England, as well as in France itself. Of the more eminent French Protestants, Henry of Navarre had to change his religion before he could work for France, Coligni was murdered, Sully was hampered, Turenne changed his faith. The energy of the Huguenots enriched Holland, Brandenburg, and England, and swelled the resources of American colonies. The blindness of Louis XIV. made a present of half the strength of his country to his enemies. The anti-French Powers, more especially England, engaged in the world-wide struggle with France for the command of America and India, have special cause to commemorate what was almost an act of suicide for France as a commercial State and Maritime Power. But, ruinous as the persecution of the Huguenots was for France, it was quite certain that the Edict of Nantes could not be perpetual in the form which Henry of Navarre had given to it, if France was to remain a united Monarchy. Through several centuries the aim of the French kings had been the same, to consolidate the Monarchy, to break down the independence and separate existence of duchies and counties. The general feeling of French people had worked in the same direction. The Monarchy of Paris had offered a centre for union, it was fondly hoped of good order and lawful government. The process which had united Normandy and Anjou under a Parisian King had gone on to absorb Poitou, Toulouse, Borgeaux, Burgundy, and Brittany, as well as Lyons and outlying fragments of the old Burgundian kingdom beyond the Rhône. By the early part of the sixteenth century the consolidation had seemed fairly complete, when the religious question had intervened to undo apparently the work of all the kings since Philip Augustus. In all the region of the Langue d'oc, more especially, a separatist spirit went abroad. That country had been as early as the twelfth century filled with Marcionites or Paulicians, enemies said with Manichees. Their opinions had come thither by sea from the Levant, and overland through Northern Italy

from the Middle Danube, and had flourished among a comparatively free and speculative people. The crushing of the heretics in the crusades against the Albigenses had been closely connected with the union of their country with the French Crown. There is little doubt that the opinions of the Albigenses kept up a hidden existence, as those of the Waldenses survived in the Alps, and that it was not by chance that Calvinism, a more sober and logical version of their old Marcionism, found its most numerous adherents by far in the lands of the Langue d'oc, in Dauphiné, Auvergne, the Cevennes, in the valleys of the Pyrenees, and northwards to Poitou. But the revival of the separatist religious feeling in the South was accompanied by a tendency to political disunion. Huguenot towns and nobles negotiated in the style of sovereign States and princes with foreign Powers. They brought the English into Normandy, they brought the Palsgrave Casimir with German mercenaries into the heart of France. Nor, when it served their turn, were the nobles of the Catholic League behindhand with them. They brought in Spanish armies, they were within an ace of either bestowing the French Crown upon a Spaniard or of setting up a Republic of independent nobility and cities. Paris closed her gates against two French kings. The city which has since claimed to represent France was then so orthodox as to prefer a Spaniard to a Frenchman or even doubtful orthodoxy, even as in the previous century it had been so Burgundian as to prefer even an Englishman to an Armagnac. When Henry of Navarre had at length established himself upon the throne, the only settlement which he felt strong enough to offer, the arrangement provided in the Edict of Nantes, was one certain to prolong this separatist and anti-national feeling. He was not secure enough of the support of his Catholic subjects to give to the Huguenots the complete religious equality which they desired; he was obliged to recognize the Huguenot claim to special assemblies and fortified towns of their own to preserve their favor. The Edict set up in France a subordinate nation with liberty of worship in certain places, with special facilities for

managing their own affairs apart from the rest of the kingdom, and with special fortresses of their own with which the Crown had no right to interfere. The danger of complete disruption was greater from the fact that this specially organized party existed in large numbers in certain districts, and was not equally dispersed among other Frenchmen, and flourished upon the compact estates of some great nobles whose hereditary policy had been one of opposition to the Crown. The Reformed of France were divided into nine circles, which were administered by councils elected from the churches, and a central states-general, sitting in three houses of nobles, clergy, and burghers, regulated the affairs of all. They enlisted and paid soldiers, and negotiated, almost as a sovereign State, with foreign Powers. Their pattern was the aristocratic Republic of the United Netherlands at first. They looked further and to worse examples before long. Under a king like Henry, whom the party fairly trusted, the arrangement was a bad one. When the Huguenots had reason, or suspected that they might have reason, to distrust the Government, it became unbearable. The ideal of the Huguenot nobility under Louis XIII. was to complete the parallel between the Edict of Nantes and the peace of Augsburg, and to make France such a chaos as the Empire had become. The arrangement there on the basis *cujus regio ejus religio* had produced the Thirty Years' War; but the French nobility, like those of the Archduchy of Austria or of the Bohemian kingdom, would have freely accepted the confusion in return for the independence of North Germany. They felt tolerably secure that many among the Catholic nobility would be quite ready to accept such a state of things, could it be achieved. The latter were certainly not quite to be depended upon for carrying war *à outrance* against those who, after all, were fighting the battle of aristocratic and local independence. "We shall not be such fools as to take Rochelle," said a Catholic seigneur. Richelieu, forecasting the success of his scheme for breaking down the Huguenot power, is said to have confirmed the existence of this feeling, saying, "La plus grande difficulté que je

vois dans ce dessein est que la plupart y travailleront par manière d'acquiescement et avec peu d'affection." But in France Richelieu and the Crown were on the winning side. Unlike the Empire, where the tendency to disintegration had only been temporarily checked by the strength of a foreign Power supporting the Emperor, in France the traditions of the country and the feelings of the people were the other way, in spite of half a century of civil war. Persons and parties had allied themselves with foreigners, but had almost always lost ground in the country in consequence. It now did the Huguenots no good that La Rochelle and the Duc de Soubise were deeply engaged with England. It would have done them no good if England had been in other hands than those of Charles I. and his Parliament, already in stubborn opposition to each other. La Rochelle was taken; the fortifications of Huguenot cities thrown down or occupied by Royal troops; their nobility won over, exiled, or received to submission. Some essential points of the Edict of Nantes were necessarily abrogated in the interests of the whole French nation. The Minister who had done it tolerated the Protestant worship, and used the united force of France to deal the heaviest blows at the other Catholic Powers, Spain, and the Empire. When the next civil commotions broke out in France, in the wars of Fronde, the Huguenots were no longer a political party. For the subsequent persecution of the Protestants in France there was, therefore, no political excuse whatever. The war in the Cevennes was the result, not the cause, of persecution.

It was after the loss of their political power that the Huguenots, deserted by most of the great houses and thrown back upon their domestic and religious interests alone, developed that prosperity which their subsequent persecution drove from France. Their numbers probably increased, not by conversions, but from natural growth, as their affairs prospered; and the influence of their strict morality upon the general life of France was certainly useful. It would be impossible to deny to them a share in the intellectual life of their country; but certainly the most brilliant aspect of the age of Louis XIV. is one in which



the Huguenots are not included. From the beginning the narrowness of their Calvinism, though it had added force to their convictions, had limited their powers of expansion and influence. They had adhered to the strictest views that prevailed at Dort. The quarrels of Louis XIV. with the Pope, the movement of the Gallican Church against Rome, the attempted reform of the Jansenists, and Pascal's controversy with the Jesuits, all passed them by. There was no common ground to them and to moderate reformers; they were not a possible base upon which to build an independent Gallican Church in the position of the Anglican. The Jansenists themselves, who felt that their views upon grace and predestination were dangerously like Calvinism, wrote strongly against the Huguenots to demonstrate their own orthodoxy. While great men deserted them, and great writers ignored or opposed them, a half-informed ruler like Louis XIV. might very well under-estimate their importance in the State. Colbert fought for them so long as he was able; but, as the conscience of the King became diseased through vice and superstition, he gave more and more license to the enemies of the Reformed. Legal annoyances grew into persecution, and about 1666 there began in earnest that emigration which before its close had robbed France of not far short of a million industrious inhabitants, with their arts and, in some instances, with their money. A year after the final revocation of the Edict Vauban wrote that France had lost a hundred thousand people, of whom nine thousand were sailors, twelve thousand soldiers, and six hundred officers. There is little doubt but the King was quite blind to the probable effect of the measure. The pressure put upon the Huguenots to conform, the readiness of governors to accept the smallest show of conformity in order to be able to make a pleasing report to the Court, had led him to believe that the Reformed were upon the point of extinction. In some places Huguenots had been included in the lists of converts for signing some such formula as, "I acknowledge and confess the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, as it existed in the days of the Apostles."

It was assumed at Court that all these were willing to become fervent Catholics. Louis allowed himself to be persuaded that he was doing a kindness by aiding wavering opinion with slight legal pressure, and that he was adding to the unity of his kingdom. He was assured by his confessor that the Revocation would not cost a drop of blood. The decline, slow at first, then rapid, of his power and of French prosperity, for the thirty years that still remained of his reign, must have taught him the truth. But that he should ever have been deceived was a sufficient condemnation of a Government which had so lost touch of its people as to make the mistake a possible one. The evil for France and for the power of Louis was twofold. France was not only no longer at one in herself, not only had she lost men, trades, and money, but her enemies had gained them. The armies of the allies were swelled with refugees. From the Duc de Schomberg and the Earl of Galway down to the poorest peasant from the Cevennes these were all animated with no common ardor against their persecutors. Time has brought about its revenge, when we remember that the fugitive Huguenots first peopled and tilled half the sandy wastes of Brandenburg, and strengthened the future Prussian Monarchy by filling there the gaps left by the Thirty Years' War. In England they swelled the war party, the anti-French Whig party. Bishop Atterbury bitterly complains that he never knew a foreigner settled in England but he straightway became a Whig. It was no great wonder, when we consider how they believed their all to be at stake in the maintenance of the Protestant succession and in the successful prosecution of the French war. They formed perhaps the largest intermixture of foreign blood ever brought into England. From about 1572, for a hundred and fifty years refugees from Flanders as well as France had been coming over in larger or smaller numbers. The contemporary growth of Protestant opinion and the great progress of what was then called Low Church and Whig opinion in England from after the time of the Revocation down to the end of the Ministry of Walpole is not to be disconnected entirely from the results of this

foreign invasion. Here and elsewhere abroad the Huguenot element has long been thoroughly absorbed; in their native country their voice, such as it is, seems to be given for the Moderate Republicans in general. There are obvious reasons against their support of either Conservatives or Radicals. Still it would be interesting to know whether their traditional attitude has been modified in the late elections. The disestablishment of the Church would be a blow

to them, as well as to their ancient enemy; for their pastors also are State paid, and threats of Disestablishment, whether in France or England, may make Churchmen acquainted with strange bed-fellows. In the department of Gard the first ballot on October 4 was indecisive; but in the Lozère adjoining, where the Reformed also linger, the Conservative list was carried in its entirety.—*Saturday Review*.

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GRACE.

AMONGST the many ambiguities of English speech, probably there is none of a more perplexing kind than that which allows us but one word to express gracefulness, and the grace granted to the heart of man. In both senses, we suppose that grace was originally a religious word; but the religion of the old pagan world regarded gracefulness as the highest of divine gifts, while the deeper religion which supplanted paganism perceived that that which gives grace to human gestures and actions is often as far as the poles asunder from that which excludes the spirit of selfishness, and binds man to the higher world for which he is destined. Still, there is something strange in the strict limitation of grace in its lower sense,—in the sense of gracefulness—to superficial beauties which at heart we are disposed to depreciate almost at the very moment when we most admire them. Take the meaning of the word as a quality of poetry. Do we really regard "graceful" as a term of praise when we apply it to verse? Here, for instance, is a first-rate judge, a most skilful and happy composer of our own day, giving us this line as the true interpretation of womanly grace,—*"It was all that was graceful, intangible, light."* Apply that to any poem worthy of any great poet at his best, and would he be content with such praise? Would he not feel that the limitation of the praise was far more emphatic than the praise itself? Do we mean by grace, when we attribute it to poetic work, anything beyond what pleases us by its airy, transient, almost impalpable harmony of effect; and not

only so, but does not the word rather suggest to us what is essentially deficient in strength and durability,—something mutable, evanescent, and that wins rather by ease and happy modulation of tone or form, than by its intrinsic virtue? Yet grace, in the higher sense, in the theologic sense, is the security for all that is strongest and most durable,—is, indeed, that without which nothing can be strong or durable at all, being, as it is, the moulding power whereby man is really transfigured into the higher nature of the divine and the immutable. How is it that the same word in its different significations should represent both that which is most accidental and that which is most essential, that which is most mutable and that which is most constant, that which is most intangible and that which is most real?

We suppose the reason to be that in each case alike the quality which is represented by the word "grace" is known to be absolutely involuntary, and, indeed, beyond the reach of effort. No clumsy person, whether clumsy in mind or clumsy in body, ever yet *acquired* grace for himself, though he may, perhaps, have reduced his clumsiness to a minimum. And no graceless person, with all his striving, ever wrested divine grace for himself by any efforts of his own, though he may have received it, if he were humble enough in spirit, as the reward of humility and obedience. Thus the two kinds of grace resemble each other in being, when given, absolutely spontaneous, absolutely independent of painstaking efforts. Again, not only are both kinds of grace beyond the ac-

quisition of effort, however painstaking, but both, in their very different spheres, produce the same effect of harmonising all the movements that are within their influence. Grace of body harmonises every gesture so as to be in keeping with the expression of the countenance. Grace of mind gives singleness of effect to a great variety of different expressions, where we might have expected dispersed and inconsistent traits. Grace of spirit brings all the motives into subjection to one ruling and assimilating purpose. Here, for instance, in a volume of very graceful society-poems, is a playful picture of grace of mind, in which, perhaps, deeper touches implying the higher kind of grace are not entirely absent :

THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS.\*

Monsieur the Curé down the street  
Comes with his kind old face,—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling  
hair,  
And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande  
Place*,"  
And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-Ville*,"  
He smiles as he goes to the *fleuriste* Rose,  
And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*"  
cool,  
Where the noisy fish-wives call ;  
And his compliment pays to the "*belle  
Thérèse*,"  
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,  
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,  
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes  
In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of  
fruit  
Who is said to be heterodox,  
That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui !*"  
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard  
To the furrier's daughter Lou ;  
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,  
And a "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu !*"

But a grander way for the "*Sous-Préfet*,"  
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne ;  
And a mock "*off-hat*" to the Notary's cat,  
And a nod to the Sacristan :—

For ever through life the Curé goes  
With a smile on his kind old face—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling  
hair,  
And his green umbrella-case.

Here is a picture, as graceful as it is playful, of the mind which is kindly to its very depths, so kindly that all the actions it originates are in harmony with the wish to make others happy. In the same sense, we should say that there is no grace in any of our modern poets or writers so perfect as the grace of Goldsmith, whose conceptions, whether humorous or pathetic, seem to be permeated by an atmosphere of sympathy that subdues and mellows the whole, and gives it its well-marked effect of moral grace.

What we want, however, to insist on is the connection between the meaning of grace in its lowest sense of mere beauty or harmony of life and movement, with its meaning in that highest sense in which it implies a definite divine gift, a heart overruled by an influence higher than its own. Grace, in the former sense, usually implies something rather superficial in its character, something that is due to the harmonious proportion of the various powers, rather than to any nobility of spirit that moves in them. Grace, in the latter sense, always means that which transfigures and harmonises man from a source that is above man, and, therefore, from a source that corresponds much more closely with the higher elements of man's nature than with the lower elements. And yet how closely the two kinds of grace are associated we shall see in a moment, if we take the highest specimens we can find of grace in literary style,—grace like that of Mr. Austin Dobson's delicate verses, with such grace as the grace of Bacon's noblest passages, or Ruskin's, or Newman's, or the grace of that kind of poetry which especially takes the mind by its spiritual harmonies. The lightness and ease of movement which always belongs to grace in the lowest sense, belongs also, though in a region where lightness and ease of movement would seem difficult if not impossible, to that which is the fruit of what we would venture to call divine grace. Take such a sentence, for instance, as this of

\*At the Sign of the Lyre. By Austin Dobson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

Bacon's:—"Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the new, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearselike airs as carols. And the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon." Here we have grace of style in a far higher sense than that which denotes mere lightness and ease of movement, or mere harmony between thought and word. It implies also a consent and concurrence of Bacon's own soul with the greater realities behind Nature,—a consent and concurrence which we are accustomed to attribute to the overmastering power of divine grace. Or take Mr. Ruskin:—"Even among our own hills of Scotland and Cumberland, though often too barren to be perfectly beautiful, and always too low to be perfectly sublime, it is strange how many deep sources of delight are gathered into the compass of their glens and vales; and how, down to the most secret cluster of their far-away flowers, and the idlest leap of their straying streamlets, the whole heart of Nature seems thirsting to give, and still to give, shedding forth her everlasting beneficence with a profusion so patient, so passionate, that our utmost observance and thankfulness are but, at best, neglect of her nobleness, and apathy to her love." There, surely, you have a grace which endeavors to kindle our gratitude rather than to excite our admiration, and which yet excites our admiration also by its gracefulness, even while it effects its deeper purpose. Or, take again the celebrated passage in which Newman descants on the marvels of music and the wonder of their evolution out of elements apparently so crude and simple,—and insists that to analyse so much into so little is to explain *away* the mystery, not to explain it:—"There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen, yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick

of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so, and then perhaps we shall also assert the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling; to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels, or the magnificat of saints, or the living laws of divine governance, or the divine attributes; something are they besides themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them." The grace of that passage surely is grace in a very different sense of the word from that in which we apply it to a graceful gesture or a graceful acknowledgment of thanks. It is a passage of which the harmonies seem to be as much translated from some higher sphere, as even the greatest choruses of Handel or Mendelssohn. The grace there is grace, surely, in the highest sense, though it includes grace in the lowest; the grace of the modulation is lost in the grace of the thought; the grace of the thought is absorbed in the grace of the feeling; and the grace of the feeling is a mere effluence of that higher influence which attuned the feeling to its

own movements. Or, to pass from prose to poetry, who does not feel that such lines as these of Henry Vaughan's, though full of grace in the weaker sense of gracefulness, are still fuller of grace in that deeper sense which we ascribe to the Psalms of David and the letters of St. Paul:—

"They 'are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear,

"It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is  
drest  
After the sun's remove.

"I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days;  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

"O holy hope and high humility,—  
High as the Heavens above!  
These are your walks, and you have showed  
them me  
To kindle my cold love."

Surely we see there the link between that poorer grace which is merely gracefulness, and the grace which is a divine gift, and a divine gift, moreover, which so takes command of the mind as to weave all its thoughts and feelings into the context of some sweet and rich harmony. It is no accident of language which connects so strangely the harmony of gesture or motion with a deeper and richer harmony of moral temper and attitude, such as cannot be secured at all for man except by the response of his whole nature to an influence shed upon it from above.—*Spectator*.

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## THE ATHEIST'S MASS.

### PART I.

#### THE MYSTERY.

It is well known that Dr. Bianchon, to whom medical science is indebted for a noble theory of physiology, and who, while still a young man, secured a position among the leading lights of the world-renowned *École de Paris*, practised surgery for many years ere he finally devoted himself exclusively to medicine. His first tutor in the former branch of the healing art was one of our great French surgeons, the illustrious Desplein, whose professional career may be aptly likened to that of a meteor, which traverses the starry sky, and disappears forever, leaving no trace of its brilliance behind it. For even Desplein's enemies admit that his method was intransmissible, and perished with him.

Like all the sons of genius, he had no heirs; his special gifts were born with him, and with him they died. Indeed, the glory of the great surgeon resembles that of the great actor, which lives only while he lives to tread the stage, and dwindles to a mere tradition when he departs. Actors and surgeons, like those great singers and *virtuosi* whose brilliant execution decuples the power of music, are, each and all of them, the heroes of an hour. Desplein's fate is a

striking proof of this similarity between the destinies of these transitory geniuses. His name, yesterday so celebrated, to-day well-nigh forgotten, will henceforth be unknown beyond the narrow limits of his speciality. And, in truth, exceptional, indeed, must be the circumstances under which the reputation of a *savant* transcends the boundaries of science, and finds a place in the general history of mankind. But did Desplein possess that encyclopedic knowledge which renders a man the voice or the figure of his age? Desplein was endowed with a superhuman sweep and depth of vision. An intuition, native or acquired, enabled him to read the patient and his malady through and through, to seize the diagnostics peculiar to the individual, and to determine the very hour, nay, the very moment, when—atmospherical and temperamental influences duly considered and allowed for—any given operation ought to be performed. How did he contrive thus to keep step with Nature? Was it that he had studied the constantly proceeding combination of the living organism with those elementary materials which man receives from the air and from the earth, and works up into the form peculiar to each individual? Or did he rely upon that powerful process of deduction and

analogy which was the special feature of Cuvier's intellect? Be this as it may, Desplein had succeeded in making himself the confidant of the flesh, and learned to decipher its future and its past, from the aspect of its present condition. But was he, like Hippocrates, Galen, and Aristotle, the living incarnation of the learning of his time? Did he lead the whole school of followers towards new and undiscovered worlds? No. Although it cannot be denied that this perpetual observer of the chemistry of the human body was familiar with the old-world science of "magism"—in other words, the knowledge of the elements in a state of fusion, of the sources of life, of life antecedent to life, of incipient or germinal existence,—it must in justice be confessed that he was, unfortunately, the very embodiment of personality; and the egotism which isolated him during his life-time is now the assassin of his renown. The sonorous statue which trumpets to the Future the secrets which genius succeeds in wringing from its womb, is wanting to the grave of Desplein.

Perhaps, however, Desplein's talent was of a piece with his beliefs, and consequently mortal. To him the terrestrial atmosphere was a generative envelope; he regarded the earth as an egg, surrounded by its shell; and being unable to determine whether the egg had come before the hen, or the hen before the egg, he declined to believe either in bird or egg. That there was an animal anterior to man, or a spirit that survived him,—both these propositions he met with a blank denial. He was not a sceptic, he had no doubts upon the point—he was sure. His atheism was perfectly pure and frank, like that of many *savants*—from a strictly moral point of view, as worthy folks as ever stepped; but invincibly atheistic, atheistic to a degree beyond the conception of really religious people. Accustomed from his earliest youth upwards, as he had been, to dissect the being of beings, before life, in life, and after life, and to probe its every organ and apparatus, without discovering the one inseparable soul which is the indispensable basis of religious theory, he had naturally, if not inevitably, fallen into this attitude of dogmatic atheism. That which his knife

could and did reveal to him was a brain-centre, a nerve-centre, and an aero-sanguine centre; of which the first two supplement one another so effectually that, as Desplein learned, from personal experience, during the last forty-eight hours of his existence, the sense of hearing is not absolutely essential to hearing, nor that of sight to seeing—the solar plexus undoubtedly being capable of acting as their substitute. Hence Desplein, finding that man is endowed with two souls, buttressed his atheism with this fact (although it in no way affects the question of the existence of a God), and died impenitent—at least so common rumor runs—like many highly gifted men, who, nevertheless, may, perhaps, find mercy with their Maker.

The life of this great man was marked by many "littlenesses"—if one must adopt the language of the foes who enviously sought to diminish his reputation—but "seeming contradictions" would be a more becoming phrase. Ever ignorant of the motives which influence superior minds, the envious and the foolish promptly seize upon any superficial inconsistency in their conduct, and make it the basis of an indictment, on which they are condemned out of hand. Even if the measures thus attacked should subsequently be crowned with success, some portion, however slight, of the original calumnies will be sure to cling. Thus, in our days, Napoleon Buonaparte was blamed by his contemporaries, when he would have overshadowed England with the pinions of his eagle. It needed 1822 and St. Helena to explain 1804 and the gun-boats of Boulogne.

As no one could assail Desplein's professional reputation with the slightest chance of success, his enemies fell foul of his character—singling out for special attack his whims and oddities, which really amounted to no more than that which the English term *eccentricity*. At times superbly clad as Crébillon, the tragedian, himself, Desplein would suddenly affect the most exaggerated negligence in his apparel. Now he would be seen in a carriage, now on foot. Alternately brusque and affable, outwardly grinding and grasping, while inwardly prepared to lay his whole fortune at the feet of his exiled Sovereign—who, in-

deed, once did him the honor to borrow it for a time—no man ever was the subject of so many conflicting judgments. Although quite capable of presenting himself at the Tuileries with a Prayer-book in his pocket, and slyly slipping it out, in the hope that his assumed piety would procure him the bit of black ribbon\* which no doctor ought to covet, he was, beyond a doubt, as thoroughly-paced a scoffer as ever breathed. His contempt for mankind, after having observed it both from above and from below, and watched it when engaged, free from all disguise, in the performance alike of the most solemn and the most trivial acts of existence, was profound and immeasurable. In the case of many great men, it will be found that their qualities go hand in hand. If, among these giants, one presents himself having more talent than wit, even he will have more wit than the man who is distinguished above his fellows for that quality. Genius of any kind implies mental vision. This perceptive faculty may be specially directed to some particular subject; but the eye that sees the flower can see the sun. The physician who heard the diplomatist, whose life he had saved, exclaiming, "How is the Emperor?" and remarked, "the courtier returns; the man will soon follow"—this man was something more than a mere surgeon or physician—he was prodigiously witty into the bargain. In like manner, the patient and assiduous student of mankind will sanction the lofty pretensions of Desplein, and will deem him, as he deemed himself, to have had in him the making of a minister, potentially as great as the actual surgeon.

Among the many enigmas which Desplein's life presented to the eyes of his contemporaries, we have chosen one of the most interesting, not merely because it is one of the most interesting, but also because the solution will be found toward the close of the narrative, and will vindicate his memory from certain unjust aspersions.

Among all Desplein's hospitable pupils, Horace Bianchon was one of his greatest favorites. Before he became a

resident student at the Hôtel-Dieu, Bianchon had been an ordinary medical student, and had lodged in a miserable boarding-house, situated in the Quartier Latin, and known as "La Maison Vauquer." There the poor young fellow had undergone the trials of that pinching poverty which is, as it were, a sort of crucible, whence men of genuine talent issue pure and incorruptible as flawless diamonds, which no blow can damage. Tested by the fierce fire of their unchained passions, their integrity acquires a solidity which no subsequent temptation can destroy. The incessant toil, by means of which they seek to curb their gnawing appetites, prepares and fits them for the struggles in which genius is ever called upon to engage. Horace, then, was an upright lad, altogether incapable of swerving from the path of honor; a lad of few words and prompt deeds, ready to pawn his coat, or to sit up day and night, to serve a friend. In short, he was one of those friends who never trouble themselves to think whether their services will be repaid; feeling sure that, at a pinch, they will receive more than they have given. He had succeeded in inspiring almost all his companions with that kind of respect which unassuming virtue hardly ever fails to command. Many of them even feared his censure. Nevertheless, he was perfectly free from priggishness. There was not a single touch of the puritan or the parson about him. He could even season a bit of advice with a good round oath or two, and was always willing to join in any jollification that was agate. An agreeable companion, as free from prudery as any guardsman, frank and straightforward as—no, not as a sailor, for your sailor of to-day is as wily and wary as a veteran ambassador—but as a brave young chap, who has no secrets to conceal, and has never done anything to be ashamed of, Horace paced along with head erect and smiling face. To sum up in one word, he was the Pylades of more than one Orestes—the ancient Furies, of course, being represented—and very faithfully and adequately represented—by the modern dun. Meantime, while thus doing his best to mitigate the poverty of others, he endured his own with that cheerfulness which is, perhaps, one of

\* The Cross of the Order of St. Michael was attached to a black ribbon.

the principal elements of courage ; and, in common with all those who possess nothing, he contracted very few debts. Sober as a camel, active as a stag, he was as steady in his conduct as in his ideas.

Horace Bianchon's happy life began on the day when his illustrious teacher first fully recognised those qualities and defects which contributed in about equal proportions to render Dr. Horace Bianchon so thoroughly dear to all his friends. When a clinical professor receives a student into his inner circle, that student "has his foot in the stirrup," as they say. And so Bianchon soon found. Desplein speedily introduced him to his wealthy patients, by taking him with him to their houses as an assistant, to the great advantage of the latter ; who not only often received a handsome gratuity, but gradually and imperceptibly familiarised himself with the ways and doings of the Parisian world, which, at the first blush, seems to the provincial mind to be shrouded in impenetrable mystery. In addition to this, Desplein allowed his young pupil to be present at his consultations, and employed him as occasion served ; and if a rich patient wanted some one to accompany him to the seaside, Bianchon was the person selected for the purpose. In short, Desplein did his utmost to push his pet pupil, and to form the nucleus of a connection for him. Meanwhile, naturally enough, as time progressed, the rich and famous surgeon, and the obscure and poverty-stricken student, became great cronies. The former had now few or no secrets from the latter, who thus came thoroughly to understand the idiosyncrasies of this remarkable man, whose temperament seemed to partake in about equal proportions of that of the lion and the bull,\* and who ultimately died—as men of such temperament are apt to die—of hypertrophy of the heart. Need it be said that among the first secrets which the pupil learned as this intimacy ripened, were his master's political ambition, and his profoundly atheistical creed, if creed it can be called.

\* Balzac would seem to have endowed the imaginary Desplein with Dupuytren's *morale* and Thénin's physique. See Dr. Williams's "Memoirs of Life and Work."

One day Bianchon happened to mention to Desplein the case of a poor water-carrier in the Quartier Saint-Jacques, who was suffering from a terrible disease brought on by want and overwork. The poor fellow—an Auvergnat almost as a matter of course—had eaten nothing better than potatoes during the long and severe winter of 1821. On hearing this story, what must the celebrated surgeon do but, neglecting all his other patients, drive off as fast as his horse could tear, followed by Bianchon, to the poor man's house, and personally superintend his removal to the hospital, founded, in the Faubourg Saint-Denis, by the famous Dubois ? Thither, too, he went day after day, until the patient was finally cured and discharged, whereupon Desplein—the sordidly avaricious Desplein—bought him a horse and water-cart, to set him up in his trade. Now this poor Auvergnat was, as we say, "quite a character." One of his friends falls ill. Forthwith he brings him to Desplein, exclaiming, with an effusion of gratitude, "I couldn't abear the thought of his going to any one else." Utter boor as he was,\* Desplein grasped the water-carrier's hand and said, "Bring them all to me—every man-jack of them ;" and he had this second son of the Cantal conveyed to the Hôtel-Dieu, and devoted the greatest possible attention to him. Now true it is that Bianchon had oftentimes observed that his patron seemed to have a sort of predilection for Auvergnats in general, and particularly for such of them as were water-carriers by trade ; but, on the other hand, since Desplein always took a great deal of pride in his Hôtel-Dieu cases, his pupil saw nothing very extraordinary in his careful treatment of this particular case.

Soon afterward, however, an event befell which could hardly fail to excite Bianchon's astonishment and curiosity. As he was crossing the Place Saint-Sulpice, one morning at about nine o'clock, whom should he see but his celebrated master—who at this time never stirred an inch beyond the threshold without his carriage—stealing

\* Dupuytren nearly snapped Dr. Williams's head off for expressing a desire to be called by his right name, "Blasius," instead of, as Dupuytren would have it, Blaise.



on foot down the Rue du Petit-Lion, and sneaking into the church of Saint-Sulpice, just as if it had been a low pot-house? Of course the sceptical pupil of a more than sceptical master glides into the sacred building after him; and there what does he behold? Desplein the atheist, Desplein the pitiless foe of the angels—for why? they offer nothing for the bistoury to cut at, they cannot suffer from fistula or gastritis—Desplein the insatiable *inquirer*, humbly kneeling on his bended knees; and where? In the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, of all other spots in the church! and listening to a Mass, and paying the expenses of the service, and giving an alms for the poor, and looking all the while as serious as if he were conducting an operation.

"Well, wonders will never cease!" exclaimed Bianchon, uttering a strictly professional but somewhat blasphemous jest, which we suppress. "Now, if it had been the Fête-Dieu, and I had seen him holding one of the tassels of the canopy, I should merely have laughed at his ambitious hypocrisy; but here, alone, at this time in the morning, with no one to witness his devotion! It is enough to give any one pause!"

Not wishing to appear to be playing the spy upon the principal surgeon of the Hôtel-Dieu, Bianchon turned upon his heel and left the church. It so happened, however, that Desplein invited his pupil to dine with him that very day at the Trois-Frères; and there, "over he walnuts and the wine," Bianchon adroitly managed to turn the conversation on to the subject of the Mass, which he did not hesitate to characterise as a mummery and a farce.

"A farce," grunted Desplein, "which has cost Christendom more bloodshed than all Napoleon's battles and Broussais's leeches! The Mass is a popish invention dating only from the sixth century, and based upon the *Hoc est corpus*. What torrents of blood were spilt in the endeavor to establish the Fête-Dieu, the institution of which the Roman Curia regarded as a trophy commemorative of its triumph in the matter of the Real Presence! The wars of the Count of Toulouse and the Albigenses were the tail-end of this affair. The Waldenses and the Albigenses refused to recognise this innovation."

And having once launched out upon this theme, Desplein gave full rein to his atheistical *verve*, and poured forth an interminable stream of Voltairian pleasantries, or to be more strictly accurate, a vile imitation of the *Citateur*.

"Oho!" quoth Bianchon to himself, "where now is my pious devotee of this morning?" However, he kept his mouth shut, and meanwhile he doubted whether it really were his chief whom he had seen at Saint-Sulpice. Nevertheless, had he chosen to broach the subject, Desplein would not have taken the trouble to tell him a falsehood; they knew each other too well by this time, and had ere now exchanged ideas upon topics quite as serious, and discussed systems *de naturâ rerum*, piercing them with the probe, and gashing them with the scalpel of incredulity. Well, three months elapsed, during which Bianchon allowed the matter to rest, although it did not escape his memory. However, during the course of the year, it one day happened that Bianchon saw one of the physicians of the Hôtel-Dieu take hold of Desplein's arm, and heard him say, "What on earth could have taken you to Saint-Sulpice, my worthy master?"

"Oh, I went to see one of the priests who is suffering from caries of the knee-bone, and whom the Duchess of Angoulême did me the honor to commend to my care," replied Desplein.

The physician was satisfied with this explanation. Not so Bianchon. "Go to church to examine diseased knee-joints! Not he! He went there to hear his Mass!" Such was the student's unspoken comment.

Thenceforth he resolved to keep an eye upon Desplein's movements. He succeeded in recalling the day and hour when he had caught the eminent surgeon entering Saint-Sulpice, and mentally vowed that at the same hour on the next anniversary of the day, he would pay another visit to the church, to see whether Desplein repeated his. If so, the periodicity of his act of worship would justify Bianchon in investigating the matter scientifically; for the conduct and the convictions of such a man ought not, he felt, to be in flagrant contradiction. When the day and hour arrived, Bianchon, who had then ceased to reside under Desplein's roof, was on

the look-out, and sure enough he saw the surgeon's cab draw up at the corner of the Rue du Petit-Lion, and set down its master, who made his way to Saint-Sulpice by the most indirect route, and slinking along the walls, entered the church through one of the side doors, and proceeded to the chapel of the Virgin, where he heard Mass, as before. Yes, Desplein it certainly was! Desplein the atheist at heart—the worshipper by hazard. The plot was thickening. The persistence of the eminent *savant* seriously complicated the whole affair.

When the Mass was over, and the solitary worshipper gone, Bianchon went up to the sacristan who came to "undress" the chapel, and asked him if the gentleman who had just left was a regular attendant.

"I have been here these twenty years," replied the functionary, "and during the whole time Monsieur Desplein has come here once every quarter to hear this Mass. It was he who founded it."

"He found a Mass!" muttered Bianchon, as he withdrew. "Why, this is as profound a mystery as the Immaculate Conception itself, which alone is enough to make an infidel of any doctor."

## PART II.

### THE EXPLANATION.

A LONG time elapsed ere Bianchon, in spite of his intimacy with Desplein, found an opportunity of tackling him upon this strange vagary of his. Meet as they might, and did, in consultation and in society, it never happened to them to find themselves together in one of those confidential  *tête-à-tête*\* in which, with foot on fender and head buried in the back of a snug arm-chair, two friends tell each other their secrets. At length, seven years from the date of Desplein's last-recorded visit to Saint-Sulpice, after July, 1830, had come and gone, and when the populace, still in a state of revolutionary ferment, was attacking the Lambeth of Paris, and, inspired by republican fanaticism, was making short work of the gilt crosses that gleamed from the tops of the

churches over the vast wilderness of houses called Paris—like flashes of lightning over a dark and troubled sea—at the very time when Infidelity was strutting through the streets cheek by jowl with Rebellion, then it was that Bianchon for the third time caught Desplein in the act of entering Saint-Sulpice. The young physician followed his friend—lately his master—into the church, and sat down beside him, without evoking from him any token of recognition, or even a gesture of surprise. And there together they heard Mass—the Mass that Desplein had founded.

"And now," said Bianchon, as they left the sacred building together arm-in-arm, "will you be good enough to tell me the reason of your mock devotion? Thrice have I caught you attending Mass; you, of all men in the world! I really must call upon you to read me this riddle, and to explain this flagrant incongruity between your opinions and your conduct. You don't believe in God, and yet you go to Mass! Dear master, you owe me an explanation of this mystery."

"The explanation is simple enough," replied Desplein. "I'm just like many other folks whose apparent devotion is a mere sham, and who at bottom are as thorough-going atheists as you or I can possibly be." Then out came a perfect shower of epigrams aimed at certain politicians of the period, the most notorious of whom may be regarded as a nineteenth-century edition of Molière's "Tartuffe."

"Oh! I know all about that," replied Bianchon; "but what I want to know is why you come hither to worship on the sly, and what induced you to found this Mass?"

"Well, well," cried Desplein, "I am now upon the brink of the grave, and I haven't the slightest objection to enlighten you as to the earliest part of my career."

It so happened that at the moment when the eminent surgeon uttered these words, the two companions were threading the Rue des Quatre-Vents—one of the most horrible streets in the Paris of Louis Philippe. As Desplein ended, he

\* This word has, and needs no plural in French. In English it does, and I have ventured to make one.

\* This is probably aimed at M. Thiers, who is reported to have said, "Je ne suis pas Chrétien, mais je suis Papiste."

energetically raised his hand, and pointed to the sixth story of one of a row of houses—they looked more like obelisks—on the opposite side of the street. These houses are approached by a long and narrow passage terminating in a winding staircase dimly lighted by windows of the kind termed—and very appropriately termed—*jours de souffrance*.\* The house to which Desplein pointed was a jaundiced-looking tenement, the ground-floor of which was a second-hand furniture shop, and each successive story of which seemed to harbor each its special industry, whose only connecting link with the remainder was the poverty of him who plied it.

"For two whole years I lived up there," cried Desplein.

"I know the place well," replied his companion. "D'Arthez used to live there in his time, and I went there nearly every day when I was a mere lad. In those days it rejoiced in the nickname of 'Great-man's-nest.' But what were you going to say?"

"The Mass which I have just heard is intimately connected with certain events which occurred when that garret—which you say was once the home of D'Arthez—sheltered me; I mean that one yonder, with the flower-pot on the window-sill and the clothes-line stretched across the window. At starting, I had to 'rough it' so severely, my dear Bianchon, that I gravely doubt whether I should not carry off the palm of Parisian sufferings from all possible competitors. Everything that is to be endured have I endured—hunger, thirst, want of money, want of clothes, even to boots and shirts—the very hardest straits of abject penury. In that 'Great-man's-nest' of yours—I should like to go with you and have another look at it some day—I have known what it was to be obliged to try to blow a little life into

my poor fingers benumbed with cold. There, throughout one whole winter did I toil away, with my head visibly steaming, and the breath which I exhaled as palpable as that of the horses in the streets on a frosty day. I am utterly at a loss to tell how and where one finds a fulcrum to enable one to bear up against such a life as this. I was alone, without a soul to help me, without a sixpence wherewith to buy the books I needed, and to pay my medical-school fees. Friendless as I was, my irritable, touchy, restless disposition stood in the way of making any friends. Every one with whom I came in contact failed to interpret my irritability aright; no one treated it as the natural outcome of the feverish impatience of one who is struggling to force his way upward from the lowest rung of the social ladder. To you, however—you who know me so well that I have no need to 'pose' before you—I may venture to say that I possessed that fund of good feeling and lively sensibility which is the inalienable birthright of every man who is strong enough to climb to the top of the tree—no matter what tree—after plunging and floundering year after year, for many a year, in the deepest sloughs of poverty. Beyond my inadequate allowance, there was absolutely nothing to be extracted either from my friends or relations in the country. How did I live at this time? I breakfasted on a basin of bread and milk—the bread taken from a loaf which the baker in the Rue du Petit-Lion let me have cheap on account of its staleness: it was always a day, and sometimes two days, old. Thus the cost of my morning meal did not exceed one penny. As for dinner—I dined only every other day; and that at an eating-house where the charge was limited to eightpence. That makes five-pence a day for food. Clothes! You know as well as I how careful I had to be of coats and boots. I doubt whether the treachery of a colleague, in after life, affects one so painfully as the sight of a grinning hole in one's shoe, or the sound of a tear in the lining of one's coat, did in those early days. Water was then my only drink; a *café* was a place which inspired me with the profoundest respect. Zoppi's seemed a kind of Promised Land in which none

\* "Ancient lights" is perhaps the nearest English equivalent. These are windows which the owner of the neighboring property might have blocked at any time before the right was acquired by prescription. Since *ex hypothesi*, he suffered them to exist, they are not inaptly termed, *jours de souffrance*." But from the very nature of the case—or casement—they suffer very little light to pass, and the inmates of the building in which they exist consequently suffer from a plentiful lack of light.

but the young Luculli of the Quartier Latin had any right to set foot. In passing by, I would sometimes ask myself whether it would ever be my lot to drink a cup of coffee and cream there, or to play a game of dominoes. Meanwhile, I imported into my studies all the rage with which my poverty imbued me. I aimed at acquiring a store of useful knowledge, such as would give me an immense *personal* value, which would qualify me for the position in which I should find myself when I had once emerged from my obscurity. I consumed more 'midnight oil' than bread; most assuredly the lamp that lighted me during my long, laborious vigils was fed at a greater expense than its owner. My duel with penury was protracted and obstinate; and I had no seconds. In the circle of my acquaintances I found not a single soul to sympathise with me. A student can have no friends unless he is prepared to ally himself with a group of young fellows, and has money to throw away in tippling with them, and frequenting the haunts that students love. Now, I had nothing; and where is the Parisian who can realize the fact that *nothing is nothing*? Whenever circumstances compelled me to disclose my poverty, I was seized with that peculiar nervous contraction in the throat, which leads our patients, when they experience the sensation, to imagine that they feel a ball ascending from the œsophagus into the larynx.

"In the course of my subsequent career I have often come across folks who—born with a golden spoon in their mouths, and therefore never having known what it was to want—were entirely ignorant of this problem of the Rule of Three:—A young man: Crime:: A crown piece: X. These gilded idiots will say to me, 'Why ever did you run into debt? Why ever did you contract such onerous obligations?'

"They remind me of the princess\* who, when told that the people were dying of starvation, naively inquired, 'Why don't they buy cake?' I should very much like to see one of those richlings† who complain that I charge too much for my operations—yes, I should

dearly like to see one of them turned adrift in Paris, without a penny in his pocket, a friend at his back, or a farthing's-worth of credit, to shift for himself and work for his living with his ten fingers. What would he do? Whither would he turn to satisfy the pangs of hunger? Bianchon, if you have sometimes found me harsh and bitter, belieye me, my mind was then engaged in piling up my early hardships and sufferings upon the heap of heartlessness and selfishness of the existence of which among the upper classes I could furnish a thousand proofs. Or else I was thinking of the obstacles which envy, jealousy, and calumny, have interposed between me and success. At Paris, when certain folks see you with your foot in the stirrup, up comes one and tugs away at your coat-tails; up comes another and unbuckles your horse's girth, in the hope that you may fall and break your neck; another wrenches off one of the horse's shoes; another steals your whip. The least treacherous of the crew of traitors is he who marches boldly up to you and fires a pistol in your face point-blank. You, my good fellow, have talent enough to learn for yourself, as you soon will, the terrible and unceasing war that mediocrity wages against every kind of superiority. Lose twenty pounds at cards this evening, to-morrow you will be branded as a gambler, and your dearest friends will go about proclaiming that you have lost two thousand pounds. Let it be known that you have a headache, folks will say you're as mad as a hatter. Show a touch of temper, and you'll be denounced as an unsociable curmudgeon. If, in the endeavor to make head against this battalion of pigmies, you gather up all your strength and deal one 'swashing blow,' your most intimate friends will protest that you want to swallow everybody, to domineer, and play the tyrant. In short, your qualities will figure as defects, your defects as vices, and your virtues as crimes. If you have saved a patient's life, 'twill be said that you have killed him. Should he appear, and so give the lie to the assertion—no matter; in that case you have cured him for a time, at the expense of his future health; he may be alive now, but bide your time, he'll be as dead as a door-nail. Stumble,

\* Marie Antoinette.

† I know not whether there is such a word, but there ought to be.

rumor says that you've 'come a regular cropper.' Invent something, no matter what; insist upon your rights; and you'll quickly find yourself set down as a grasping fellow, scheming for his own advantage, and bent on keeping his juniors down. So, you see, my friend, that if I don't believe in God, still less do I believe in man. Now, tell me, don't you know a Desplein as different as possible from the Desplein whom everybody abuses? But never mind; there is nothing to be gained by raking that mud heap.

"Well, as I was saying, in that attic I lived, and there I labored to prepare myself for my first examination; and I hadn't a farthing that I could call my own. You understand, things had come to one of those passes with me which induce a fellow to swear that he'll throw up the sponge and turn soldier. One hope, however, remained to me. I was expecting a boxful of linen from home; a present from one of those old aunts who, in complete and blissful ignorance of what Paris is, fancy that an allowance of five-and-twenty pounds will enable a fellow to feast upon ortolans, and who meanwhile concentrate all their attention upon his shirts. Well, the trunk arrived in due course; but when it came I was at the hospital, and on my return I found that there was thirty shillings to pay for carriage, in which amount I stood indebted to the porter of the house, who had paid the money for me, and kept the trunk. I should be afraid to say how many times I paced up and down the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain, and the Rue de l'École-de-Médecine, vainly cudgelling my brains in the attempt to devise a plan for extricating my trunk from the porter's clutches without handing over the thirty shillings which I had not got, but which I meant to raise by selling the linen. My lack of ingenuity on this occasion convinced me there and then that surgery was my only possible vocation. For—frankly I say it—delicate minds, whose energies operate only in an elevated sphere, are essentially deficient in that spirit of intrigue which is fertile in resources and dexterous combinations. The good genius of such minds is chance; they do not seek—they encounter. Well, at nightfall I stole back to my lodgings, at the very

moment when my immediate neighbor—a water-carrier named Bourgeat, a native of Saint-Flour—returned from his daily toil. Between him and me there existed the sort of acquaintanceship which naturally springs up between persons who occupy rooms upon the same floor, and hear each other rising and going to bed, dressing and undressing, coughing, singing, and so forth; until at length they come to know one another's habits, and contract a kind of intimacy. From this neighbor I now learned that the landlord, to whom I owed three quarters' rent, had given me the kick-out, and that I was bound to decamp on the following morning. Bourgeat also, it appeared, had received peremptory notice to quit, on account of the nature of his calling. The night I passed, after hearing this news, was the wretchedest night of my existence. How was I to find any one to remove my bit of furniture and my books? Where was the money to come from, to pay him—if found—and the porter? Whither was I to betake myself? These insoluble questions I kept continually repeating to myself, like a madman reiterating his monotonous refrain. At last I fell asleep. Poverty has a divine slumber of its own—full of delightful dreams. In the morning, while I was devouring my porringer of bread and milk, in walks Bourgeat and says, 'Mr. Student, I'm a poor fellow, a foundling from the Foundling Hospital at Chain-Flour, fatherless and motherless, and not rich enough to marry. You don't seem to be much better off than me for relations, or for the stuff they buy pigs with. Now just listen to me. I've got a hand-cart down below that I've been and hired for a penny an hour; it'll hold all our "sticks"—yours as well as mine. And seeing as how they've given us the sack here, if you've no objection, why shouldn't you and me go and lodge together somewhere else? After all, this place isn't exactly the earthly paradise.'

"'You're right there, my good Bourgeat,' I replied. 'But I'm in a terrible fix, I must tell you. There's a trunk of mine in the porter's keeping, with some seven or eight pounds' worth of linen in it; out of which I could pay both the landlord and the porter. Meanwhile I am almost penniless.'

" 'No, no !' cried Bourgeat, gaily. 'You must keep your linen. I've got a few yellowboys here, and——' Here the poor water-carrier put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth a greasy old leathern purse. It ended in Bourgeat's discharging my debt to the landlord, his own, and the porter's lien on my linen. Then he loaded the hand-cart with all our belongings, and away we started to patrol the streets, Bourgeat dragging the truck, I walking by his side. Wherever we saw the words 'Apartments to Let,' he halted, while I went in to inquire the price ; for that was the main point—and also the main impediment. At noon we were still wandering about the Quartier Latin, without having found anything to suit us. Then Bourgeat suggested breakfast at a neighboring wine-shop ; and in we went, leaving the hand-cart at the door. It was not until the evening that I discovered a couple of attics in a house in the Cour Rohan, that faced each other on the same staircase, and were to be let for twelve and sixpence a quarter each. So my humble friend and I were housed at last. After that we dined together.

"Now I must tell you that Bourgeat, whose average earnings were about a couple of shillings a day, had managed to lay by a sum of something like twelve pounds, and was nearly in a position to realise the dream of his existence, the possession of a horse and water-cart of his own. Well, on learning how I was situated—for he wormed my secret out of me with a combination of the deepest subtlety and the most delicate good feeling, the recollection of which stirs my heart to this very day—he deferred the realization of his lifelong ambition. A water-carrier by hand of two-and-twenty years' standing, he nevertheless devoted the whole of his small capital to my advancement.

"He gave me the money with which to pay my examination fees," continued Desplein, tightly squeezing his companion's arm. "This poor fellow felt that I had a mission, that the satisfaction of his physical needs ought to be postponed to those of my intellect. He espoused my interests ; he used to call me his 'little one' ; he supplied me with money to buy the books that I required ; and, above all, he devoted a mother's care to seeing that I thenceforth

abandoned my meagre and unwholesome diet for an abundance of good and nourishing food.

"At that time Bourgeat was about forty years old. His face was that of a burgher of the Middle Ages. His head, with its markedly protuberant brow, might have served a painter for a model of the Spartan lawgiver's. The poor fellow's heart was literally overflowing with affection, which had hitherto found no object on which to expend itself. Till then the only creature that had loved him was a spaniel, which had lately died, and about which he was never tired of talking to me ; continually asking me whether I thought that the Church would consent to say masses for the repose of its soul. His dog, he would declare, was a true Christian which had gone to church with him regularly for twelve years without ever barking, but listening to the organ without so much as opening its mouth, and crouching at its master's feet in such an attitude as to convince him that it was joining in his prayers. It was now my turn to fill the void in Bourgeat's heart ; it was enough for him that I was lonely and a sufferer ; and accordingly I found in him the most attentive of mothers, the most delicate of benefactors—in a word, the incarnation of that virtue which rejoices in its task. Whenever I chanced to meet him in the street, plying his trade, he would throw me a glance of intelligence instinct with a nobility of feeling that defies description, and affect the step of a man who had no burden to carry ; while his face seemed to beam with delight at beholding me well-dressed and in good condition. In fact his devotion to me was the absolute devotion of the poor—the love of the grisette, directed to a higher aim. It was Bourgeat who ran on all my errands, who called me at the appointed hour, trimmed my lamp, and scrubbed my floor, with all the promptitude and cleanliness of an English housemaid ; thus approving himself as excellent a servant as he was an excellent father. Aye, and he was housekeeper into the bargain ; and a pleasant sight it was to see him, like Philopœmen, sawing up our firewood, and to note the simplicity with which he discharged all his self-imposed duties, while preserving his dignity intact ; for he seemed fully to

comprehend that the end ennobles the means. When the time came for me to quit the worthy fellow, to take up my abode as a resident student at the Hôtel-Dieu, the thought that we were thenceforth to live apart threw him into a state of forlorn depression ; but he comforted himself with the prospect of earning and hoarding up the money to defray the expenses of my final examination, and he made me promise to go and see him whenever I had a holiday. Bourgeat was proud of me ; he loved me for my own sake as well as for his. If you took the trouble to hunt up my pass-essay, you would find that it was dedicated to him.

" During the last year of my residence at the hospital I was lucky enough to earn sufficient money to discharge all my pecuniary obligations to this worthy Auvergnat, by buying him a horse and water-cart. He was furiously angry with me for thus robbing myself of all my gains ; yet at the same time he was enchanted at the realisation of his ardent desires. He laughed and scolded me, eyed the horse and cart, wiped away a tear, and exclaimed, ' You oughtn't to have done it. Oh, what a beautiful cart ! You were quite wrong. Why, the horse is as strong as an Auvergnat ! ' Never in my life have I beheld so touching a scene. Nothing would serve but he must buy me the silver-mounted case of instruments which you have seen in my study, and which, in my eyes, is the most precious article that it contains. Although intoxicated by my early successes, he never allowed himself to breathe a single syllable, or to indulge in the slightest gesture, that might seem to say, ' I was the making of this man.' And yet but for him I must have succumbed to penury. In fact, the poor fellow had exterminated himself on my account. He had stinted himself to bread and garlic in order that I might have coffee to drink during my night-work. The consequence was that he fell ill. As you may readily suppose, I sat up with him throughout the attack, and I succeeded in pulling him through. But two years afterwards he had a relapse, and on this occasion the most assiduous care and all the resources of the healing art proved ineffectual. Yet never was king so nursed and tended as

he was. No, Bianchon, to rescue this man from the clutches of death, I attempted unheard-of expedients, so bent was I on his living to witness the work of his hands, and to enjoy the full fruition of all his hopes ; so eagerly did I long to acquit myself of this, my one overwhelming and only debt of gratitude, and to quench the one flame of feeling which to this very day still smolders in my heart."

At this point Desplein paused, visibly overcome by his emotions. After awhile he resumed : " Bourgeat, my second father, died in my arms, leaving me his little all, by virtue of a will drawn up by a scrivener, and dating from the year when we went to live together in the Cour Rohan. His faith was the unquestioning faith which has passed into a proverb, *La foi du charbonnier*. He loved the Holy Virgin as he would have loved his wife had he been married. Yet, ardent Catholic as he was, he never opened his lips to rebuke my irreligion. When he felt his end approaching, he begged me to spare no expense in procuring him the succor of the Church ; and oftentimes when I was sitting up with him at night, he expressed anxiety as to his future state, fearing that his life had been less holy than it should have been. Poor fellow ! All his life long, from morning till night, he had done nothing but toil. Who then could have a better right to Paradise, if a Paradise there be ? He received the last sacraments like the saint he was, and his death was worthy of his life. I was the only mourner that followed him to the grave. When I had laid him in his last home, I began to consider how I could best discharge my debt to him. That he had neither father nor mother, nor sister nor brother, nor wife nor child, was clear enough ; but a creed he had—a firm religious conviction ! And what right had I to question its validity ? Now, from time to time he had timidly mentioned the subject of Masses for the repose of the dead—timidly, as being loath to impose a tax upon me, and shrinking from the idea of seeming to wish to extort payment for his good offices. Hence, as soon as ever I could command the necessary sum, I took it to Saint-Sulpice and there founded a quarterly mortuary Mass. Since other

offering to Bourgeat, save the satisfaction of his pious aspirations, there is none that I can make, I attend this Mass, and repeat the appointed prayers, in his name, at the beginning of each new season. I say, with the good faith of the honest doubter, 'My God, if there be a sphere, to which you admit the perfect after death, remember good Bourgeat; and if there be any punishment due to him, let the punishment be mine, so that he may the sooner enter the place which is called Paradise.' That, my friend, is all that a man of my way of thinking can allow himself to say. After all, God must be a good devil, and incapable of bearing me any grudge on that score. Upon my oath, I would

give my whole fortune to get Bourgeat's belief into this brain of mine."

Even Bianchon, who attended Desplein in his last illness, shakes his head when any one now calls upon him to affirm that the illustrious surgeon died an atheist. Hence, devout believers may well indulge the hope that the humble Auvergnat, who had already come forward to open for him the perishable portals of that earthly temple which, as the inscription on its pediment proclaims, a "grateful country" has dedicated to its greatest men, may have also come forward at the eleventh hour to open for him the everlasting gates of Heaven.—*Temple Bar*.

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CARITAS.

BY W. H. SAVILE.

HEAVEN's pure-souled painter, Fra Angelico,—  
 His calm brush, angel-guided, noon and night  
 Startling the cloister silence with fresh light  
 From some Saint's face,—unconscious lent the glow  
 Of beatific peace to souls below,  
 Until (so flamed God's Vision on his sight!)  
 Gleams of his own ineffable delight  
 Played round each outcast in the realm of woe.

No less, to-day, rare souls there are who live  
 In touch with all things just, and pure, and true,—  
 Sweet Love, their gracious and abiding guest,—  
 Who from their own white heights grudge not to give  
 The sinner and the publican their due,  
 Nor care to judge mankind but at its best.

—*The Spectator*.

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CHURCHILL.

BY J. DEVEY.

It is always interesting to trace the causes of the decay of great literary reputations, and few reputations in English literature were at one time greater, none seem now to have more utterly decayed, than that of Churchill. As a satirist, Churchill has written the most slashing verses in the English language. But the blade of the rapier with a scythe's edge has the dulness of a thrashing-flail. There is a want of ideal finish, of phil-

osophic completeness, about his conceptions which places him below Pope and Dryden. Nevertheless, he is not surpassed by either in withering irony or in strength of invective. As these are the leading elements of satire, Churchill is entitled to very high rank in this branch of poetry, though he compromised his claim by mistaking the malignancy of the stroke for the vigor of the hand which directed it. To this he appears to have



been led by his wrong choice of a profession, a blunder which early initiated him into habits of outrageous Bohemianism. The contumelies to which he was exposed in waging war against social respectability soured his feelings. He had neither time nor inclination for the culture of the æsthetic elements of his nature. During the three eventful years (1761-64) which spans the whole of his literary career, all was whirlwind and dissipation. His poems are only a reflex of the irregularities of the man. Hence, while in the boldness of his strokes we may fairly trace his lineage back to the older satirists, we miss the grace arising out of the magical combination of discordant materials, the Promethean creation of structural unity, which made the MacFleckno of Dryden as perfect in its ways as a Venus of Phidias or a Madonna of Raphael.

Churchill was at Westminster School with Cowper, Colman, and Warren Hastings, and, we dare say, picked up there as little learning as his contemporaries; for he failed to acquire a scholarship at Merton, and, when he migrated to Cambridge, refused the slight ordeal then essential for a degree. An ill-assorted marriage at eighteen, with the assumption of priest's orders, a few years later (1756), completed his ruin. Had Churchill, like Goldsmith, presented himself to the examining chaplain in red plush breeches, the world would have been saved some scandals, and the genius of Churchill placed under conditions more favorable to its harmonious development. As it was, he was obliged to eke out a starving curacy of £30 per annum in Somersetshire, by keeping a cider establishment. The drinks appear to have had a less popular flavor than the sermons; for two years later, we find Churchill encumbered with debt, supplementing the small paternal living in London by teaching in a young lady's boarding-school—a position for which it was thought he was singularly adapted, as his gown was regarded as a protection to the morals of the establishment. Churchill in a Somerset cider brewery was the serf of Admetus among the herdsmen; but thrown into the society of the metropolis, the nature of the sun-god began to reveal itself. For, soon after this boarding-school engagement,

he seduced a sculptor's daughter (Miss Carr), who had the poor merit of remaining faithful to him after his reckless living had alienated his wife. When the publication of the *Rosciad* (1761) put some £700 in his pocket—a poem which was offered to and refused by the trade for as many pence—Churchill exchanged his cassock and bands, then ordinarily worn by clergymen outdoors, for a gold-laced waistcoat, a Newmarket coat with metal buttons, and Steinkirk ruffles. The shock felt at such a transformation can hardly be appreciated in our day. When Perigord of Antien changed his episcopal robes for those of a courtier, deism was in fashion. When Churchill discarded his creed, the predominant sentiment of English society was veneration for the Church. Men lifted up their hands in astonishment at a writer who had profaned its ordinances, outraged its ethics, and trampled its robes under foot. His popularity waned. The clever poem on "Night," and the attack on the Johnsonian coterie under the name of "The Ghost," were coldly received. A political revolution led him to take a step which revived his favor with the multitude for a short season, only to consign him in the end more irrevocably to oblivion.

In the autumn of 1761 the elder Pitt resigned his seat in the Cabinet, because his colleagues would not anticipate the impending rupture with Spain by seizing the Spanish galleons on their transit from the Indies. The councils of Lord Bute remained in the ascendant. All the avenues of the State were crowded with his favorites. It seemed as if the days of James I. had revived, when a whole colony of Scotch courtiers crossed the Tweed and ousted Englishmen from the lobbies of St. James's. The reins of Government were held by effeminate statesmen, who sought to stifle public resentment by acts of repression. Wilkes led on the attack against the Court, with Churchill as his henchman. The popularity of the demagogue brightened, for a season, the reputation of the poet. Churchill startled the town with the *Prophecy of Famine*—the most successful of his efforts, because, in the highest vein of satire, it gave force and embodiment to the feelings of the multitude. Wilkes, in the *North Britain*,

wore the visor of a Scotchman only the more effectively to cover the Prime Minister with ridicule. The scarcity then prevailing in the kingdom was ascribed to the devastation of the Scotch, who, leaving their own barren plains and mountains, had emigrated southward to despoil the English treasury. The relation between Bute and the Queen Dowager was supposed to be imaged in the relation between Mazarin and Anne of Austria, and in that of Mortimer with Isabella.\* The more ridiculous the insinuation, the greater its chance of credibility. Whether Wilkes and Churchill annihilated Lord Bute or not may be open to question, but they certainly drove him from place. That nobleman, who appeared at the head of the treasury in 1762, was obliged to retire before the storm which his enemies had evoked. But Wilkes and Churchill were singled out for prosecution by the Government. Churchill, by a ruse of Wilkes, who passed him off to the warrant-officers as Mr. Thompson, escaped to Wales with Miss Carr, leaving his more prosaic companion to contemplate life through the bars of the Tower. When Wilkes was called up before Chief Justice Pratt, at Common Pleas, to hear the Whig doctrine of the legality of general warrants upset, Hogarth, with "The murderous pencil in his palsied hand,"

was in the gallery, sketching that famous caricature from which, as long as caricature shall last, Wilkes will squint upon posterity. The infuriated Churchill, as Hogarth had enjoyed the friendship of both, dipped his pen in gall to overshadow, in his celebrated epistle, the greatness of the artist by the meanness of the man.

Sir Frederick Leighton, in our day, has painted Dryden's Cymon and Iphigenia, and succeeded. Hogarth had painted Dryden's Sigismunda and Guiscardo, and failed. The gentleman who gave the commission refused the picture.

Poor Sigismunda ! What a fate is thine !  
Dryden, the great high priest of all the nine,  
Revised thy name, gave what the Muse could  
give,  
And in his numbers bade thy memory live,

\* *North Britain*, No. 5.

Gave thee those soft sensations which might  
move  
And warm the coldest anchorite to love ;  
Gave thee that virtue which could curb desire,  
Refine and consecrate Love's headlong fire ;  
Gave thee those griefs which made the Stoic  
feel,  
And call'd compassion forth from hearts of  
steel ;  
Gave thee that firmness which our sex may  
shame,  
And make man bow to woman's juster claim,  
So that the tears, which from our weakness  
flow,  
Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.  
But oh, how much unlike ! how weak ! how  
changed !  
How much from nature, and herself estranged !  
How totally deprived of all the powers  
To show her feelings and awaken ours,  
Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,  
The helpless victim of a dauber's hand.  
Blush, thou vain man ! and if desire of fame,  
Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,  
To quick destruction Sigismunda give,  
And let her memory die, that thine may  
live."\*

Garrick, in a letter to Colman, pronounced this epistle the most bloody performance he had ever known. It was even reported that Hogarth was killed, when the celebrated caricature of the bear appeared, in torn clerical bands, clutching a pewter of stout with one paw, and a club with a few *North Britons* with the other. "The Bruiser" was a compliment to Churchill, for he had almost hugged poor Hogarth to death.

Wilkes only escaped from incarceration to find himself a target for exasperated Scotchmen anxious to avenge their slighted country by exchanging pistol-shots with its assailant. Martin's bullet had hardly been extracted from Wilkes, than General Forbes, another crack shot, followed Wilkes to Paris, hoping to repeat the performance of Martin. Churchill, imagining that Martin and Forbes were only the pioneers of a government conspiracy hatched to despatch Wilkes, wrote his *Duellist*, a poem which Horace Walpole pronounced the best of his works, though it is famous for little else than its satire on Warburton:—

A man so proud that, should he meet  
The twelve Apostles in the street,  
He'd turn his nose up at them all,  
And shove his Saviour from the wall.

But the Wilkes fever was in the as-

\* Line 487.

cedant, and the *Duellist* not only met with a success disproportionate to its merits, but even pushed *The Author*, by which it was immediately preceded, into fictitious circulation. For these two productions Churchill received from his publishers £470. It is evident Churchill made capital out of the popularity of Wilkes, but when the patriotic bubble burst, he was dragged down by his associates to the limbo of dubious reputations.

The last year of Churchill's life was crowded with more performances than the two previous years put together. From October 1763 to October 1764, there appeared, in rapid succession, *The Conference*, *The Author*, *The Duellist*, *Gotham*, *The Candidate*, *The Times*, *Farewell*, and *Independence*. We are told by his biographer that he diversified these literary occupations by indulging in sporting pursuits at Acton Common and Richmond. It was impossible for a writer, in so short a space, to throw off so many pieces and impart to each the organic structure of a work of art. Much of Churchill's later work, though strikingly vigorous in parts, appears to consist of measured indignation against the miscellaneous vices of society, cut out into orthodox lengths of 500 lines, and christened after his own arbitrary fancy. The last half of *The Candidate*, or of *Gotham*, has as much connection with the first, as it has with *The Author*, *The Conference*, or with *Independence*; and the last three pieces might change titles with each other without the slightest incongruity. His poems, however, commanded a certain sale, which induced him to continue his efforts. At the latter end of October a yearning seized him for the society of his friend Wilkes, who was recruiting himself at Boulogne. Laying aside his gun, but not his pen, thither Churchill repaired, but only to encounter military fever. In the execution of another poem he had reached the 166th line—

"I on my journey all alone proceed,"

when death, in his thirty-third year, took him at his word, and sent him on his last travel. Wilkes was inconsolable. He followed Churchill to his final resting-place in St. Martin's Churchyard, Dover, but graced the spot with no

cenotaph. In the grounds of his own cottage in the Isle of Wight he placed a broken Doric column, composed of materials as fragile as his patriotism, with the inscription: *Carolo Churchill : amico jucundo, poetæ acri, civi optime de patria merito*. A hot or sour-tempered poet is not the pleasantest companion. Wilkes certainly displayed as little scholarship as beneficence in perpetuating the genius of his friend.

The public were not very accurate in their estimate of the poet's performances. *Gotham*, which had the least success of any, is undoubtedly his best work. Cowper characterized it as a masterly poem, full of noble beauties, suffused with those magical tints of idealized nature which Cowper himself was so fond of imparting to his page. But it was disjointed in texture. It had no venom. It was seasoned with no political hostility. The absence of the very qualities which would have tarnished its merits made it insipid to a generation whose jaded palate nauseated food except of a highly spiced flavor. It was the misfortune of Churchill to be born in an age which turned a deaf ear to the strains of Collins, and could only recognize the genius of Cowper through the extravagant ditty of *John Gilpin*. Churchill, soured by social outlawry, was too much inclined to indulge the popular humor. The bent of his own prejudices impelled him to exercise invective too much and the ethical feelings too little. His muse is an utter stranger to pathos. That he could steep the commonest features of the external world in spiritual radiance, that he could, by a few colors sparsely laid on, call up scenes of wild beauty, and in measured music evoke the finer emotions of nature, his enumeration of flowers,\* the description of the strolling players,† and his colloquy with the muse‡ amply establish. But the public would not pay for these things, and, except where they arose spontaneously out of his wayward habits of thought, Churchill did not think his strength lay in this direction. Didactic themes were too quiet for his stormy nature. The balance of his powers was in some measure destroyed

\* *Gotham*, book i. lines 245-270.

† *The Apology*, lines 211-225, and 236-243.

‡ *Gotham*, book iii. lines 389-440.

by the predominance of the sledge-hammer element. The stage of life, to him, was entirely engrossed by fools or knaves or cowards. There were no misfortunes to be pitied, no qualities to excite sympathy, but only follies to be denounced, vices to be overthrown, and ruffians to be hunted down. Hence Churchill is nearly always indignant. But his bitterness is never so luxuriant as when Scotland is the object of his muse. His description of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" is almost grotesque in its extravagance.

Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,  
Earth clad in russet scorned the lively green,  
The plague of locusts they, secure, defy,  
For in three hours a grasshopper would die ;  
No living thing, whatever its food, feeds there,  
But the camelion, who can feast on air.  
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo,  
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew.

\* \* \* \* \*

There, webs are spread of more than common  
size,  
And half-starved spiders feed on half-starved  
flies.\*

As Churchill was never north of the Tweed, Scotchmen have the consolation of knowing he did not know what he was writing about. Churchill thus personifies Scotland:—

Her hollow cheeks were each a deep sunk  
cell,  
Where wretchedness and sorrow loved to  
dwell,  
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,  
Her mouth from ear to ear extended wide,  
Which, when for want of food her entrails  
pined,  
She oped, and cursing, swallowed nought but  
wind.  
All shrivelled was her skin, and here and  
there,  
Making their way perforce, her bones lay bare ;  
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,  
O'er her foul limbs a tattered plaid she threw.†

Scotchmen were—

Considered as the refuse of mankind,  
A mass, till the last moment, left behind,  
Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,  
Whether to stamp with life or throw away,  
Which, formed in haste, was planted in this  
nook,  
But never entered in creation's book.‡

This venomous antipathy to every-

thing Scotch is the more inexcusable as there was nothing to support it. When a man

Hangs a nation up to public scorn,

he declares war against Providence who created it. He also displays a bigotry which is at war with common sense. To some extent he commits an outrage upon humanity by engendering national antipathies, the source of all the wars and tumults which have desolated the earth. When the people to whom he is hostile are members of his own community, his rancor recoils with redoubled force upon himself. Scotland has not been slow in exacting retributive justice from the manes of Churchill, and she is in a position to do so, as far as his reputation is concerned, with deadly effect. It is hardly too much to say that, owing to the habitual fondness of Scotchmen for letters, there is hardly an English newspaper or magazine but Scotchmen are at the head of it, or influence it in some way or other. They supply most of the intellectual food which is worked into the spiritual constitution of the nation. They conduct the schools ; they manage the printing press ; they elaborate the thought of the people. Where a book is to be edited, or a leader to be written, or a treatise to be published, there is a Scotchman to the fore. Now there is nothing of which Scotchmen are more jealous than the honor of their country. Any one who ventures to traduce their national characteristics must expect no mercy at their hands. When, therefore, the arbiters of our literary destinies determined that Churchill was a poet of little merit, from their judgment there was no appeal. Beattie, of *Minstrel* celebrity, began the attack in the poet's lifetime ; and Jeffreys and Lockhart have taken care that the judgment of their countrymen should rather be accentuated than reversed. The consequence is that Churchill has been ruthlessly consigned to oblivion, notwithstanding his real genius, of which, had it been more wisely directed, Englishmen might well be proud. In fact, Churchill, through his manifold indiscretions, is fast dropping out of our memories, and we are doing a perilous act in endeavoring to rescue him from the stream of Lethe.

\* *Prophecy of Famine*, p. 295.

† *Ibid.*, lines 413-420.

‡ *Ibid.*, line 436.

During the present century his works have only been issued twice in an independent form; and in a dependent form we only remember two reprints in what purported to be collected editions of the standard British poets, which must have belied the title-page had Churchill been left out.

If the Scotch critics, however, have discrowned Churchill, they have endeavored to make ample amends by elevating another, whom nature never intended for the laurel, to the peaks of Parnassus. By the wildest freak of language, Beattie could never be included in the poetic category. His satire upon Churchill is as coarse as it is irredeemably stupid. The *Minstrel* is his only credential to fame, and had not Beattie attracted the sympathies of his countrymen by his drivelling attack upon Churchill, the *Minstrel* would long since have been forgotten. But Scotchmen are determined that Beattie shall enjoy perennial fame. His name figures in every elocution book. His verses find a place in every selection of British

Poets. Edition after edition of the *Minstrel*, on the other side of the Tweed, is issued from the Press. On this side, to keep Beattie before the English public as a standard classic, a ruse is resorted to, of a very ingenious character. His works are bound up with those of Collins, the living with the dead, that the unsophisticated reader may assume both to be animated with an equal degree of vitality. Hence it has come to pass that the generation which has forgotten Churchill worships Beattie as a great poet. Poor Collins deserves a better fate at the hands of his countrymen, who ought to have stopped this wanton desecration of his genius. When the Romans desired to subject a traitor to the extremity of punishment they bound him up with a corpse, that, while living, life might be rotted out of him by the miasma of the dead. But the splendid imagery of Collins, his nervous language, and his tragic fate, ought, out of very pity, to have saved him from a calamity which the ancients only reserved for their worst criminals.—*National Magazine*.

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#### BUDDHIST THEOSOPHY.

No apology certainly can be needed for calling attention once more to what a writer in the *Church Quarterly* quite rightly describes as "the great religion of the world," in point of numbers, seeing that it counts among its adherents some 500,000,000 souls, or forty per cent. of the whole human race. It has indeed to be remembered that Buddhism, like some other great world-religions, is not altogether at unity with itself. There is a marked divergence between its Northern and Southern types, and the Buddhism of Thibet—or, as it is there commonly called, Llamaism—is not the same thing as the Buddhism of the cultured Singhalese. It might also be said with truth—but neither is that a singularity of Buddhism—that the philosophical system, as found in the sacred books and maintained by the learned—we say the philosophical system, for Buddhism is really rather a philosophy than a religion—differs widely from the popular cult, which often becomes in practice little more

than a form of unintelligent idolatry. Still, after making all deductions, a religion so called which in some form prevails among considerably over a third of mankind, must be allowed to be at least an interesting subject of study. And there are moreover special reasons which of late have given it an accidental prominence, as is indicated by the long list of works prefixed to the article in the *Church Quarterly*. One work indeed, of fully equal importance to any he has cited, is curiously conspicuous by its absence, and is never once mentioned by the reviewer, though it would have greatly strengthened his argument. We mean Dr. Kellogg's *Light of Asia and Light of the World*, which traverses the extravagant claims lately put forward for Buddhism by writers like Mr. Edwin Arnold, as anticipating if not transcending both in its historical and ethical—we can hardly say theological—value the highest teachings of Christianity. Two chief causes have combined to vindicate for the great Asiatic religion this

proud pre-eminence in modern European thought. One only is noticed by the reviewer, on which we may have a word to say presently, but to which he appears to us to attach a disproportionate significance, the amusing but nearly exploded craze of "Esoteric Buddhism." But it is also true that a certain school of German thinkers, of higher intellectual pretensions than the disciples of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Sinnett, of whom Schopenhauer may be taken as the typical representative, have been fascinated not by the noblest but by the least estimable elements of the Buddhist scheme, its pessimism and its atheistic fatalism. And thus, both on its philosophical and its mystical or magical side, it has of late years engaged the attention of Europe to a degree previously unknown. Buddhism viewed in its historical development presents, as the reviewer rightly observes, the double aspect of an ethical rule and an indeterminate system of ontological philosophy. Of this double character the ethical is of course the most important side, so far as Buddhism claims to be a religion, and it is also in itself the noblest of the two. As Dr. Kellogg says, "the best in Buddhism is its system of morals." And that system appeals for its origin and sanction to the teaching and example of the founder, Buddha or Sakyamuni. Even in the middle ages a vague tradition about him had made its way into Europe, and took shape in the legendary hagiography of St. Barlaam and St. Josaphat. It has recently been idealized in its most attractive form for English readers in Mr. Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, which viewed simply as a poem few would feel tempted to criticize harshly, and the author may have intended it to be accepted simply in that light. But others at all events—like Renan and Seydel—have treated the matter more seriously, and have deliberately undertaken to derive Christianity from Buddhism, chiefly on the score of the alleged close coincidence in the lives of the respective founders of the two systems. How close that resemblance has been supposed to be may be inferred from the summary cited by Dr. Kellogg from another German writer, Dr. Eitel, in his *Lectures on Buddhism*, who thus draws out the alleged parallel:—"Sakyamuni,

we are told, came from heaven, was born of a virgin, welcomed by angels, received by an old saint endowed with prophetic vision, presented in a temple, baptized with water and afterward with fire. He astonished the most learned doctors by his understanding and answers. He was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, and after being tempted by the devil went about preaching and doing wonders. He became the friend of publicans and sinners, was transfigured on a mountain, descended into hell and ascended into heaven." In two particulars only the parallel fails, the two by the way commended by Talleyrand to the special notice of the sceptical friend who was bemoaning his ill success in the endeavor to start a new religion. He is not reported to have been crucified and to have risen from the grave. It is hardly necessary to say that on close investigation the alleged parallel breaks down in nearly all its specific details.

Still it remains true that Sakyamuni is a grand and impressive figure, and that his ethical teaching supplies the noblest element of Buddhism, though it is far indeed from being really an echo, still less a pre-announcement, of the Sermon on the Mount. It rests at bottom, as we intimated just now, on a purely atheistic and pessimist basis; it recognizes no free will in this world, though it inculcates a pure if somewhat negative and unpractical morality, and it points to no better heaven than a state of otiose and unconscious absorption or *nirvana* hereafter. But it has the further drawback for working purposes, that it is, as the reviewer words it, "the rule of a monastic order," little adapted to the exigencies of ordinary life. It is based on the fundamental principle that existence is itself suffering, and therefore it is better not to exist, and meanwhile the nearer one can approach that condition by extricating oneself from the Maya or phenomenal world, which "is nothing and illusion," the better. It is in accordance with this view that "the having of individuality" is declared to be one of the three great delusions which are fatal to the attainment of the Buddhist standard of perfection, the other two being a doubt respecting the teaching of Buddha and

a belief in the efficacy of outward rites. The leading notion, however, is that of *Karma* or desert—which is the sum total or moral result of all a man's acts, words, and wishes during his whole life; "what we are is the fruit of that which we have done." But on that doctrine—which takes the concrete shape of the metempsychosis—we have had opportunities of dwelling before now, and we need not return to it here. The principal point to which the writer in the *Church Quarterly* is anxious to draw attention is one which has also more than once been noticed in our columns, and he appears to us, as we have said, to attach an exaggerated importance to it. Still he has some curious little facts to communicate about the latest developments of the new "Theosophical" movement which are worth a passing word.

It is not long since we had occasion to notice the last work published by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the chief prophet and spokesman of Esoteric Buddhism or "Occultism" in this country, and those who happen to be acquainted with it will certainly have no hesitation in agreeing with the *Church Quarterly* that the alleged "occult" phenomena, supposing for argument's sake they are admitted to have occurred, are hardly the kind of "signs and wonders" fitted to authenticate a new Evangel. There appears, however, to be a class of minds for which either the logic or—shall we say—the legerdmain of the Theosophists has an attraction, if we may judge from the circumstance that since the institution ten years ago in the United States of the "Theosophical Society" by Colonel Olcott—who was reported not long ago in the Indian newspapers to have publicly avowed himself a Buddhist—it has ramified into no less than 108 branches, of which, however, 94 are in Asia, the remaining fourteen being divided between Europe, which has seven, North America with six, and Australasia with one. They devote their energies, it seems, some to the prosecution of spiritualism and psychical research, a great many to mesmerism, psychopathy—whatever that may be—and animal magnetism. But the President proclaims it the supreme object of the Association "to effect a revival of pure exoteric Buddhism and a union of

the Buddhist nations for this purpose." And the strange thing is that there have been a few converts already—it may be hoped very few—from Christianity to "pure exoteric Buddhism." The following marvellous report of the formal reception of an English clergyman into the Buddhist community at Colombo is quoted from an Indian newspaper:—

"I take my refuge in Buddha! I take my refuge in the law! I take my refuge in the order!" The *Pansil* ceremony was administered by the High Priest, the Rev. H. Sumangala, Principal of the Vidyodaya College at Colombo, who was assisted by the Rev. T. Amaramoli, a Buddhist priest, both of whom recited the *Pirit* (blessings) used on such occasions. Among those present were Col. Olcott, Madame Blavatsky, and a number of passengers from the *Navarino*, by which Mr. Leadbeater had arrived, and many prominent native citizens of Ceylon. On being requested by the High Priest to state his reasons why he desired to be a follower of Lord Buddha, Mr. Leadbeater stated that it was his desire to arrive at the truth expressed in a purer form in Buddhism than in any other system with which he was acquainted. He further stated that while the Christian doctrines were all based on hearsay evidence and upon doubtful authority, and required him to believe many unreasonable things, the teaching of Gautama Buddha, which stands forth most prominently, is that we should believe nothing which our reason cannot accept as true, because faith, to be lasting, must be based upon sound reason and common sense.

And what makes these recent conversions—or perversions—the more unintelligible is the fact, of which the reviewer gives plenty of detailed evidence, that the peculiar "phenomena," of which Madame Blavatsky—herself apparently a convert from the Russian Church—is a chief prophetess and performer, have been of late rather more conspicuously exposed than before. There has at all events been a battle royal in India between the Committee of the Theosophical Society and certain missionaries of the Scottish Free Church at Madras, in which other writers have also taken part, notably Madame Coulomb, who has published *Some Account of my Interviews with Madame Blavatsky from 1872 to 1884, with a full Explanation of the most Marvellous Theosophical Phenomena*. And it does not look as if the Theosophists were by any means getting the best of it. Indeed the last news reported from India on the subject is of "the collapse—partly actual

partly impending—of the Theosophical movement." Such at any rate is Madame Coulomb's view of the matter, who declares that she too steps to bring the questions at issue to a legal decision, upon which "Madame Blavatsky, who would have been one of the two principal witnesses in the case, left India and sailed for Europe"; and she adds that this was done by the urgent direction of "the chief men of the Society." How that may be we are of course unable to determine, but on another and more important point there appears to be no room for doubt:—

What, however, is apparently certain is that the elaborate "Report" of the Theosophical Society issued in defence of Madame B. *has now been withdrawn*, "containing, as Mr. R. Ragoonath Row admits, 'untruths and non-genuine documents,' the work of unscrupulous friends of Madame B." (*J. C. May* 30).

In the May number of the *Theosophist* also there is a special circular addressed by Col. Olcott to the presidents of all branch Theosophical Societies, in which he repudiates *all connection of the Theosophical movement with occult phenomena*.

In no case certainly could one desire the success of a movement which, taking it

at its best, and assuming its entire harmony with the original Buddhism, would only promote the revival of what the reviewer calls a system "at once atheistic and fatalist, subjecting all things to the grinding and multiplied injustices of a blind Necessity, instead of conceiving them as guided by an Intelligent Will." Meanwhile, however, we must frankly confess that, on hearing of the claim of this new-fangled Theosophical sect to represent the lofty, however defective and inconsequent, teaching of Sakya-muni, we were irresistibly reminded of the poet's comment on the alleged Egyptian pedigree of our modern gipsy fortune-tellers:—

Lo, Mizraim's kingcraft, of its glory reft,  
Is shrunk to petty deeds of midnight theft;  
Lo, Egypt's wisdom only lives to pry  
Through the dark arts of paltry palmistry.

To turn from the stately, if somewhat Stoic, grandeur of the old historic Buddhism to the pitiful pranks of the prophets and prophetesses of occult Theosophy is to pass at a bound from the sublime to the ridiculous.—*Saturday Review*.

### POETS AND POLITICS.

THE most dissimilar things are often found to be closely related to each other. Toryism and Democracy, if Lord Randolph Churchill is not mistaken, are an instance in point. Politics and Poetry have a more assured connection, though they are quite as unlike. One concerns practical and immediate things, the fleeting aspects of the day, the rivalries of men and systems; the other is not of the day, but of all days,—it concerns the deeper problems of life and the higher truths of the imagination. These are points of difference; more apparent, it must be said, than real; but there is something that reconciles them. It is the quality of human nature common alike to poetry and to politics, and from which both of them derive their deepest interest. When a poet like William Morris becomes an active exponent of Socialism, we feel at first a shock of surprise. There seems to be such an utter incongruity between mediæval and classic romance and modern revolution, that

the phenomenon bewilders us. But we remember that a poet is above all men an enthusiast, and that of all enthusiasms the enthusiasm of humanity is the most absorbing to poetic sensibilities, and the anomaly is thus in some measure explained.

The same enthusiasm conducted in Shelley to even more extravagant results. But Shelley was always a creature of impulse. It was only in relapses from a state of passionate fervor that he cultivated a placid muse. Yet this fierce enthusiasm of humanity redeems in him the flagrant excesses it occasions. In Byron it is wholly redeeming and exalting. It inspired the only ambition in his life for which his life and poetry were the better. But the age of Byron and Shelley was one, in England, of class-privilege and intolerance; on the Continent, of desperate and just revolt,—an age when there needed no Socialistic imagination to discover grievances or invent tyrannies. Coleridge, in his



youth, and even Southey, shared the ardor of the time, though with them it did not last long. Their pantisocratic aspirations were never very serious, and the little family arrangement to be carried out on the banks of the Susquehanna could not have affected any one outside their own small circle. But Coleridge, in one of his finest odes, has recorded the effect upon himself of the spirit of revolution :—

" When France her giant limbs upreared  
And with that oath, which smote air, earth,  
and sea,  
Stamped her strong foot and said she would  
be free,  
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and  
feared !"

Before the time when these reminiscences were written down, the poet had exchanged the passion of hope for the condition of philosophic calm. It is rather by philosophy than passion that freedom may be understood ; but it does not help us much to know that the poet, after all, found it " on the sea cliff's verge "—

" Possessing all things with intensest love,  
O Liberty ! my spirit felt thee there."

It would have been strange had it not ; and it may be that it was best to turn at once from the horrors which the ode recapitulates to the repose of nature,—but it would have been more courageous if the poet had put in contrast with the anarchist travesty of liberty that true liberty to which a distressed nation might aspire.

England is no longer a distressed nation. She has passed in her time through terrible revolutions ; she has achieved mighty reforms ; and whatever may still be wanting to her perfect well-being, she is already the freest and most enlightened country of the globe. Surely, then, it might be thought, this is a time when the poet should again take to the pipe of peace. We look to him to help us to keep our freedom, to instruct us in the use of it, to lead us in the pursuit of those higher gains and pleasures to which it ministers—but we no longer look to him for a war-cry. Mr. William Morris, however, thinks that a war-cry is still needed, and that it is the office of the poet to supply it. If Mr. Swinburne's revolutionary utterances are not purely academical, he may be supposed to agree with him,—though, unlike Mr.

Morris, who is prepared to head the fray, he is content to leave the fighting to others. Mr. Morris accordingly suspends—if he has not finally abandoned—his devotion to mediæval romance, and seeks an earthly paradise in an impossible future, instead of again finding it in a legendary past which his genius made real. Let us say that we entirely respect his motives, while we lament the ends to which his labors are directed. We honor even the mistaken enthusiasm of humanity that sways the poet ; but we cannot too much regret the mischievous excesses into which it betrays him. He sees only the end he desires, an end which his imagination invests with colors of its own and with qualities only possible in a community of minds like his own. The methods and intermediate details, of which the impassioned advocate does not pause to take account, are devised by other men,—not poets, often not enthusiasts, sometimes desperate and unscrupulous schemers. Whatever may be its final aims, Socialism involves in some of its stages revolution, spoliation, the subversion of all reasonable law ; and these are not things which we would willingly associate with the name of William Morris.

But it must not be supposed that poets, in their relation to politics, are always impracticable and extravagant. They are pioneers of reform by the strength of their sympathies ; and it is in the power of the poet, beyond all other men, to evoke sympathy and beget enthusiasm. But we do not need to be a'ways reforming, any more than children should be always learning the alphabet. We think we have done fairly well, so well that we may even take a little rest, and it is provoking to be told that the fighting has yet all to come. We turn from Mr. Morris and Mr. Swinburne, when they tell us so, to the wise counsels of the Poet-Laureate. He lacks nothing of the true enthusiasm of humanity. The social hopes of men have never been more vividly expressed than in the stirring verses of " Locksley Hall." Nor has English patriotism ever found a bolder voice, whether for defiance or defence, and whether against a common foe outside or usurpation and intolerance at home. Again and again, in times of national heat, when the hearts of the

whole people have been moved by one strong passionate impulse, he has interpreted the common feeling as no one else could. "I have felt with my native land," he says; "I am one with my kind." And now, in a time of partial repose, when the ground won is an assurance of the easy conquest of what remains to be won, it is he who best tells us where we stand, and what England is:—

"A land of settled government,  
A land of just and old renown,  
Where Freedom broadens slowly down  
From precedent to precedent."

Thus, in four terse lines he gives us a perfect account of our legislative system and its result—that result of social order and constitutional freedom which distinguishes us among all nations. If the younger poets will be admonished by Lord Tennyson, they will not "feed with crude imaginings wild hearts and feeble wings." There are two factors in political and social life of which the Laureate makes much, and the younger poets very little. These are Knowledge and Reverence. "Make knowledge circle with the winds," says the elder poet, "but let her herald, Reverence, fly before her." It is not conceivable that if the Socialists would get knowledge and practise reverence, they would persist in their present endeavors. We do not claim reverence for classes or class interests, as such, but we do claim it for those principles of order, and justice, and mutual observance, upon which society is founded, and without which it could not exist. Extremists always assume themselves to be well informed when they possess only the little knowledge which is proverbially dangerous. With more complete enlightenment they would shun the perilous courses in which they run blindly:—

"Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,  
That knowledge takes the sword away."

The Laureate, only a few months ago, returned to the subject of the poems from which we have quoted, in a poem on "Freedom," published in *Macmillan's Magazine*. With more force, if possible; with even greater dignity, if that might be; with a deeper sense of the responsibility of the voice that spoke, the now aged poet again invoked that true freedom he had sung many years before:—

"O scorner of the party cry,

Thou loather of the lawless crown;  
As of the lawless crowd;  
How long thine ever-growing mind  
Hath stilled the blast and strown the wave,  
Though some of late would raise a wind  
To sing thee to thy grave,  
Men loud against all forms of power—  
Unfurnished brows, tempestuous tongues—  
Expecting all things in an hour—  
Brass mouths and iron lungs."

These are strong words, and some of them cannot be applied to Mr. William Morris. But he appears to give the sanction of his name and genius to the schemes of men to whom they are altogether applicable. On the subject of Socialism we have little more to say. We are at one with the Socialists in their demand for freedom of speech; we would join them in any effort to better, by legitimate means, the condition of any class that may still be suffering and overweighted; but in regard to the order and systems they would uproot, we share the Laureate's grateful reflection,—

"We are a people yet;  
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,  
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers;  
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set  
His Briton in blown seas and storming show-ers."

—*Spectator*.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS. (SECOND PART.)  
A JOURNAL OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA, FROM 1837 TO 1852. By the late George C. F. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council. Edited by Henry Reeve, Regis-

trar of the Privy Council. Complete in two volumes. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

At last the long-expected second part of the Greville Memoirs, the first volume of which

made such a sensation, has appeared, and it appeals not only to those interested in literature and history, but to the lover of gossip, a far larger number, as did the first volume. We do not find as much downright scandal in the present book, as the times delineated were of a far purer and cleaner sort than those in which Victoria's circles made royalty a synonym with all that is licentious and disgraceful. But the political and social interest is even greater, as it approaches more nearly our own period. Mr. Reeve, the editor, alludes to this in his preface in these words: "There were in the records of those reigns (George IV. and William IV.) topics of scandal and topics of ridicule, already familiar to the world, which cast a shadow over those pages, and the more so as they were true. In narrating the earlier passages of the reign of Queen Victoria no such incidents occur. The court was pure, the persons of the sovereign and her court profoundly respected. The monarchy itself has been strengthened in the last forty-eight years by a strict adherence to the principles of moral dignity and constitutional government. Nothing is to be found in these journals to impugn that salutary impression, and they will afford to future generations no unworthy picture of those who have played the most conspicuous part in the last half century."

The continuation now before us covers a period of fourteen years, from the accession of Victoria in 1837, to the *coup d'état* of Napoleon in 1851. As the occurrences which took place after the latter period, the establishment of the Imperial power in France, and shortly after the Crimean war, marked so important an epoch in Europe, Mr. Reeve determined to make the rise of the second Napoleon the beginning of a new series at a later date.

The world hardly needs to be informed now who and what Mr. Greville was. Brought into the closest political and social relations with the leading men of his times, he observed events with a close, searching, unsparing eye, and recorded them with a cynical humor, an airy, graceful touch, and graphic powers of delineation, which make his book delightful reading. That he was narrow and bitter, sometimes malignant even, is true; but this, while it invalidates his narrative as history, does not lessen its charm in the reading. In the main it is probable Mr. Greville was honest, only he saw things from the standpoint of a very obstinate conservatism, and was hardly willing sometimes to give due credit to the good motives of those opposed to him. We cannot so

well in any other way convey so good an impression of the spirit and character of the work as by giving some extracts, which are only a very few tid-bits, out of a very profuse banquet of good things.

In 1838 he was invited to a Royal dinner party, which he thus describes:

"The Queen sat for some time at table, talking away very merrily to her neighbors, and the men remained about a quarter of an hour after the ladies. When we went into the drawing-room, and huddled about the door in the sort of half-shy, half-awkward way people do, the Queen advanced to meet us, and spoke to everybody in succession, and if everybody's 'palaver' was as deeply interesting as mine, it would have been worth while to have had Gurney to take it down in short-hand. The words of kings and queens are precious, but it would be hardly fair to record a Royal after-dinner colloquy. . . . We had plenty of instrumental music during and after dinner. To form an opinion or the slightest notion of her real character from such an informal affair as this, is manifestly impossible. Nobody expects from her any clever, amusing, or interesting talk, above all no stranger can expect it. She is very civil to everybody, and there is more of frankness, cordiality, and good-humor in her manner than of dignity. She looks and speaks cheerfully; there was nothing to criticise, nothing particularly to admire. The whole thing seemed to be dull, perhaps unavoidably so, but still so dull that it is a marvel how anybody can like such a life. This was an unusually large party, and therefore more than usually dull and formal; but it is much the same sort of thing every day."

He gives an amusing account of the worry and debate over the selection of armorial bearings for the baby Prince of Wales:

"Peel sent for me the day before yesterday to talk to me about the armorial bearings of the Prince of Wales—a matter apparently very simple and insignificant, but not at all so in fact. The Queen and Prince are very anxious to allot to this baby his armorial bearings, and they wish that he should quarter the arms of Saxony with the Royal arms of England, because Prince Albert is alleged to be *Duke of Saxony*. The Queen gave the Princess Royal armorial bearings last year by warrant, but it is conceived that more formal proceedings are necessary in the case of the Heir Apparent. The Heralds and others who have considered the matter, think that the Saxon arms ought not to be foisted upon the Royal arms of England. It is her Majesty's predilection for everything German which makes her insist on this being done, and she wants it to be done offhand at the next Council without going through the usual forms of a reference and report. Peel, however, is not disposed to let the thing be thus hurried over; he thinks that it is a matter in which the dignity of the Crown is concerned, and that whatever is done should be done with deliberation, and that if the Privy Council are to advise they ought to advise what is right and becoming, and not merely what she or the Prince wish. The difficulty therefore is, how to set the matter going. The Earl Marshal will not stir without an order to do so. If the Home Office order him to submit a draft of the armorial bearings to the Prince of Wales, they can only order him to make out what is right according to the rules."

Mr. Greville often chatted with the Duke of Wellington about many matters. The Iron

Duke gives his opinion of Marlborough and Napoleon in one of these talks :

"I began talking to him about the discovery lately made at Woodstock of the Duke of Marlborough's correspondence, which Sir George Murray had told me of ; and this led him to talk of the Duke of Marlborough, of his character and military genius, and so on to other things. He said that he considered the principal characteristic of the Duke of Marlborough to have been his strong sound sense and great practical sagacity. That it was a mistake to say he was illiterate. People fancied so because of the way in which his words were misspelt, but in his time they spelt them as they were pronounced. He thought the errors he had committed were owing to his wife. The Duke then talked of the military genius of Marlborough, and said that though he was a very great man, the art of war was so far advanced since his time that it was impossible to compare him with more modern generals ; and unquestionably Napoleon was the greatest military genius that ever existed ; that he had advantages which no other man ever possessed in the unlimited means at his command and his absolute power and irresponsibility, and that he never scrupled at any expenditure of human life ; but nevertheless his employment of his means and resources was wonderful."

Our diarist has something to say of the then wickedest man in England, whose life has been a perfect pig-sty of debauchery and evil, Lord Hertford :

"There has been, so far as I know (says Mr. Greville), no example of undisguised debauchery exhibited to the world like that of Lord Hertford, and his age and infirmities render it at once the more remarkable and the more shocking. Between sixty and seventy years old, broken with various infirmities, and almost unintelligible from a paralysis of the tongue, he has been in the habit of travelling about with a company of prostitutes, who formed his principal society, and by whom he was surrounded up to the moment of his death, generally picking them up from the dregs of that class, and changing them according to his fancy and caprice. Here he was to be seen driving about the town, and lifted by two footmen from his carriage into the brothel, and he never seems to have thought it necessary to throw the slightest veil over the habits he pursued. For some months or weeks past he lived at Dorchester House, and the Zichys with him ; but every day at a certain hour his women who were quartered elsewhere, arrived, passed the greater part of the day, and one or other of them all the night in his room. He found the presence of the Countess Zichy troublesome and embarrassing to his pleasures, and he made her comprehend that her absence would not be disagreeable to him, and accordingly she went away. He had then been ill in bed for many days, but as soon as she was gone, as if to celebrate his liberation by a jubilee, he got up and posted with his seraglio down to Richmond. No room was ready, no fire lit, nevertheless he chose to dine there amid damp and cold, drank a quantity of champagne, came back chilled and exhausted, took to his bed, grew gradually worse, and in ten days he died. And what a life, terminating in what a death ! without a serious thought or a kindly feeling, lavishing sums incalculable on the worthless objects of his pleasure."

Greville foresaw the greatness of Gladstone and speaks of him in 1844. in these words : "Gladstone has already displayed a capacity which makes his admission into the Cabinet

indispensable, and he must find some means of getting rid of Knatchbull. The very look of the man, which is that of a twaddler approaching to the ridiculous, is enough to make his exclusion an object, and as he is entirely useless and has fallen into universal contempt in the House of Commons, the sooner some decent retreat is found for him the better for himself as well as for the Government."

The death of Sydney Smith calls from him the following description in 1845 :

"It is almost impossible to overrate his wit, humor, and drollery, or their effect in society. Innumerable comical sayings or jokes of his are or have been current, but their repetition gives but an imperfect idea of the flavor and zest of the original. His appearance, voice, and manner added immensely to the effect, and the bursting and uproarious merriment with which he poured forth his good things never failed to communicate itself to his audience, who were always in fits of laughter. If there was a fault in it, it was that it was too amusing."

Mr. Greville had a keen appreciation of the power of the press, and gives this very graphic example :

"Yesterday Le Marchant told me an anecdote illustrative of the power of the press. He called late one night many years ago on Barnes at his house, and while there another visitor arrived whom he did not see, but who was shown into another room. Barnes went to him, and after a quarter of an hour returned, when Le Marchant said, 'Shall I tell you who your visitor is ?' Barnes said yes, if he knew. 'Well, then, I know his step, and his voice ; it is Lord Durham.' Barnes owned it was, when Le Marchant said, 'What does he come for ?' Barnes said he came on behalf of King Leopold, who had been much annoyed by some article in the *Times*, to entreat they would put one in of a contrary and healing description. As Le Marchant said, here was the proudest man in England come to solicit the editor of a newspaper for a crowned head !"

We have a pleasant description of the Queen's early life at Balmoral (before the building of the Castle), as seen by Greville, when he was summoned there to attend a Royal council :

"The place is very pretty (he says) but small. They live there without any state whatever ; they live not merely like private gentlefolks, but like very small gentlefolks, small house, small rooms, small establishment. There are no soldiers, and the whole guard of the Sovereign and the whole Royal family is a single policeman, who walks about the grounds to keep off impertinent intruders or improper characters. The Queen is running in and out of the house all day long, and often goes about alone, walks into the cottages, and sits down and chats with the old women. In the evening we withdrew to the only room there is besides the dining-room, which serves for billiards, library (hardly any books in it), and drawing-room. The Queen and Prince and her ladies and Gordon soon went back to the dining-room, where they had a Highland dancing-master, who gave them lessons in reels. We (John Russell and I) were not admitted to this exercise, so we played at billiards."

To most people it will be news that an early ambition of Lord Beaconsfield was to be a book-publisher. He tried to induce Maxon to take him in partnership. He says, "Maxon told me on Wednesday that Disraeli some years ago asked him to take him into partnership, but he refused, not thinking he was sufficiently prudent to be trusted. He added he did not know how Dizzy would like to be reminded of that now." *Apropos* of a great dinner party where a number of great conversationalists were present, among whom was Macaulay, he gives the following description of Macaulay's talk :

"It is not true, as some say, that there is nothing original in it, but certainly by far the greater part is the mere outpouring of memory. Subjects are tapped, and the current flows without stopping. Wonderful as it is, it is certainly oppressive after a time, and his departure is rather a relief than otherwise. Dundas, who is very agreeable, and very well informed, said to-day that he was a bore ; but that he is not. It certainly must be rather oppressive after a certain time, and would be intolerable, if it was not altogether free from conceit, vanity, and arrogance, unassuming, and the real genuine gushing out of overflowing stores of knowledge treasured up in his mind. We walked together for a long time the day before yesterday, when he talked of the history he is writing. I asked him if he was still collecting materials, or had begun to write. He said he was writing while collecting, going on upon the fund of his already acquired knowledge, and he added that it was very mortifying to find how much there was of which he was wholly ignorant."

With a brief note about the visit of the Czar Nicholas to England, in 1844, we must bring these citations to a close :

"He alighted at the Palace, embraced the Queen, and after his interview went to establish himself at Brunnow's. He immediately visited all the Royal family and the Duke of Wellington. The Duke attired himself in the costume of a Russian Field-Marshal to receive the Emperor. On Wednesday they gave him a review, which went off very badly, owing to mistakes and bad arrangement, but with which he expressed himself very well satisfied. The sight was pretty, glorious weather, 3000 or 4000 Guards, horse, foot, and artillery, in the Park, the Queen *en calèche* with a brilliant suite. It was striking when the Duke went and put himself at the head of his regiment, marched past, and saluted the Queen and Emperor. The air resounded with acclamations as the old warrior passed, and the Emperor rode up to him and shook him by the hand. There was a blunder about the artillery. The Queen cannot endure firing, and the Duke had ordered that the guns should not be fired till she left the ground. By some mistake, contrary orders were given, and they advanced and fired not far from her Majesty. The Duke was furious, and would not be pacified, though Emperor, Queen, and Prince did their best to appease him ; he blew up and swore lustily, and ordered the luckless artillery into the rear. It was a mighty small concern for the Emperor, who reviews 100,000 men, and sees 15,000 mount guard every day ; but he expressed his satisfaction, and when the Queen said her troops were few in number, he told her that she must consider his troops at her disposal exactly the same as her own."

These extracts, taken at random from a volume of nearly six hundred pages, are by no means the most interesting, but they will give a fair notion of the teeming interest of the book. Pepys and Evelyn do not convey a more graphic picture of the people and events of their period, while Greville, a trained political observer, a brilliant scholar, and an accomplished man of the world, with almost unexampled facilities for observation, rises in more important matters to a far greater height than did those garrulous yet delightful old diarists. Perhaps when the reminiscences of the late Abraham Heyward are published (said now to be in course of preparation) we shall have a picture of the later Victorian reign matching this in spirit, keenness, and aptness of delineation.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE. By Richard Grant White, Editor of the Riverside Edition of Shakespeare's Works. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The collection of Shakespearian studies herein collected appeared originally in various magazines. We are informed in the preface that the late Mr. White had revised and emended all of them before his death. The publication of the volume will give pleasure to the large public who have always followed the critical work of the author with interest and admiration. However much the intelligent reader may differ from the conclusions of Mr. White, however at times he may be even visited by the unpromising and downright pugnacity of his intellectual attitude, he was one of the few writers in American criticism who had something to say, and who had the power of stimulating thought. This is the most precious gift of the author, and in view of it one may well be silent about all minor defects of method and temperament. The essays before us in this volume are devoted in the first place to a study of the three periods of development by which the Shakespearian plays are classified ; in the next place to a narrative analysis of the four plays, "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Othello," and "As You Like It ;" and some miscellaneous sketches and criticisms. Perhaps the two most interesting essays in the collection to the critical reader are those on "The Bacon Shakespeare Craze," and "On the Acting of Iago." These are fine examples of keen, incisive, illuminating criticism, and full of valuable suggestion to the reader. Probably no American has achieved a more merited success in lines of criticism, and several of the papers

in this volume support Mr. White's reputation at its best. The style, we need hardly say, is admirable for its purity, force, and simplicity.

**ALONG ALASKA'S GREAT RIVER. A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF THE ALASKA EXPLORING EXPEDITION OF 1883 ALONG THE GREAT YUKON RIVER, FROM ITS SOURCE TO ITS MOUTH IN THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS, AND IN THE TERRITORY OF ALASKA.** By Frederick Schwatka, Laureate of the Paris Geographical Society, and the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia, Member Bremen Geographical Society, etc., Commander of the Expedition. New York: *Cassell & Company, Limited.*

The interesting exploration by Lieutenant Schwatka, U.S.A., of the whole length of a remarkable and but little known river, is now given to the public for the first time. At the head of a small party he started in the spring of the year 1873, from Sitka, the capital. He packed the rations and equipment of his little party on the backs of Indian carriers across the Alaskan coast-range to the head-waters of the Yukon, a river two thousand and forty-four miles long, and draining a region of 200,000 square miles area. This interesting river, the second longest in North America, and one characterized by highly picturesque features, has its source in latitude  $59^{\circ} 40'$ , and empties into Bering's Sea, near the sixty-third parallel, crossing a long reach of semi-arctic North America. A large raft was constructed at the head-waters of the Yukon. On this primitive craft, first crossing one hundred and fifty miles of lakes, and shooting a number of dangerous rapids, the Schwatka party floated along the great stream for over thirteen hundred miles, the longest raft-journey ever made in the interests of geographical science. The entire river was traversed, and the voyagers returned home by the way of Bering's Sea, touching at the Aleutian Islands. This record of exploration records no great dangers incurred with savage foes, no extreme privations from severe cold, no tragic experience of starvation. The circumstances, on the whole, were pleasant, and the journey without any harrowing incidents. An occasional ducking, and the torment of innumerable swarms of blood-thirsty mosquitoes, seem to have been the most disagreeable experiences. But the surroundings were of a picturesque sort, and Lieutenant Schwatka describes the strange, great river, the scientific features of the country, and the Indian tribes he met, with a lively pen. The book is elaborately illustrated with maps and

cuts, and the author may be considered to have made a valuable contribution to geography, as well as to have made a very readable book.

**FURTHEST NORTH; OR, THE LIFE AND EXPLORATIONS OF LIEUTENANT JAMES BOOTH LOCKWOOD, OF THE GREELY ARCTIC EXPEDITION.** By Charles Lanman. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Among the Arctic tragedies which have made the history of exploration such a grim succession of sacrifices to the Moloch of the North, the fate of the Greely expedition is not the least interesting. The terrible mystery of the agony and sufferings which shrouded the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions acquires a more potent power when we see it in the light of the possibilities evoked by what we know of the Greely expedition. But it is best, perhaps, to drop such things out of mind, and think of those phases of suffering which, however dire, do not yet arouse such revolting suggestion. The story has been told in incomplete fashion by several of the survivors, though Greely himself has preserved reticence on it up to the present. The narrative under notice, which is based on the notes and diaries of Lieutenant Lockwood, the second in command to Lieutenant Greely, and who died before the rescue, is the first measurably complete statement of the experiences of the expedition which has yet appeared in print. We may remark in passing that the book would have been far more interesting if, instead of telling the story for Lieutenant Lockwood, the editor had contented himself with letting the hero of the narrative relate the tragic yet simple record of suffering and heroism in *propria persona* as far as possible.

The book does not attempt to present an elaborate and detailed history. But in sketching the part borne by Mr. Lockwood we get a clearer insight into the whole story than has yet been vouchsafed. Though much reticence has been observed, one thing is perfectly clear, that the official *personnel* of the expedition was unfortunate; that almost from the first there was a lack of cordial co-operation; that bickerings and jealousies not only retarded the success, but embittered even the few limited sources of pleasure possible to a band of men imprisoned by the Northern ice. However Mr. Greely may have been justified in imposing the discipline of a martinet on his officers and men, it seems to have led in various ways to unfortunate results. But of this we shall learn more later, when Lieutenant Greely him-

self makes his literary report, and the diaries of Dr. Octave Pavey are edited and published. To criticise before would be to prejudge the case.

The picture presented of Lieutenant Lockwood, that of a brave, manly, modest, but daring officer, inflexible in performing his duty, enthusiastic and energetic in carrying out the purposes of the expedition, yet generous and considerate withal under the most trying conditions, is a fascinating one, a worthy addition to the long bead-roll of Arctic heroes. He seems to have been the only officer who did not clash with his chief. Indeed, to his other duties he seems to have added the rôle of a mediator. Lieutenant Greeley, with full trust in his subordinate's good judgment and ability, seems to have entrusted him with the most responsible and important explorations from the Winter Camp. In the course of one of these it is claimed that Mr. Lockwood reached the furthest Northern point yet attained, latitude  $83^{\circ} 24' 30''$  North, and longitude  $46^{\circ} 46' 30''$  West. The claim has been disputed by more than one English explorer since, but there can be but little doubt that it is well sustained by the evidence.

It is hardly worth our while to review at any detail the story of Lockwood's hardships and sufferings. He who has read the history of one Arctic expedition knows them all, so far as the kind and character of the experiences are concerned. Our hero does not seem to have given the slightest hint in his diary, so far as indicated in the book, of the horrors of cannibalism and the final agonies of starvation, which made life at Camp Clay such a woful story. It is well that this is so. The whole narrative bears true witness of a noble spirit, who endured to the end gallantly and cheerfully, and laid down his life at the call of science. Of the many heroes of our army who have died on the battle-field by bullet and shell, none is more worthy of the admiration of his fellows than Lieutenant Lockwood. Yet, after all, are we not forced to write sadly and wearily of this and many another preceding sacrifice, *Cui Bono?*

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE house in Zante where Ugo Foscolo was born in 1778 was recently in danger of being pulled down as dilapidated. An energetic protest, however, on the part of the poet's admirers in Zante induced the municipality to acquire the house, and to undertake its pres-

ervation. The idea is to establish in it a Foscolo museum.

MR. J. W. REDHOUSE has lately presented to the Trustees of the British Museum the manuscript of his Arabic, Persian, and Turkish Thesaurus. This work, the most comprehensive of the kind ever attempted, embodies the results of twenty years' unremitting labor. Its magnitude may be estimated from the fact that, although extending only from *alif* to the end of the letter *sin* (the author's advancing years unfortunately preventing its completion), it fills ten folio volumes of enormous size, and contains more than 84,000 words. The list of authorities includes not only all the printed lexicons, native or European, but also a large number of rare manuscript works of the same class. With characteristic modesty Mr. Redhouse hopes that "it may prove useful to young Oriental students in various ways, partly as an inducement to do better, and partly as a warning against attempting too much."

THE total number of books and periodicals published in Madras during last year was 818. Of these 142 were in English, 539 in the vernaculars of the presidency, and 76 in the Indian classical languages. The most noteworthy literary feature of the year was the great increase in the number of original works in the vernaculars, which were 343 compared with 225 in the previous year.

IN the Zurich University one-tenth of the students are female. Twenty-nine young ladies study medicine, fourteen philosophy, and two political economy. Out of these forty-five female students, fifteen are Swiss and ten Russian.

DR. H. L. FLEISCHER, the Orientalist, has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship of Alt-Schönefeld, near Leipzig. He was presented with a bust by Prof. Schilling, of Dresden, an address from one hundred and seventeen Orientalists from all parts of the world, and an album with portraits of his numerous scholars.

A new paper of pronounced Buddhist proclivities is about to be published at Yedo under the title of *Butskiyo Jashi*, or *Buddhist Miscellany*. Considerable interest is excited in the project, as much on account of the character of the editor as of the cause which the paper is to espouse. In the early days of foreign intercourse this gentleman was an ardent nationalist, and was implicated in the Namanugi riots at Kanagawa. When summoned before the foreign commissioners he drew his sword, and,

deliberately cutting off his left hand, presented it to them with the remark that they should be satisfied with that by way of indemnity. Subsequently he became a convert to Buddhism, and under the influence of that peaceful creed he has now definitely turned his sword into a pin.

THE senate of the University College, Liverpool, now incorporated into the Victoria University, is preparing a "business curriculum" such as shall be suitable for clerks and apprentices. The curriculum is to extend over a space of two academical years, and is divided into two portions, one more especially devoted to languages, and the other to science. The business men of Liverpool are, it is satisfactory to know, heartily co-operating with the senate; and it is anticipated that a number of firms will meet the wishes of the senate by consenting to relax one year of the apprenticeship of young men who shall be holders of a certificate to the effect that they have satisfactorily passed the examination to be held at the end of this curriculum. It is obvious that if the local English colleges are ever to attain to the importance of the Scottish universities, they must find some means of persuading the business men and shopkeepers of England that a good education is a good thing in itself, and does not incapacitate from business. There is also no doubt that if the University authorities wish to attract to them the young men of the great business centres, they must make every endeavor to secure the co-operation and learn the views of business men as to the kind of education necessary to fit men for business. It is a great thing to know that at both colleges of the Victoria University modern languages are well taught, and that oral examinations are held in them, so that a diploma from that university, or from either of the colleges, setting forth that a young man had passed satisfactorily in these, would have a valuable import.

THE representatives of Ralph Waldo Emerson announce that a number of his letters to Carlyle appear to have been stolen. They caution all persons against buying, selling or publishing any papers purporting to be the originals of letters from Emerson to Carlyle, and they ask that any one who may hear of the existence of any such letters will do them the favor to inform them where the letters may be found. Address Mr. Edward W. Emerson, Concord, Mass. These MSS. were all given by Carlyle to a member of Emerson's family, and the right of publication, of course, belongs by law to the writer's representatives.

A PROPOSAL has been made to add a most interesting feature to the forthcoming Indian and Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington in the shape of a portrait gallery of Indian princes and chiefs. Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales have, it is understood, promised to lend the portraits in their possession, as well as their pictures of Indian Courts; and there is no doubt that the Indian princes themselves will readily embrace the suggestion. The magnificent Gwalior gate presented by the Maharajah Scindia to South Kensington will be a prominent ornament at the Exhibition, and the Maharajah of Cooch Behar will contribute elaborate and costly jungle trophy.

M. BENJAMIN SULTE, of Ottawa, has published a pamphlet entitled: *La Situation de la langue française au Canada*, in which he contends that the French spoken by descendants of French colonists in America, from New Orleans to Manitoba, has preserved the idiom and vocabulary (though not the accent) of the language spoken in the time of Louis XIV. with greater purity than in any part of France itself. It appears that the total number of French-speaking people in Canada and the United States amounts to nearly two millions.

PROF. KÖLBING, of Breslau, has been again in England, to copy the unique MSS. of the prose version of the Early English romance of *Ipomydon*, which the Marquis of Bath has kindly sent to the British Museum for him. Prof. Kölbings will add this prose to the hitherto overlooked verse version, in 10,000 lines, of this romance in the Chetham Library, Manchester. As this latter version is corrupt in many places, and can hardly be understood without the help of its French original, Prof. Kölbings will add the French poem in a companion volume to the English one.

M. EDOUARD HERVÉ, editor of the *Soleil*, recently deputy for Paris and the highest on the Conservative list at the recent ballot, has announced his candidature for the *fauteuil* in the Académie française, vacant by the death of the Duc de Noailles.

BESIDES the large Turkish printing establishment in Constantinople of Osman Bey, there is now a rival in that conducted by Tefvik Bey Abuzia, which is doing more Arabic work. Under the stimulus of competition Tefvik Bey has introduced a novelty. This is the use of the ancient Kufic character as a kind of black letter for head-lines and otherwise, to break the uniformity of Turkish typography. The hitherto unknown Kufic has become popular



with the amusing result that inscriptions in it may now be seen in Armenian and Greek shops of Stamboul.

THE Queen of Italy, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the chief magistrate of the city of Frankfurt are among those who have recently joined the Goethe-Gesellschaft. The society now numbers about 950 members. Prof. Erich Schmidt, the director of the Goethe-Archiv, has permanently settled in Weimar. The first publication of the society, the "Briefe der Frau Rat an die Herzogin Anna Amalia," is to be issued at the end of the present year to the members, but will not come into the hands of the book trade. Most of the letters are in the grand-ducal family archives, but the gaps in the series will be completed from the Goethe-Archiv.

"THE MSS. recently discovered at Belvoir Castle, to which we alluded last week," says a recent number of the *Athenaum*, "turn out to be even of greater importance than was anticipated. The collection is especially rich in MSS. of the times of the English sovereigns from Henry II. to Queen Elizabeth, and includes communications from nearly all the eminent statesmen of those days. There are some valuable letters from George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, who for some time had the custody of Mary, Queen of Scots. Lord Shrewsbury was nearly connected with the Manners family, having married Gertrude, daughter of the Earl of Rutland. The Vernon correspondence, which forms part of the collection, is also very interesting. Haddon Hall, as is well known, came into the possession of the Earls of Rutland by the marriage of John, second son of Thomas, thirteenth Lord Ros, with Dorothy Vernon, daughter and heiress of Sir George Vernon, "the King of the Peak."

It is reported that a well-known American publishing firm intends before long to issue a reprint of the romantic tales (the authorship of which is commonly ascribed to one of our most eminent living poets) contained in that now very scarce volume the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*.

WE hear that a box of MSS. of some historical value has been discovered in the stables of Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. The box containing these treasures seems to have been placed in the stables about sixty years ago, and to have been entirely overlooked. Among the letters are some from Warwick the Kingmaker, and it is reported that the collection contains a letter from

Henry II. The papers have, unfortunately, suffered from damp and neglect, and are in bad condition. An expert is engaged in deciphering them, and we shall probably in due course hear something more of this interesting find.

MOURAD BEY, Director of Government Education at Constantinople, has just concluded a tour in the Caucasus, where he has been seeking materials for an historical work on the Turkish empire and people which has occupied much of his time and attention. Mourad Bey possesses some knowledge of the Russian language, a rare accomplishment among his countrymen. He has even translated a Russian play—Griboiedoff's "The Misfortune of having Knowledge"—into Turkish.

### MISCELLANY.

ASTLEY'S.—The first place of theatrical or equestrian entertainment opened on the Surrey side was Astley's Amphitheatre. In 1770 one Philip Astley, formerly a trooper, who had greatly distinguished himself in action, and who had always a great fancy for breaking in and training horses, took upon lease a piece of waste ground near the foot of Westminster Bridge and opened what he called a riding school, though it was really a circus. There was a ring in the centre open to the sky, and seats all round ranged under a canvas roof; the prices of admission were 3d. and 6d. At first he performed without a license, and proceedings were instituted against him by the Surrey magistrates. One day, however, the King happened to be passing over Westminster Bridge upon a horse that proved unmanageable; Astley, who was looking on, came forward to his Majesty's assistance and soon rendered the beast docile, for which service he was a few days afterward rewarded with a license in due form. In 1780 he erected a roofed-in wooden building, with gallery, pit, and boxes, out of the old Covent Garden hustings, which had just been used for an election; these débris were the perquisite of anybody who chose to remove them, and were usually made into a bonfire by the mob to celebrate the return of the successful candidate. Astley offered gin and beer to those who would bring him this wood instead of burning it, and therewith built his new amphitheatre. The interior being decorated so as to resemble an avenue of trees, it was called "the Royal Grove." The prices ranged from 2s. to 6d. The entertainments consisted of performing dogs, tumbling, and feats of horsemanship. In 1787 he

added burlettas and pantomime. Seven years later the building was burned to the ground : in less than seven months a new one rose in its place. In 1803 this was also destroyed by fire. Without losing a day the sturdy old trooper set about raising a successor. Morning and night, in snow and rain, and drilling his workmen as though they were a troop of soldiers, he personally superintended the work until all was completed. The new house opened on Easter Monday, 1804, with, for the first time, an equestrian spectacle, though he was not the originator of this kind of dramatic exhibition, for which the house was thereafter to be famous.—*London Society*.

THE HISTORY OF ADVERTISING. — At a recent meeting of the Balloon Society at the Royal Aquarium, Henry Sell, Esq., delivered a lecture on "Advertisements and Advertising, and their Relation to Commerce." The lecturer began by calling attention to the antiquity of advertising, and to its origin in the necessity of human beings finding means of communicating their wants and the business they had on hand to those near and remote. He spoke of circus notices in old Rome, and of the written bills which were found on the walls of Pompeii when it was disinterred, and then went on to speak of the great change which the invention of printing made in everything in which man was engaged. He traced the history of newspapers, and showed that, in the earliest of them, advertisements had place, and spoke of the probability of the earliest English advertisements, as we now know advertisements, having appeared in the years of Cromwell's Protectorate; one generally supposed to be the first relating to a panegyric poem on Cromwell's return from Ireland. From that time to the times of the Georges newspapers increased in number, but were most short-lived; they were small, and the news they contained was not in any way comparable with what we are accustomed to now—indeed, he did not think that anything in the history of our progress could be mentioned that was so striking as was the development of the newspaper press. One thing that was remarkable was that the press grew in spite of all sorts of difficulties, and of constant opposition on the part of the powers that were. The paper itself, each separate half-sheet or sheet, had to bear a stamp, and Swift, when the stamp was first imposed in Queen Anne's days, wrote to Stella that every single half-sheet paid its halfpenny to the Queen. That stamp was increased in cost,

first to a penny, and by degrees until it was as high as fourpence for each sheet. There was at the same time a tax on advertisements, each separate advertisement having to bear a tax of 3s. 6d. It was difficult to make out how, with these imposts, papers could live at all. It was evident that they must be dear, and the purchase of them very limited. The need for cheaper papers and the increased interest in public affairs led to a movement which resulted in the abolition of the taxes on knowledge, as they were called. The penny paper was the immediate consequence; and, to note one instance, the circulation of the *Daily News* jumped up from about 50,000 to upwards of 150,000 within a week. The lecturer exhibited by figures the effect which the increased circulation had on advertisers, and, of course, on the value of newspapers. He showed that in a day in 1832 the *Times* contained only 121 advertisements; that one day in 1844 the number was 1,400; in 1855 it had risen to 2,122; and that ten years after it had again risen—to 2,502. He pointed out that one of the morning papers, the advertisements appearing in which he had counted, and which numbered 2,179, would, if the old advertisement tax existed, have had to pay no less a sum than £380 a day. During the great siege of Paris by the Germans there was a curious development of advertising. This was specially noted in the columns in the *Times*, in which were printed messages and notices to families and business people in the besieged city. These columns were photographed on pellicles, and these, rolled up in quill tubes, were tied to the tails of pigeons, and despatched to Paris—thus the pigeon-post. The whole number of messages sent into the city by this pigeon-post during the investment was no less than one hundred and fifteen thousand, and only weighed about two grammes, and one pigeon could have carried all the lot: If the number of messages were multiplied by the number of copies of them that were made, it would show that more than 2,500,000 messages were photographed during two of the worst months of the year. When received in Paris, these letter photo-pellicles were enlarged by means of the electric light, and so easily read, and copied, and distributed. The lecturer then proceeded to speak of the enormous revenues which newspapers now receive from advertisements, and said to that we owed the fact that the proprietors were able to secure and reward adequately services of so many special correspondents, and able writers of all classes. He

showed how vast an influence this business had on our commerce; and how, as a means of getting business, our advertisers addressed people in all, even the most remote, parts of the world.

**EMBANKING THE RIVER VOLGA.**—So numerous have been the complaints this season from the towns on the Volga of the injury to trade arising from the irregular course and shallowness of the river, that the Russian Government are about to appoint a fresh commission of engineers to report upon the best means of keeping it within bounds and checking the lowness of water in the summer. Hitherto nothing has been done to improve the river except to appoint, some years ago, a committee, which, after long deliberations, reported that an annual expenditure of a million a year, for a period of fifty years, would be necessary in order to do away with the existing defects. Such an expenditure was naturally not to the taste of the Government, while towns from which the river is rapidly receding were indignant at a proposal which appeared likely to leave the evils unremedied until it was too late to do any good. The press, therefore, enjoins the present Commission to be more practical in its recommendations. The River Volga is the largest in Europe, and passing for the most part through a soft soil region, must obviously require very extensive engineering works to thoroughly embank it and keep it in order. Under the circumstances the best plan would be to deal at once with the evils which press the most heavily upon the riverine centres of trade, and dispose of the less essential works more leisurely afterwards. The town of Saratoff, for instance, is threatened with the utter loss of its prospects, owing to the rapid shoaling of the river in front of it. Centuries ago, in the old Tartar times, the town of Kazan, situated higher up the river, was menaced in a similar manner. In that case nothing was done to arrest the evil, and now the River Volga, which once coursed at the foot of the fine old Kremlin at Kazan, is separated from the town by several miles of barren sands. Higher up still is the town of Makarie, where the Great Fair was held previous to its removal to Nijni Novgorod. Here the river has gained on the east bank, and has washed nearly all the old town and the Kremlin away. In the course of a journey down the river one sees numberless repetitions of these two instances in the shape of villages being bodily washed away, or being left stranded miles

away from the original river track. These changes are for the most part effected in the spring, when the river carries an immense volume of melted snow down to the Caspian, overwhelming everything in its way. In the summer, when a good volume of water is needed for the traffic, the river shrinks on its broad, sandy bed, and it is difficult to navigate it at certain periods. To check the force of the floods, and to increase the depth of the river in summer, are problems that will require bold as well as careful engineering treatment, and the operations of the Commission will therefore be watched with interest.—*Engineering.*

**BEATING THE BADGER: AN EPISODE IN THE CHRONICLES OF NEWCASTLE.**—It was in 1745 that John Wesley lived in Newcastle, at the Orphan House, just outside the Pilgrim Street Gate—the year of the invasion of England by the young Pretender. The walls and gates were strengthened, and cannon planted in anticipation of attack, and the preacher's friends in this conjunction besought him to remove within the walls for greater safety; but he refused, even when the alarm was raised that the enemy was within sight. As all the world knows, Charles Edward was diverted from his projected advance on Newcastle, and proceeded on his ill-starred march to Derby by way of Carlisle instead. When the danger was past, Wesley made an examination of the town's defences, and gives it as an especial mark of the watchful providence of God over His servants that his dwelling, the Orphan House, was out of the line of fire of the guns of the Town Gate, and would have been out of that of the enemy's batteries had they attacked the town. A hundred years before this the town did not escape so easily, for, in 1644, after the battle of Marston Moor, it was besieged by the Scotch allies of the Parliamentarians and carried by assault after a desperate resistance. To stout Sir John Marley, the Mayor and defender of the town at that time, the people of Newcastle owe a debt of gratitude which ought never to be forgotten. But for his ready presence of mind the beautiful lantern of the cathedral church of St. Nicholas, the crown and pride of the city, which we see rising there in majesty beyond the turrets of the Castle, might have been battered down and destroyed by the Scottish cannon. Irritated by the prolonged defence of the town, Lord Leven, the commander of the besieging force—that brave old soldier, better known as Alexander Leslie, who had fought in many a desperate battle unde-

Gustavus Adolphus—sent a trumpeter to announce to the garrison that if the town was not surrendered at once he would open fire on the steeple of St. Nicholas. Sir John Marley immediately ordered his Scottish prisoners of war to be carried up and placed in the lantern of the church, and returned answer to the Scottish general that he might fire on and destroy the steeple, but in its fall his countrymen and friends should perish. Thus was the steeple of St. Nicholas saved to beautify the view now before us. It was built by Robert De Rhodes, a munificent lawyer of Newcastle, in the reign of Edward VI., and has been the admiration and despair of architects ever since.—*English Illustrated Magazine*.

FIGHT WITH A PYTHON.—Toward the end of 1882 several English newspapers reprinted from a journal published in Singapore the account of a fight between a man and a python, which would indicate that the Guy Livingstone type of muscular heroes is not extinct among Europeans in that settlement. One day news was brought to the curator of the museum that a great python, which was on exhibition there, had escaped from its box, and was careering about the building, no doubt thoroughly enjoying the flight of the attendants and visitors. The brute was no less than 22 feet long. At that moment the curator happened to have a bottle of carbohc acid in his hand. "It was a most exciting tussle when they came together, and for a few moments the shivering native spectators could not make out which was snake and which was man." The guardian of the museum's treasures had secured a firm grip of the python's throat, but on the other hand the serpent had coiled its crushing folds around his legs. Had it been a question of strength merely the boa must have won the day; the curator would soon have been only fit to make a stuffed mummy in his own museum. But after a struggle or two more he managed cleverly to decant the bottle of carbohc acid down the reptile's throat—the grip on which he had never relaxed. The boa had evidently been unaccustomed to the drink—nay, it evidently disagreed with him. The coils loosened from the curator's limbs, a convulsive shiver went through the entire 22 feet of snake, and in a few minutes the great python was dead! After which it is to be hoped that the spectators gratefully brought their deliverer something reviving, for wrestling with a python in the tropics must be decidedly warm work.—*Good Words*.

HOW A FRENCH PROPRIETOR LIVES.—When a peasant does live in a cottage on his land it is of the rudest description, generally possessing but two rooms, often only one. It is supplemented by a rude piazza before the door, shaded in Summer time by the luxuriant leaves of the pumpkin. Here the family cook, dine, and generally sleep during the hot months. Inside the adornment is *nil*. No muslin curtain to the window, no colored print upon the walls, no bright crockery, no scoured pewter or brass, no clock. A mud floor, a wooden bench brown and polished with use, a deal table never scrubbed, but brown with dirt and stains, some blackened earthenware cooking pots (a *marmite* and a *casarole*) upon a shelf, and a bedstead, perhaps two, is here the wife's sole glory. The sheets are fairly clean, the best coverlet a gay patchwork; the mattresses are well stuffed with dried maize leaves, and the bed is carefully made every day. Sometimes there hangs above it the effigy of the Virgin and Child, but not often nowadays, for in the hard struggle for existence religion itself seems to have been pushed aside; the peasant proprietor has little time for church and prayer, and, though his superstition may remain, his faith has declined. A gay carnation may hang from a broken pot on a wall, but, once stuck in it, it is there because it grows like a weed. The peasant most frequently inhabits the little village or town that hangs on the mountain side or is perched upon a crag apparently inaccessible. Eza and Roccabruna, on the Corniche, are well known to all tourists and lovers of the picturesque, and their duplicates from Castellar to Fontana are scattered far inland among the folds of the mountains and over the frontier of Col de Tenda into Italy, as in Briga, Tenda, etc. Everywhere the same story of the small peasant proprietor massed in ancient tenements so closely packed together that, seen from above, it looks as though a skillfully thrown sheet or two could cover all the roofs at once. Here the interior condition is worse than in his hut; less space, more crowding, and less air, and here he defies every sanitary law. Five souls frequently inhabit one room, five families one house, which originally was owned by one alone, whose descendants have thus parceled it out among themselves, with the inevitable and deplorable result. Rooms originally intended for sleeping rooms have perforce become kitchens, and, as a chimney had thus to be provided, the impoverished and parsimonious heirs adopt the expedient of knocking out a stone in the wall, and inserting

a short earthenware pipe, through which the smoke quietly ascends, obscuring the window directly above. The rights of "ancient light" are not protected by any law in this country.—*The National Review*.

THE POSTHUMOUS FORTUNE OF POETS.—We have often thought that a curiously interesting book might be written on the posthumous fortune of poets. In the case of prose writers the verdict of the age which immediately succeeds them is, as a rule, final. Their reputation is subject to few fluctuations. Once crowned, they are seldom deposed; once deposed, they are never reinstated. Time and accident may affect their popularity, but the estimate which has been formed by competent critics of their intrinsic worth remains unmodified. How different has been the fate of poets! Take Chaucer. In 1500 his popularity was at its height. During the latter part of the sixteenth century it began to decline. From that date till the end of William III.'s reign—in spite of the influence which he undoubtedly exercised over Spenser, and in spite of the respectful allusions to him in Sydney, Puttenham, Drayton, and Milton—his fame had become rather a tradition than a reality. In the following age the good-natured tolerance of Dryden was succeeded by the contempt of Addison, and the supercilious patronage of Pope. Between 1700 and 1782 nothing seemed more probable than that the writings of the first of England's narrative poets would live only in the memory of antiquarians. In little more than half a century afterward we find him placed, with Shakespeare and Milton, on the highest pinnacle of poetic renown. Not less remarkable have been the vicissitudes through which the fame of Dante has passed. During the fourteenth century he was regarded with superstitious reverence. Indeed, his reputation was so jealously guarded that a pretext was found to bring a contemporary, who had presumed to parody his verses, to the stake. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries his fame greatly declined, and he sank to a position similar to that assigned to Ennius by the Augustan critics. During the seventeenth century there were distinguished critics even among his own countrymen who not only placed him below Petrarch and Ariosto, but even disputed his title to be called a classic. The sentence passed on him by Voltaire and Bettinelli is well known; and though he never, it is true, wanted apologists, there can be no doubt that Voltaire and Bettinelli represented the general opinion of the

eighteenth century. Then came the reaction. From the time of Monti his influence on the literatures of Italy and England has been prodigious. Every decade has added to his fame, and that fame, gigantic though it is, is even now increasing.—*The Quarterly Review*.

BOOK AMATEURS.—Amateurs of books (says Mr. Sala in a characteristic passage) have been divided into bibliognostes, bibliomanes, bibliophiles, and bibliotaphes. "The bibliognoste is learned in title pages and editions, presses, and places of issue. He knows by heart the *criteria* of every *editio princeps*, he has Brunet and Dibdin at his fingers' ends, and can tell you at once that the 'Aristotle' of Manutius in good condition is worth £50, but that a Bebel is not worth as many sixpences. The bibliomane is a mere collector, who, blessed with a long purse, buys whatever comes in his way. A bit of a bibliomane was Peter the Great, who, when his shelves were built, sent for the booksellers of St. Petersburg and said, 'Fill those with books.' 'With what books, your Majesty?' was the not unnatural question. 'With what books! Why, with big books below and with little books above.' The bibliophile—the true lover of books—is he who buys to read and to enjoy. The bibliotaphe is he who hides his books away under lock and key, or who immures them in close-fitting glass cases, and knows little of them beyond their titles and the price which he has paid for each. Nor is it difficult to determine how to class the collector of the famous Perkins Library. Possessed of a large private fortune, and senior partner for many years in one of our greatest London breweries, Mr. Perkins would have been a bibliomane had he not been at once bibliophile and bibliognoste, and, we might add, bibliopegist. 'Horace he has,' runs the spiteful epigram, 'by many different hands, but not one Horace that he understands.' Mr. Perkins, it need hardly be said, was open to no such sneer as this. He was not less widely known as an accomplished scholar than as a book-collector. His tastes led him to form a library; his wealth enabled him to form a library, which has sold for thousands—a library which monarchs might have envied him; and his bibliognostic skill enabled him to gather together rare and precious works and beautiful copies with an accuracy of choice and of judgment to which the mere bibliomane can never hope to aspire."—*Tinsley's Magazine*.



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THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET.

BY A. H. SAYCE.

DR. ISAAC TAYLOR begins his interesting book on "The Alphabet" by saying that, "if we set aside the still more wonderful invention of speech, the discovery of the Alphabet may fairly be accounted the most difficult as well as the most fruitful of all the past achievements of the human intellect." But, like speech, it was not discovered all at once. The history of the alphabet, in fact, is a history of slow and painful growth, and every letter contains the record of its origin and transformations as indelibly imprinted upon it as the records of the past history of life are indelibly imprinted upon the rocks.

One of the chief lessons of Dr. Taylor's book is that the history of our writing forms no exception to that law of development which modern research has found to preside over the destinies of the universe. Letters are not arbitrarily invented, except in very rare instances,

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and their forms are not arbitrarily changed, except on very rare occasions. And such inventions and changes have always been the product of analogy. The Mormon alphabet, which Joseph Smith averred had been revealed to him by an angel, was really a modification of English cursive writing, and the syllabary invented by Sekwoia for his Cherokee fellow-countrymen was modelled on the characters he had seen in European books. The new characters in Mr. Pitman's phonetic alphabet owe their existence to the letters to which we have been accustomed ever since we were children.

If, then, no new alphabetic letters are ever devised, even in this inventive age of the world, except in imitation and after the analogy of the letters of our current alphabet, we may well ask how this alphabet itself originally came into existence. In other words, what

was the origin of the alphabet which we still use, and in which we endeavor, however imperfectly, to express the manifold sounds of our English language?

We can trace its history back to a certain point. The English alphabet is the alphabet of the Romans, and the Roman alphabet was the alphabet of the Greeks, while the Greek alphabet, as certain legends about it affirmed, was in turn derived from the Phœnicians. That these legends were correct has been abundantly proved by modern inquiry. Not only are the names given to the letters by the Greeks of Phœnician origin and practically identical with the names given to the same letters in the Hebrew alphabet; we now know from inscriptions that the oldest forms of the Greek letters are more or less identical with the forms of the same letters in the oldest Phœnician texts. Not only is the Phœnician name of the first letter, *aleph*, "an ox," still pronounced every time we speak of the *alpha bet*, but we may still see in the form of our capital A the resemblance to the head of an ox which caused some old Phœnician schoolmaster to call it by that animal's name. Thus far the history of our alphabet is clear; like its name, it came from those Englishmen of the ancient world, the practical and adventurous traders of the Canaanitish coast.

But was it really a Phœnician invention? This has sometimes been assumed on the strength of the names given to the letters, and attempts have been made to show that the letters may be reduced to pictures corresponding with the names. All analogy, however, is against such an assumption. We know a good deal now about the Phœnicians, and we find that, although they were admirable adopters and improvers of other men's arts and industries, they invented none of their own. They were intermediaries, not originaive geniuses, and it would be strange if so wonderful an invention as the alphabet had formed the single exception to their usual character. No traces, moreover, have been met with in Phœnician lands of the primitive hieroglyphs out of which the alphabetic letters are supposed to have grown. The rude rock sculptures found in the neighborhood of Tyre imply a condition

of society infinitely below that in which a pictorial system of writing first becomes possible, and it is doubtful whether they are to be referred to the barbarous races who inhabited the country before the Phœnicians arrived there from the East. Then, again, had the "Phœnician" alphabet really been a Phœnician invention, we should have expected it to contain two separate symbols for the letters called in Hebrew *shin* and *sin* (*sh* and *s*), as well, probably, as two symbols for the two gutturals still heard in Arabic, *'ayin* and *ghain*, the latter of which appears in the names of the Canaanite towns Gomorrah and Gaza. So long, however, as no proofs are forthcoming that the Phœnicians ever used hieroglyphs or pictorial characters, we may safely put on one side the theory of the Phœnician origin of the alphabet.

Another theory has lately been advanced by the eminent historian of Oriental antiquity, Eduard Meyer. He suggests that the Phœnicians received the alphabet from the Hittites, whose importance for the history of ancient culture is but just beginning to be understood. The Hittites, as we now know, employed a peculiar system of hieroglyphic writing, which they seem to have brought southward with them from Kappadokia, and they were the immediate neighbors of the Phœnician tribes. Their advance-guard, indeed, had even occupied Kadesh on the Orontes as well as Hamath, and, in the vicinity of Carchemish, Hittites and Aramæans were mixed together in close contact. There are, too, certain curious resemblances between some of the Phœnician letters and the Hittite hieroglyphs, of which I shall speak later on; the form of the letter *k*, for instance, called *kaph*, or the "hand," by the Phœnicians, has little similarity to the human hand, while it resembles very remarkably the long-sleeved glove with only a thumb which appears in the Hittite inscriptions. But, although all competent authorities are now inclined to believe that the strange syllabary once used in Cyprus and Asia Minor was derived from the Hittite hieroglyphs, Dr. Meyer has as yet found no one to assent to his hypothesis that the same origin must be ascribed to the Phœnician alphabet. In-

deed, until the Hittite system of writing has been fully deciphered, the hypothesis must be regarded at best as a mere possibility.

A new hypothesis has just been started by the Assyrian scholar, Dr. Hommel. He believes that the Bedouin tribes who bordered on the ancient monarchy of Babylonia acquired a knowledge of a certain number of cuneiform characters in their primitive pictorial form, and gave to each of them, as a phonetic value, the first sound in the Semitic word which the character signified when used as an ideograph. Thus the first letter of this Bedouin alphabet was 'a, because the Semitic word *alpu*, "an ox," began with this sound, and *alpu*, or "ox," was the word signified by the Babylonian character in which Dr. Hommel sees the prototype of the Phœnician *aleph*. In this way the uncultured wanderers of the desert effected what the cultured populations of Chaldæa and Assyria never thought of achieving—the creation of an alphabet. The period to which Dr. Hommel would assign the achievement is about 2000 B.C.

It is obvious that such a theory involves a host of difficulties. Nomads have never been writers and readers, much less the inventors of an alphabet, and the Bedouins especially have never distinguished themselves for their literary tastes. While their settled kinsfolk and neighbors have occupied themselves in engraving inscriptions and composing books, they have been content to wander or destroy. The life of a "desert ranger," in fact, offers little inducement to literary activity, and there is little in it which needs to be recorded. The date, moreover, to which the invention of the alphabet is assigned is either too remote or too modern. It is too modern on the one side, since recent discoveries have shown that the origin and early history of Babylonian civilization is far older than we had fancied, and the cuneiform characters had lost their original pictorial forms centuries before Dr. Hommel's date of 2000 B.C. Long before that, the character which denoted an ox had lost its resemblance to an ox's head, and had degenerated into a mere group of wedge-shaped lines. On the other hand, the date is too remote if we turn to the Phœnician alphabet itself.

The oldest monument of it we possess is only of the ninth century B.C., and if it had already existed for a thousand years, it is difficult to understand how it is that no earlier examples of it have as yet been found. An alphabet, furthermore, which was a thousand years old would have undergone so many changes that its original appearance, and therefore its origin and connections, would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to trace.

Dr. Hommel's theory, however, is but a modification of one of which Dr. Deecke made himself the champion a few years since, but which has found no acceptance or favor among scholars. He proposed to derive the Phœnician letters from the cuneiform syllabary of Assyria, which possesses over 500 different characters. It might have been thought that with such a choice he would have had no difficulty in finding twenty-two which bore a resemblance to the twenty-two Phœnician letters, especially when it is remembered that almost every Assyrian character has more than one phonetic value. But such was not the case. Dr. Deecke had to seek his prototype characters among varieties of the cuneiform syllabary which differed in age and locality, and, in spite of all this license, was still further obliged to assume intermediate forms for them which never existed either in the cuneiform syllabary or in the Phœnician alphabet. His attempt only proved that, whatever else might be the origin of the alphabet, it was not to be found in the inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia.

About one thing, however, scholars were all agreed. The alphabet did not suddenly burst into being, like Athênê from the head of Zeus. It is not an invention which would occur spontaneously to the mind even of the most gifted genius. We now know something about the history of the systems of writing used by the chief civilized nations of the ancient world, the Egyptians, the Babylonians, and the Chinese; and in every case we can trace the slow and gradual process by which they passed from a pictorial to an ideographic stage, and then through a syllabic to a rudimentary form of alphabetic writing. Indeed, the Babylonians and Chinese, with



all their culture and originality, never reached the last-mentioned stage at all, while the Egyptians allowed all these various stages of growth to remain, stereotyped as it were, side by side. They never perceived the advantage of retaining only those characters which had an alphabetic value, and of getting rid of the cumbrous machinery of syllabic characters, of ideographs, and of determinatives. It required a long experience, and contact with those who had no prejudices in favor of a traditional mode of writing, to take this final step and regard our written symbols as representing sounds merely, and not ideas or things.

Writing, at the outset, is, and must be, hieroglyphic or pictorial. Early man was fond of drawing, as the child is now; and in the pictures of mammoths and reindeer, scratched with a flint tool on the bones found in the caves of Southern France, we may see the beginnings of an art which culminated in one direction in the creation of a system of writing. Systems of writing have been met with, not only among the civilized populations whom the Spaniards discovered in Central America, but even among a very considerable number of barbarous and savage tribes. The Red Indian of America knew how to write letters upon bark, and a volume of prayers and religious hymns has actually been printed at Vienna in the native characters of the Micmacs. But these characters and systems of writing are always pictorial; it is only where a civilization has lasted for a long while and the people have been long accustomed to reading and writing, as among the Mayas of Central America, that the pictorial characters tend to become phonetic. Facts bear out the conclusion of philosophy, that writing begins with pictures. All systems of writing not only *must* be pictorial in their origin; we find that they actually *are* so.

We cannot suppose that the Phœnician alphabet is any exception to this rule. And there is one fact connected with it which goes to show that it is not. The word *alphabet* refers us to *alpha* and *bêta*, the names of the first two letters of the Greek alphabet, and these again to the Phœnician *aleph* and *bêth*, which are still the names of the first two letters

in Hebrew. Now, these names signify "ox" and "house," and the most probable explanation of their origin is that the Phœnicians saw some likeness between the letters denoted by them and the pictures of an ox (or ox-head) and house. The memory of the Phœnician boy was supposed to be assisted by the analogy, just as in our nursery days it was supposed that we should learn our alphabet more easily if we were told that "A was an archer who shot at a frog." We may therefore regard the very word *alphabet* as indicating that the old Phœnicians considered the letters to be of pictorial origin, or at least as so many pictures of things.

If, then, we are unable to accept the theory which would derive the Phœnician letters from a selected number of hieroglyphs once hypothetically used by the inhabitants of Canaan, we are driven to conclude that they were borrowed by the Phœnicians from some foreign system of writing which was still pictorial at the time of the borrowing or else had once been so. But we have already seen that the theories which would make this foreign system one of the two great systems of Western Asia—the Babylonian and the Hittite—are alike untenable; and we are therefore driven back upon the only other system of writing with which the Phœnicians could have come into contact, though it belonged rather to Africa than to Asia. This is the hieroglyphic system of ancient Egypt, the history of which can be traced by contemporaneous monuments for more than 4,000 years.

It is just sixty years ago that an English writer, Sir W. Drummond, suggested the possibility of deriving the Phœnician alphabet from the alphabet of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, in the second volume of his "Origines; or, Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities." The hieroglyphic alphabet had recently been deciphered by Young and Champollion, and, though Sir William Drummond adopts the tone of critical superiority which the adherents of the old learning usually assume towards pioneers in new fields of research, he admits on the whole the correctness of the great Frenchman's conclusions. He even prints a comparative table of Egyptian and Phœnician characters, so far as

they were known at the time, and asks : "Since we find the Phœnician and Chaldaic letters frequently corresponding in form to one set of Egyptian characters, may we not thence conclude that the Phœnicians and Chaldæans borrowed their alphabets from the Egyptians, in copying each of their letters from a hieroglyph, and in choosing the particular homophon of which the figure was most suitable to their purposes?"

To this question Drummond is "inclined to answer in the negative." He could not bring himself to dismiss his "priests of Hammon" and "postdiluvian Tsabaists," and accordingly argues that all three alphabets — Egyptian, Phœnician, and Chaldaic, by which he means the Square Hebrew—were derived from "one common origin," a hieroglyphic system of writing "employed by the Tsabaists." From this the Egyptians, Chaldæans, and Phœnicians "made a choice of the hieroglyphs from which they formed their letters." Hence the "Chaldaic," or Square Hebrew, and Phœnician letters are referred, in many instances, to different pictorial originals, as well as the hieratic or cursive forms of the Egyptian alphabet, the Square Hebrew *aleph*, for example, being declared to represent "a branch," while the *aleph* of the Phœnician inscriptions is traced back to the orthodox head of an ox.

We must remember that, when Drummond wrote his book, the monuments which have yielded us the earlier forms of the Phœnician letters were still undiscovered, while the relationship between the Phœnician and the Square Hebrew characters had not as yet been proved. It is therefore instructive to find him assuming the same amount of difference between the forms of the Phœnician and Square Hebrew letters as between those of the Phœnician and Egyptian characters. It suggests that just as the gulf between Phœnician and Square Hebrew has been filled up by the discovery of inscriptions containing intermediate forms of characters, so the gulf which still exists between Phœnician and Egyptian will be similarly filled up by the discovery of older Phœnician texts than those at present known to us. We are, in fact, brought back to the same point as that at which our exami-

nation of the possible sources of the Phœnician alphabet had brought us—the point, namely, that its origin must be sought in Egypt.

This, indeed, is no new doctrine. It had been affirmed by the Phœnician historian, Sanchuniathon, and repeated by Plato, by Diodôros, by Plutarch, and by Tacitus. Tacitus declares that the Egyptians considered themselves the inventors of writing, and "from them it was carried to Greece by the Phœnicians by the aid of their maritime supremacy, who thus gained the glory of having discovered what they had really only received." But the doctrine met with little favor in modern times. Even Sir William Drummond, as we have seen, contents himself with stating it : he does not venture to adopt it himself. "The entire glory," says Dr. Isaac Taylor, "of this great discovery [of the origin of the Phœnician alphabet] is due to the genius of a French Egyptologist, Emanuel de Rougé. The first account of his investigations was given in a paper read before the Académie des Inscriptions in the year 1859. A meagre summary of his results was published at the time in the "Comptes-rendus," but by some mischance the MS. itself was lost, and has never been recovered. M. de Rougé's intention of rewriting the whole essay was unfortunately never carried out. After his death the rough draft of the original memoir was found among his papers, and at last, after a delay of fifteen years, was edited, completed, and given to the world by the filial piety of M. Jacques de Rougé, the worthy son of a worthy father. This epoch-making work—the first attempt to treat the problem in the modern scientific method—may be said to have made possible, at last, a history of the alphabet."

De Rougé started with the assumption that, if the Phœnician alphabet were borrowed from Egypt, it must have been borrowed, not from the hieroglyphs of the public monuments, but from the hieratic or running-hand of every-day use, and, furthermore, that the prototypes of its twenty-two letters must be sought, not among the multitudinous characters of Egyptian writing, but among the selected few which were employed alphabetically. The object of his memoir was to show that the form

of these letters corresponded most remarkably with the forms of the hieratic characters which a comparison of proper names proved to have the same phonetic values. The hieratic form of the letter *m*, for example, bears a striking resemblance to that of the Phœnician *M*. It is really a degenerated picture of an owl, which was called *mûlag* in Egyptian, and was accordingly chosen to represent the sound of *m*. Little else besides the two ears and wing of the bird can be traced in the hieratic and Phœnician letters, and it is just these two ears which still survive in every *M* we write. Equally striking is the likeness between the hieratic *f* or *v* and the Phœnician *w*. Here the original hieroglyph was the horned cerastes, and it is again the horns which maintain their existence in our *F*. Step by step we are able to trace the gradual changes which have transformed the *f* of the Old-Egyptian running-hand into the *f* of our own cursive.

De Rougé's theory, imperfectly as it was announced, at once gained the support of a large number of competent scholars. It was not, however, wholly free from difficulties. In the first place, its author hampered himself by a historical assumption. He assumed that the adoption of the hieratic alphabet by the Phœnicians must have taken place when Northern Egypt was under the rule of the Semitic Hyksos, or shepherd kings. From an early period the Delta had been the resort of numerous Asiatic settlers. So numerous, indeed, did they become that, as Ebers long ago pointed out, they gave their name to the whole district. "The coast-land of Caphtor," of which we read in the Old Testament, is simply the coast-land of the Delta. The Phœnicians were called Kefa by the Egyptians, and their country Keft, so that Caphtor is merely Keft-ur, or "greater Phœnicia," another Phœnicia inhabited by Phœnicians who had found in it a larger and more fertile country than that of Canaan. Caphtor, in fact, was to the Phœnicians of Canaan what Magna Græcia was in later days to the Greeks of Hellas. In the age of the Hyksos, therefore, when the throne of the Pharaohs was occupied by those who were allied in blood and language to themselves, the Phœnicians would necessarily have been brought into close

contact with the culture and wisdom of the Egyptians. They were essentially a commercial people, and their colonies were established for the sake of trade. But they must soon have discovered that trade requires some kind of written record, and we need not be surprised, therefore, if they made an effort to learn that mysterious instrument of intercourse with which their neighbors had been acquainted for untold centuries. But, with the practical spirit which always characterized them, they borrowed no more than they wanted for carrying on mercantile transactions. They went to school among the Egyptians, not that they might become scribes or study books, but in order that they might increase their profits and extend their trade. Accordingly, they threw away the antiquated lumber of ideographs and syllabic characters which the Egyptian scribes preserved with so much reverential care, and borrowed only just what was sufficient for their purpose—the small group of symbols which from time immemorial had been used by the Egyptians as alphabetic letters.

Now, it is obvious that this borrowing might have taken place at any time after the settlement of the Phœnicians in Egypt and the opening of their trade with the Egyptians. There is no reason why we should confine it to the period of the Hyksos. Indeed, there is one fact which tells against such an assumption. We find that the Hyksos princes very soon adopted all the manners and arts of the native kings, not excluding the traditional mode of writing in its full entirety. Their names were written in the ordinary hieroglyphic form, and one of the few mathematical treatises of ancient Egypt which have been preserved to us was composed for the Court of a Hyksos sovereign. On the other hand, the intercourse between the Egyptians and the Phœnicians assumed larger proportions and a more active character after the Asiatic campaigns of the Eighteenth Dynasty. Phœnicians of Canaan are depicted on the walls of Theban tombs bearing their offerings of gold and curiously moulded vases to the Egyptian Pharaohs, while the Egyptians begin to imitate Phœnician habits and use Phœnician words. Hence, in seeking the most probable period at which the

Egyptian alphabet could have been handed on to the Phœnicians, there is no reason why we should go back to the remote epoch of the Hyksos; the age of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties (1700-1250 B.C.) would serve equally well.

De Rougé's hypothesis had to encounter yet another difficulty. The oldest Phœnician monuments with which he was acquainted were comparatively late. The Moabite stone of King Mesha, the contemporary of Ahab, had not yet been discovered, the Jewish inscription in the tunnel of the Siloam Pool was still unknown, and the dedication by King Hiram to the Baal of Lebanon, believed by some to be of the tenth century before our era, was still lying buried in the soil of Cyprus. His comparisons were based on the forms of the Phœnician letters on the sarcophagus of the Sidonian prince Eshmunazar, which belongs at the earliest to the fifth century B.C. Between this period and the latest at which the Egyptian letters could have been borrowed the interval was enormous, allowing such transformations in the borrowed characters as might render the recognition of their prototypes almost impossible.

But it was just this second difficulty—a difficulty which arose from the nature of his materials, and was not, like the first, of his own creation—that has furnished De Rougé's theory with its best confirmation. If it were true, the discovery of older documents would tend to fill up the gap between the Egyptian and the Phœnician forms of the letters by furnishing forms which bore an increasing resemblance to their prototypes the older they were; if it was not true, the gap would remain as great as ever. Now, no one can examine the tables of alphabets given by Dr. Taylor without seeing that the earlier forms of the Phœnician letters discovered since the appearance of De Rougé's memoir approach their supposed originals more nearly than those with which he had to work. The older the form the more it resembles its hieratic equivalent. No doubt, the resemblance in several instances is still far from exact, but this must necessarily be the case as long as our most ancient Phœnician text is still separated by at least four centuries from

the period to which the origin of the Phœnician alphabet must be assigned. The only wonder is, that the resemblances should be as close and numerous as they are.

But, it will be asked, if we are to accept the Egyptian origin of the Phœnician letters, how can we explain the names by which those letters have been immemorially known? The first letter is not *ahom*, "an eagle," as it was in Egyptian, but *aleph*, "an ox;" the thirteenth is not *múlag*, "an owl," but *mém*, "water." We may still, if we will, see the two horns of the cerastes in our F; but its Phœnician name, *waw*, had no connection with a serpent. We need not, however, look very far for an explanation of the fact. The nursery-rhyme I have before alluded to will show how easily new names may attach themselves to the symbols of the alphabet. "The Russian letters, which were borrowed in the ninth century from the Greek alphabet, have lost the familiar Greek appellations, and bear new names significant in Slavonic speech. Thus the letter *b* is not called *beta* but *buki*, which means a 'beech,' while *d* has lost the old name of *delta*, and has acquired that of *dobro*, an 'oak.' The Scandinavian runes, which were derived at an earlier period from the Greek alphabet, have also been systematically renamed. So, again, the Roman uncials, which constitute the Irish Bethluisnion alphabet, received Celtic tree-names; while in another Irish alphabet, which is called the Bobeloth, the names are taken from the Bible history." All that the names of the Phœnician letters can teach us is, that at the time they were given the letters had lost all resemblance to the original pictures from which they were derived. But this was already the case with their hieratic prototypes.

Several years ago I suggested that, before receiving the new alphabet from their brethren of the Delta, the Phœnicians of Canaan had been acquainted with the Hittite hieroglyphs, which we know to have been used in their immediate neighborhood. One of the peculiarities of these hieroglyphs is the frequent employment of the heads of animals, more especially the ox. It is therefore conceivable that the likeness to the heads of an ox and a camel seen

by the Phœnicians in the first and third letters of their alphabet was due to their previous familiarity with the Hittite system of writing. It is, at any rate, noticeable that, whereas the letters *yod* and *kaph*, which mean "the hand," bear but little resemblance in their earliest forms to the human hand, they are (as I have already stated) remarkably like the gloved hand which appears in the Hittite inscriptions. However this may be, the names of the letters do not seem to have been in a very advanced stage of culture. The names denote just such objects as would be the first to occur to the minds of the modern *jellahin* of Syria.

Are the names of the letters the only element of originality contributed by the Phœnicians to the alphabet which bears their name? Lenormant and Dr. Taylor would answer "No," and with a good show of reason. The Phœnicians, in common with the rest of their Semitic kinsfolk, possessed a sound which was unknown to the Egyptians, and for which, therefore, the Egyptian alphabet did not provide a symbol. This was the gutturalized *'ayin*. *'Ayin* signifies the "eye," and is represented by a small circle, which in its oldest forms assumes the oval shape of an eye. We look in vain in the Egyptian alphabet for anything corresponding to it, and consequently we are justified in concluding that the symbol, like the sound which it expressed, was of purely native origin. The one letter which we are unable to trace to a hieratic prototype is thus the one letter which denotes a non-Egyptian sound. Can a better verification be desired of the truth of De Rougé's theory?

It may, perhaps, be thought that so purely speculative a question as the origin of the Phœnician alphabet is not worth the time and labor that have been bestowed upon it. But, besides its historical interest, the question has a certain amount of psychological importance. It is one more illustration of that doctrine of development which has at last solved so many of the problems bequeathed to us by the thinkers of the past. The creation of the alphabet has not been the work of one generation or of one people. It has needed centuries of slow and gradual growth, and the

contact of different races. The Egyptians, to whom it was originally due, were too much overshadowed by the traditions of ancient learning and the prejudices of early habit to take the final step, and boldly efface all records of the several stages by which the primitive picture-writing passed into an alphabetic notation of sounds. Like the modern English, who refuse to part with their unphonetic spelling, they could not find it in their hearts to break so entirely with the literature and education of the past. That was a revolution reserved for an alien colony of merchants, with no reverence for Egyptian antiquity or care for Egyptian wisdom. The Egyptian was destined never to gather the final fruits of his toil and sagacity; others entered into the harvest that he had sown. The true inventor of the alphabet lost even the glory of the invention; his claim to it is even now disputed, and the alphabet bears the name of that unoriginative, unimaginative, but highly practical people who appropriated the results of his labor.

The process of development by which the primitive pictures of the dwellers by the Nile eventually became the letters of the alphabet was repeated after the alphabet had passed into the possession of the Phœnicians. It spread, probably, through Canaan in two directions, the Southern Canaanites employing a form of their own, while another form was in use among the Phœnicians of the North. Kirjath-Sepher, or "Book-town," was one of the cities occupied by the children of Judah, and the annals of the Tyrian kingdom were recorded from an early period. Mesha, the King of Moab, carved the history of his revolt from Israel on a stone which all might see and read; and the shapes of the letters in the Jewish inscription of the Siloam tunnel prove that in the time of the kings the inhabitants of Jerusalem were already accustomed to write on rolls of papyrus or skin. But it was not only to their immediate neighbors and kinsfolk that the Phœnicians communicated their treasure. Their traders carried it to the islands and coasts of Greece along with the clay vases and embroidered robes which they bartered to the half-barbarous tribes of the West in return for slaves and the purple-fish.

Greek legend preserved to the last the tradition that the alphabet had been the gift of Kadmos, the Phœnician "from the East," who was worshipped even on Hellenic shores as the serpent-god of Tyre. It was more especially with the Phœnician colony at Thebes that the gift was associated, though there were some who wished to connect it also with Palamêdês or Baal-Khammân, the god of the Phœnician settlers in the Bay of Nauplia. Neither Thebes nor Nauplia, however, was the spot where the alphabet of Phœnicia first became the alphabet of Greece. Early inscriptions make it pretty clear that this was the island of Thêra. The volcanic island of Thêra, like its neighbor Mêlos, had long been a haunt of the busy sons of Canaan. The volcanic soil was excellent for the potter's trade, and both islands had accordingly been occupied by Phœnician settlers from an early period. It is in Thêra that we find the serpent-god Kadmos sculptured on the rocks, and it is in Thêra also that we find the oldest specimens of Greek writing. The alphabet is but little changed from that which meets us on the Moabite stone, and when we remember the geographical distance of the two localities, the Ægean Sea and the land of Moab, as well as the fact that the alphabets of both were derived from the same centre, it is difficult not to conclude that the oldest inscriptions of Thêra belong to much the same date as the inscription of Mesha—that is to say, the ninth century before our era.\*

It was some time yet before the new alphabet found its way to the mainland of Greece. The evidence of the Karian

inscriptions which I have copied at Abydos and elsewhere leads me to believe that it was first transported by the Dorians of Thêra to their brethren in Rhodes and the opposite coast of Asia Minor. At any rate, it was through contact with a syllabary which was used in Asia Minor and Kypros, and had probably been derived from the Hittite hieroglyphs, that the Greek alphabet took its Hellenic shape by the addition of four new characters ( $\varphi$ ,  $\chi$ ,  $\psi$ , and  $\upsilon$ ). From Asia Minor it spread eastward and westward. The merchant princes of Milêtos carried it to Sinôpê and Phrygia, the potters of Korinth stamped it on their vessels, and Eubœan traders made it known to the nations of the West. But, meanwhile, great changes had come over it. Not only had new letters been added to it and old letters dropped, but phonetic values were altered and the shapes of the letters themselves transformed. Hence arose a great variety of alphabets belonging to different ages and localities, and presenting such well-marked distinctions as to make it possible for the epigraphist to refer an inscription to its exact locality and its approximate age without any other aid than the forms of the letters it contains. It was not until about 400 B.C., when the local dialects began to yield to the "common" Greek of literary Athens, that the local alphabets also fell into disuse and were superseded by the common "Ionic" alphabet of twenty-four letters. The archonship of Eukleidês, the year after the capture of Athens by Lysander, marks the final adoption of the Ionic alphabet in the public documents of Attika and the extinction of the old form of writing.

The Eubœic alphabet was the source of all those which were employed in Italy. At one time it was supposed that the Etruscan alphabet was derived from some other of the alphabets of Greece, but modern research has now demonstrated, to use the words of Dr. Taylor, "that all the Italic alphabets were developed on Italian soil out of a single primitive type." Dr. Taylor himself would regard the Eubœan colony of Cumæ as the original home of this primitive type; others see in the Khalkidic colonies of Sicily more probable centres of its diffusion. On whichever side the truth may lie, the fact remains that the

\* Dr. Taylor considers that the final *a* which distinguishes the names of so many of the Greek letters is the "emphatic aleph" of Aramaic, indicating that the Greeks derived their alphabet rather from an Aramaean than from a purely Phœnician source, and he refers to me in support of the opinion. I no longer, however, believe the view to be tenable; indeed, an analysis of the Greek names of the letters shows that it cannot be so. Thus the names of two of the letters in the Hebrew alphabet, *mēm* and *rēsh*, have been cited in proof of their Aramaic origin. But the Greek name of one of them, *rhô*, represents an earlier *rhôsa*, according to the laws of Greek phonology, and *rēsh* would be exactly the Hebrew-Phœnician form of *rēsh*; while in place of *mēm* we have *mu*, assimilated to *nu* for *nun* (like *śēla* for *sayin*, assimilated to *śēla* and *thēla*).

alphabets of Italy, whether Latin, Umbrian, or Etruscan, all emanated alike from Eubœa, however much they came to differ from one another after their adoption by the populations which have given them their names. It is only the Messapian alphabet in the south-eastern corner of the peninsula that forms an exception to the common rule.

In the struggle for existence the Latin alphabet alone survived among its Italian compeers, and was carried by the extension of the Roman Empire through the length and breadth of Western Europe. Most of our modern European alphabets are its direct offspring. It is only in Eastern Europe, more especially in Russia, that its Greek mother and subsequent rival has stood its ground, and even there the present century has witnessed the triumph of the Roman characters in Slavonic countries over alphabets of Greek origin. It is possible that a time will come when the Roman characters will triumph likewise even over alphabets which claim their descent from the Phœnician parent of the Greek alphabet itself. It is no longer doubtful that the immense majority, if not the whole, of the alphabets used in the East are descended, like the alphabets of the West, from the alphabet of Phœnicia. We can trace the successive gradations by which the letters of the inscriptions of Mesha or the Siloam tunnel became the flowing characters of Palmyrene epigraphy and the running-hand of Aramaic papyri, and from the Palmyrene characters it is but a slight step to the Square Hebrew of the modern Jews. Even the Neskhi or Arabic alphabet, which, in spite of its manifold imperfections, has been made the vehicle of Persian and Turkish literature as well as of the

thoughts of the vast Arabic-speaking world, can be shown to have the same origin, like the Syriac, which was the parent of the vertically written Mongolian and Mantchu. In fact, it is difficult to find any alphabet which cannot be affiliated to the Phœnician, widely different as the two may have become both in the forms of the letters and in the values that they bear. Intermediate forms are continually being discovered, which bridge over the enormous distances, and explain the transitions that time and space have effected. Even the Devanâgarî alphabet of Sanskrit, whatever disputes there may be as to its exact pedigree, is generally allowed to be of Phœnician origin. With the exception of the cuneiform alphabet of the ancient Persians, and possibly one or two more which may yet lurk in obscure corners of the world, all the alphabets of which we know are derived, ultimately, from a single source. Utterly diverse as they are in their latest forms, the zealous enthusiasm of palæographers and inscription-hunters has succeeded in restoring them to their earlier shapes, in filling up the intervals which separate them from each other, and in showing that they are all but the manifold developments of a single germ. The history of the alphabet, in short, like the history of its origin, is but an illustration of the doctrine of evolution on a large and easily tested scale. "Scientific palæography," to use again the words of Dr. Taylor, "rests on the assumption that no alphabetic changes are ever accidental or arbitrary, as was formerly assumed, but are the result of evolution taking place in accordance with fixed laws."—*Contemporary Review*.

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## POETRY, POLITICS, AND CONSERVATISM.

BY GEORGE N. CURZON.

THERE are two very distinct senses in which terms that have primarily a political application may be transferred to the sphere of Poetry. It is important in this case to keep the distinction clear; as in the one sense I do, and in the other I do not, desire to employ

them. There is the sense in which such terms may be used by the literary critic, who borrows from a political in order to meet the needs of his poetic vocabulary, but who, in so doing, intends no political allusion whatever. He is engaged in examining the artistic principle under-

lying a work either of poetry or prose, the spirit, so to speak, which has directed its composition. Such a spirit, in so far as it has supplied a regulative force, may fairly be described as a spirit of Conservatism; whilst, if it has shown itself powerless to control, and has suffered the fancy or imagination of the writer to run riot, it may be described as a spirit of Radicalism. From this point of view, any poet whose work is constructed in obedience to certain recognized laws of style, subject-matter, harmony, and metre, laws framed by the collective wisdom of previous masters of the art, is an exponent of Conservatism. Any poet who, in revolt against these restrictions, proclaims the absolute autonomy of his own will, is Radical. Let us, for instance, contrast the poetical theories of Aristotle and Wordsworth, the one stern in its limitations, the other paradoxical in its license; or the poetical work of Pope and Shelley, the one orderly, polished, dignified, the other passionate, exuberant, erratic. It is not difficult to say which theory and work are Conservative, and which Radical. Political terms, bearing a well-ascertained meaning, but a meaning by no means peculiar to politics, express our verdict better than would any other. Similarly, we might describe Gray, Goldsmith, and even, in many respects, Byron, as sitting on the opposite side of the House to Browning, Rossetti, and Swinburne.\*

But there is another and more strictly literal sense in which the terms may be applied. Poetry has an interest for the politician no less than for the critic, and poets may be classified not only in virtue of their theory of art but according to their profession of opinion. We have seen that there may be a Conservatism of poets, but there are also Poets of Conservatism. I propose presently to consider certain types of the latter, and to show that Conservatism, playfully supposed by some to be the infatuated delusion of a "Stupid Party," has, nevertheless, found its advocates among the

foremost literary geniuses of our country in modern times.

The connection between Poetry and Politics may, at first sight, appear to be accidental in character. I shall hope to prove that it is not that, though it is unquestionably one-sided, for Poetry lays Politics under far heavier contribution than Politics do Poetry. A sober matter-of-fact science, logical in form, and greatly concerned with figures and statistics, does not seem to have much in common with the first of the imaginative arts. Statesmen are not thought the better of for being poets. A distinguished adversary once condemned the policy of Lord Beaconsfield as suffering from the incurable taint of poetic paterternity. We can remember the present Lord Lytton being made the victim of similar reproaches during his administration of India. That Poetry may contribute something to Politics, and especially to political oratory, is undeniable. Passages from Mr. Bright's finest speeches of thirty years ago have the true poetic ring about them, and satisfy the highest ideals of imaginative production. Even more was this the case with the eloquence of Sheil and Grattan, not to speak of the giants, such as Pitt and Burke. Cicero wrote shocking verses himself; but we may well believe the saying of Quintilian, that his diction owed much of its felicity to the study of poetic models. But in these unromantic days, when speakers must be sedate because audiences are stern, when we scarcely know of the beauties of Nature because we have not time to see them, when the smoke of a thousand furnaces obscures the heavens, and squalor and destitution disfigure the haunts of men; when Keats bewails to us that

Glory and loveliness have passed away,  
and Wordsworth sighs—

But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the  
earth;

when Science, the sworn foe of Imagination, dissects the past, and materializes the future, assures us we once were apes and questions our ever being angels; when the founts of inspiration are dried up and the iron has entered into every soul, such phenomena are becoming more and more rare. Poetry is being steadily

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\* This subject has been elaborated in the interesting series of papers on "The Liberal Movement in English Literature," contributed by Mr. W. J. Courthope to this Review in 1884-5.



eliminated from public life. I can think only of two public men in England in whom the temper of the politician is graced by something of the poetic afflatus, Lord Dufferin and Mr. J. Cowen. Even abroad, and among Romance nations, where fancy, like Nature, luxuriates, and where an excitable character is easily inflamed by emotional appeals, poetical oratory no longer wields its former sway. When Castelar, its typical embodiment, rises to speak in the Spanish Cortes, the galleries are thronged with the rank and fashion of Madrid. The waving of ladies' handkerchiefs accompanies the clapping of partial hands; but the voting majority on either side significantly concur that "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"

On the other hand, the excursions into the sphere of Politics made by the poet are frequent and remunerative. He is constantly overstepping the boundary-line; sometimes the charms of the region that opens before him allure him onwards and detain him long; at others he has but time for a glimpse before the recall is sounded from his own lines, and he returns to his post. But in either case he carries back with him some gift from the foreign land, which he treasures as a memento, and sets up among the household gods of his soul. It may be the memory of some stirring scene, the echo of a great man's speech, or the glitter of a great man's eye, the irresistible contagion of public spirit, the struggles of an oppressed race for liberty, the obligations of patriotic service to the State. It may be simply a stirring of the well-springs of his own heart, a begetting of high thoughts and fair hopes, a confirmation of some old philosophy, or a baptism of a new.

Many of the greatest poets of the world have devoted themselves to politics in the most practical fashion, and with a degree of seriousness only inferior to that which they have bestowed upon their art. Indeed, political distinction has, in most countries, been a customary reward of literary merit. Petrarch was the chosen orator of the Italian people, the adviser of Popes and Emperors, the correspondent of statesmen and kings. In our own day France has created Victor Hugo a senator, America

has made Mr. Lowell a minister and Bret Harte a consul. Nor has England quite escaped the infection, for a year ago our own Poet Laureate received the honor of a title, which was nothing less than a public recognition of his literary pre-eminence, the poetic Aristeia of Great Britain. But the number of cases is even larger in which public life has been the spontaneous choice of the poet. The world of action has extended its frontiers at the expense of the world of imagination. Fancy has fraternised with Fact. Milton was the literary evangelist of the Puritan Gospel. Virgil held a brief to justify, and Horace to belaud, the brand new Roman Empire. Milton, as all men know, officiated as Secretary to one who was both a king among statesmen and a statesman among kings, and dedicated the pen that had produced *L'Allegro* and *Lycidas*, and was even then engaged upon *Paradise Lost*, to the service of partizan pamphleteering. Politics made Dante a Prior of Florence; politics drove him an exile from its gates; but for politics we might never have had the *Inferno*; his political opponents writhe to eternity in the poet's Hell. Chaucer embraced public life with a zeal that few politicians have surpassed. He was so brave a soldier that when he fell into the hands of the French, Edward III. thought him worthy of a ransom of £16, so able a diplomatist that he was employed upon secret missions to foreign Powers, so excellent an administrator that he rose to high position in the Civil Service, and was returned to the House of Commons. Shakspeare could scarcely have written *Henry VIII.* without a profound acquaintance with very recent politics. Homer must have taken a keen delight in the contests of the Agora, or he would not have depicted his heroes as delivering long speeches on the battle-field before they "set to." The "sweet singer of Israel" was also its foremost warrior and its chosen king. If we have not a high opinion of the courage of Alcæus, at least we know that he was a statesman, and we recognize in his poems "the earliest employment of the muse in actual political warfare." Moreover, the blot of cowardice left by him and by Horace on the poetic escutcheon is one that his successors have very effectually

erased. Æschylus wielded as valiant a sword in combat with the Persians as he did a pen in celebrating their defeat. Sophocles was the colleague of Pericles in an important military command. Calderon wore successively the breast-plate and the cassock. Camoens lost his eye in a sea-fight with the Moors. Byron gave up his life in the cause of political freedom.

These examples, which might be multiplied without difficulty, illustrate the fascination which the profane world has never failed to exercise over even the sternest devotees at the shrine of Art. And that they have been the gainers by the connection, that it has added a breadth of character and a manliness of tone to Art itself, cannot, I think, be denied. I desire, however, to draw more particular attention to yet another class of poets who have been politicians of a school not less sincere, though less strenuous, than those whom I have already mentioned. The poetic temperament, whilst it has often been invigorated by voluntary contact with public affairs, has in other cases as undeniably shrunk from any practical manifestation of such alliance. But the literary manifestation has not been the less forthcoming; and among the great poets with whom we are familiar, it is difficult to pick out any who have not in some portion of their work betrayed political sympathies or antipathies, or more often definitely espoused some particular form of political belief. Indeed, it is surely one of the necessary ingredients of a great poet that he should be a politician in disguise; that he should not so much live, or represent his creations as living, in an imaginary world, as that he should seize and portray the relationships of actual life, the dealings of men with men, and of peoples with peoples, the concerns of the many as well as the idiosyncrasies of the individual, the principles of statecraft no less than the development of character. To be great, the poet must be a teacher; and to teach he must have gained firm grip of some moral truth, translatable into common action.

To know the heart of all things was his duty,  
All things did sing to him to make him wise;  
And with a sorrowful and conquering beauty,  
The soul of all looked grandly from his eyes.

He gazed on all within him and without him,  
He watched the flowing of Time's steady tide,  
And shapes of glory floated all about him,  
And whispered to him, and he prophesied.

And yet this is a theory which will not commend itself to all. There are, I think, three distinct schools of opinion holding different views of the true nature of the poetic function, and reminding us, by the manner in which they are related to each other, of the Aristotelian doctrine of the mean as a half-way-house between the opposite extremes of over little and over much. What the philosopher held to be true of morals, we may apply to modern theories of art. There is, first, the school which argues that no limitations ought to be placed upon the choice of subject-matter by the poet. History, Biography, Theology, Politics, Science, the original designs of Providence, or the latest experiment of Darwin, all is grist that comes to the poetic mill. There is nothing in heaven or earth that is not dreamt of in his philosophy. This theory was stated in its most uncompromising form by Wordsworth in his preface to *Lyrical Ballads*:

The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings.

A lineal offspring of this school is that accomplished band of critics who, without perhaps holding such sweeping views about the limitless range of subject-matter, yet maintain that it is by his choice of subject-matter that the poet must in the last resort be judged. Mr. Arnold, for instance, declares Wordsworth to be the third greatest English poet, and the sixth greatest poet of the modern world, because of his choice for subject-matter of "a profound criticism of life;" and he expels Shelley from the Olympian circle because of "his incurable want of a sound subject-matter." Then there is the opposite school of thought which lays down, with J. S. Mill, that "The poetry is not in the object itself, nor in the scientific truth itself, but in the state of mind in which they are contemplated;" and which has begotten a race of critics who push this unobjectionable

doctrine to irrational limits, by denying that Poetry has in any sense a didactic function, and who, protesting that the poet appeals not to the understanding but to the feelings, test him by the success with which he makes this appeal. Finally, there is the school which is equidistant from both extremes, neither exaggerating the importance of matter nor idolizing beauty of form, but believing that the highest art consists in a harmonious combination of the two, and that the greatest poet is he who conveys the profoundest moral lessons in the most perfect artistic shape. All true poetry is in their eyes both intellectual and emotional, the expression of truth as well as the utterance of feeling. For them Poetry not only displays an art; but conceals a philosophy.

If this be our view, there cannot be the slightest hesitation about admitting the supreme value of Politics as a legitimate subject-matter of Poetry. It is an old saying that what the science of Ethics does for the individual, the science of Politics does for the mass. The Poet, therefore, who is a preacher to a world-wide congregation can have no more fitting theme than the laws which regulate the growth and decay of nations, the principles of right and wrong writ large upon the face of Society. It is not for him to—

Sit as God, holding no form of creed,  
But contemplating all.

He must study not only man but men; he must come down from the mountain height and cease "to sit a star upon the sparkling spire," for he has a mission among his fellow creatures as sublime as ever sent the missionary into exile or the martyr to the stake.

So far, therefore, from any apology being required for those poets who have proclaimed a political philosophy in their writings, it is very largely by so doing that they have established a claim to be considered among the first exponents of their art. And in the long run it will be found that the most permanent factor in poetic excellence is not that which enchains the fancy of contemporaries, but that which addresses itself to the understanding of all time. The moral element will outlive the purely artistic, for the truth of beauty is a less obvious and therefore a less convincing

consideration than the beauty of truth. At the same time we cannot help being struck with the extent of the limitations to which the poet, in his character as a politician, is subject. They are limitations imposed both by the times in which he lives, and by the country of which he is a citizen. Periods when progress languishes, or is suddenly arrested by the icy touch of despotism; countries where life is stagnant and great thoughts do not inspire nor great deeds occupy the people: these may produce poets, but they will not produce great poets, still less will they produce poets who are great politicians. The noblest poetry of the world has been generated from the throes of vast political or social revolutions. It has often been born in anguish; it has sometimes been baptized in tears. Scarcely had Greece thrown off the yoke of the barbarian, and emerged triumphant from the agonizing struggle, when her Muse burst forth in all the magnificence of perfect maturity. The one great popular movement which shines like a star in the dark canopy of the Middle Ages was not begotten into the world without itself begetting Tasso. And no sooner did the darkness of that long night end, broken up and shattered by the splendid dawning of a new world, than there appeared upon the scene a Spenser and a Shakspeare. Lastly, when, not a century ago, the spirit of Revolution again moved upon the face of the waters, there sprang up in her track, like the fabled warriors from the dragon's teeth, a glorious band of new heroes, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats.

De Tocqueville, in his masterly treatise, devoted a chapter to the comparison of poetry as produced among aristocratic with that produced among democratic peoples. Without accepting all his conclusions, some of which are drawn from what I cannot help thinking to be an erroneous view of the nature of poetry,\* we shall yet agree with his main contention that, while aristocracy predisposes the mind to the contemplation of the past, democracy unfolds to it the

\* "Poetry is the search and the delineation of the Ideal. The object of Poetry is not to represent what is true but to adorn it, and to present to the mind some loftier imagery."—*Democracy in America*, cap. xvii.

boundless vistas of the future ; that the former suggests to the poet the delineation of incidents in the lives of peoples and of individuals, while the latter projects his gaze upon the larger destinies of mankind. Only we must not commit the mistake of supposing the two classes to be mutually exclusive. Poets in an aristocratic age have indulged in as bold visions of the future, and in as lofty aspirations for the improvement of the race, as any of the sons of a republican era. Conversely these have not always found their democratic leanings incompatible with a reverence for antiquity, or a regard for the sanctity of tradition. Some poets there are, no doubt, whose political attitude has been analogous to that of the extreme wings in Continental assemblies. There have been poetical Jacobites and poetical Jacobins ; there are old Tories among poets, and there are new-fangled Radicals. Sir W. Scott would bitterly have resented any doubt being cast upon his irreproachable political orthodoxy. No one would suspect Mr. Swinburne of even the faintest respect for the past, or accuse him of the gross crime of preferring Fact to Theory. But that which in a democratic age, such as our own, is the first of Conservative principles, viz. the simultaneous recognition of the rights enjoyed by the past and the duties enforced by the future, the desire to build up the fabric of Progress, but to build it with the stones of Experience, the vindication of the Law of Continuity in public and private life—is also the note which has been struck with the greatest force by the greatest poets of the time, by those who have most successfully blended imagination with reason, and have presented the noblest philosophy in the guise of the most enchanting art. The spirit of the French Revolution gave birth to Wordsworth, and the spirit of the new society which that revolution generated gave birth to Tennyson. And yet from this democratic environment these two stand out as the firm champions of Conservatism. They are the Great Twin Brethren who watch over the fortunes of the Commonwealth, and who preach to us the gospel of an exalted patriotism, and the divine cult of Freedom.

I have just spoken of Wordsworth and Tennyson as champions of Conservative principle. But before proceeding any farther I must attempt to disarm a criticism which will at once be levelled against me, and which might appear to invalidate my position. It may be objected that Wordsworth was, for some years, an ardent believer in the French Revolution, that he sang its praises and condoned its crimes, and passages might be cited from his earlier poems admitting of a Radical interpretation. It might also be objected that Tennyson once declined to be put forward, as the nominee of the Conservative Party among the students, for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, and that in the session of 1884 he voted with the Liberal minority in the first division on the Franchise Bill in the House of Lords. On the other hand, in reply to these criticisms, I might equally point out that, in the case of Wordsworth, the illusions of youth, illusions shared by many a wiser brain, were more than atoned for by the convictions of maturer age, and I might add that in the latter half of his life the poet was as unbending a Tory as the Duke of Wellington. Whilst in the case of Tennyson, it would be open to me to retort that on an earlier occasion he had declined a similar invitation coming from the Liberal section of the students, and that the obligations of party feeling cannot be very strong when in the course of a year they only extract from the new-made legislator a single vote. But objection and reply appear to me to be equally irrelevant ; and I should prefer to dismiss, as far as possible, from consideration the private life and actions of either poet, as being altogether beside the point here raised, which is this, that the political theory contained in the general body of their writings, and deducible therefrom by an examination which it is in the power of any person to apply, is in each case identical with the creed held by the modern Conservative, and distinct from that held by the modern Radical Party. If this be so, then these two poets, the brightest literary ornaments of our age, may justifiably be claimed as poets of Conservatism.

There are certain obvious differences in the position and in the manner of

each. Both have been singularly receptive of the best influences of their times. But the times themselves, though the concluding portion of the one overlapped the commencement of the other, are separated by a gap that represents a completed cycle of human experience rather than a score or more of years. All the best work of Wordsworth was produced at the beginning of the century, when the problem upon which men of thought and action were alike engaged, and which a few years before had seemed so manifold in aspect, and so fruitful in promise, had been narrowed down by the resistless march of events, and by the sudden reappearance of a military and political phenomenon unknown in Europe since the age of Cæsar, to a single issue, but that of the most stupendous importance. It was no longer a question of extending the liberties of peoples; their very existence was at stake. The visions of reformers shared the same fate as the schemes of demagogues; social progress dropped for a while below the political horizon; every nerve was strained to repel the overwhelming danger, every heart thrilled to the electric call of patriotism. It was under these circumstances that Wordsworth, by inclination and gifts a priest of Nature and a poet of Peace, a man—

Whose daily teachers had been woods and  
rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills,—

but transformed for the nonce into the patriot statesman, stepped forward as the Tyrtæus of his countrymen, and produced that imperishable series of sonnets which are the proudest monument ever raised to the cause of national honor and Civil Freedom.

When Tennyson commenced to write, the call for patriotism had not vanished; from time to time, as at the outbreak of the Crimean war, it was heard with all its own resonance. But the supreme necessity had passed away along with the danger that had evoked it; men's thoughts were diverted into other channels; social questions, long kept in the background, forced their way to the front; a new era opened, in which, at the same time that the barriers of political and social disabilities were thrown

down, the veil was rent asunder that had long shrouded from men's eyes the ark of Science and the godhead of Invention. Within the short space of twenty years the Reform Bill was passed, Slavery abolished, a new Poor Law enacted, a system of National Education set on foot, the Corn Laws repealed, Penny Postage introduced, the illimitable resources of the steam engine and the electric telegraph placed in the grasp of nations. The merchant fleet of Great Britain swept the seas; the British flag floated in every port; the oracles of war were dumb, and Mars had hidden his horrid head; the keenest eyes were dazzled with visions of a world-wide peace, a reign of righteousness, and a universal brotherhood of nations. It was a remark first made, I believe, by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, that Tennyson has been in a peculiar degree the interpreter of his age. He shared the feelings and echoed the aspirations of a progressive epoch, he preached the gospel of an unconquerable optimism. These were the circumstances that proved to him a source of inspiration. But through all, how sure was his judgment, how superior in him was sense to sentiment, how speedy his detection and how severe his rebuke of those who perverted a love of peace into a worship of Mammon, and prostituted it till it became a national dishonor, or who saw in the growth of popular power an instrument wherewith to work their selfish ends, the most cursory glance at his writings will show.

The difference in manner between the two poets is also considerable. If Wordsworth carried his head in the skies, he too often allowed it to be seen that his feet walked the base earth. No great poet is better at his best, or so bad at his worst; and this criticism, which holds good of the mass of his work, is particularly true of that portion of it which has a political bearing. He could transmute his subject-matter into the purest gold, or debase it by a most inordinate mixture of alloy. The sonnets are magnificent, and, after those of Milton, superior to any in the English language; but the political reflections strewn through the *Prelude*—that unfortunate experiment to epicise (if the word may be allowed) the moral and in-

tellectual history of an individual—are often presented in a form as bald and unpoetical as their matter is really pregnant and sound. On the other hand, Tennyson as a statesman is invariably at his best. For not only does he bring to bear upon his subject a broadness of conception and an elevation of tone not inferior to the sonnets of Wordsworth, but his splendid powers of imagery and his unique mastery of diction are here seen in their fullest perfection. An anthology of Tennyson's political utterances would be no unfair test of his poetical ability.

These differences, however, of manner and surroundings are balanced by a similarity of opinion which is quite extraordinary. Passages from the two poets can be set side by side, covering the entire field of politics, and exhibiting, often with an approximate identity of expression, an absolute identity of thought. Firstly, in the domain of foreign affairs, Wordsworth and Tennyson have jointly advocated a foreign policy in strict accordance with the best traditions of Conservatism. Its four distinguishing notes are the love of country, the preservation of freedom, the suppression of tyranny, and the maintenance of Empire.

I.—The passionate love which Wordsworth bore to his country, and which blazed forth all the stronger from his transient disloyalty to her at the first outbreak of the French war, has so many eloquent witnesses of his own creation, that from their number it is almost invidious to make a selection. In one passage, however, love for country is most characteristically blended with that love for inanimate nature which, in Wordsworth, underlay every other form of feeling :—

O Britain, dearer far than life is dear,  
If one there be  
Of all thy progeny  
Who can forget thy prowess, never more  
Be that ungrateful son allowed to hear  
Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar.\*

Compare with this the striking trilogy of poems by Tennyson, bearing no title, but beginning "You ask me why," "Of

old sat Freedom," and "Love thou thy land," which, fitly grouped together, constitute the noblest philosophy of politics ever penned. To the true citizen all his fellows are—

English natures, freemen, friends,  
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

Similarly it was the brightest jewel in the crown of the lamented Princess Alice that she was "England's England-loving daughter."† The spirit of Wordsworth never thrilled with a more genuine ecstasy [than at the prospect of his country—

Resolving (this a freeborn nation can)  
To have one soul, and perish to a man,  
Or save this honour'd land from every lord  
But British reason and the British sword.‡

In 1852 Tennyson cries with exultation,

A people's voice! We are a people yet! §

The stricken and tortured hero in *Maud* reawakes at last to sense and life, with the thought of common feeling with "a loyal people shouting a battle cry," and recognizing that in a career of action, and in the discharge of patriotic duty, exist the surest antidotes to the croakings of despair or to the working of the poison of selfishness, he exclaims :—

We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we  
are noble still,  
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the  
better mind;  
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at  
the ill;  
I have felt, with my native land, I am one with  
my kind,  
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom  
assigned.

It is interesting to remember that when this poem appeared quite a shriek was raised against its author for having published a panegyric of war, and given the lie to his own previous forecast of "the thousand years of peace." The word Jingoism had not then been invented, or we may be sure that he would have been branded with this terrible stigma. As it was, ingenious critics, reading between the lines, detected everywhere the spirit of the slaughter-

\* *Thanksgiving Ode*, 1816. Compare the sonnet beginning "Here on our native soil" and the verses beginning, "I travelled among unknown men."

\* *Dedicatory Poem to Princess Alice*.

† *Poems of National Independence*, part i., No. xxv.

‡ *Ode on the Death of Wellington*.

house, and even saw in the "broad-brimmed hawker of holy things" a portrait of John Bright. It would be as unreasonable to call Wordsworth a Jingo because in 1803 he wrote,

No parleying now! In Britain is one breath,  
We are all with you now from shore to shore!  
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death; \*

or Mr. Gladstone a Jingo because between the years 1880 and 1885 he plunged the Empire into war in every quarter of the globe. *Maud* appeared in the second year of the Crimean war, contemporary events forming a convenient framework within which the poet, at the same time that he incited his countrymen to strenuous exertion in the conflict, could elaborate his universal doctrine of self-renunciation and devotion to a higher cause as the best medicine for a mind thrown off its equilibrium by the shocks and storms of life. *Maud* should be read in close connection with *The Two Voices* and *Locksley Hall*. A singular unity of purpose runs through these poems; the same moral is pointed in each, a moral which we hear elsewhere, even from the old-world lips of Odysseus:—

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,  
As tho' to breathe were life.†

II.—It is unnecessary to do more than allude to the contributions made by either poet to the praise of Freedom. Each, under the inspiration of so glorious a theme, tunes his lyre to its loftiest strains. Wordsworth's sonnets on the extinction of the Venetian Republic, "the eldest child of Liberty," on the subjugation of Switzerland, on the feelings of the Tyrolese, and after leaving Italy in 1837, may be read side by side with those of Tennyson on Poland and on Montenegro. Wordsworth's cry, "O for a single hour of that Dundee!"‡ and "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!"§ is re-echoed in the famous stanza of *Maud* beginning "Ah God! for a man with heart, head, hand." But it is well worthy of notice how, in

both cases, the Liberty at whose feet the choicest garlands are laid is civil rather than political liberty, liberty resting upon a moral and spiritual basis, and finding expression in the unfettered life of Englishmen, in the capacity for self-expansion and in the free play of individualism which they enjoy, and not in any mechanical product of political systems. Wordsworth speaks of this liberty as

A gift of that which is not to be given  
By all the blended powers of earth and heaven,\*  
and declares that

By the soul  
Only the nations shall be great and free.†

This is the self-same "sober-suited Freedom" by which "a man may speak the thing he will," which in this, the land of her choice, "slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent," and

Out of which there springs  
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings.‡

It is the very Liberty which Liberalism once fathered, which Radicalism now disowns, and which Conservatism must henceforward adopt.

III.—Hatred of tyranny is, after all, only another aspect of love of freedom, and those who extol the latter cannot be suspected of a very friendly sentiment toward its most conspicuous enemies. We might not, however, be prepared for the singular intensity of feeling with which both Wordsworth and Tennyson have thrown themselves into the lists and assailed the tyrants of their respective times. To Wordsworth Napoleon I. was "one man, of men the meanest too," § "an adventurer" upon whose head he imprecated "curses, scorn, and hate." || Tennyson saw in the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. a "monstrous fraud" and "a public crime," and refused "to spare the tyrant one hard word." ¶ Upon Russia he has, on more than one occasion, emptied the full vials of his indignation.

\* *Ode on a Celebrated Event in Ancient History.*  
xi.

† *Poems of National Independence*, part i., No. xi.

‡ *Ode on the Death of Wellington.*

§ *Poems of National Independence*, part i., No. xxii.

|| *Ibid*, part ii., No. xxi.

¶ *The Third of February*, 1852.

\* *Poems of National Independence*, part i., No. xxiii.

† *Ulysses*.

‡ Sonnet in the Pass of Killiecrankie.

§ *Poems of National Independence*, part i., No. xiv.

But those who took him so severely to task for speaking of "the icy-hearted Muscovite," "that o'ergrown barbarian in the East," \* and "giant liar," † have now, perhaps, formed an altered opinion of the poet's insight.

IV.—The finest political utterances of both writers have, however, been consecrated to a yet loftier theme, viz. the defence of the integrity and unity of the British Empire. Imperialism, that heinous crime of which any patriotic statesman is now accused, but by which the sordid soul of the Neo Radical is never stained, has found in Wordsworth and Tennyson literary champions as potent as ever, in the sphere of action, were Palmerston or Beaconsfield. Each poet is profoundly impressed with our national heritage of greatness, and with the responsibilities that it entails. But Tennyson's vision claims a wider scope; he grasps the larger union of the sons of Britain in every land, and sees, in prophetic anticipation, a world-wide confederacy of the Anglo-Saxon race. For our definition of Imperial duties we may take the following passage from Wordsworth:—

It is not to be thought of that the flood  
Of British freedom, which to the open sea  
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed with pomp of waters unwithstood,  
Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous stream in bogs and  
sands  
Should perish, and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. ‡

And compare with this the stirring lines of Tennyson, first published in 1852, revised and re-issued in 1882 as a patriotic song, and since then fallen into most undeserved oblivion:—

To all our statesmen, so they be  
True leaders of the land's desire,  
To both our Houses, may they see  
Beyond the borough and the shire!  
We sailed wherever ship could sail,  
We founded many a mighty State.  
Pray God our greatness may not fail  
Through craven fears of being great! §

\* Sonnet on Poland.

† *Maud*, part iii. st. vi.

‡ *Poems of National Independence*, part i., No. xvi.

§ Compare also Wordsworth's sonnet beginning "England, the time is come," with its parallel, the lines beginning "Is this the tone of Empire?" in the conclusion to the *Idylls of the King*.

For the defence of Colonial Federation we may appeal to the second verse of the same poem, and to the indignant refutation of the Separationist school in the epilogue to the *Idylls*:—

The loyal to their crown  
Are loyal to their own far sons, who love  
Our ocean-Empire, with her boundless homes  
For ever-broadening England, and her throne  
In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle,  
That knows not her own greatness—if she  
knows  
And dreads it we are fallen.

There remain two subjects of supreme political importance, upon each of which we derive a most explicit philosophy of conduct from our guides. One is the true theory of statecraft in domestic politics, the other the dangers to which democracy is exposed, and by which the national interests may be jeopardised. As regards the former, we are taught by both the doctrine of temperate and rational progress, guided by prescription, but inspired by hope. More reliance is to be placed upon the warnings of experience than upon purely speculative ideals; a pound of theory will kick the beam when weighed in the balance against an ounce of fact; statesmanship must start from the existent and work up to the abstract, never abruptly severing the link with the past; a *posteriori*, and not a *priori*, is the right method of reasoning in politics. A better *résumé* of the creed of Conservatism could not be desired than the following:—

Fair Land! by Time's parental love made free,  
By Social order's watchful arms embraced;  
With unexampled union meet in thee,  
For eye and mind, the present and the past  
With golden prospect for futurity,  
If that be revered which ought to last.\*

Love thou thy land, with love far brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.

Wordsworth sang that, "Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound." † Tennyson urges us to "regard gradation" and to be "not swift nor slow to change, but firm." Both pleaded with a noble force the old-fashioned observance of Principle in Politics. The character of the Happy Warrior is a

\* *Poems suggested during a Tour in 1883*, ii.

† *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order*, iv.



manual of public conduct for the use of the Statesman. An almost identical model was before the eyes of Tennyson when he described the Prince Consort as—

Not swaying to this faction or to that,  
Nor making his high place the lawless perch  
Of winged ambition, nor a vantage ground  
For pleasure.\*

Both poets mingle with their reverence for the past a reasonable confidence in the future. We may compare a sonnet beginning "Despair who will," written in the depth of Wordsworth's own depression, with the sanguine belief in the issues of Social Evolution, so often expressed in *Locksley Hall* and cognate poems.

But neither Wordsworth nor Tennyson are for a moment blinded by optimism to the elements of danger and antagonism lurking everywhere in our political system, and capable of being utilised by unscrupulous spirits for sinister ends. The worship of Demos as all-powerful and all-wise, practised by men who affect to cringe where they intend to dupe, is mercilessly exposed. Wordsworth bewails as lost the people who—

To the giddy top of self-esteem  
By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream  
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest  
Justice shall rule, disorder be suppressed,  
And every man sit down as Plenty's guest.†

And Tennyson protests—

But pamper not a hasty time,  
Nor feed with crude imaginings  
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings  
That every sophister can lime.

They see the perils of Faction, of political Opportunism, of legislation on abstract principles. They deplore the tendency to crush the individual, and to contract the range of personal independence. And in one passage Tenny-

son lets fall a menace which, when we consider the novel machinery introduced by Mr. Chamberlain into political life, and its pernicious effects thereupon, we are almost surprised, though we are profoundly relieved, that he has never carried out. For—

Should banded unions persecute  
Opinion, and induce a time  
When single thought is civil crime,  
And individual freedom mute,—

he threatens to seek refuge in some foreign but more congenial clime. It would indeed have been a crowning achievement for the Caucus, if, in addition to its other and manifold sins against morals and society, it had banished the Poet Laureate from the shores which echo with its infamy and his fame.

To sum up, we recognise in Wordsworth and Tennyson the purest examples in modern literature of high-minded and patriotic Englishmen. They preach to the nineteenth century a philosophy of robust thought and stalwart deed, compacted of that fibre by which English character has always been distinguished, but not divorced from that faith in humanity and that sympathy with its hidden yearnings, without which they would be but unfaithful mirrors and untrustworthy mentors of their age. Their poetry has added a grace to politics; and their politics have dignified poetry. Above all, these two, who together have worn the laurel crown for a period verging on half a century, the most progressive epoch in the history of the human race, are dear to Conservatives as having resolutely held and nobly expounded the creed which that party believe to be essential to political and national salvation.—*National Review*.

## THE COMING CONTESTS OF THE WORLD.

THE principle which governed the foreign policy of England down to the period of the Congress of Vienna was that of intervention in the dynastic contests of the civilised world; the prin-

ciple which governed it down to the death of Lord Palmerston was that of intervention in the interest of rising nationalities. The former epoch, during which England, under Castlereagh, was drawn within the autocratic vortex of the Holy Alliance, reached at once its zenith and its catastrophe in the adhesion of Great Britain to the decision

\* Dedication to the *Idylls of the King*.

† Elsewhere Wordsworth ridicules the fallacies of Socialism, vide *Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order*, i. vii.

of the four great powers at Troppau. The latter epoch began when Canning, by refusing to be a party to the mandate with which these powers were desirous of intrusting France to stamp out the revolution in Spain, gave the death blow to the august pact of despotic absolutism at Verona. The interference of Lord Palmerston, during the greater portion of his career, in the affairs of foreign countries was of two kinds, and had two separate objects in view ; first, as when following the example of Canning, who, in 1824, recognised the independence of Mexico, Columbia, and Buenos Ayres, the Minister asserted the power of England to promote the cause of constitutional progress in Spain and Belgium ; secondly, when, as in the case of Don Pacifico, he asserted that power to inspire, in his own words, " a British subject in whatever land he may be with the confidence that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong." In all those manifestations of his foreign policy which belong to the latter category throughout, that is, the last twenty years of his life, Lord Palmerston, with the memorable exception of the attitude he adopted toward the Schleswig-Holstein question in 1863, made no attempt to revert to the ideas which had formerly dominated the foreign statesmanship of England, and which aimed at the preservation of a balance of power by preventing the undue preponderance of France. Palmerston inaugurated the era of non-intervention in Western Europe, in 1848, by remaining a passive spectator of the revolutionary changes in Austria, Italy, and France. Five years later, in 1853, he inaugurated the era of intervention in Eastern Europe by the part which he took in the negotiations that preceded the Crimean War. Since then we have advanced by many steps nearer in the direction of a settled policy of non-intervention in every department of Continental affairs. Practically it is an accepted principle that we should abstain from all complications in whatever part of Europe which do not touch some distinct and immediate British interest. Intervention of any sort, and in any quarrel, dynastic or national, was the tradition of the aristocratic period of English politics, when

the control of the country was vested in the privileged classes. Non-intervention is the tradition of the democratic period, when the multitude is in the last resort supreme.

The aversion of the democracy to war is to be explained on two chief grounds. In the first place, it has a mortal dread and detestation of conscription. It sees that Germany has only been able successfully to wage great wars, and to raise itself to the position of the most powerful military nation which the world has ever seen, by consenting to surrender its civil liberties and to live under a despotism of statesmen and generals, the keynote of whose policy is militarism. Secondly, the English democracy shrinks from the possibility of war because it associates war with the derangement of its commercial and industrial system. It is, and it wishes to be, above all things, a trading nation, and the best way of maintaining its supremacy in trade is, so it has learnt from its political instructors, to stand aloof from all problems which await solution, and which on their way toward solution may lead to war. The question is now beginning to be asked with some anxiety, whether an eager devotion on the part of a nation to a career of trade industry and commerce is a specific against war ; and whether, while as a colonising and a trading people we are desirous to live in harmony with all the nations under heaven, we must not, even in the pursuit of our pacific mission, reckon with the contingency of the sword arbitrament ? Can we, or can we not, so completely isolate ourselves as to keep, whatever may occur, a position of absolute abstention ? And if not, how is the conclusion to be avoided that some of the forces which peaceful civilisation develops, make for war as well as for peace ?

What, for instance, is a more appropriate enterprise of peace, what is in itself more pacific and humane, than colonisation ? Yet, as the recent collision between Germany and Spain reminds us, and as many other incidents in the latter-day colonial history of the world may serve to give us a shrewd prevision, it is perfectly conceivable that the future may have in store colonial wars, almost as formidable in their way as the dynastic conflicts of the more remote, or the

national struggles of the less distant past. English Liberalism has always dreamed—has persistently refused to allow the illusion to be dispelled—of a rapidly advancing epoch in which the voice of the people, no longer suppressed, would peremptorily forbid the clash of arms, and in which the commanding authority of free trade, inspired by the good sense of commercial and industrial enlightenment, would prevent kings from playing at the game, indulgence in which is proverbially due to the folly of their subjects. Such was the idea of Mr. Cobden; such, perhaps, in the teeth of bitter experience to the contrary, is still the idea of Mr. Bright. But the most sanguine optimists can scarcely be free from a doubt whether the policy of non-intervention, which is the corollary in some minds of free trade, can ever be adequate to the difficulties and disagreements that may present themselves, even when the world is more completely under the influence of commercial considerations than is at present the case.

One might almost quote the French saying, "*Quand le Diable se fait vieux il se fait hermite.*" Is it conceivable that England, which under the muscular rule of former statesmen made herself the chief highwayman and freebooter in the colonial enterprises of the world, should to-day under the guidance of democratic leaders have forgotten that nearly the whole of her accumulated wealth has been derived from the successful results of piratical undertakings? Christianity and humanitarianism have had to perform many strange feats in English politics, but the most wonderful of all is the title it has been made to bestow upon this country for our vast foreign possession, while at the same time that doctrine offers an ever-ready excuse to latter-day politicians for justifying each successive abandonment of that responsibility which her conquests have extended.

For what is the source of all wealth? Is it not identical with that which is the prize of all conquests: viz., the soil which we tread and the land which we inhabit? And does not, for the matter of that, free trade presuppose unfettered enjoyment of a considerable portion of those products of that very earth for the

possession of which nations contend in hostile array? England's commercial greatness arises from the fact that she can grow palm oil in one portion of her dominions as well as corn in another, and that countries which she has conquered or which are not her own supply the domestic necessities of her children. So far as we can guarantee ourselves against the need of intervention in the affairs of rivals for foreign crowns, or the embroilments of nationalities struggling to be free, we may dispense with a foreign policy; but when the obvious fact is borne in mind that race movements, and especially colonial enterprises, may as effectually as any other agencies light up the flames of war, and when in addition it is remembered that these agencies are rooted in the conditions of our own national existence, who can argue that the foreign policy of England in perpetuity will be a policy of rigid non-intervention? To insist upon the circumstance that Lord Beaconsfield committed many gratuitous blunders, as, for instance, when at the Berlin Congress he enforced the severance of the two Bulgarias, and thus did what he could posthumously to implicate English statesmanship in the Danubian question, is not to demonstrate the contrary of this. It is only to shirk the most urgent problems of the future. The Government of Mr. Gladstone, as if anxious to emulate the tactics of the ostrich, endeavored to avoid the pitfalls into which Lord Beaconsfield stumbled. We know the result, which has been to fill the minds of foreign nations with unmixed contempt for the popular party and its failure to appreciate the main-springs of action in those who directed the foreign policy of England during the period of our maritime conquests and the building up of our Colonial Empire.

We have the pacific influences of free trade, commerce, and industry notwithstanding, to reckon with the contingency, or, let us at once say, the certainty, that we shall, from time to time, find ourselves embroiled with, or pitted in rivalry against, other States and other peoples. Who are these peoples and States? What are the points at which we may be brought into collision with them? What is the line of action which

in view of such collision the statesmanship which is responsible, not only for the islands of Great Britain but for the Greater Britain beyond the seas, should follow? To-day we are, and long it is to be trusted we shall continue to be, the first and foremost representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race. In this capacity we have, and must continue to have, the closest and sometimes the most embarrassing relations with the Latin races, and in an infinitely greater degree with the Teutonic and the Slavonic races. The former, the Latin races, that is, France, Italy, and Spain, have ceased to be, whatever any one of them may be destined yet to become again, the mighty factors in the world's progress which of old they were. They minister exquisitely to the comfort, the luxury, the culture, and the picturesqueness of life; but the aptitude for foreign commerce which they show is comparatively slight, and in the colonising business of humanity they only play a subordinate part. Moreover, their population, when compared with the population of the Anglo-Saxon and the Teutonic races, is diminishing. Thus, in a period of a little less than one hundred years, from 1788 to 1885, the aggregate populations of France, Spain, and Italy have only increased from 51,000,000 to 82,500,000. On the other hand, the populations of Germany and England during this period have each trebled. Germany in 1788 had a population of about 15,000,000; in 1885 it has increased to 45,000,000. Great Britain in the same way had in 1788 a population of 12,000,000; in 1885 the figure is 36,000,000. Another country largely, but not exclusively, populated by the Anglo-Saxon race—America—has in less than a hundred years increased nearly thirteen times; that is, from less than 4,000,000 in 1790 to nearly 60,000,000 in 1885. Finally, it must not be forgotten that Canada, Australia, South Africa, as well as other British dependencies, collectively contain a population of some 10,000,000, chiefly of Anglo-Saxons, and there is every reason to believe that the development and increase of this population will be rapid.

Correctly to understand the importance of these figures, we should compare this growth of population among

Teutonic races with the expanding power of the Slav. We have observed that, so far as Europe is concerned, the importance of these two races far outweighs all the Latin races combined. It is unquestionable that by very growth of population alone we are approaching a period of European history when a conflict for territory and empire between these two diverging types of humanity must take place. With regard to the recent movement of the German peoples, Prince Bismarck has succeeded in establishing a new middle kingdom in the place of the old Austrian Bund. The Germanic Confederation, the senators of which were grand dukes and other exalted beings, was, in Gladstonian parlance, "smashed and pulverised" by Napoleon. It has been succeeded by a system compacted indeed of many nationalities or sections of nationalities, but with its different parts united together by a common sentiment, and fused into a homogeneous mass by the fire of a pervading spirit of patriotic enthusiasm. The wars in which he successively engaged, with Denmark, with Austria, and with France, not only enabled the great Chancellor to convert the scattered, and in many cases mutually opposed fragments of the German race into a fighting machinery of appalling and unprecedented power, but firmly to lay the foundations of institutions more or less popular; to substitute, as has been said, the German Bundsrath for the Austrian Bund. The middle kingdom, however, for the purposes of the Bismarckian policy, implies an Eastern kingdom; and it is notoriously Prince Bismarck's object that Austria should fill that position in the economy of Europe. It is, as he is endeavoring to shape it, the destiny of Austria to move eastward along the Danube, absorbing, as she does so, the minor Balkan states. The fulfilment of this mission would virtually result in the reconstitution of the eastern province of the old Roman Empire by a Teutonic people, with Constantinople and Salonica as the twin capitals of the Teutonic race. In this way the Danube would become an exclusively German highway to the Black Sea, while with the Austrian flag floating over Salonica, Germany would be practically installed as mistress

of the upper waters of the Mediterranean.

The first formidable obstacle that could be offered to the development of such a policy would proceed from Russia. To-day Russia is both a European and an Asiatic power. She bestrides the threshold of two continents, and it is for the future to show on which the grip of the Colossus is the more firmly and extensively to descend. It is only possible for Austria to be established as the Eastern kingdom upon the assumption that Russia can be thrust back into Asia. Northwards she cannot go. She has no motive for endeavoring to plant her ensigns of victory on the pole, while Siberia, a vast and inhospitable tract of land, crossed transversely by rivers, is and will continue to be to her what the Hudson's Bay Provinces are to Canada. To England it might seem a matter of indifference that Russia should succeed in thwarting the projects of Prince Bismarck; what is not a matter of indifference to England is that Russia, to enable Prince Bismarck to execute his policy in its integrity, should be driven into Asia, and so constitute a perpetual thorn in the side of England when dealing with India and China. Yet, if this doom of partial expulsion from Europe is not to overtake Russia; if, in other words, Russia is not to operate as a permanent menace to the Anglo-Saxon race in the far East, it must be by co-operating with an ally who can help her effectually to withstand the advancing tide of Teutonic aggrandisement. Is Russia to discover her necessary friend in France? That has seemed possible before this, and Prince Bismarck's most persistent efforts have notoriously been directed to preventing a combination of Russia and France which would have the effect of holding Germany as in a vice. Again, while it would be well worth the while of Russia to purchase the amity of France at any cost, are the inducements which such an arrangement would hold out to France sufficiently strong to make her come to terms? Unless the alliance were to result in an overwhelming victory for the two powers, it would entail a calamity, well-nigh irretrievable, for both. As regards Russia, it is enough to quote a remark of the Grand Duke Alexis to the effect, that a war with

Germany would throw her back not five-and-twenty but fifty years. As regards France, she could hope to gain nothing more than the material satisfaction of recovering Alsace and Lorraine, and the moral satisfaction of humiliating her old enemy. But how if she were not to achieve these results? how if the fortunes of war were to declare once more against her, even when acting in concert with Russia? In that event the burden of the expenditure—indemnity and all—would fall upon France. Russia could not materially relieve her, simply because she is without the money which would enable her to do so. Well, therefore, may France hesitate whether, even for such a prize, she would be justified in undertaking so appalling a risk.

This sketch of the inter-relation of active forces and jealousies between Continental nations cannot pretend to be more than a calculation of the probabilities involved. It is the opinion a player might form of the cards in a hand at whist. Elements of uncertainty and unknown contingencies exist on all sides. But if English Cabinets would avoid the mistakes so often made in these days of popular Government they should attend closely to the turns of the game, instead of deferring to that ignorant outside public that is always looking over their shoulders and clamoring constantly to interfere with the playing of the cards.

As far as can be judged by the moves already made, the more probable contingency is that which, precisely in proportion as it would promote the designs of Prince Bismarck, is least to be desired by England. For in this matter the wishes and interests of England and Germany must of necessity be mutually opposed. It would be a matter of secondary importance to us that the south-east of Europe should be converted into a battle-ground for the contending forces of Teuton and Slav. Our supreme interest lies in the question into whose hands Constantinople shall fall. English diplomacy never made a greater error than when it refused the offers made by the Emperor Nicholas to Sir W. Hamilton, our ambassador at St. Petersburg. "Leave me alone, and take Egypt," said the Czar, "and if you will, Crete." To this the English Government in a

burst of indignant virtue promptly replied by publishing the whole of these private negotiations. We preferred to be led into a quixotic enterprise by the French Emperor, and spent £70,000,000 of public money in a war with Russia to frustrate her ambitious designs on Turkey, when in truth the safer game on the board for England was to let the Russian and Teutonic races fight out this problem at their own cost, which they inevitably must have done had not we and the French Emperor for his own purpose kindly undertaken to save the Teutonic nations the trouble.

Perhaps it was not possible in those days to see the true bearings of the game. The great race problems in modern Europe were still undeveloped—problems equal in their importance and destined to be as significant in their effect as those earlier Indo Germanic movements which have taken place at different epochs of European history since the first arrival of our Aryan ancestors. Whilst population has increased enormously in Europe since the great wars, the lightning rapidity of inter-communication between countries formerly separated by race obstacles greater than language has assisted the progress of civilisation. The plains of Europe are crossed and recrossed by a polyglot crowd of travellers in express trains. The very Alps are pierced at the cost of capital equal to a national ransom. Steamers ply the seas on coasts where formerly inhospitable shores offered no saving haven. A unification of nationalities is going on on all sides. Not less than the Italians, who had been for ten centuries a heterogeneous people, the petty German States of a once discordant Bund have under those modern influences and altered conditions of civilisation combined together to form one vast and powerful Teutonic people.

These influences the great Chancellor comprehends, and his greatness has consisted in acknowledging their mastery and formulating his policy in accordance with their teaching. What is of serious, of vital importance in the prospect today, is the creation by Germany of an Eastern kingdom which, excluding Russia from Europe, will urge her to satiate her ambition in Asia. Such an

event would substitute for a struggle between the Teutonic and the Slavonic races, a conflict of the Slavonic with the Anglo-Saxon. Nor could the issue of the contest be limited to India. Far more than the welfare of our Empire in Hindostan would be at stake. Nothing of what is now passing in these remote regions of the world is more noticeable than the growing solidarity of the Anglo-Saxon peoples on the Eastern seas, and of the interests which hold their different members together. The elevation of Russia into an Asiatic power of the first rank, and the establishment by Russia of an Asiatic Empire, would not only threaten and bring the Muscovite into collision with England, but would threaten equally and equally bring him into collision with the rapidly growing Anglo-Saxon race domiciled in America and Australia. China bids fair to be the future India of America, while she offers an expanding market for the cotton wares of Melbourne and the iron of Philadelphia. We may be perfectly certain that our countrymen at the Antipodes would not acquiesce in the Asiatic domination of Russia, and would insist, whatever it might cost them, on keeping touch with their Anglo-Saxon brethren in America on the one hand, and in England on the other. Thus, by the remorseless and infallible logic of facts, we are led to the conclusion that the alternative to a conflict between the Teutonic and Slavonic races in Europe, resulting as it assuredly would in the establishment of the Eastern kingdom on which Prince Bismarck has set his heart, is a conflict between the Slavonic and the Anglo-Saxon races for the hegemony of Asia.

The line of argument and exposition which has been adopted in the foregoing pages leads up to the inference that, whether with or without a great European war, an Eastern kingdom supplementary to the middle kingdom of Germany, the supremacy of which will be vested in the Teutonic race, will be formed; that the immediate consequence of this will be the withdrawal of the Turk to Asia and Arabia, with Damascus or Baghdad as capital. Whether this forecast is to be fulfilled shortly or remotely, it will be allowed to be not antecedently improbable; and even

should it not be fulfilled at all, the policy which it is the duty of England to adopt will be the same. What that policy is can scarcely be regarded as doubtful. Its chief features and the reason for it shall be set forth now.

The interest which England has in the south-east of Europe, and the concern she may feel in the dynastic mutations and territorial redistributions of which that corner of the world is the scene, are indirect. It is therefore necessary that she should not, and it is to the last degree improbable that she will, repeat the mistake committed by Lord Beaconsfield eight years ago, and attempt to assert herself as a Danubian power. But in the true East, the Asiatic East that is to say, her stake is paramount, her interest most immediate, her concern absolutely vital. What, even in these latitudes, affects her supremacy or the development of the power of the Anglo-Saxon races generally, she cannot afford to disregard. The very considerations which should induce her to adopt a waiting policy in Europe should suffice to keep her on the alert, ever vigilant and ever ready to be active in Asia. Unless England is prepared to sever herself from other Anglo-Saxon communities, to take no part nor share in those great eastern enterprises in trade of the Anglo-Saxon race, she must be the undisputed mistress of Egypt. That is the only country on the globe possession of which will enable Great Britain to hold out a hand to, and to keep touch of, the men of her own kith and kin, who have interests similar to or identical with her own in the Eastern seas. This in outline is the real meaning of that policy which the late Lord Beaconsfield surrounded with so many undigested conceits regarding those places of arms we were to establish on our high road to India.

Now in Egypt England has one rival only. The dominion of Egypt is courted by two nations in Europe: England and France. Germany and Russia are equally indifferent to it. To England it is, for the reason already stated, indispensable. To France it is not a matter of such material and essential necessity; it would rather be sentimentally acceptable. A French protectorate or annexation of Egypt would,

more than almost anything else, please the self-love and gratify the vanity of the French people. It would be a fulfilment of the traditions bequeathed by the Napoleonic wars, and it would seem to the Gaul like the projection of a Parisian thoroughfare across the Mediterranean. The Frenchman likes Egypt just as he likes Algiers, because of its convenient contiguity to his native country, because it is within, so to speak, a few hours of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue de la Paix. To be in the Palais Royal or the Variétés one day laughing at the opera bouffe of Offenbach or the comedies of Sardou, and the next, or the next day but one talking Parisian scandal at Cairo, is the fascinating ideal of the Parisian *flâneur* when he approximates most nearly to a colonist. Unlike the Englishman, he never makes his home in the land of his adoption. He is a bird of passage there, and the more he is reminded of it because of its proximity to his beloved Paris, the better, as is the case with Egypt, he likes it. It is out of all question that England should ever tolerate the firmly seated presence of the French in the land of the Pharaohs, or that metaphorically the Seine should be suffered to debouch into the Nile. The one and sufficient reason why France or any other European power must be kept out of Egypt is that we cannot allow the maritime security of Anglo-Saxon communication with the Eastern seas to be destroyed.

What, then, are we to say to the following passage culled from that sacred tablet of the law as lately delivered from the Liberal Sinai? And how differently does it read when compared to a parallel passage taken from the older and more effete school of Tory statesmanship.

MR. GLADSTONE'S  
MANIFESTO,  
SEPTEMBER 19TH.

A mischievous idea has had some support amongst us from opinions, and from public journals, either that Egypt ought to be annexed, or that it should be placed under a British protectorate, or that at the least an occupation of it should be indefinitely or greatly

LORD SALISBURY'S  
SPEECH,  
OCTOBER 8TH.

I believe the drawing nearer of the colonies of this country is the policy to which our imperial patriots must look who desire to give effect in the councils of the world to the real thought of the English nations. We desire to draw all the advantages that

prolonged. To each and all these measures I am altogether opposed. I hope that this subject will be present in all its force to the minds of the country under this juncture. Until we shall have been enabled to quit Egypt, we shall, I fear, remain liable in a hundred ways to be thwarted and humiliated through the numerous rights secured there to the other powers.

can be drawn from that marvellous cluster of dependencies which our empire above any other empire of ancient or modern times possesses. Our colonies are bound to us by deep affection, and we should be guilty not only of coolness of heart, but of gross and palpable folly, if we allowed that sentiment to cool, and did not draw such advantages for the common weal of the English as circumstances permit us to do.

In the language of the former one recognises that dangerous fanaticism of the late Prime Minister which manifests itself by a determination to play the game of foreign politics as if the fall of the cards could be regulated according to a preconceived theory of what the game should be to each player, and not as the circumstances of the game imperatively demand. In the latter, however much we may doubt that the manifest accuracy of the precept will be borne out and carried through with vigor and statesmanlike determination of purpose, one cannot but admit that the player knows the methods of statecraft. England's best interests can never be served by treating her foreign affairs as a lecturer deals with a foreign epoch, putting forward theories directly derived from himself. The truly patriotic minister would state candidly the momentous problems pressing for solution, and give the people the clear alternative. They must be prepared either to make great sacrifices or fall altogether behind. It is thus that Prince Bismarck speaks to the Reichstag. But who among our most eminent statesmen, in handling the Egyptian question, have plainly told us the real issue? The tendency is rather to minimize or evade the chief difficulties of our Imperial policy.

With regard to Egypt, it is sometimes suggested it may be transformed into an Oriental Belgium. That is impos-

sible—first, because the conditions which rendered it practicable to invest Belgium with an independent existence of its own are not forthcoming in the case of Egypt. The European powers must, to assimilate the position of Egypt to that of Belgium, be interested in the country, each of them to an equal degree, and that is what, as we have just seen, the powers, so far as Egypt is concerned, are not. Nor is the objection to the proposal to hand over Egypt to the Turk less considerable. So long as there is in Egypt a European debt the administration of the country must be in European hands. For this debt England has made herself in a special degree answerable, and that circumstance is another reason why the project of converting Egypt into the Belgium of the East cannot be entertained. The only mixed scheme which, for a brief period, worked well on the Nile was Lord Salisbury's dual control. There were two kings at Brentford, and for a time they did not quarrel for priority. Rousseau's ideal of a social contract was temporarily realised. But the dual control was doomed on the day on which England determined to oust France as her co-trustee from Egypt. When once the fabric had fallen to the ground it was hopeless to think of building it up again. French jealousy and French intrigue England will still have to contend against in Egypt; but, unless she is to abdicate her position as the leading representative of the Anglo-Saxon races in their Asiatic development, and by so doing confess herself a finished power, she must successfully combat these hostile forces, however audacious and subtle. She must stand before all those in whose veins English blood flows, in fact before the whole English-speaking race, as the unchallenged and absolute protectress of the country that is the key to the Asiatic world. In no other way can she secure for her descendants that magnificent Empire of Eastern trade which she should henceforth share with the other members of the Anglo-Saxon people.—*Fortnightly Review*.



## MERLIN AND KENTIGERN.

## A LEGEND OF TWEEDDALE.

BY J. S. B.

THIS ballad is founded on a passage in Fordun's 'Scotichronicon' (iii. 31), in which Kentigern, or St. Mungo, the patron Saint of Glasgow, is brought into communication with Merlin, the well-known Welsh enchanter of the mediæval romances. Of course no man accepts Fordun as a voucher for any historical fact; but there is evidence enough, independent of Fordun, to prove that St. Kentigern and Merlin were contemporaries, both being representative characters of a great religious movement in the sixth century—the one representing the advancing cause of Christianity in the Celtic or Cymro-Celtic kingdom of Strathclyde, the other the waning cause of Druidism. The battle of Arderydd, A. D. 573, fought between the Christianised King Rhydderch Hael and the heathen monarch Gwenddoleu, divided the Britons of the west, in point of religion, into two unequal halves, of which the lesser was destined speedily to be absorbed into the larger. Of this threatened absorption, Merlin, the Court bard of Gwenddoleu, in the popular tradition appears as the rueful prophet; there is no hope for him or his sun-worship any more, and he must mope about the hills of the south Highlands, then the central part of the kingdom of Strathclyde, till he dies. This is the historical kernel of the miraculous legends which afterwards grew up on both sides of the struggle round the person of their prominent representatives—legends amply sufficient to prove the social importance of the personages concerned, however transparently fictitious, and often ludicrously childish in their details. Discount the silly miracles so bountifully showered on the saint, and the tricks of devilry so lavishly attributed to the Court minstrel of the heathen king, and you have the lasting truth of popular poetical tradition, which Aristotle pronounced to be more philosophical than history. The handling which Roger Bacon, and Doctor Faust, and other such victims of popular prejudice received in the middle ages, may teach us that we are only performing an act of historical justice when we represent Merlin, the Welsh enchanter, in a much more noble light than that in which he appears in the mediæval romances, in the pages of the monkish chronicles, or even in the classical portraiture of Lord Tennyson. The facts alluded to in the verses, so far as Kentigern is concerned, will be found in the late Bishop Forbes's 'Kalendar of Scottish Saints' (Edinburgh, 1872); in Skene's 'Celtic Scotland,' ii. 179; and in 'The Legends of St. Kentigern, his Friends and Disciples,' by the late Professor Stevenson (Edinburgh, 1872); and in regard to Merlin, in 'Stephen's Literature of the Cymri' (London, 1876); in the 'Morte Arthur'; in Professor Veitch's interesting and instructive volume on 'The History and Poetry of the Scottish Border' (Glasgow, 1878); and in the recent work of Mr. Beveridge on 'Culross and Tulliallan' (Edinburgh, Blackwood, 1885).

COME with me fair maiden, Liliās,  
Come and sit a space with me,  
Where the Powsail purls and prattles  
Gently by this old thorn tree.\*

Come, and stir good thoughts within me,  
With bright looks of kindly cheer;  
Sweetly flows an old man's story  
Where the young are fond to hear.

Yesterday, when I was wandering  
O'er the Broad Law's treeless back,  
Came a mist, a white mist floating  
Slowly o'er the moory track.

And ever as it travelled lightly  
Where the fitful breeze might be,  
It took new shapes of strangest seeming  
That looked weirdly upon me :

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\* The thorn-tree stands on the burn, about fifteen yards above its junction with the Tweed, below the church of Drummelzier. Here the local tradition has it that the Enchanter was buried.

Now a whale, and now an ostrich,  
 With a neck of longest span ;  
 Now a camel, now a white bear,  
 Now a snowy-locked old man.

And I thought on old man Merlin—  
 Merlin, wizard of the Tweed,—  
 Moaning o'er the tway-cleft kingdom,  
 Wailing o'er his waning creed.

For he was a heathen, Liliās,  
 Mighty man of place and pride,  
 Counsellor and bard and prophet  
 In the kingdom of Strathclyde.

And when Roderick, to the false gods  
 False, and faithful to the true,  
 In the battle of Arderydd \*  
 Slew the mighty Gwenddoleu ;

Merlin old, his bard and prophet,  
 Cleaving to the Cymric creed,  
 Moaning o'er the lost Sun-worship,  
 Wandered lonely by the Tweed :

Seeking death, but might not find it ;  
 For he deemed it sin to die  
 With a self-implanted dagger  
 In the bright Sun's beaming eye.

And he came to where Drummelzièr's  
 Kirk looks o'er the Powsail brook ;  
 And sadly here, with thoughtful brooding,  
 On a stone his seat he took.

Here he sate, with none to friend him  
 In his sorrow and his dool,  
 But his little dog, a black one,  
 And a young pig white as wool.†

Sate and looked, when lo ! a figure  
 Cloaked and cowed, with solemn gait  
 Through the shower and through the sun-glint  
 Came where wizard Merlin sate :

Came as one that hath a message  
 Where delay might father loss,  
 On his breast a death's-head broidered,  
 In his skinny hand a cross.

\* Mr. Skene, in an interesting paper in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquarians, February, 1865, fixes the site of this battle with great probability not far from Longtown, on the great road between that town and Langholm, near the junction of the Liddell and the Esk.

† The black dog is a familiar appendage of necromancy and wizardry ; but the little pig is peculiarly Welsh, and holds a prominent place in the oldest Cymric poetry. There is a whole class of poems attributed to Merlin, beginning with " Listen, O little pig ! O happy little pig !" which Stephen, in his literature of the Cymri, considers to be symbolical of the Welsh people. How the little snouted creature came to attain this dignity he does not explain ; but it is no doubt a relic of the rural economy of the oldest times, when the *divs iφopβός*, the "divine swineherd," was deemed worthy of occupying a prominent position among the retainers of a Greek kingship.

"Who art thou," cried Merlin, "coming  
From the East where dwell my foes?  
I have here enough of sorrows,  
Let me feed upon my woes!

"Cause have I to hate the traitor  
Who hath laid my monarch low;  
Spare to triumph rudely o'er me,  
Prostrate in my utter woe!

"Cause have I to hate the Christian;  
Hence, and give mine eyes release  
From thy death's-heads and thy crosses!  
Let old Merlin die in peace."

"Fond old man, I may not leave thee;  
I am here by God's command,  
With dear balm of benediction  
Near thy bed in death to stand.

"I am Kentigern: my mother,  
Not far from the Isle of May,  
Daughter of the king of Lothian,  
Bore me in a wondrous way.

"Saint Theneu, my blissful mother,  
Whom the spiteful waves did toss  
Rudely, in a fragile shallop  
Prisoned, bore me at Culross.

"And St. Serf, from where Loch Leven  
Laves the roots of Lomond Ben,  
Washed me throughly in the water  
Of regeneration then.

"And my mother there devoted  
Me to God, the One, the True,  
To the savage West to wander,  
And convert the heathen crew.

"Bless the Lord this day, old Merlin:  
In the dear name of Theneu,  
I am come with God's salvation,  
On the tree who died for you."

"Mock me not, thou sallow shaveling!  
By yon God that rides on high,  
In the pure old Druid worship  
I have lived and I will die.

"Gods in guise of man we know not,  
Scourged and pierced and crucified;  
God we own above all human,  
Baal careering in his pride:

"Baal, whence flows Fire's holy fountain,  
Pulsing with a pulse of might;

Baal, that o'er yon green Trahenna,\*  
Streams with floods of holy light ;

" Baal, whose voice is in the thunder,  
Rolling far from glen to glen ;  
Baal, whose glance is lightning darted  
From the blue crest of the Ben ;

" Baal, whose fiery virtue melteth  
Crusted ice and stony hail  
Into rills that leap redundant,  
Spreading sweetness through the vale ;—

" Him I own within, without me,  
In the great and in the small—  
In the near and in the far off,  
In the each and in the all.

" Tempt me not with human Saviours,  
Gods to handle and to feel !  
To the bright broad eye of Heaven,  
Life-dispensing Baal, I kneel.

" Preach the cross to savage Saxons ;  
Crosses come when they are nigh :  
As old Druid wisdom taught me,  
I have lived and I will die !"

Then with holy hand uplifted  
Spake the saintly Kentigern,  
And with swelling eye of pity,  
" Old man, thou hast much to learn.

" But the gnarled oak can no man  
Bend like rush or osier wand ;  
Take my love, and take my blessing,  
With thee to the Spirit-land.

" Allwhere lives a thoughtful Reason,†  
In the sky and in the sod ;  
Mind, and Thought, and shaping Reason,  
This we worship, one true God.

" Sun and moon, and forky levin,  
Floods by sea, and storms by land,  
Are but ministers and servants,  
Tools in the Great Master's hand.

" Take my prayer, and take my blessing ;  
Though I may not move thy will,  
Whom I serve hath gracious magic  
To bring good from harshest ill.

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\* One of those green softly sloping mountains which are the glory of Peeblesshire. It rises right opposite Drummelzier on the north bank of the Tweed, right above the mouth of the Biggar water. The name, not like a few others in the district, is manifestly Welsh or Cornish, not Gaelic.

† The λόγος of John i. 1.

" In His house are many mansions ;  
If thy heart is pure and true,  
He can save with stretch of mercy,  
Merlin old and Gwenddoleu."

Spake : and with his cloak wrapt round him,  
Eastward o'er the moor he strode,  
Leaving wise old Merlin brooding  
Strangely o'er the Christian's God.

But his brooding must be barren :  
Who can change an old man's creed ?  
Romish gods might not be devils,  
But Baal was God for Merlin's need.

With an eye of moody-wandering  
Gaze, he followed Kentigern,  
Where he brushed the purple heather,  
Where he swept the plummy fern.

And he wandered o'er the moorland,  
Wrapt in sorrow and in dool,  
With his small black dog behind him,  
And his young pig white as wool ;

Wandered till he found a hollow  
Cavern by the river's brim,  
Where a witch, a wily lady,  
With a strong spell prisoned him.\*

And she kept him there, the fell one,  
Till his eyes with age grew dim ;  
Then the wily fair, the false one,  
Mixed the cup of death for him.

And wayfaring people found him  
Stretched beside the river's brim ;  
And beneath this ragged thorn-tree,  
Here they dug a grave for him.

And his small black dog they buried,  
And his little pig with him ;  
And they wailed before the Sun-god  
Sadly by the river's brim.

Weep for him, and kiss me, Liliās,  
Kindly kisses help our need,  
When a tearful story moves us  
On the flowery banks of Tweed !

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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\* 'Morte Arthur,' vol. i. ch. 60, Wright's edition.

## SUPERFINE ENGLISH.

It is the Nemesis of pedantry to be always wrong. Your true prig of a pedant goes immensely out of his way to be vastly more correct than other people, and succeeds in the end in being vastly more ungrammatical, or vastly more illogical, or both at once. The common pronunciation, the common idiom, the common meaning attached to a word, are not nearly good enough or fine enough for him; he must try to get at the original sound, at the strict construction, at the true sense—and he always manages to blunder upon something far worse than the slight error, if error it be, which he attempts to avoid in his superfine correctness. There are people so fastidious that instead of saying "camelia," the form practically sanctified by usage and by Dumas Fils (for even Dumas Fils can sanctify), they must needs say "camella," a monstrous hybrid, the true but now somewhat pedantic "Latin" name being really "camellia." There are people so learned that instead of talking about Alfred the Great, like all the rest of us, they must needs talk about Ælfred, and then pronounce the word as though the first half of it had something or other to do with eels, whereas the true Anglo-Saxon sound thus clumsily expressed is simply and solely the common Alfred. There are people so grammatical that they must needs dispute "against" their opponent instead of disputing with him, in complete ignorance of the fact that the word "with" itself means "against" in the early forms of the English language, and still retains that meaning even now in "withstand," "withhold," "withdraw," and half-a-dozen other familiar expressions. To such good people one is tempted to answer, in the immortal words of Dr. Parr to the inquirer who asked that great scholar whether the right pronunciation was Samaria or Samareia, "You may thay Thamaeira if you like, but Thamaeria ith quite good enough for me."

The fact is, your genuine pedant falls perpetually into the immense mistake of supposing that one man's individual reason is going to lead him far more right than the sound instinct of a whole

nation. Half-educated people like national schoolmasters and printer's readers are especially liable to become the victims of this supreme delusion. They have their views on propriety of speech. They are always correcting other people's good sound idiomatic English into conformity with their own half-educated idea of extreme accuracy. A complete collection of the queries and alterations made in manuscript or proof by the printer's reader would form a beautiful and unique museum of blankly mistaken superfine English. "Under the circumstances" is never good enough for the printer's reader: he wants to turn it into "in the circumstances"—a pallid, flabby, meaningless platitude, which emasculates that sound and sensible popular idiom of all its original force and virility. To do a thing "in the circumstances" is simply to do it: you couldn't possibly do it out of the circumstances; the phrase becomes absurdly pleonastic—a base tag of feeble and utterly insignificant verbiage, like Eliza Jane's "of course," and "in the manner of speaking." To do a thing "under the circumstances" is to do it under stress of certain conditions; to do it in view of all the related facts; in short, to act as the circumstances compel you. "Under" in this sense has a genuine idiomatic meaning, either in English or Latin; it implies that your action is subject to the circumstances, exactly as when we say "under pain of death," "under stress of weather," "under these conditions." The common sense of the English people has hit instinctively upon the right and expressive idiom; the individual genius of the printer's reader, fired with the proud ambition of setting right fifty generations of erring Englishmen, blunders straightway into a foolish and pedantic grammatical nicety, which just deprives the whole phrase of its neat and idiomatic underlying meaning.

Take once more the famous crux of the Two First Chapters, over which whole holocausts (I say whole holocausts advisedly) of superfine critics have long immolated themselves all in vain. The English people, with solid sense, will

still go on talking correctly about the two first chapters till the final advent of Macaulay's New Zealander. For they don't mean the First Two, as opposed to the Second Two, and the Third Two, and so forth *ad infinitum*, as the superfine critic would make us believe; they haven't mentally divided all the chapters of the book and all the objects of the universe into regular pairs, two by two, like the unclean animals when they went into the Ark; they mean merely to distinguish the Two First from the Third, and Fourth, and Fifth, and all subsequent chapters whatsoever. In the crucial instance of the Two First Norman kings, we get the full absurdity of the superfine principle well displayed. There were altogether only three Norman kings (no, dear critic, I have *not* forgotten Stephen), therefore the First Two cannot possibly be contrasted with the Second Two; they can be contrasted with the Third alone. "But," says the prying pedant, "there couldn't conceivably be two firsts; there was one first and one second." Nonsense! *We* can have fifty firsts, if the sovereign people so wills it. There were two who came first, and a third who came after them. The genius of the language has settled the question for us long ago, and has settled it a great deal more accurately, too, than the genius of the national schoolmaster could ever hope to do.

But it is not only national schoolmasters who want to impose upon the free and untrammelled English language these petty home-made cobbler emendations. Great scholars themselves often descend to the level of Smelfungus and Martinus Scriblerus; they try to force the infinite energies of a living and active tongue through their own special half-inch ring, like the stones employed for macadamising the highways. A modern historian—the most phenomenally bad writer among great authors of the present generation—has lately given us some strange examples of this superfine critical tendency. He objects, for example, to the phrase "to decimate," as applied to the ravages of disease or warfare. As every English writer and speaker uses this phrase, it means simply and solely exactly what it says—to reduce by killing on the average about every tenth man. Nobody, probably,

except this good historian, ever employed a word of such transparent etymology in any other than this purely etymological sense. From the very first, it meant that and nothing else. In its ordinary military signification, it was applied to the system of selecting every tenth man for punishment after a general mutiny. But it may just as well mean taking every tenth man in any other way, as by fever or rifle-shot; and it does mean that in ordinary English. Yet about such a very simple and transparent meaning there must needs be haggling and mystification: "This misuse of the word 'decimate,' though it has sometimes made its way into the pages of really good writers, is one of the very worst cases of the abuse of language." Who has abused or misused the word? Nobody, so far as I know, except the critic. This is worse than Jedburgh justice. Our superfine author first imputes to people that they don't mean what they plainly say, and then finds fault with them for saying what they did without meaning it. Especially does his righteous wrath burn bright against the collocation, "literally decimated." I plead guilty myself to having frequently applied this peccant phrase, in newspaper leaders, to armies in action, and I am perfectly certain that I always meant by it just what I said, that the bullets selected for punishment on the average one-tenth of the entire body. It never occurred to me that even a microscopic critic could misunderstand so plain an expression.

Yet even when one uses "to decimate" metaphorically, in the rough sense of to punish severely, or to destroy a very large proportion, there is surely nothing very wrong or out-of-the-way in the usage. Slight exaggeration and slight metonymy are familiar factors in the genesis of vocabulary.

And this leads us on to a second habit of the microscopic critic, which I venture to describe as the Etymological Fallacy. Your critic happens to know well some one particular language, let us say Greek or Latin; and so far as the words derived from that language are concerned (and so far only) he insists upon every word being rigidly applied in its strict original etymological meaning. He makes no allowance for

the natural and beautiful growth of metaphor, and the transference of signification, which must necessarily affect the usage of all words in the course of time; he is aware that the root of "mutual" in Latin implies reciprocal action, and so he objects to the harmless English colloquial expression "Our Mutual Friend," which the genius of Dickens has stamped so indelibly upon the English language that all the ink of all the pedants will never suffice to wash out the hall-mark. I use the mixed metaphor quite intentionally, because it exactly expresses the utter hopelessness of the efforts of banded pedantry.

Just above, for example, I happened to remark that the historian I have in my mind was the most phenomenally bad writer among great authors of the present generation. If his eye should ever chance to light upon these humble and deferential strictures, I rejoice to figure to myself the gleam of Homeric battle-joy with which it will pounce down in mingled delight and fury upon that hazardous adverb. A phenomenon, our *censor morum et verborum* will cry passionately, is an appearance, an object presented to the senses, a thing visible, the opposite of a noumenon, and so forth, and so forth, with his usual lucid amplification. Exactly; that is its restricted technical and philosophical sense; and when we are writing about Greek philosophy or about the theory of perception we ought, of course, so to employ it. But even this is a slight deviation from the original meaning of the word phenomenon; the verb from which it is derived applies, strictly speaking, to the sense of sight only, whereas the philosophic phenomenon is the object as such, by whatever sense cognised, even in the crucial instance of a blind man. In modern colloquial English, however, the word phenomenon has had its meaning further altered to imply a strange, remarkable, or unusual phenomenon; of course because at first those adjectives were habitually prefixed to it in newspaper paragraphs about the big gooseberry, the meteoric stone, the great sea-serpent, or the calf with five legs, until at last to the popular intelligence the strangeness and the phenomenon became indissolubly linked together by association in a single idea.

Very well then; nowadays, whether we approve of it or whether we don't, the word phenomenon means in plain English a remarkable event or appearance—in short, a regular phenomenon—and the adjective phenomenal, derived from it in this sense, means passing strange or out of the ordinary course of nature. The Infant Phenomenon has made its mark on the literature of the country. If you don't like the word, you have always the usual alternative of lumping it; but that, as a matter of fact, is the sense that phenomenon actually bears in our modern language.

Of course, the word in question didn't originally mean "anything of the sort. No, but all words in time change their meanings by just such slight gradations of usage, and one has only got to look in any dictionary to find ten thousand words now in use whose present sense is quite as remote from their etymological signification. And when a certain point of currency has once been attained by any word in any sense, it becomes rank pedantry to protest any longer against the common usage. Did not our good friend Horace long ago tell us that custom is the sole guide to correct speaking? For an excellent example of such pedantry pushed to an extreme, look at the dogmatic objection which some people feel toward speaking of London as the metropolis, or even toward using the ordinary phrases "Metropolitan Police," "Metropolitan Board of Works," and so forth. According to these double extra-refined purists, Canterbury is really the metropolis of Southern England. And why? Because in later ecclesiastical Latin the Greek word metropolis meant the mother-city from whose bishopric other bishoprics derived their origin. But if we are going to be so very classical and Hellenic as this, we might respond that by a still older Greek usage metropolis means the mother-state of a colony, and so that neither Canterbury nor London but Sleswick-Holstein is the original and only genuine metropolis of England. Is not this the very midsummer madness of purist affectation? The English language is the English language; and in that language metropolis by long prescription means the chief city or capital of a country. Metropolitan, by Act of



Parliament, has a certain definite relation to the London district; and as Pym well said, "There have none gone about to break Parliaments, but in the end Parliaments have broken them." Even so, the people are stronger than any person.

For the truth is, it is quite useless for any one man to set himself up single-handed against the irresistible march of nations. Languages grow and are not made; they are the outcome of deep-seated popular forces, and the meanings which the people impose upon words are the meanings they have got to bear in the long-run, whether the pedants like it or no. (The microscopic critic corrects, "or not." He hasn't the soul of grammar within him to tell him that the other is far the more graphic and vivid expression of the two.) Professor This and Professor That may protest as long as they like against the phrases which all the well-bred and well-educated people of their time habitually use; but the protest will surely die with them, and in the next generation the abomination against which they raised their hands in horror will be included by Professor Epigonus, their accredited successor, in his new great etymological dictionary of the English language. Did not Swift consider *mob* slangy and vulgar, and did not Samuel Rogers stoutly declare that while contemplate was bad enough, balcony fairly made him sick? The poor gentleman was himself accustomed to *contémplate* nature with the accent on the second syllable, and to employ balcony as a rhyme to poney in his familiar verse. And that was only thirty years ago! Abdiel of "correct" pronunciation, if he had lived to the present day he might have been stared at for talking still of his balcony, as people are now for being greatly obliged or for possessing very remarkable trays of character.

"But there are some popular misuses of words which are really and truly dependent upon pure blundering." Yes, of course, and if possible it may perhaps be worth while to nip these in the bud before they have expanded into full-blown flowers of English rhetoric. For example, there is the poor much-abused verb "to predicate." In its logical use, to predicate bears a very distinct

and definite meaning, to which it would be highly desirable universally to confine it—if it were feasible. But, unfortunately, these matters lie outside the power of either the pedant or the scholar; they fall within the province of the people alone. Now the people, as represented by the newspaper leader-writer—in nine cases out of ten a University man—have decided that to predicate and to predict mean pretty much the same thing, and have determined accordingly, with utter recklessness of etymological correctness, to predicate a British victory in Africa, or a fine day for the races on Wednesday. I won't deny that to the classical and logical ear this is trying; and for my own part, as long as there is anybody left who cares to fight for the old sense in this matter, I enroll myself fearlessly under the conservative banner. But I don't believe we shall do much good by it in the end; at best, we shall only prolong the life of "to predicate" (in the logical sense) for a single generation. We are nursing a hopeless patient. Our children will be brought up predicating all sorts of woes or joys for the future in the most reckless fashion, and will laugh at us for old fogeys when we venture to express our moribund disapprobation. It is no use putting ourselves straight in the path of a revolution. The revolution will roll calmly over us, and leave us crushed as flat behind it as the mild Hindoo beneath the car of Juggernaut. "So much the worse for the coo." Mrs. Partington was a very noble-minded woman, but she didn't succeed in expelling the Atlantic. It was grand of Ajax to defy the lightning, but the lightning probably took the defiance out of him with great promptitude.

The car of Juggernaut reminds one of another form of superfine nicety, which consists in transliterating very outlandish foreign names in English with a grotesque affectation of Puritan precision. In our newspapers nowadays the great idol of Orissa just alluded to is called Jaganáth. The Orientalists are indeed the worst of offenders in this direction—and verily they have their reward. The moment we see in an article in the *Athenaeum*, or the *Saturday*, the mysterious forms of A'ali ben Sa'adi, or Sanskrit texts, or Muhámmadan law, or

other pretty words where the full stops go on top of the letters or underneath them, instead of at the side, and the commas are playfully interspersed among the meandering syllables, we know at once that that is an article intended to be skipped, and we skip it accordingly with great unanimity. Dr. W. W. Hunte, the *bête noire* of the old Indian civilian, is a mighty reformer in this respect. He would have us spell Meerut, Mirath, and Kurrachee, Karáchi. Now, this sort of purism is all very well in technical literature and in the Proceedings of the Royal Asiatic Society: nobody (except the experts) ever reads them, and so the barbarous jargon of the superfine pedants does nobody any serious harm there. But when it comes to poisoning the mind of youth with Kwong-fu-tai instead of the familiar Confucius, turning the Great Mogul of our innocent boyhood into an unpronounceable Mughal, and disfiguring the delightful adventures of Haroun al Rashid by a pedantic peppering of his name with assorted dots, commas, and accents, we all feel that accuracy itself, precious as it doubtless is, may yet be purchased at too great a cost. What possible good can it do to sprinkle the Arabian Nights with somebody's impracticable system of transliterating Arabic, with the sole result that ingenuous youth will be deterred at first sight by the unfamiliar appearance of the One-eyed Calender in his new dress, and give to the hideous hash of consonants and vowels some sound far more unlike the original Arabic than even the first crude attempt of the early translators?

The fact which all these good people seem to forget is simply this, that English is a distinct and separate language, and that no Englishman—not even a pedant—can be impartially versed in Greek and Sanskrit, Cree and Objibway, Hittite and Assyrian, Chinese and Hottentot, Welsh and Gaelic, all together. Life is short, and Cardinal Mezzofanti left no issue. Greek and Latin, French and German, are quite as much as most of us find time to cram into the three-score years and ten of human existence according to the Psalmist. And indeed, we have all seen how this modern transliterating craze first set in from small

beginnings. It was the Hellenists who started it; they thought it fine to talk about Thukydides. This was such a brilliant success for the man who originated the mania, that somebody else be-thought him of capping it by writing Thukydídēs. Once the ball was thus set rolling, we went rapidly through all the variations of Thoukydidēs and Thoukudidēs, of Æschylus, Aischylus, Aischulus, and Aischulos, which latter monstrosity I have actually seen in printer's ink, staining the virgin purity of good white paper.

The Hellenists having thus achieved a noble revolution, the Anglo-Saxon next prepared to have an innings. They discarded the beautiful and immoral Elfrida of our unvexed schooldays in favor of a colorless and unpronounceable Ælfthryth; they "threw back" (as the Darwinians say) from Lady Godiva to the terrific Godgifu; and they reverted from Awdrey, short for Etheldreda, to the primitive barbarism of an East Anglian Æthelthryth. I don't deny that our early English ancestors themselves were bold enough and linguists enough to use undismayed these fearsome compounds of discordant consonants: and what is more, after paying due heed to the minute instructions of Mr. Ellis and Mr. Sweet—*arcades ambo*—I even know how to pronounce them myself with tolerable correctness, because I happen to be personally interested in Athels and Ethels. But I don't expect other people to share my hobby; and I do maintain that the proper place for such strange and un-English-looking words is in technical literature, that they are of use to the Anglo-Saxon scholar alone, and that they merely tend to deter, dismay, mislead, and disgust the average modern English reader. And when it comes to Pali and Coptic, to cuneiform inscriptions and Egyptian hieroglyphics, the attempt thus to force down our throats, like a nasty bolus, the results of an alien and specialist research can have no effect save that of checking and preventing the diffusion of knowledge. If you want to make any subject popularly comprehensible and popularly interesting, you must divest it of all that is harsh, crude, technical, and dull; you must translate it freely from the jargon of the specialist into

the pure, simple, idiomatic English of everyday conversation.

One word as to the general underlying principle which pervades all these manifestations of superfine English. They are all alike the result of taking too much trouble about mere expression: Just as self-consciousness in manner produces the affected airs and graces, the poses and attitudes, the laughs and giggles, of Miss Jemima, so self-consciousness in modes of expression produces the absurd over-particular nicety of the national schoolmaster and the educated pedant. Always inquiring anxiously whether this, that, or the other word or phrase is absolutely correct, according to their own lights, such people go wrong through the very force of their desire to go right, often coupled with an inadequate sense of the deepest and inmost underlying grammatical and etymological meaning. In all these matters, first thoughts are best. Very young ladies in their letters are always falling into ingenuous errors, due to the bad habit of thinking before they speak; they write first, "His health was drunk," and then, alarmed at the apparent inebriety of that harmless past participle, alter it incontinently to "His health was drank." They correct "Between you and me" into "Between you and I," and substitute "elder"

for "older," or "less" for "smaller," on the strength of obsolete rules imperfectly understood from Lindley Murray. It is just the same with older and more learned pedants. Instead of "These sort of people go anywhere," they write "This sort of people goes anywhere"—an impossible idiom in speaking—not perceiving that popular instinct has rightly caught at the implied necessity for a plural subject to the really and essentially plural verb. They insist upon replacing sound and sensible current phrases by stiff and awkward hothouse idioms. They object to our talking about the vandalism of railway contractors, apparently on the somewhat grotesque ground that the historical Vandals never in their lives constructed a railway. But if we are invariably to use words in none but their primitive and naked etymological sense—if we are to give up all the wealth of metaphor and allusiveness which gradually encrusts and enriches every simple phrase—if we are to discard "worsted" because it is no longer spun at Worstead in Norfolk, and eschew "Gothic" because a distinguished scholar considers the Goths were not really such goths after all—why, all our writing in future will tend to become as dull as ditch-water.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

## THE INTERPRETERS OF GENESIS AND THE INTERPRETERS OF NATURE.

BY T. H. HUXLEY.

OUR fabulist warns "those who in quarrels interpose" of the fate which is probably in store for them; and, in venturing to place myself between so powerful a controversialist as Mr. Gladstone and the eminent divine whom he assails with such vigor in the last number of this Review, I am fully aware that I run great danger of verifying Gay's prediction. Moreover, it is quite possible that my zeal in offering aid to a combatant so extremely well able to take care of himself as M. Réville, may be thought to savor of indiscretion.

Two considerations, however, have led me to face the double risk. The one is that though, in my judgment, M. Réville is wholly in the right in that part of the controversy to which I propose to

restrict my observations, nevertheless, he, as a foreigner, has very little chance of making the truth prevail with Englishmen against the authority and the dialectic skill of the greatest master of persuasive rhetoric among English-speaking men of our time. As the Queen's proctor intervenes, in certain cases, between two litigants in the interests of justice, so it may be permitted me to interpose as a sort of uncommissioned science proctor. My second excuse for my meddlesomeness is that important questions of natural science—respecting which neither of the combatants professes to speak as an expert—are involved in the controversy; and I think it is desirable that the public should know what it is that natural

science really has to say on these topics, to the best belief of one who has been a diligent student of natural science for the last forty years.

The original *Prologomènes de l'histoire des Religions* has not come in my way ; but I have read the translation of M. Réville's work, published in England under the auspices of Professor Max Müller, with very great interest. It puts more fairly and clearly than any book previously known to me the view which a man of strong religious feelings, but at the same time possessing the information and the reasoning power which enable him to estimate the strength of scientific methods of inquiry and the weight of scientific truth, may be expected to take of the relation between science and religion.

In the chapter on "The Primitive Revelation" the scientific worth of the account of the Creation given in the Book of Genesis is estimated in terms which are as unquestionably respectful as, in my judgment, they are just ; and, at the end of the chapter on "Primitive Tradition," M. Réville appraises the value of pentateuchal anthropology in a way which I should have thought sure of enlisting the assent of all competent judges even if it were extended to the whole of the cosmogony and biology of Genesis :—

As, however, the original traditions of nations sprang up in an epoch less remote than our own from the primitive life, it is indispensable to consult them, to compare them, and to associate them with other sources of information which are available. From this point of view, the traditions recorded in Genesis possess, in addition to their own peculiar charm, a value of the highest order ; but we cannot ultimately see in them more than a venerable fragment, well deserving attention, of the great genesis of mankind.

Mr. Gladstone is of a different mind. He dissents from M. Réville's views respecting the proper estimation of the pentateuchal traditions no less than he does from his interpretation of those Homeric myths which have been the object of his own special study. In the latter case, Mr. Gladstone tells M. Réville that he is wrong on his own authority, to which, in such a matter, all will pay due respect : in the former, he affirms himself to be "wholly destitute of that kind of knowledge which carries

authority," and his rebuke is administered in the name and by the authority of natural science.

An air of magisterial gravity hangs about the following passage :—

But the question is not here of a lofty poem, or a skilfully constructed narrative : it is whether natural science, in the patient exercise of its high calling to examine facts, finds that the works of God cry out against what we have fondly believed to be His word and tell another tale ; or whether, in this nineteenth century of Christian progress, it substantially echoes back the majestic sound, which, before it existed as a pursuit, went forth into all lands.

First, looking largely at the latter portion of the narrative, which describes the creation of living organisms, and waving details, on some of which (as in verse 24) the Septuagint seems to vary from the Hebrew, there is a grand fourfold division, set forth in an orderly succession of times as follows : on the fifth day

1. The water-population ;
  2. The air-population ;
- and, on the sixth day,
3. The land-population of animals ;
  4. The land-population consummated in man.

Now this same fourfold order is understood to have been so affirmed in our time by natural science, that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact (p. 696).

"Understood ?" By whom ? I cannot bring myself to imagine that Mr. Gladstone has made so solemn and authoritative a statement on a matter of this importance without due inquiry—without being able to found himself upon recognised scientific authority. But I wish he had thought fit to name the source from whence he has derived his information, as, in that case, I could have dealt with his authority, and I should have thereby escaped the appearance of making an attack on Mr. Gladstone himself, which is in every way distasteful to me.

For I can meet the statement in the last paragraph of the above citation with nothing but a direct negative. If I know anything at all about the results attained by the natural science of our time, it is "a demonstrated conclusion and established fact" that the "fourfold order" given by Mr. Gladstone is not that in which the evidence at our disposal tends to show that the water, air, and land populations of the globe have made their appearance.

Perhaps I may be told that Mr. Glad-

stone does give his authority—that he cites Cuvier, Sir John Herschel, and Dr. Whewell in support of his case. If that has been Mr. Gladstone's intention in mentioning these eminent names, I may remark that, on this particular question, the only relevant authority is that of Cuvier. But, great as Cuvier was, it is to be remembered that, as Mr. Gladstone incidentally remarks, he cannot now be called a recent authority. In fact, he has been dead more than half a century, and the palæontology of our day is related to that of his, very much as the geography of the sixteenth century is related to that of the fourteenth. Since 1832, when Cuvier died, not only a new world, but new worlds, of ancient life have been discovered; and those who have most faithfully carried on the work of the chief founder of palæontology have done most to invalidate the essentially negative grounds of his speculative adherence to tradition.

If Mr. Gladstone's latest information on these matters is derived from the famous discourse prefixed to the *Ossemens Fossiles*, I can understand the position he has taken up; if he has ever opened a respectable modern manual of palæontology or geology I cannot. For the facts which demolish his whole argument are of the commonest notoriety. But before proceeding to consider the evidence for this assertion we must be clear about the meaning of the phraseology employed.

I apprehend that when Mr. Gladstone uses the term "water-population" he means those animals which in Genesis i. 21 (Revised Version) are spoken of as "the great sea monsters and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind." And I presume that it will be agreed that whales and porpoises, sea fishes, and the innumerable hosts of marine invertebrated animals, are meant thereby. So "air-population" must be the equivalent of "fowl" in verse 20, and "every winged fowl after its kind," verse 21. I suppose I may take it for granted that by "fowl" we have here to understand birds—at any rate primarily. Secondly, it may be that the bats, and the extinct pterodactyles, which were flying reptiles, come under the same head. But, whether all in-

sects are "creeping things" of the land-population, or whether flying insects are to be included under the denomination of "winged fowl," is a point for the decision of Hebrew exegetes. Lastly, I suppose I may assume that "land-population" signifies "the cattle" and "the beast of the earth," and "every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth," in verses 25 and 26; presumably, it comprehends all kinds of terrestrial animals, vertebrate and invertebrate, except such as may be comprised under the head of the "air-population."

Now what I want to make clear is this: that if the terms "water-population," "air-population," and "land-population" are understood in the senses here defined, natural science has nothing to say in favor of the proposition that they succeeded one another in the order given by Mr. Gladstone; but that, on the contrary, all the evidence we possess goes to prove that they did not. Whence it will follow that, if Mr. Gladstone has interpreted Genesis rightly (on which point I am most anxious to be understood to offer no opinion), that interpretation is wholly irreconcilable with the conclusions at present accepted by the interpreters of nature—with everything that can be called "a demonstrated conclusion and established fact" of natural science. And be it observed that I am not here dealing with a question of speculation, but with a question of fact.

Either the geological record is sufficiently complete to afford us a means of determining the order in which animals have made their appearance on the globe, or it is not. If it is, the determination of that order is little more than a mere matter of observation; if it is not, then natural science neither affirms nor refutes the "fourfold order," but is simply silent.

The series of the fossiliferous deposits, which contain the remains of the animals which have lived on the earth in past ages of its history, and which can alone afford the evidence required by natural science of the order of appearance of their different species, may be grouped in the manner shown in the left-hand column of the following table, the oldest being at the bottom:

Formations.	First known appearance of
Quaternary.	
Pliocene.	
Miocene.	
Eocene. . . . .	Vertebrate <i>air</i> -population (Bats).
Cretaceous.	
Jurassic. . . . .	Vertebrate <i>air</i> -population (Birds and Pterodactyles).
Triassic.	
Upper Palæozoic.	
Middle Palæozoic. . . . .	Vertebrate <i>land</i> -population (Amphibia, Reptilia [?]).
Lower Palæozoic.	
Silurian. . . . .	Vertebrate <i>water</i> -population (Fishes). Invertebrate <i>air</i> and <i>land</i> -population (Flying Insects and Scorpions).
Cambrian. . . . .	Invertebrate <i>water</i> -population (much earlier, if <i>Eozoön</i> is animal).

In the right-hand column I have noted the group of strata in which, according to our present information, the *land*, *air*, and *water*-populations respectively appear for the first time; and, in consequence of the ambiguity about the meaning of "fowl," I have separately indicated the first appearance of bats, birds, flying reptiles, and flying insects. It will be observed that, if "fowl" means only "bird," or at most, flying vertebrate, then the first certain evidence of the latter, in the Jurassic epoch, is posterior to the first appearance of truly terrestrial *Amphibia*, and possibly of true reptiles, in the Carboniferous epoch (Middle Palæozoic) by a prodigious interval of time.

The water-population of vertebrated animals first appears in the Upper Silurian. Therefore, if we found ourselves on vertebrated animals and take "fowl" to mean birds only, or, at most, flying vertebrates, natural science says that the order of succession was water, land, and air-population, and not—as Mr. Gladstone, founding himself on Genesis, says—water, air, land-population. If a chronicler of Greece affirmed that the age of Alexander preceded that of Pericles and immediately succeeded that of the Trojan war, Mr. Gladstone would hardly say that this order is "understood to have been so affirmed by historical science that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact." Yet natural science "affirms" his "fourfold order" to exactly the same extent—neither more nor less.

Suppose, however, that "fowl" is to be taken to include flying insects. In that case, the first appearance of an air-population must be shifted back for long

ages, recent discovery having shown that they occur in rocks of Silurian age. Hence there might still have been hope for the fourfold order, were it not that the fates unkindly determined that scorpions—"creeping things that creep on the earth," *par excellence*—turned up in Silurian strata, nearly at the same time. So that, if the word in the original Hebrew translated "fowl" should really after all mean "cockroach"—and I have great faith in the elasticity of that tongue in the hands of biblical exegetes—the order primarily suggested by the existing evidence:

2. Land and air-population
1. Water-population

and Mr. Gladstone's order:

3. Land-population
2. Air-population
1. Water population

can by no means be made to coincide. As a matter of fact, then, the statement so confidently put forward turns out to be devoid of foundation and in direct contradiction of the evidence at present at our disposal.\*

\* It may be objected that I have not put the case fairly, inasmuch as the solitary insect's wing which was discovered twelve months ago in Silurian rocks, and which is, at present, the sole evidence of insects older than the Devonian epoch, came from strata of Middle Silurian age, and is therefore older than the scorpions which, within the last two years, have been found in Upper Silurian strata in Sweden, Britain, and the United States. But no one who comprehends the nature of the evidence afforded by fossil remains would venture to say that the non-discovery of scorpions in the Middle Silurian strata, up to this time, affords any more ground for supposing that they did not exist, than the non-discovery of flying insects in the Upper Silurian strata, up to this time, throws any doubt on the certainty that they existed, which is derived from the

If, stepping beyond that which may be learned from the facts of the successive appearance of the forms of animal life upon the surface of the globe, in so far as they are yet made known to us by natural science, we apply our reasoning faculties to the task of finding out what those observed facts mean, the present conclusions of the interpreters of nature appear to be no less directly in conflict with those of the latest interpreter of Genesis.

Mr. Gladstone appears to admit that there is some truth in the doctrine of evolution, and indeed places it under very high patronage.

I contend that Evolution in its highest form has not been a thing heretofore unknown in history, to philosophy, or to theology. I contend that it was before the mind of St. Paul when he taught that in the fulness of time God sent forth His Son, and of Eusebius, when he wrote the *Preparation for the Gospel*, and of Augustine when he composed the *City of God* (p. 706).

Has any one ever disputed the contention thus solemnly enunciated that the doctrine of evolution was not invented the day before yesterday? Has any one ever dreamed of claiming it as a modern innovation? Is there any one so ignorant of the history of philosophy as to be unaware that it is one of the forms in which speculation embodied itself long before the time either of the Bishop of Hippo or of the Apostle to the Gentiles? Is Mr. Gladstone, of all people in the world, disposed to ignore the founders of Greek philosophy, to say nothing of Indian sages to whom evolution was a familiar notion ages before Paul of Tarsus was born? But it is ungrateful to cavil at even the most oblique admission of the possible value of one of those affirmations of natural science which really may be said to be "a demonstrated conclusion and established fact." I note it with pleasure, if only for the purpose of introducing the observation that, if there is any truth whatever in the doctrine of evolution as applied to animals, Mr. Gladstone's gloss on Genesis in the following passage is hardly happy—

occurrence of the wing in the Middle Silurian. In fact, I have stretched a point in admitting that these fossils afford a colorable pretext for the assumption that the land and air population were of contemporaneous origin.

God created

(a) the water-population;

(b) the air-population.

And they receive His benediction (verses 20-23).

6. Pursuing this regular progression from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the complex, the text now gives us the work of the sixth "day," which supplies the land-population, air and water having been already supplied (pp. 695-6).

The gloss to which I refer is the assumption that the "air-population" forms a term in the order of progression from lower to higher, from simple to complex—the place of which lies between the water-population below and the land-population above—and I speak of it as a "gloss," because the penta-teuchal writer is nowise responsible for it.

But it is not true that the air-population, as a whole, is "lower" or less "complex" than the land-population. On the contrary, every beginner in the study of animal morphology is aware that the organisation of a bat, of a bird, or of a pterodactyle presupposes that of a terrestrial quadruped; and that it is intelligible only as an extreme modification of the organisation of a terrestrial mammal or reptile. In the same way, winged insects (if they are to be counted among the "air-population") presuppose insects which were wingless, and, therefore, as "creeping things," were part of the land-population. Thus theory is as much opposed as observation to the admission that natural science endorses the succession of animal life which Mr. Gladstone finds in Genesis. On the contrary, a good many representatives of natural science would be prepared to say, on theoretical grounds alone, that it is incredible that the "air-population" should have appeared before the "land-population"—and that, if this assertion is to be found in Genesis, it merely demonstrates the scientific worthlessness of the story of which it forms a part.

Indeed, we may go further. It is not even admissible to say that the water-population, as a whole, appeared before the air and the land-populations. According to the Authorised Version, Genesis especially mentions among the animals created on the fifth day "great whales," in place of which the Revised

Version reads "great sea monsters." Far be it from me to give an opinion which rendering is right, or whether either is right. All I desire to remark is, that if whales and porpoises, dugongs and manatees, are to be regarded as members of the water-population (and if they are not, what animals can claim the designation?), then that much of the water-population has as certainly originated later than the land-population as bats and birds have. For I am not aware that any competent judge would hesitate to admit that the organisation of these animals shows the most obvious signs of their descent from terrestrial quadrupeds.

A similar criticism applies to Mr. Gladstone's assumption that, as the fourth act of that "orderly succession of times" enunciated in Genesis, "the land-population consummated in man."

If this means simply that man is the final term in the evolutionary series of which he forms a part, I do not suppose that any objection will be raised to that statement on the part of students of natural science. But if the pentateuchal author goes further than this, and intends to say that which is ascribed to him by Mr. Gladstone, I think natural science will have to enter a *caveat*. It is by not any means certain that man—I mean the species *Homo sapiens* of zoological terminology—has "consummated" the land-population in the sense of appearing at a later period of time than any other. Let me make my meaning clear by an example. From a morphological point of view, our beautiful and useful contemporary—I might almost call him colleague—the Horse (*Equus caballus*), is the last term of the evolutionary series to which he belongs, just as *Homo sapiens* is the last term of the series of which he is a member. If I want to know whether the species *Equus caballus* made its appearance on the surface of the globe before or after *Homo sapiens*, deduction from known laws does not help me. There is no reason that I know of why one should have appeared sooner or later than the other. If I turn to observation, I find abundant remains of *Equus caballus* in Quaternary strata, perhaps a little earlier. The existence of *Homo sapiens* in the Quaternary epoch is also certain.

Evidence has been adduced in favor of man's existence in the Pliocene, or even in the Miocene epoch. It does not satisfy me; but I have no reason to doubt that the fact may be so, nevertheless. Indeed, I think it is quite possible that further research will show that *Homo sapiens* existed, not only before *Equus caballus*, but before many other of the existing forms of animal life; so that, if all the species of animals have been separately created, man, in this case, would by no means be the "consummation" of the land-population.

I am raising no objection to the position of the fourth term in Mr. Gladstone's "order"—on the facts, as they stand, it is quite open to any one to hold, as a pious opinion, that the fabrication of man was the acme and final achievement of the process of peopling the globe. But it must not be said that natural science counts this opinion among her "demonstrated conclusions and established facts," for there would be just as much, or as little, reason for ranging the contrary opinion among them.

It may seem superfluous to add to the evidence that Mr. Gladstone has been utterly misled in supposing that his interpretation of Genesis receives any support from natural science. But it is as well to do one's work thoroughly while one is about it; and I think it may be advisable to point out that the facts, as they are at present known, not only refute Mr. Gladstone's interpretation of Genesis in detail, but are opposed to the central idea on which it appears to be based.

There must be some position from which the reconcilers of science and Genesis will not retreat, some central idea the maintenance of which is vital and its refutation fatal. Even if they now allow that the words "the evening and the morning" have not the least reference to a natural day, but mean a period of any number of millions of years that may be necessary; even if they are driven to admit that the word "creation," which so many millions of pious Jews and Christians have held, and still hold, to mean a sudden act of the Deity, signifies a process of gradual evolution of one species from another, extending through immeasurable time;



even if they are willing to grant that the asserted coincidence of the order of Nature with the "fourfold order" ascribed to Genesis is an obvious error instead of an established truth; they are surely prepared to make a last stand upon the conception which underlies the whole, and which constitutes the essence of Mr. Gladstone's "fourfold division, set forth in an orderly succession of times." It is, that the animal species which compose the water population, the air-population, and the land-population respectively, originated during three distinct and successive periods of time, and only during those periods of time.

This statement appears to me to be the interpretation of Genesis which Mr. Gladstone supports, reduced to its simplest expression. "Period of time" is substituted for "day;" "originated" is substituted for "created;" and any order required for that adopted by Mr. Gladstone. It is necessary to make this proviso, for if "day" may mean a few million years, and "creation" may mean evolution, then it is obvious that the order (1) water-population, (2) air-population, (3) land-population, may also mean (1) water-population, (2) land-population, (3) air-population; and it would be unkind to bind down the reconcilers to this detail when one has parted with so many others to oblige them.

But even this sublimated essence of the pentateuchal doctrine (if it be such) remains as discordant with natural science as ever.

It is not true that the species composing any one of the three populations originated during any one of three successive periods of time, and not at any other of these.

Undoubtedly, it is in the highest degree probable that animal life appeared first under aquatic conditions; that terrestrial forms appeared later, and flying animals only after land animals; but it is, at the same time, testified by all the evidence we possess, that the great majority, if not the whole, of the primordial species of each division have long since died out and have been replaced by a vast succession of new forms. Hundreds of thousands of animal species, as distinct as those which now

compose our water, land, and air-populations, have come into existence and died out again, throughout the æons of geological time which separate us from the lower Palæozoic epoch, when, as I have pointed out, our present evidence of the existence of such distinct populations commences. If the species of animals have all been separately created, then it follows that hundreds of thousands of acts of creative energy have occurred at intervals throughout the whole time recorded by the fossiliferous rocks; and, during the greater part of that time, the "creation" of the members of the water, land, and air-populations must have gone on contemporaneously.

If we present the water, land, and air-populations by *a*, *b*, and *c* respectively, and take vertical succession on the page to indicate order in time, then the following schemes will roughly shadow forth the contrast I have been endeavoring to explain:—

Genesis (as interpreted by Mr. Gladstone).

*b b b*  
*c c c*  
*a a a*

Nature (as interpreted by natural science).

*c<sup>1</sup> a<sup>3</sup> b<sup>3</sup>*  
*c a<sup>3</sup> b<sup>1</sup>*  
*b a<sup>1</sup> b*  
*a a a*

So far as I can see, there is only one resource left for those modern representatives of Sisyphus, the reconcilers of Genesis with science; and it has the advantage of being founded on a perfectly legitimate appeal to our ignorance. It has been seen that, on any interpretation of the terms water population and land-population, it must be admitted that invertebrate representatives of these populations existed during the lower Palæozoic epoch. No evolutionist can hesitate to admit that other land animals (and possibly vertebrates among them) may have existed during that time, of the history of which we know so little; and, further, that scorpions are animals of such high organisation that it is highly probable their existence indicates that of a long antecedent land-population of a similar character.

Then, since the land-population is said not to have been created until the sixth day, it necessarily follows that the evidence of the order in which animals appeared must be sought in the record of those older Palæozoic times in which only traces of the water-population have as yet been discovered.

Therefore, if any one chooses to say that the creative work took place in the Cambrian or Laurentian epoch in exactly that manner which Mr. Gladstone does and natural science does not affirm, natural science is not in a position to disprove the accuracy of the statement. Only one cannot have one's cake and eat it too, and such safety from the contradiction of science means the forfeiture of her support.

Whether the account of the work of the first, second, and third days in Genesis would be confirmed by the demonstration of the truth of the nebular hypothesis; whether it is corroborated by what is known of the nature and probable relative antiquity of the heavenly bodies; whether, if the Hebrew word translated "firmament" in the Authorised Version really means "expanse," the assertion that the waters are partly under this "expanse" and partly above it would be any more confirmed by the ascertained facts of physical geography and meteorology than it was before; whether the creation of the whole vegetable world, and especially of "grass, herb yielding seed after its kind, and tree bearing fruit," before any kind of animal is "affirmed" by the apparently plain teaching of botanical palæontology, that grasses and fruit trees originated long subsequently to animals—all these are questions which, if I mistake not, would be answered decisively in the negative by those who are specially conversant with the sciences involved. And it must be recollected that the issue raised by Mr. Gladstone is not whether, by some effort of ingenuity, the pentateuchal story can be shown to be not disprovable by scientific knowledge, but whether it is supported thereby.

There is nothing then, in the criticisms of Dr. Réville but what rather tends to confirm than to impair the old-fashioned belief that there is a revelation in the Book of Genesis (p. 694).

The form into which Mr. Gladstone

has thought fit to throw this opinion leaves me in doubt as to its substance. I do not understand how a hostile criticism can, under any circumstances, tend to confirm that which it attacks. If, however, Mr. Gladstone merely means to express his personal impression, "as one wholly destitute of that kind of knowledge which carries authority," that he has destroyed the value of these criticisms, I have neither the wish, nor the right, to attempt to disturb his faith. On the other hand, I may be permitted to state my own conviction that, so far as natural science is involved, M. Réville's observations retain the exact value they possessed before Mr. Gladstone attacked them.

Trusting that I have now said enough to secure the author of a wise and moderate disquisition upon a topic which seems fated to stir unwisdom and fanaticism to their depths, a fuller measure of justice than has hitherto been accorded to him, I retire from my self-appointed championship, with the hope that I shall not hereafter be called upon by M. Réville to apologise for damage done to his strong case by imperfect or impulsive advocacy. But perhaps I may be permitted to add a word or two, on my own account, in reference to the great question of the relations between science and religion; since it is one about which I have thought a good deal ever since I have been able to think at all, and about which I have ventured to express my views publicly, more than once, in the course of the last thirty years.

The antagonism between science and religion, about which we hear so much, appears to me to be purely factitious—fabricated, on the one hand, by short-sighted religious people who confound a certain branch of science, theology, with religion; and, on the other, by equally short-sighted scientific people who forget that science takes for its province only that which is susceptible of clear intellectual comprehension, and that outside the boundaries of that province they must be content with imagination, with hope, and with ignorance.

It seems to me, that the moral and intellectual life of the civilised nations of Europe is the product of that interaction, sometimes in the way of antago-

nism, sometimes in that of profitable interchange, of the Semitic and the Aryan races, which commenced with the dawn of history, when Greek and Phœnician came in contact, and has been continued by Carthaginian and Roman, by Jew and Gentile, down to the present day. Our art (except, perhaps, music) and our science are the contributions of the Aryan; but the essence of our religion is derived from the Semite. In the eighth century B.C., in the heart of a world of idolatrous polytheists, the Hebrew prophets put forth a conception of religion which appears to me to be as wonderful an inspiration of genius as the art of Pheidias or the science of Aristotle.

"And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

If any so-called religion takes away from this great saying of Micah, I think it wantonly mutilates, while, if it adds thereto, I think it obscures, the perfect ideal of religion.

But what extent of knowledge, what acuteness of scientific criticism, can touch this, if any one possessed of knowledge or acuteness could be absurd enough to make the attempt? Will the progress of research prove that justice is worthless, and mercy hateful; will it ever soften the bitter contrast between our actions and our aspirations; or show us the bounds of the universe, and

bid us say, Go to, now we comprehend the infinite?

A faculty of wrath lay in those ancient Israelites, and surely the prophet's staff would have made swift acquaintance with the head of the scholar who had asked Micah whether, peradventure, the Lord further required of him an implicit belief in the accuracy of the cosmogony of Genesis!

What we are usually pleased to call religion nowadays is, for the most part, Hellenised Judaism; and, not unfrequently, the Hellenic element carries with it a mighty remnant of old-world paganism and a great infusion of the worst and weakest products of Greek scientific speculation; while fragments of Persian and Babylonian, or rather Accadian, mythology burden the Judaic contribution to the common stock.

The antagonism of science is not to religion, but to the heathen survivals and the bad philosophy under which religion herself is often well-nigh crushed. And, for my part, I trust that this antagonism will never cease; but that, to the end of time, true science will continue to fulfil one of her most beneficent functions, that of relieving men from the burden of false science which is imposed upon them in the name of religion.

This is the work that M. Réville and men such as he are doing for us; this is the work which his opponents are endeavoring, consciously or unconsciously, to hinder.—*Nineteenth Century*.

## AN ANGLO-SAXON ALLIANCE.

BY JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL.

EVENTS are bringing England face to face with the supreme problem of her destiny. Other problems rise and seem from time to time all-absorbing, but their import often changes before a magazine article can be got to press. Great Britain's relation to Greater Britain is still her greatest question. Wayward colonies are now forcing it upon England. Imperial exigencies are forcing it on the colonies. The very propounding of it during the past year by prominent statesmen was a step which cannot be retraced.

The delicacy of the problem and its

difficulty are proved by the unanimity with which those who discussed the matter in London deprecated the formulation of any project. It was unanimously postponed because no one had anything to propose that any one else would listen to. In the search for a *modus vivendi*, Mr. Forster, the leader of the movement, has fallen back on the proposal made by Lord Grey in 1879, that all questions of foreign and colonial policy should be submitted to a council which should include representatives of the various colonies.

There are two things of which all the

promoters of this movement seem convinced—first, that the federal principle has been successfully tried under the British Constitution in Canada, and, secondly, that it should be immediately adopted by Australia, upon which it has been urged by the Home Government.

In planning her future, Australia will give Canada's eighteen years' experiment more than the passing glance which has contented her advisers. What will she find? A Federal Government with which each of the Provinces is at feud—a disjointed succession of populations whose strongest political feelings are their provincial jealousies.

Ontario's Puritan majority has a traditional quarrel with the clerically controlled majority of Quebec, wielded in a mass, as Celtic peoples usually are, and used as the fulcrum of federal power. The Ontario Premier, one of the "fathers of confederation," declared at one of the Westminster conferences last year that confederation had wrought for Canada nothing but good. Had he been asked what was the greatest of the blessings confederation had wrought, he would probably have put foremost the divorce between his Province and that of Quebec, with which it had before been somewhat unequally yoked as a single Province. By that event Ontario's war with Quebec was changed into a war with the Federal Government, and provincialism has day by day grown stronger within her borders. At the time of speaking Mr. Mowat was, as legal representative of his Province before the Privy Council, in the very flush of a victory over the Dominion.

Ontario, in her own bucolic phrase, is the milch cow of the Dominion. Being by far the largest consumer, she is to a like extent the largest taxpayer. She resents the fact that the levying and distribution of a revenue to which she chiefly contributes are practically in the hands of the minor Provinces. She observes with concern the alarming increase of the National Debt, which is practically largely her burden. She sees each of the other Provinces in turn demanding and obtaining "better terms"—that is, amendments in their favor to the financial conditions of the federal compact, and feels herself robbed. Her Premier's last words at the late session

of her Legislature were to the effect that the provincial cry had proved a very useful one, and was likely to be heard again.

That the French Province of Quebec should jar with her Anglo-Saxon surroundings is but natural. Hitherto the attitude of her people has been defensive, but a new ferment seems now to be working. Mutterings seem to rise from subterranean forces whose magnitude is yet ungauged. The race idea which during the present half-century has risen to importance in European politics has found its way to the surface in Canada, and it is this rather than any political quarrel with the Dominion Government which makes provincialism the chief war-cry of both *Rouges* and *Bleus*.

The French Canadian race now numbers perhaps two millions, half of whom live in Quebec. They hold frequent continental race re-unions, in which Quebec is spoken of as *Canada la patrie*. This race forms 80 per cent. of the population of this Province, and, by reason of its phenomenal fecundity, is fast gaining ground, not only in it, but in all the surrounding States and Provinces. The French Canadians are divided in politics, and differ also in the extent of their attachment to the Church, from the veriest extravagances of Ultramontanism to a mildly anti-clerical attitude. But in this matter of race loyalty there is a passionate unity. It is called patriotism, but it is not patriotism towards the Dominion. The French race elsewhere is unsuccessful at colonization, its weakness in this respect being partly due to its lack of increase, which renders emigration and enterprise unnecessary and the peopling of new countries difficult. To this characteristic the French Canadians are a startling exception, being probably the most prolific race in the world. Where adventure fails, thrift stands by them, and as the English race moves westward the French expands and fills every vacancy and interstice. In fact, it is driving the more expensive race before it. This people, in its romantic hours at least, idolizes its language, and holds sacred every severing characteristic, and now distinctly aspires to form a new France occupying the whole north-east corner of the continent. This hope is war-

ranted by the rapid extension of its occupancy, but not by the prosperity of purely French localities. From these emigration is rapid.

Of the Acadian Provinces, Newfoundland remains out of the federation, a standing protest against it. The other three are the only Provinces in the Dominion which have a common character and common interests. Of these, Nova Scotia was unwillingly made part of the Dominion by a moribund provincial Government, which thereby secured continued power without an appeal to the people. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island were induced by gifts of railways to accept the union.

The interests of these "Lower Provinces" were maritime. Their business was with the United States and other countries rather than with Canada. To be tied commercially to Canada was to them a bondage which proved real as well as sentimental, as their nominal tariffs gave place by degrees to the high protection which now prevails in the Dominion. Securing the Canadian market was to them but a poor return for the shackles put on their foreign trade. Annexation has been freely spoken of in their Boards of Trade, and secession has been very seriously mooted in at least one of their Legislatures. A motion at this year's session of the Nova Scotia Legislature demanding restoration to the condition which existed before confederation was not directly voted down, but laid aside pending a new and vigorous demand at the door of the Dominion Government for the rights of the Province.

The Province of Manitoba was cradled in rebellion. Canadian rule had to be established there by a military expedition under Colonel Wolseley. The present population, largely from the older provinces, has no sympathy with the religious and sentimental fractiousness of the early half-breeds—has, in fact, just been eagerly in arms putting down a similar rebellion farther west. Yet the bitterness toward the Federal Government is intense, and no party can aspire to power without blustering against Ottawa. While dollars were being poured out upon the prairie faster than seed wheat, the Manitobans were too busy scrambling for them to quarrel

much with the railway company that controlled their business and enjoyed fabulous privileges over their territory, or with the Government which furnished the money. But when the golden stream slackened, and painful depression followed the orgies of the "boom," monopoly imposed from without, protection which could not pretend to serve them, and the retention by Ottawa of the Crown lands, the soil of which would supply their extravagant needs, became gigantic wrongs. The crisis of this year's session of the Manitoba Legislature was, as in the case of Nova Scotia, a struggle between a less and a more revolutionary policy, in which the less extreme party prevailed for the time.

The public opinion of the North West Territories is a reflex of that of Manitoba, as their half-breed rebellion is an exaggerated repetition of the former one.

British Columbia, whose marriage settlement was based on the promise of a trans-continental railway to be finished within ten years of 1871, has been ever since in a constant fever of recalcitrancy with intermittent threats of secession. The Chinese problem, on which the voters of the Province hold the most advanced Hoodlum views, raises another difference. The Province is at this writing in open revolt on the subject against the Dominion veto of its anti-Chinese Bill of last year, which it has re-enacted and put in force. The difference will have to be settled as the crude economists of the Pacific shall dictate.

The proposal which recently took shape in Jamaica to add to this unharmonious and incompact group a population consisting of fifteen thousand whites and a third of a million of negroes of various shade, and without votes, was unwise. The governmental problems of West Indian plantations are so foreign to those of Canada that they will have to be wrought out separately.

These facts bring us to the question how federation, which elsewhere has tended powerfully toward integration, has produced less satisfactory results in Canada, and that in spite of special precaution. To avoid the troubles which had so often arisen in the United States out of the doctrine of State rights, and

which culminated in war, the founders of the Canadian Union rested all undefined and residuary powers in the Federal Government, gave it a veto on the acts of the Provinces, and added the magic syllable *con* to *federation*. On the point whether this difference is calculated to fulfil its object, or to increase provincial jealousy toward the Federal Government, I have formed no opinion.

A more noteworthy difference between the two federations lies in the fact that in spite of much mutual ill-will, the American Colonies were forced together by extreme necessity arising out of a common external peril, and that the United States, in spite of its self-secluding policy, cannot cease to have external relations calculated to engender a common patriotism and pride of country. External relations, being of common interest, are almost sure to evolve centripetal forces, while questions *between* the members of an alliance are naturally disjunctive in their tendency. Canada, by reason of her secondary position as a dependency, has no nationalizing external relations except a war of tariffs with the United States, ostensibly devised for this very purpose, and called on her side a national policy. She has no external centripetal forces except on the one hand a gentle pressure from England in favor of confederation, and on the other the certainty that the only probable result of disintegration would be absorption into the United States, a consummation which, though it has almost all the material advantage in its favor, is still offensive to the sentiment of the great majority. Annexation remains the traditional bugbear by which politicians can always create a diversion in their favor. American domination over our railways was a cry used effectively by the "Grits" when Sir John Macdonald's Government was ousted for a time in 1875. American domination over our markets was the cry with which the "Tories" in 1878 turned out Mr. Mackenzie.

The lack of national sentiment in Canada is evinced by the fact that the words "nation" and "national," freely used in this paper, have never come into use in the country as applicable to things Canadian, excepting always to the tariff, the uncomely adjective and

substantive "Dominion" being the only phrase known. Provincial feelings are, as we have seen, supreme, and, with certain exceptions, British sentiment is also very strong. The exceptions naturally are the French Canadians, the Roman Catholic Irish, who are numerous, and the American and foreign elements.

Affectionate loyalty towards Britain has thus far withstood the long and strong pull of the attraction of gravitation, it might more precisely be called the attraction of cohesion, which necessarily exists between two homogeneous and absolutely contiguous bodies. It has withstood also the severer strain of repellent forces from the mother country. English feeling towards Canada was, in the earlier consciousness of the present active generation of Canadians, chiefly associated with unasked-for assurances, dropped by Colonial Secretaries, echoed volubly by the *Times*, and caught up by every commercial traveller, that, if Canada wished separation, England would not for a moment stand in her way. The occasion of this language was of course the manifest difficulty of defending Canada against invasion from the United States and actual disturbances to the peace of the empire through her dependency, in which the latter was usually the sufferer from the quarrels of the former. To the Canadians, however, among whom the ancient doctrine of allegiance still survived, the proposal that Canada should secede was treasonable, and the innuendo that her people desired it was received with proportionate resentment.

Of these feelings England has at length taken note. The colonists are now credited with being "passionately loyal." Canada has, indeed, just received a passionate and somewhat embarrassing hugging from her mother country for an expression of active loyalty which unfortunately seems to have died with the sound of her Premier's voice. Sir John Macdonald, when in England last year, promised for Canada that in England's need she would equip at her own expense a military contingent. When afterwards questioned in Parliament whether Canada had offered England any military assistance, he stated that no such offer had

been made. Even yet, however, the habit of contempt for the dependency betrays itself, the more disagreeable that it is unconscious. In addressing Canadian audiences the Englishman, no less than the American, forgets the boundary line, and, seldom fails so to mix his compliments as to make it evident that he forgets that he is not in the United States. It seems to be left to Canadians alone to preserve the memory of the fact that their country is in the British Empire. Evidences of the absence of reciprocity are calculated to put a strain on that attachment with which are bound up the highest sentiments of British Canadians as a people.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has with thankful persistency pointed out that the circumstances which nurtured this attachment are not permanent; social life is no longer dominated by British officers and officials. The removal from towns, once glorified by the pomp of military pageantry, of the last remnants of garrisons and Imperial parade, has deprived the latest generation of emblems calculated to produce most potent impressions. Nor is loyalty much reinforced by those who leave the old country to find homes in America; from that typical Englishman, Mr. Thomas Hughes, who intentionally passed Canada by, holding its separate existence to be an obstacle to the harmony of our race, down to the most disaffected son of Erin, the majority of emigrants from the British Isles prefer both in sentiment and practice the United States to Canada. Canadians pride themselves on speaking English and not American, and on retaining English as distinguished from American manners, yet the assimilation of the two kindred peoples goes on, and cannot but go on.

Should the bond of British attachment ever give way, the immediate occasion is likely to be some sudden chill or sense of slight, but the underlying cause will be the sense of incompleteness which must be felt by a people neither British nor foreign, and having no place among the nations. This is of course a complaint which applies equally to all the colonies.

The reason why I have gone at such length into the circumstances of Canada

is that, for several reasons, the country seems to be the pivot of the question of Imperial federation.

Here the question is ripe. Here the gravest difficulties surround it. Here has been tried that experiment of confederation on which the advocates of Imperial union partly rest their case. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* says: "Here we have before us, within the Queen's own realms, not only a precedent for federation, but also a demonstration of the ease with which it can be adopted, and the benefits accruing therefrom."

The relations of Australia to the same problem are very different from those of Canada, and are in some ways less perplexing. Australia is sea-girt; she has common internal interests. Federation has not yet intervened to develop inter-colonial friction. Australia's population is homogeneous, the most British in the world. This population increases fast, and as the native element supersedes the imported, Australian patriotism develops with startling rapidity. Australia has the choice of her own destiny, and its probabilities contain no humiliating element. Canada, on the other hand, is shadowed by a doom, distasteful if not disadvantageous, in the fact that her destiny is controlled by a neighbor. To English Canada, moreover, the steadily encroaching tide of a non-commercial and determinedly alien race, as it saps and mines to its fall one stronghold of commerce after another, raises a certain apprehension in the mind of every one who looks beyond the present century.

Full citizenship in the commonwealth of man can only be reached by the Canadian in one of three ways: by Imperial federation, by Canadian independence, or by union with the United States; the last contingency being familiarly known by the single word annexation.

The Canadians have been kept too busy by the rapid expansion of their own country to have much time to speculate with regard to issues that can in any way be postponed, and, though they have all along felt that this problem was before them, few of them have any opinion as to its solution. They are at last, however, beginning to ask them-

selves which of the three consummations is their destiny.

Federation of the Empire has been hitherto, it must be confessed, generally thought Utopian. Independence has been more or less distinctly advocated by a Bohemian clique about Toronto, which some ten years back decorated itself with the grotesque sobriquet of the Canada First party. Whatever influence this coterie has exerted has been rather destructive than constructive, as no spirit of nationalism has manifested itself in the literature of the country. The reason of the ineffectiveness of the independence movement is to be looked for in the fact that its votaries have only a half-hearted belief in their goal being anything but a way station upon a short road to annexation. This last alternative has an outspoken and very able advocate in the person of Mr. Goldwin Smith, who stands publicly speaking almost alone in that pronounced attitude.

I need not add anything to what has been of late so enthusiastically said in favour of the federation of the colonies.

That idea, once dismissed without thought, seems now to be in influential quarters heartily accepted, but every attempt to give a body to the shadowy idea has proved as fatal to it as to the Lady of Shallott's mirror. The idea of federation would have the hearty goodwill of all Canadians, with the exceptions above mentioned, if it were proved capable of offering any form to their imagination.

The purpose of this paper is to point out that no such scheme including Canada could look for permanency that did not also, prospectively at least, include the United States, and further, that, in the interests of all the parties to it, a pan-Saxon alliance is not only desirable, but possibly an early necessity.

The former of these propositions need not be much further enlarged upon. The United States has Canada in many respects in her power, whether England be her ally or not. She could probably conquer it, but she will not.

Should the two countries continue as now to exclude each other's commerce, Canada, if the proportionate difference of population continues to increase,

would be an ever-growing disadvantage with the United States.

This result need not, however, be feared. The protective system will break down, and freer intercourse will make the two peoples more and more valuable to each other and strengthen the hold of the greater over the less.

Commerce and ethnical influences run east and west much more readily than north and south, and this in spite of the fact that one would naturally seek in diverse climates for complementary products. Still, proximity and homogeneity are the great factors of intercourse, and we may probably without gross unfairness rudely apply the law of gravitation to the attractive forces operating between like masses of population.

Taking the centre of population of the United States somewhere in the north of Ohio with a westward tendency, and that of Canada at Montreal with a north-westward tendency—and in this guess we are probably roughly right—we find that between the two populations there is no great average distance. If we could find out the financial or business centres, they would probably be still nearer together. What is more, the line from one to the other seems to be coincident with, not across, the prevailing direction of commerce. The only barrier, therefore, to the utmost commercial intercourse is an artificial one. There is nothing but a political line to hinder Montreal from doing a large part of the trade of the American West, in which she has now, except as an exporter, no share. Even as an exporter she is entirely at a disadvantage, as exports are limited by imports.

Canadian confederation, when it took place, was an expedient devised to meet a political exigency. There was a deadlock between parties in Canada, neither having a working majority; there was a Government in Nova Scotia that dared not appeal to the people. New exigencies might produce new revolutions, and, if the experience of Nova Scotia were repeated, annexation might come about, not only without an appeal to the people, but in spite of a people notoriously hostile.

The United States itself might take steps, as hinted by one of the candidates



recently contending for the Presidency, to develop such an exigency. Federation with England would not make this less likely, although it would certainly make it less palatable. Such an ultimate intention was the obvious meaning of Mr. Seward's purchase of Alaska in 1867. The United States has been too much occupied settling her own territories to occupy herself about Canada. But her spare ground is fast becoming organized, and she is at length beginning to take more interest in the neighbor around which she has already flung a prophetic embrace.

It is not to be supposed, at a time of the world when the children of England are playfully picking up stray bits of territory the size of European kingdoms, that these other sons of our viking race will not be taken with the fever of expansion. Precluded by their system, or at least by their traditions, from seeking dominion abroad, they will, in spite of oft-repeated expressions of indifference, be more and more covetous of contiguous territory inhabited by a people capable of exercising their suffrage and sharing their self-government. Disclaimers of any desire for increased territory have preceded every previous expansion of the United States, just as they have preceded every new protectorate established in England. Queen Elizabeth slapped the faces of her pet pirates and then annexed their acquisitions; the Queenslanders and the Cape Colonists count on a like treatment to-day.

Canada, while she is unwilling to abnegate her British allegiance, is unable permanently to renounce her paramount interest, which lies in commerce with the United States, along whose border her populations form a fringe three thousand miles long and about a hundred miles broad, stretched along a single isothermal, and having in consequence no adequate variety of climates or products. That plan only would fully solve her problem that would secure to her at once her British citizenship and the freest and fullest intercourse with her all-important neighbor.

Such being Canada's relation to the scheme, it would appear that England is reduced to the dilemma of giving up, in part at least, the plan of federation or

of enlarging its scope to the extent I have suggested. I claim no originality for this proposal. A paper ascribed to Sir Richard Cartwright, late Canadian Minister of Finance, appeared in a London journal in 1871 in which an appeal was made to the English public in favor of an Anglo-American federation. The reasons therein urged have grown stronger with the lapse of fourteen years. England is represented as in a position of perilous isolation in Europe, having no hope of sympathetic and genuine good-will from any European Power. This, it was said, she could only look for from her own kindred once cast off by her folly and too long kept in estrangement by her indifference, but probably ready, if shyly at first, yet cordially, to meet any genuine and frank approaches from the still revered mother country. There was no reason to forecast the ultimate failure of such an overture, yet even if unsuccessful "the mere fact of its having been honestly made could do more than any other possible act on the part of England to banish every remnant of irritation and insure such a cordial understanding as might perhaps gain for her in the spirit what she failed to gain in the letter." There was, the writer thought, far less danger of a conflict of interests between the members of the proposed union than between the various States and Provinces comprised in the existing confederations.

Finally, it was urged that, seeing that the United States was then the second and Canada the fourth of maritime Powers, the possible alternative of a commercial coalition between Canada and the United States might involve the loss by England of her maritime supremacy. This last vaticination is as yet far from being accomplished. High tariffs have effectively postponed it. Public opinion in the United States is already on the balance between the doctrines of Protection and Free Trade. The adoption of the latter principle, which the progress of events must shortly enforce, is likely to be followed by such an expansion of maritime enterprise as will before long dispute England's monopoly of the seas, and by such commercial prosperity as will make London no longer the necessary centre of gravity

and focus of the race and of the world. The population of the United States is already greater than that of all other Anglo-Saxon countries put together, and its rate of increase is also greater. Eased of the suicidal burdens just referred to, that country should advance during the rest of the century with splendid strides and, before long, the continental destiny vaunted by her theorists will be found to set far too narrow bounds to her adventure. Am I wrong in surmising that, if once the star of empire should cross the sea and Greater England begin to assert control abroad, the mother of nations, bereft of her offspring, might insensibly pass into the honored but uncoveted condition of empress dowager of her former domain, and might even, if left to her own resources, have increasing anxieties with regard to the Power that is developing in Central Europe?

I would picture for her a different destiny. We have seen the German race drawing together till Germany now rules Europe, and even the possession of two Imperial Houses will hardly stand in the way of its desire for further consolidation. A German-Austrian alliance would probably with ease impose its joint will on Europe.

England rules her own hemisphere outside of Europe. Russia may threaten, France may annoy, but neither can displace her. But when Germany commences a foreign empire, it is time for England to count her strength. There is no sea and no land where war can be made in which England would not be the great sufferer from it. What England wants is power to impose peace throughout her wide protectorate, make annexations unnecessary, and to bid marauding cease. Such power would be the early result of restoring the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Is such a restoration possible? I am not prepared to propose an immediate and intimate federation.

Leave that to time; what is wanted now is an alliance on the most liberal terms that it is possible to suggest. There is nothing to hinder the completion of the Postal Union as it now exists between the United States and Canada, so that whatever is posted in one country at home rates is delivered without

extra charge in the other. There is a great deal to hinder a Customs Union—that must come after great changes in the internal economy of Protected countries; but the alliance would tend to that end. There is no reason why extradition should not be as complete as between the States of the American Union or the kingdoms of Great Britain, making each country entirely responsible for its own administration of justice. This will soon have to be done between the United States and Canada. There is no reason why Copyright and Patent regulations should not cover the whole area, and, most important of all, there is no reason why there should not be a common citizenship, so that a man, by simply transferring his domicile, would enter on all the rights of citizenship in his new home.

It is not, perhaps, generally thought how small a change would have to be wrought to accomplish this great end. It was formerly held that an American whose father had been born on British soil, or before the Revolution, could not be refused British citizenship, because England had never regarded his father as an alien. It would be just as harmless for England to adopt all American citizens as some of them, while it would be much more reasonable and agreeable. The United States receives all British subjects into full citizenship after being domiciled within her borders for a term, but only on taking an oath forswearing allegiance to the Queen, whom they have all their lives revered. This clause of the American oath of allegiance may have been natural in the days of feud, but it is useless, offensive and unnatural now, and deprives the United States of many a citizen of the most desirable kind, while it attracts those who have been disloyal at home. It is a relic of hatred and ought to be removed. This system of joint citizenship might be followed by such openings to preferment as England now places before her colonial subjects.

There might further be an agreement to act together to protect the highways of commerce and to see that neutral peoples, especially weak and barbarous ones, were not trespassed upon. Such acts would need to be agreed upon by negotiation or possibly under safe-

guards even by a common council appointed for the purpose. Such an agreement might indeed be spoken of by critics as equivalent to annexing all the world, and so to some extent it would virtually be, if other nations refused the arbitration of the new Power and exorted the exercise of force; but so long as they did not do so all things would remain as they are. Such an alliance would be a grand step towards the goal which visionaries set before them of a federation of man which would settle all differences by arbitration.

Meantime, it would accomplish many of the ends of such a federation. If this Power made a rule against all forcible seizure of territory, and insisted that its armaments should never be used for aggrandisement, but only to impose righteousness and peace, it would make the soldier's profession at last a worthy one.

Without much argument, the vision here presented will commend itself. But it will raise immediate questions as to its possible accomplishment in view of the different genius of the two peoples. It is to be acknowledged that the difficulties are great, much greater as regards the United States than as regards Great Britain. The traditions of the former country are very strongly against all entanglements outside of America. She is as yet in no equal need of fortifying her power. She has all the advantages which Great Britain has at home from isolation, without being embarrassed with dependencies that are not likewise water-wall. Moreover, the plan could not be carried far without making the countries, to some extent at least, partners in war. If the United States were in a position to need an army or a navy, this would be an arrangement which would give her an enormous advantage, but she is fortunate in having no such needs.

As things are now, such a partnership would look like a gratuitous and expensive entanglement in things with which she has nothing to do. It has, however, been hinted that this state of happy indifference to foreign affairs, except where a sufficient number of voters demands her interference in the internal economy of other households, is one that can only

be maintained so long as her present Chinese wall remains standing, and that must soon be broken down by reason of expansive forces acting from within.

Once the nation's mighty domain fails to afford abundant scope for the adventure of her sons, she will have Stanley, in every land; once her commerce is unfettered, her Vanderbilts will again have ships on every sea.

The spirit of adventure is strong in this cowboy generation. The wilds of the West, heretofore full of Indian nomads, picturesque rancheros, and lawless miners, are rapidly becoming a settled country, tame with the monotony of civilized conventionality.

The national hatred of England, which has had its hundred years' innings, though far more loud, has never been so deep as the sense of kinship and filial respect which lies beneath it. The empire on which the sun never sets has always afforded young America's highest realization of earthly grandeur. Daniel Webster's passage about the drum-beat of England circling the globe is learned by heart by every schoolboy, and its theme has of late been brilliantly reclothed by a popular orator of the day, the Rev. Joseph Cook. Americans, moreover, speak the English language, and in the commonwealth of letters count themselves English.

The continental doctrine of Monroe was the offspring of an age which looked for the millennium of all peoples in the establishment of popular government. Its operation would be to make the American look for his natural allies among the revolutionists of Spanish America. The American is finding, however, that he owes his liberties more to the heritage of his race than to the elimination of monarchy and feudalism from his national Constitution.

If an alliance between England and the United States seemed reasonable to a responsible statesman in 1871, it is certainly more so in 1885. If then there were signs of the decrease of international antipathies, there is now every sign of a remarkable turning of the hearts of the fathers to the children and of the children to the fathers, omen of a better age. If then the commercial policies of the two peoples were as the poles apart, there is now a reasonable prospect that

national exclusiveness is about to yield to international cordiality. If England was then hopelessly aristocratic, she has now taken power from the hands of the Lords and the landlords. If the United States was wedded to her eighteenth-century Constitution, she is now the scene of movements to secure a non-political civil service, a permanent judiciary, and, most noteworthy of all, responsible government. If Englishmen did not then know Canada from the United States, they are now crossing the sea in streams to study the future centre of their race. If Americans then held everything English in contempt, they are now largely ruled by English ideas and modes, the two countries assimilating rapidly as they know each other better, and both are beginning to see how great a wealth they have in each other's kinship. They

are more ready now than ever, not only to see good in each other, but to realize the splendid vision suggested by a permanent alliance. To England the alliance is desirable, as the future of the race seems undoubtedly as much connected with America as with England; to the United States it is desirable, as the past of the race belongs inalienably to England, as England possesses an expansive elasticity which the United States envies, and as the alliance of the two countries would bring all the waste places of the earth under the ægis of the joint Power, whose common flag would be a messenger of peace to the world.

My conclusion is that no federation of the Empire will be complete which does not make room for the whole of Greater Britain.—*Contemporary Review*.

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### OUR INSULAR IGNORANCE.\*

BY JOHN ROBERT SEELEY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am a stranger to you and to your Institution, which I only know from the few and modest papers which you publish. I must therefore address you as a stranger. In some respects it might have been better if I could have spoken from an intimate knowledge of your affairs and of your work. Then I might have given you appropriate advice, and I might at the same time have made report of your success to the outer world. But you did not want this, or you would have chosen another President. And when I read the list of your former Presidents, and look at the addresses they have delivered, I see that in choosing me you have not simply committed an oversight, for on former occasions, too, you have chosen strangers. I see that you do not want your President to tell you about yourselves, nor to tell the world about you, but that you will be content if he can find something to say to you which on its own account shall be worth hearing and worth treasuring up.

It ought, I suppose, to have some reference to education, and I have this

right to speak on the subject, that I have been engaged through the whole of my life, without the interruption of a single year, in teaching, and that I have found so much satisfaction in that pursuit that I have never even for a passing moment entertained the desire of quitting it for any other. There was a time when I used to write and speak a good deal on education in general, but of late years I have been compelled to specialise. The study of history, and the method of teaching history, have occupied me so much that I have had no time to spare for other educational questions. During all these years the educational movement of the country has proceeded perhaps more rapidly than ever, and of course I could not fail to make my own reflections on the course which it takes, though I have seldom any occasion, like the occasion you now give me, to make those reflections public.

I suppose the prevalent opinion is that we make wonderful progress in educational matters. No doubt many facts may be cited which are encouraging. At Cambridge I have witnessed in the last thirty years a greater development than perhaps took place in three hundred

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\* The Saltaire Presidential Address.

years before. Then there has been that most hopeful and interesting movement which has sown the influence of the Universities broadcast over the country, bringing the Northern miners and the population of great cities into direct personal contact with the best form of culture. Out of this has sprung the new local colleges from which so much may be expected. Then, too, we have seen the promising commencement of a higher education for women. And I might mention many similar signs that at any rate there is wakefulness and activity in this department.

But it often happens in life that the more actively we bestir ourselves the more we find to do—that, in short, the more we accomplish the further we find ourselves removed from the completion of our task. Just as, twenty years ago, we took in hand the pacifying of Ireland with far more earnestness than before, and passed law after law, yet now seem to see Ireland more hopelessly alienated than ever, so in education, it sometimes seems to me, success recedes before us, like the horizon, as we advance. The machinery has been greatly increased, and has been made much more various, but it is not so clear that the real end of education is attained, for education has to do with mind and character, and these are, it is well known, subtle things and difficult to deal with. It is possible to provide machinery on a great scale, and yet to accomplish little. In the last century it was remarked how little good came of the rich endowments of our Universities, and how they were surpassed by much poorer Universities in other countries. Machinery thrown away! In this century we have tried machinery of a different kind; have we always had success? We set up the examination system, we extended it over the whole country, we took infinite pains to make the competition free and fair, to bring all the prizes, the scholarships and the fellowships, for which the candidates entered, open without exclusiveness. Little now remains to be done in this direction. Well, what do we think of the result? Is this machine so decidedly better than the other? I think few persons will say so. Emulation turns out to be a rude and coarse motive; competition proves to be an ex-

hausting, unhealthy process. It is complained that those who have been trained under this system imbibe low views of culture, that this sort of education has disappointing results, and can scarcely be called liberal.

Other great failures of the same sort occur to me. It is not so long since the virtues of the public-school system were loudly proclaimed, and it was almost thought that the problem of education was solved when the reforms of Arnold and the moral earnestness of his followers were grafted on the tradition of old English manliness in the public schools. This opinion, too, seems to have died out. Hardy games are good things, no doubt; character, no doubt, should be at least as great an object in education as book knowledge. All this is true. But yet I think the best educationists of the present day do not wish to see a great extension of the public-school system. It is expensive; it does not favor originality of character; it gives excessive importance to boyhood and boyish affairs. In short, this experiment, too, has not succeeded.

The same, perhaps, may be said of the attempts which have been made to widen the subject-matter of teaching. How much was said of the narrowness of the old classical curriculum! How much was expected from the introduction of new subjects, natural science, English, history, modern languages! No one sympathised more heartily than I did with this movement, and in a certain aspect I should say that it has been thoroughly successful; but then this is not exactly the educational aspect. It is a great pleasure and triumph to me to think that in my old University almost all these new subjects are now studied and expounded by earnest specialists, who devote to them as much zeal as in the last generation was only given to classics and mathematics. It is quite another question whether the individual student has reaped the benefit of all this improvement; whether we can say that the boy who under the old system learned slowly and with great difficulty a certain amount of Latin and a certain amount of Greek, which in too many cases he found little use for, and therefore gradually forgot, in after-life; whether this boy now really leaves

school equipped with all the living knowledge of the present age, prepared to follow the march of science and the political and literary development of the modern world. Here again I fancy there has been disappointment. It is found that too much is attempted, that one subject drives another out of the mind, that the old standard of thoroughness cannot be kept up. And again it is found how subtle a thing the human mind is, and how it resists our manipulation. These profoundly interesting subjects, so full of life, so evidently useful as well as fascinating, which we thought could not fail to rouse the dull-est intellect, are often found to have another effect. They are *too* potent! They destroy the individuality and fresh activity of thought, all the healthy waywardness and wilfulness, which is only vigor in its crudeness, originality in the embryo. Often, too, by being forced upon the mind too soon and too quickly, and too many at a time, they leave it not inspired and awakened, but listless, satiated, and disgusted. When this *too-much* in the subject-matter of teaching is added to the competitive method and the stimulus of examination, the total result is often very exhausting and enfeebling.

In short, what I would call the Broad School in education seem to devote the whole life of the child or youth to lessons. They map out in lessons almost his whole waking day. Now as to the child at least, I think that only a small part of his day ought to be given to lessons. And yet within the last three months two teachers have said to me (I admit that this was in Germany): "It is all very well to speak of play; but the truth is, our children have no time to play!"

When we think of all these failures together, we come to see what is the exact point at which the educational movement is arriving. It seems to move parallel with the political movement. For a long time in both reformers have been struggling against the inertness or timidity which refused to make changes and try experiments. They have been successful. Great changes have been made, great experiments tried. At first the reformers were jubilant. Then came a time when still greater changes were

made, when change became quite the fashion. But the reformers do not now become more jubilant, but rather less. For their budget of reforms begins to be exhausted, and yet the result is not produced. It appears as if the solution lay deeper, as if something needed to be set in motion which no mere legislation, no mere alteration of machinery, can reach.

And now let me come somewhat nearer to my own specialty—history—a specialty fortunately not too special, not too abstruse, to be discussed in a popular assembly. It is needless to say that our system of education must always seem a failure to me so long as history occupies so small a space in it; and yet of late years it almost seems that in our great schools history has rather retrograded than advanced; at least our great headmasters do not now devote themselves to history as Arnold and Temple did. But I am struck not quite simply by this deficiency, but by a deficiency closely connected with it—a deficiency so great, and which yet it seems so hopeless, at least in any measurable time, to supply, that I am almost reduced to despair.

I am just returned from a visit of some months to the Continent, and I have two strong impressions upon my mind. The first is, how closely the different European nations are now mixed and confused together; the second is, how extremely and hopelessly ignorant of each other they are. Railways, mountain-tunnels, telegraphs have produced the first effect. The English, the Germans, the Americans have taken possession of all beautiful or interesting localities, whether in town or country, of the Continent. We are infinitely more familiar than we used to be with foreign countries, and this familiarity increases every year. But while railways have produced this effect, education has not increased in any due proportion our knowledge of the nations that inhabit them, their ways of thinking, their history, their literature. We know France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy—the mere countries—as our forefathers never dreamed of knowing them, but in our culture, in our reading and views, we are as insular as they were.

One would naturally presuppose that, since the nations of Europe are juxta-

posed in such a strange manner, mixed together by such an unprecedented facility and activity of intercourse, yet separated in a still more strange manner by being mutually unintelligible to each other, it would be a principal object of education to remedy this incongruous and dangerous state of things; that our youths would be taught to enter into the great modern development; that for this purpose they would be instructed in the changes and revolutions that have taken place in the last hundred years, introduced to the principal books that have influenced continental thought during the same time, made familiar with the principal languages, enabled to take note of what novelties appear there by turning over foreign periodicals and newspapers. Alas, alas! Surely as soon as I mention this you feel, as I do, how unmanageable is this problem of education, and how, in spite of the reforms we have made, of the activity that prevails in the educational world, we are yet but on the threshold of the question, and how, if we had succeeded in all those educational enterprises in which hitherto we have failed, other enterprises just as momentous and urgent would await us.

Classics are in possession of the field; first of all this study needs to be more living, more real, less pedantic and technical. Science comes next. Really boys must learn to understand something of the world they live in, must form the habit of observation, must enter into those wonderful discoveries which crowd upon us with such pitiless speed that, even if we studied nothing else, we should have neither time nor faculty enough to receive them. Suppose these claims satisfied, though in fact we do not know how to satisfy them. What comes next? It is really too scandalous that our boys should grow up in ignorance of the literature of their own country! Yet it is to be feared that there are too many who do not properly know even Milton and Shakespeare. Still more deplorably large is the number of those who do not know what wealth is to be found in Chaucer, or who have never felt the scholar's pleasure of tracing the growth of the language through all its stages, of distinguishing Middle English, and then

ascending to that Old English which our benighted forefathers called Anglo-Saxon. Well, let English, too, be granted. What next? Then perhaps may come history; ancient, mediæval, modern, all together, and all equally, for is not history one? You see, each of these studies by itself is vast, and of our unfortunate boys all we know is that hitherto, while we have required them to learn only Latin and Greek, nine out of ten have always failed to accomplish even that. And yet, when all these overwhelming demands are satisfied, I shall come with my demand, which is as large as any of them; or rather I cannot wait. The need seems to me to be urgent.

You will perhaps ask me what is the use of making demands which I myself feel so strongly that we can never meet; and I do not know that in this address I shall find room for any answer to that question. I have no desire to-day to leave you in any contented or satisfied mood, for it seems to me that the lesson of the time is the insufficiency and the failure of all mere reforms. There was, no doubt, a mass of rubbish to be cleared away; there was, no doubt, a need of great reforms. But when all that necessary work is done, what then? Are we at the goal? Oh dear no! We are nearer to the starting-place. We are thrown back upon ourselves; we are called upon for that which is more painful to most of us than all reforming fuss and agitation—for an honest, strenuous exertion of our minds and hearts.

What I want, you see, is not precisely the study of history; at least it is not the investigation of remote events in abstruse documents. It is partly the study of modern languages, partly that of recent history; only that I desire to add to both the methodical study of political science. I want our young men to understand the age in which they live, and that, if you will consider, means that they should be able to read French and German, and also that they should have a just view of the political and social condition of the leading European States; but this they cannot have without knowing the last hundred years of European history, and without having reflected on the principles of political and social development in advanced so-

cieties. Now let me ask you for a moment to consider how urgently necessary is an education of this kind.

We live in an age when the greatest questions are boldly taken in hand and dealt with in the most summary manner. So utterly extinct is the modesty of past generations, which feared to touch old institutions, and always tried to introduce reform under the disguise of the restoration of a more ancient state of things, that nowadays, when a new class gets the franchise, it is not exhorted by its friends to be cautious, to give itself a little time before using its new powers, to look before it leaps, to think before it acts, but it is conjured to have courage, to tackle the greatest questions without delay—really, one might almost say, to leap before it looks, to act before it thinks. Do not be afraid that I am about to talk politics. I mean to content myself with a very simple assertion, one which, in theory at least, no party would controvert—viz., that if we will take these great questions in hand, which our fathers were too timid to do, we ought to do that which our fathers had not the same need to do—viz., study them. It requires no particular study to let things be until you are actually forced to alter them, but if you are determined to innovate on a great scale, the case is different. Such a revolution is in itself courageous, and courage is an admirable quality; but there is a kind of courage which is by no means admirable, and for my part I cannot admire the courage of those who are ready to make the greatest alterations in the most fundamental laws without any methodic or serious study of political and social science. The principles of this kind of science, all sane men are agreed, are not mere abstract platitudes such as we hear mouthed on platforms. It is now recognised that there is development in States, that the laws made ought to be relative to the particular stage at which the community has arrived. This implies that those who would have political principles worthy of the name must have a knowledge of history, and especially of recent and present history. And yet this recent history is not studied by most of us—for most of us, indeed, have not seriously studied history at all. But I may

go farther, and say that even those of us who have studied history have commonly given their attention to remote periods, and have most rarely attended to those recent developments which from this point of view are by far the most important.

I dare say you will understand that this is the commonplace, which in my official capacity I am obliged to have always on my tongue. But to-day I wish to insist more particularly upon the importance of the study of foreign history and foreign politics.

Insularity is in some respects a happy condition, but it fosters a strange blindness toward some very important political truths. I do not now speak merely of its narrowing influence. We must all be more or less aware of this. We must be aware that we live in a kind of seclusion, in a kind of half-ignorance that other nations really exist, that other languages are spoken. When a nation thus secluded arrives at great wealth and power, this narrowness blends with self-satisfaction, and the compound which results is that peculiar character which foreign politicians know by the name of John Bull. They think him very conceited, very self-satisfied, and they are astonished at his ignorance of all the affairs which seem to them most important. "It is prodigious," said Prince Kaunitz a century ago, "what these Englishmen do not know." If with all this ignorance the English prosper, and grow rich, and keep an inviolate soil, when almost every country is trodden at times by foreign armies, these foreigners cannot help respecting so much success; but yet they do not admit the explanation of it which commends itself to us; they do not think we are prosperous simply because we are wise and virtuous, for they hold to their opinion that we are ignorant, but they think that our insularity, the cause of our ignorance, is also the principal cause of our prosperity, since it keeps off enemies and diminishes the difficulties of foreign policy.

It is not precisely this narrowness upon which I would dwell, nor even this ignorance, which, if it only concerned the diplomatic secrets of military governments, such secrets as for a Kaunitz or a Metternich were the sum of



knowledge, might be esteemed happy. But insularity such as ours has another result which is too little remarked. As we have practically no frontier to protect, and at home at least no enemy to fear, and as nothing forces us to think of foreign nations, and as our education at the same time does not introduce us to foreign literatures, we live almost as if we were alone in the world. Our American cousins, it is true, are in mere position more isolated even than we, but this is compensated to them by the fact that they read more foreign literature—for English literature is foreign literature to them—than any other nation. They at least know that, besides the United States, there is England; but we know of no country but our own.

This has a strange effect upon our way of thinking. Imagine what an individual would be if all the influences of society upon him were removed, if he never had to hold his own against others, never compared himself with others, never inquired what others thought of him, never heard any criticism, never wished for any applause. I think you will see that such an individual could hardly acquire anything that could be called a character, that he could hardly arrive to be a person at all. As a nation among nations we are in a similar position. We scarcely know, and we care not at all, how we are regarded in the society of nations. Whether we are heartily yet discriminately admired, as in the last century and the first part of this, or are described as "the sick old woman"—which is too often the case now—the opinion of foreigners, favorable or unfavorable, does not affect us. Praise and blame alike are indifferent to us when we become aware of either; but, as a general rule, since we do not read contemporary foreign literature, neither the criticisms nor the compliments reach our ears.

One consequence of living in society is self-respect, the wish to make a decent appearance. As our nation does not live in society, it cares less than any other what appearance it makes. Dickens quizzed the Americans for perpetually repeating the question, "How do you like my country?" We ourselves are troubled by no such sensitive curiosity. We suppose ourselves to be too

great, we are really too isolated, to care whether we are liked or disliked. An example has just been given of the enormous indifference with which we can parade our alleged vices, all that is most discreditable to us, before the eyes of foreign nations. No doubt such extreme frankness may have its advantages; I do not discuss that question; but the reason it is so easy to us to expose ourselves is that we are not aware of any spectators, we are aware only of ourselves.

The evil reaches much deeper. The happy fortune which has preserved us so long from any serious danger from an enemy, while almost every other country has been the scene of some patriotic war, either of self-defence or of liberation, has an incalculable effect upon our way of thinking. We become unable to conceive the possibility of England being in danger. Everywhere else duty to the country, duty to the fatherland, is almost the highest and most solemn moral obligation. But where the country is never in danger—where it is immutably fortunate, great, and prosperous—duty to it, loyalty to it, begins to seem a fantastic, bookish notion, and as a consequence of this all morality changes its character.

In past history, patriotism, public duty, appears everywhere as one of the chief roots of virtue. What is the charm of the famous old classical stories? What has been the great theme of oratory in all ages? Only five-and-twenty years ago our poets and orators were sympathizing with the struggles of Italian and German patriots who were prepared to give their lives for the great ideal names, Italy, Germany. But then Italy and Germany needed this devotion. They had a yoke to cast off, foreign intruders to repel, a frontier to defend. It has been otherwise with us, and hence patriotism, with everything that belongs to patriotism, drops out of our morality as in no other nations, I verily believe, since the world began. Moral virtue with us means devotion to some abstract principle, or to some church or party, or to humanity at large. We scarcely ever think of that great whole, the *πόλις*, or nationality, which nevertheless has really nursed the greater part of all moral sentiment. And however we may sym-

pathise when Italians hymn their Italy or Germans their Germany—almost every nation, in fact, the sacred name of the fatherland—the name of England seems to have no such associations for us ; we are rather disposed to laugh when poets or orators try to conjure with it ; we suspect it as being the symbol of an ambitious or warlike or obsolete policy.

Have we really made an improvement in morals by banishing all notions founded on patriotism ? At any rate the reform, if it be a reform, is so sweeping that we ought to make very sure that it is sound. Meanwhile, I confess for my own part that I should like to see the day come again when one might mention the name of England without raising a laugh.

To me this way of thinking seems no improvement, but merely the effect of our insular position, which gives us an exceptional safety. And, as I have said elsewhere, and as we are beginning to feel, it is not really true that England is an island, or that she has no frontier to protect. She has a frontier in Canada and another in South Africa, if I may not also say that she has a frontier toward Afghanistan.

In the main, I hold that it is healthy for a nation to live in society. Like an individual, a nation should study its behavior to its fellows, and for this purpose should listen respectfully and anxiously for their opinion. It should take an interest in their affairs, consider their rights and its own ; it should strive to stand well with them, and yet it should assert its own personality in their presence. It should make itself aware, by careful comparison, of its own weak points and also of its strong points. By this self-knowledge it would acquire self-confidence and would command the confidence of others.

It is good for a nation to have a strong pronounced and interesting national type. In the last century foreigners loved to discuss the Englishman. He was rough, they said, almost brutal ; he had no notion of art. Winckelmann says that when art is discussed it is the business of an Englishman to be silent. We were hard, lonely-minded, wilful to the verge of madness. On the other hand, we had an individuality and in-

dependence, a directness of speech, a distinctness and tenacity of opinion, which made us seem like a nation of kings. And so Goldsmith, who looked at us rather as a foreigner, while he blames our fierce party-spirit and hardness, can yet grow enthusiastic in the description of us :—

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye.  
I see the Lords of human kind pass by ;  
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand ;  
Firm in their native hardness of soul,  
True to imagined right, above control,  
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
And learns to venerate himself as man !

And so at that time foreigners thought they understood us. They did not exactly like us, but they respected and even admired us ; at any rate, they had a most distinct conception of us. Even now, this old conception of the Englishman is not dead on the Continent ; even now we find ourselves pictured as madmen indeed, but of invincible self-reliance, tenacity, and individuality.

No doubt that old national character stood greatly in need of refining ; it was but a rough sketch. But we looked well, wearing that character, among the nations of Europe. We had a place which was worth keeping. It would have been wise to retain the reputation we had, while, at the same time, we studied to improve it. But, with our insular way of thinking, we never gave a thought to the opinion of foreigners. Of late years we have been renouncing our old type, stripping off one by one all those well-known characteristics. As to our individuality, which used to be so energetic, Mr. Mill wrote a book, now some thirty years ago, to show how little we have of it, how apt we are to think in crowds, how servile we are to popular opinion, how singularly little of peculiarity, of independence, of healthy eccentricity we display. And as to that liberty which, in the eighteenth century, was our monopoly, while other nations have since acquired some measure of it, we, I think, may be said to have renounced it. It was an impatience of the interference of law, a horror of over-government. The Englishman loved to think that he was not, like the continental, always under the paternal eye of

authority; he was "unfashioned by forms, fresh from nature's hand." Now, I suppose, there is no nation which has a more profound belief in government, or a more inveterate habit of thinking that all evils under the sun can be cured by legislation. Meanwhile, we aim, it is true, at the other virtues which the Continent had before us, but in arts and refinements we can hardly expect them to regard us as more than their equals. And so in their eyes the English character is blurred and indistinct. They are puzzled by us more than at any former time. So long as we are rich and successful, they will continue to speak of us with respect; but if we fell into misfortune we should perhaps discover with surprise how little we are admired, how little we are liked.

You see that I have lighted upon a subject which I cannot hope to treat fully; I must be content with these hints. The sum is that we Englishmen, from our peculiar position, are liable to a peculiar blindness, that we think ourselves alone in the world. When we boast we do not display this blindness quite so glaringly as when we try to be modest, for when we boast, we do at least compare ourselves with others; but when we try, as the phrase is, to "mind our own business," when we persuade ourselves that foreigners will leave us alone if we do not think of them, then, indeed, it is wonderful to see how easily we can dismiss all other nations from our consciousness, how easily and how comfortably we can feel ourselves alone in the world! What can remedy this blindness, if not education? Among all the new subjects which nowadays are recommended for study, I think none is so great and interesting as that which would meet this particular evil. The recent history of the great European nations—France from her great Revolution, Germany and Italy since they began to struggle toward union, Russia since she began to expand and conquer, and with this history the movement of modern thought on political and social subjects. And yet, as I said before, how many vast reforms stand before this on the programme! Science, English, and other vast subjects stand before modern languages. Many most eminent educational authorities still hold that

modern languages must not be thought of till the boy has thoroughly grasped Latin and Greek. This practically means that he shall never learn them at all, and yet the modern languages are but a preliminary part of that system of modern education which I have in view. I wish to build on a knowledge of modern languages a living appreciation of modern literatures and a knowledge, at once familiar and philosophical, of modern history. And at every point I am met by the fixed traditional maxim that in education nothing must be modern, everything must be ancient—language, literature, and history alike.

But perhaps these views of mine, just because they are as yet so little accepted, may be the more fit to be stated in an address like this. And, as I said, I am willing to leave on your minds the impression that in education there are immense things to be done, profound changes to be made. In conclusion, if you ask by what method I conceive it possible that our boys, who scarcely, as it is, succeed in acquiring the little we expect of them, should ever be in a condition to master much more, my answer would be, certainly not by longer hours, for, on the contrary, my persuasion is that, at least in the first years of education, we exact already far too much. But I believe that there is a principle which has been too much overlooked in education, but which has great virtue—the principle of learning one thing at a time. Why is it that our boys, who learn Latin and Greek and French and often German, are found in the end to know neither Latin nor Greek nor French nor German? It is because they try to learn them all at the same time. No grown man, using his own common sense, would try to learn three languages at once. And yet in education this irrational system prevails universally. What is true of languages is true in a degree of other subjects of study. And I do believe that all education might receive a new life if only the simple principle were introduced and consistently carried out, that the learner's mind should always be directed to one subject, or at most, two subjects at a time.

But I have detained you long enough. I have spoken out what was most on

my mind, but now that it is said I feel that I have broached topics somewhat too large for the place and the occasion. I have but offered you hints, for I have

not had space for full elucidation or demonstration. As hints, however, I trust you will find them worthy of your consideration.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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AUBER.

THE nation *la plus spirituelle du monde* counts among its greatest composers Daniel François Esprit Auber, whose Christian name, "Esprit," seems to have been a favorable omen for one of the most *spirituel* musicians who ever delighted the public, not only of France but of the world, by refined, harmonious, witty music, if I may so term it.

Mozart began writing as a mere child, and he died barely thirty-five years old, yet he left an admirable library of masterpieces of sacred, operatic, instrumental, and vocal works. Rossini's rapid working was entirely due, not to his activity, but to his idleness, because he left everything to the last moment, and was then compelled to write so rapidly, only too eager to return to his beloved "doing nothing." He gave up writing when he was a little over thirty. Auber began serious work when he was nearer forty than thirty, in fact, his first opera—not a success—was produced when he was thirty-seven years old. He had the good sense to live to eighty-nine, and thereby made up the time which he had lost at the beginning of his life.

I remember having seen at Paris Heine, the poetical singer, or the singing poet, whose verses were so melodiously written that music for them arose spontaneously to many a composer while he read them. Théophile Gautier, who translated these verses, had such respect for their inimitable form that he never tried to rhyme his translation, but only to lend his French expression to the ideas. In English there are many good translations, but especially one by Julian Fane, the brother of the present, and the genial son of that art-loving Earl of Westmoreland who founded the Royal Academy of Music. To Heine then I went, to see the inspired bard who had sung better than any contemporary poet the sufferings and blessings of love :

"Die Engel nennen es Himmelsfreud',  
Die Teufel nennen es Hölleleid,  
Die Menschen die nennen es Liebe."

"The angels," he says, "call it heaven's delight, the devil calls it Hades' fright, but men just call it—Love." I remember when I saw him whose eternal theme was this sweet disease of youth, and he could no longer boast the curly hair and silky moustache of the young lover ; I was fully prepared to see him with a stern look, having long passed the years of folly. But how did I find him ? Old, shrivelled, dried-up, with a large green shade over one eye, the other protruding and barely seeing, he was stretched on the floor with a cushion under his head, and a counterpane over the short, thin legs, a thorough invalid, yet receiving me in the kindest manner, and full of sarcasm about his own condition. While we were talking about the immense popularity of his "*Buch der Lieder*," he said, "Popularity is very fine, but what little of it I may have, I get only because I live in Paris. The Germans will not let their own great men enjoy celebrity before they are dead." "And how," said I, "did Goethe live, distinguished by every mark of favor that sovereign or nation could bestow on him ?" "Goethe," he said, "was too clever to die before he attained all he wished. An octogenarian succeeds at last, but I can't wait so long, I am rather pressed for time." Poor man ! he told me, that in the night just past he had suffered very much. He could not endure any one to be in the room with him in the dark, and he wanted only a glass of water to be left within reach against the time he might awake during the night. That glass, it seems, was not exactly at the right place, and when he reached for it, he upset it, and there he was, thirsty, alone, unable to call, not strong enough to grope his way

to the call-bell, and condemned to wait till morning to get a drop of water. He was indeed, as he said, pressed for time, because a month after this conversation he was dead. Auber's *esprit* to live up to eighty-nine and give his contemporaries time enough to let him enjoy *les grandeurs et jouissances de la gloire*, reminded me of Heine's words that he could not wait so long.

Auber was born in 1782—not, as many biographers have it, in 1784—and at Caen, where his mother was on a travelling visit. His grandfather had been appointed *Décorateur des carrosses de Louis XVI.* Imagine what a responsibility for the peace of the State. Decorator of the King's carriages, forsooth! The times, however, were not Royalist. A storm began to blow which made Royalty lose its equilibrium, and Papa Auber with all his dignities had to flee for his life, until Napoleon I., the very *enfant de la Révolution*, seized the sceptre. The Aubers then came back, and, instead of carriage decoration, established a *commerce de gravures*! Auber's father had been a suspect during the Revolution, on account of his connection with the Court, and his being established in the street which to this day is called La Rue des Petites Ecuries. Very fond of music, far from opposing his son's inclination, he took him to a master, Monsieur Landurner, who gave young Daniel violin lessons. The name of this professor has a dreadful German sound, but Germans have from time immemorial been good instrumental teachers, and young Auber made good use of his time, and rapid progress. A violin concerto which he composed later on was the result of these studies. What he wrote first was a *cahier de romances*, to please the ladies whom he knew, and by whom he was known as an amateur. Rather timid, and not meeting with much success in these songs, he got tired of music, and asked his father to get him an introduction to some great *commerçant*, but when he was established behind a desk with a big ledger on it, book-keeping became so tedious to him that he was suddenly taken with a desire to study business and the English language in London; and, procuring numbers of introductions, to London he went with a friend of his.

When he arrived in the English metropolis he was much more interested in the auburn hair and the fair faces of the ladies, so he decided to leave the commercial studies to his friend, simply burned all his business introductions, and sacrificed on the altar of grace and beauty all that his talent enabled him to lay at their feet. If I may be allowed to step out of the regular progression from child to boy, and boy to man, I might say that his perpetual noting down of little melodies gained him the reputation of a composer of "small" music, but, as Rossini said, "He may write small music, but he writes it like a great and accomplished musician." It is well known that in the same way Catalani said of Sontag: "Her *genre* is small, but she is great in her *genre*." When one comes to compare what one artist says of another, there is not always such fair and kind impartiality as Rossini showed to Auber. Even Beethoven, whose misfortune was to have flown so high before his time that his contemporaries could barely follow him, when asked his opinion about Rossini, said he might have been somebody if he had only studied more seriously. Yet that same Beethoven, that recognised colossus among composers, was once discussed by Kreutzer and Habeneck: by the very Kreutzer, the violinist, whose name he immortalised in his so-called "Kreutzer Sonata;" and by Habeneck, the man who thirty-five years ago introduced Beethoven's symphonies to the Conservatoire audiences, and most undoubtedly secured the best possible performances of them ever given in any country. Only this was after Beethoven's death, and the conversation alluded to took place in 1820, when Beethoven was all but unknown in France. Then Habeneck asked Kreutzer, "What do you think of Beethoven?" "In what respect?" asked Kreutzer. "Why, as a composer," said Habeneck. "Oh, a poor fool who will never do anything worth preserving!" replied the man whose very existence would already be forgotten had he not had the great luck to be "preserved" under the wings of the man whose every bar has survived a whole army of executors.

One of Auber's biographers says that

Auber composed without study, because he was better served "by a natural instinct than by sustained application to study." A very strange assertion, seeing that the same biographer speaks of a conversation between Cherubini, the director of the Paris Conservatoire, and Auber's father, who took young Daniel to the great composer to learn whether there was any serious hope for the musical career of his son, and received the following reply, which I wish could be engraved in marble for all students with undeniable disposition and talent: "Undoubtedly your son has a gifted nature, and if properly developed he may attain a very high position. But before all, he will have to unlearn all he has until now considered the proper way of writing, and then he must begin from A to work and study, and go through a regular training and musical education, or he will never do any solid work." Until then he had led the agreeable life of a romance writer for the sake of romance, because he preferred being happy to being celebrated. Was he right or wrong? I will not take upon me to decide the question: Schiller, the great German poet, speaks of a king who on his death-bed is asked by his successor, "You have seen life in its every aspect. You have had every enjoyment and every pleasure. What is now, as the curtain falls, your opinion of the great drama?" To which the dying king replies, "Hearty contempt for everything that seemed to me great or desirable." Being happy is so relative, that whilst one person is happy in a barrel for a house, and has no other favor to ask of a king than to step aside, so as not to intercept the sun's rays; another, surrounded with every blessing, position and wealth, which a throne can procure, dies, despising all that had seemed to him worth having, or elevated and coveted in life. Auber, then, preferred being happy to earning or working for a great and celebrated name. His father, however, was not of the opinion that fooling away life in order to please the ladies was a worthy existence, and he compelled his son to look life seriously in the face, and to choose a career that *miscuit utile dulci*, "that gave him wealth and glory, and nevertheless left him leisure" enough to sac-

rifice his artistic offerings on the altar of any admired beauty.

The first step which Auber took as a composer was not very practical. He wrote for the then well-known violoncello player Lamarre, a certain number of concertos, which were signed by Lamarre as composer. Having thus taken unto himself the glory of the work, Lamarre was not scrupulous enough to trouble young Auber with accounts or payments, or other such tedious proceedings. He was practical and logical, and having kept Auber's merit to himself, he kept the eventual payment for the same too, which made the affair more complete, and saved Auber the bother of counting and calculating, an occupation against which his artistic nature revolted, and which therefore Lamarre was generous enough to take upon himself. He wrote a concerto, too, for the violinist Mazas, which had so great a success that his father said to him, "Malheureux, si tu n'écris pas pour le théâtre, je te maudis." Finding, as I said before, that the *salons* and their amusement offered no serious compensation in any way whatever, he began his studies under Cherubini, and then he composed a *messe à quatre voix*, which was never published, except the *Agnus Dei*, which he used as the prayer in "Masaniello."

In 1813 he came out with "Le Séjour militaire," which brought him neither laurels nor a heavy cheque. This opera, either on account of the very grave political times, or because the composer was not known enough, was soon forgotten, and from 1813 to 1819 Auber did nothing but run to the librettists, begging for a new book. "And did you," a friend asked him, "submit your desire only to the great authors?" "Great and small," he said, "I went to everybody patiently every day for six years, nearly as long as Jacob served for Rachel, but I did not even acquire a Leah—nobody had confidence in my talent." He went, among others, to a Monsieur Planard every day, rain or sunshine, cold or hot, and when he got a little piece—"Le Testament et les Billets-doux"—he failed entirely. Everybody instantly said at Paris, where nothing succeeds like success, and where a failure is a man's moral death,

"What can you expect from a *freluquet* who does nothing but run after the ladies? *He will never do any good.*"

Then his father died, supposed to be very rich, but without leaving him a penny; and necessity, that great mother of great work and great invention, compelled him to do better. And he did better. In 1820 he produced '*La Bergère Châtelaine*,' his first success. At last! Of his previous opera a kind friend had written: "In the music there are no noisy effects—it is written with a *sagesse extrême*." And that was a merit, for young composers usually overstep the line in the direction of loud instrumentation. They are always afraid of not being sonorous enough, and the brass and the drums are worked as if by steam-power. It was therefore his great good sense which kept Auber within bounds. But the *Journal des Débats*, then the great oracle in France, published one line of cutting sharpness: "*La musique est d'un jeune homme!*" That was all.

His first success was therefore all the more important for a man thirty-eight years old, when it is considered that Rossini had already ceased to write long before that age, covered with glory. Auber achieved another success in 1821 with "*Emma*." But the critics of the time only felt disinclined to risk any great praise for a man who had only had some *succès d'estime*, and whom it was perhaps not "safe" to praise; but when Castil Blaze (who had an opinion of his own, and the courage to express it whether he stood alone or not) said that "the music was *spirituelle* and dramatic," that it was "the great and good school of music," they attacked him so violently, for being the only prophet among them, that he wrote in answer, "Messieurs, please agree among yourselves; I am assailed by one side for patronising foreigners, by the other for being governed only by my patriotic zeal. I say that the music of Monsieur Auber is charming, melodious, well-written, and the time will come when you will all say the same." And the time did come, the reader knows that. The success of a little opera written for amateurs had such an effect upon the singers, that one and all proposed to carry him on their shoulders to the

theatre. There is, however, an incident which I shall take good care not to pass over.

During the dress rehearsal of this little opera ("*Julie*"), which he had written in one week, he saw one of the amateurs who played the fiddle in that small orchestra staring at a very handsome girl who sang on the stage, but so fixedly that he held his bow on the violin without playing a note. After having observed him awhile, Auber approached him politely and said, "It seems to me that you are not exactly playing in time?" "Ah," said the amateur, "*vous croyez?*" I must tell you candidly that I paint a little, and when I see such a pretty model, with such a pure complexion, I admire her above all." The name of this amateur who painted "a little" was Ingres, and from that day, for fifty-two years, he and Auber remained great friends. I must here mention a circumstance which I heard of from Ingres himself, and which teaches a good lesson to this age. Ingres told me that for a great many years before he dared to sketch anything like a figure, he was compelled to design nothing but lines, circles, and mathematical outlines. When he began to sketch figures he was again kept for years to the inanimate, before he was permitted to sketch from nature; and before he dared to take a palette in his hand and paint in oils, no less than seven years passed. Only thus are great artists developed; and as it is with one art so it is with another. It is because so few pupils will take the trouble seriously to study, thoroughly to learn, and slowly and surely to advance, that we have and shall have less and less of the great singers. In the Paris Conservatoire they must remain six years, or they are not admitted to the competition for prizes. Since the acquiring a first or even a second prize has the advantage of an immediate engagement at some lyric theatre, the pupils take good care not to lose their opportunity. If we had a great musical college in England where whoever was found on examination to be worthy, would be instructed gratis, on condition that he or she should submit to the rules of the institution, and should regularly attend the classes until the moment arrived to compete for the *first prize*, we should

reach great results, for voices and intelligence are not lacking. It is the perseverance which is wanting, the eagerness to rush before the public which is ruinous, simply because you can sing a trumpery ballad and earn two guineas; thus preventing talents, otherwise capable of becoming the glory of their country, from developing into that artistic completeness which cannot be obtained in any art without long and hard work.

Necessity made Auber work, and he was at last rewarded when he was politely approached by Scribe, who asked his permission to use a *romance* of his in a new play.\* The acquaintance once made, they worked a long lifetime together. Auber in one year achieved two successes (1823): "*Leicester*" first, "*La Neige*" afterwards. If there was any need to prove the fickleness of the French public, it might be furnished by this latter opera, into which Auber interpolated an air that he had previously written to Italian words. The pit rose against it. One shouted "*Paix à l'orchestre*;" another, "Cut it out," and when the air was continued a cry suddenly arose, "*Ce n'es-est donc pas fini?*" Anybody else would have taken the air and burned it. But Auber knew the public too well. After a time he inserted the same air in the "*Fiancée*," and it created quite a furore.

Auber uttered so many *mots spirituels*, that he was very often supposed to be the author of many amusing *méchancetés* of which he was guiltless. Although extremely courteous—he belonged to the good old times of the last century—he occasionally launched a little criticism

\* The two letters are rather remarkable for shortness and courtesy:—

Scribe wrote:

"Monsieur, voulez-vous me permettre de placer, dans un vaudeville que j'écris en ce moment pour le théâtre de Madame, votre ronde si jolie et si justement populaire de *la Bergère Châteline*? Je ne vous cacherai pas, monsieur, que je me suis engagé auprès de mon directeur à faire réussir ma pièce, et que j'ai compté pour cela sur votre charmante musique."

To which Auber replied:

"Ma ronde est peu de chose, monsieur, et votre esprit peut se passer de mon faible secours. Mais si, avec la permission que vous me demandez, et dont vous n'avez nul besoin, je pouvais vous prêter la jolie voix et le joli visage de M<sup>me</sup> Boulanger, je crois que nous ferions tous les deux une bonne affaire."

which cut sharply enough. Thus he said of Madame Rigault, a fair-haired, extremely correct but cold singer, "There is a prima donna who might fire the rockets of her immense technique into a powder-mill without the slightest danger to anybody around it." In one of the biographies of Auber, I find that he was never among the audience at any of his performances, and had never allowed himself to be called before the footlights. In those days (I speak of 1823) the mania of calling for the actors or singers, now so ridiculously common in Paris through the *claque*, did not exist, and the luminaries of Paris in the first quarter of this century—Talma, Martin, Ellevion—were never recalled. It was only in later days that, following the Italian rage, the fashion invaded Paris, and the *claque* carried it to the greatest extreme; indeed the *chefs d'emploi* contracted with the *claque* for a reception, a recall, laughter, or sobbing at given moments. I once asked the great *chef* David, who died last year, this question: "Supposing there were two tenors or two sopranos who both pay you, but one of whom wishes to be applauded more than the other; or say, one being recalled, the other wishes a double recall. Both being customers, what would you do?" "Sir," he said, with a majestic air, waving his hand, "I am an honorable man, and I would give the preference to the one who pays best."

There could be no doubt about the great success of "*La Neige*" at the Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique. But the critics did not yet feel safe enough and measured him out scanty praise. "*La Neige* est une composition agréable," said the one. "The inability of Monsieur Auber to create new melodies," said the other, (and note, please, that the facility with which he invented new melodies was, to the last, one of his greatest qualities) "led him to copy a great contemporary" (Rossini) "and try to make himself his rival." Auber bore it all with the greatest equanimity, but his friends grew furious at the musical critics, and one of the best judges of the present time thundered out a perfect diatribe against those people who "wrote without any right to do so." But when have these things been different in Paris?



The reproach that Auber tried to rival Rossini was at that time not only out of place, but it was, if I may say so, no reproach, for Rossini was at the moment simply adored by all Paris. What he wrote, what he said, what he did, were the common talk of the whole town. Once he went to see his "Barbieri." Madame Fodor sang Rosina, and Garcia—the father of the great professor who lives in London, Manuel Garcia, the master who taught Jenny Lind, Katherine Hayes, Giulietta Grisi, &c.—sang Almaviva. Rossini was hidden in a *baignoire*—that is, a small box behind the orchestra. Madame Fodor having inserted in the singing lesson Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti," Garcia exclaimed, while applauding: "Bravissima, questa musica è d'un giovinotto di gran genio." (This is the composition of a young man of great genius.) So saying, he turned to the little *baignoire*. The public caught the look and made so uproarious a noise that Rossini had to get up, come to the front, and bow.

Auber did all he could to make Rossini's acquaintance, and he met him at dinner at a mutual friend's, Caraffa. There arose a question whether Lablache or Pellegrini sang the "Figaro" better, and Rossini seated himself at the piano and sang the famous first air of the "Barber," accompanying himself with such *brio*, with such *entrain* that Auber said: "When Rossini got up I stared at the ivory keys, it seemed to me that they must smoke!"

I have heard Rossini accompany, and I have had the honor of being accompanied by him myself. Such perfection I have never heard, and I very much fear I shall never hear again. His stout, old fingers produced on the piano a *legato* like a violin; and so marvellously did he follow the voice or the instrument which he was accompanying that he guessed what the other performer would do, to such an extent, you might have changed *ex improviso* every moment, and he would have followed you, however unforeseen your mood might have been. Poor Auber! when I saw him at Rossini's funeral in his grand uniform as academician with the *plaque* of the Legion of Honor, bowed down with grief over the loss of the genius who lay

in his coffin, he said: "*C'est la dernière fois que j'assiste à des funérailles en AMATEUR!*" For Auber, Rossini was the master of masters—he called him "the Napoleon of Music."

In 1825, Auber wrote "*Le Maçon*," the libretto of which Scribe simply purloined from an English novel, without going through the ceremony of indicating its source. Although a certain paper said that the opera, which was translated and played all over Europe, was the feeble work of a man used up, totally finished, Auber wrote after this his real *chef-d'œuvre*, "*La Muette de Portici*," known in England under the name of "*Masaniello*." I may here mention that the principal tenor of "*Le Maçon*," was Ponchard, whose great merit—may it find many imitators in England—was a most distinct pronunciation, and all the attention it deserves given to the text. The *sujet* of the "*Maçon*" was the rather romantic story of a hangman at Strasbourg, who suddenly at night hears a loud knock at his door, and finds three men armed *de cap à pie*, who command him to follow them, having first blindfolded him. They then put him in a carriage, which, after long round-about ways, brings them to a house where they are led into the presence of several gentlemen, who all seemed to pay great respect to one in the midst of them, who had a tall and commanding appearance. A door then opens, and a young and handsome woman, clad in deep mourning, is introduced. The old gentleman presses her to his heart and, after a tender leave-taking, hands her over to the hangman, to be either immured alive or to have her head cut off. After which the executioner is again blindfolded and with the same precautions brought back to his house. This is lugubrious enough, yet it is the basis upon which Scribe and Auber worked their successful *opéra comique*.

Perpetually taunted for writing "small," which meant that he continually wrote *opéras comiques*, as if the sustained breath of an *opéra seria* was refused him, he asked Scribe whether they could not "just try their hand" at a grand opera. Scribe said nothing, but when they discussed the singers to whom they might confide their good

fortune, Scribe suddenly exclaimed : "*J'ai notre affaire.* There is no great singer available at the Opera. I know what to do. I have my subject." "What," said Auber, "is the title?" "*La Muette de Portici*" (The dumb maid of Portici), said Scribe. "Since they cannot sing, let the first part be given to a dancer, and let her mimic what she has to say. Your orchestra must provide a most *spirituel* and sweet accompaniment."

The idea certainly was new and risky. It is asserted that the plan once fixed, Scribe and Germain Delavigne wrote the libretto in eight days and handed it in December, 1827, to Auber, who wrote the score in three months. The *furor* which the opera created is well known, and it is stated by Auber's friends that of the duet, "*Amour sacré de la patrie*," which drove Paris wild for months, Rossini said : "*Je n'ai rien fait d'aussi beau.*" With all due respect to Auber and to the very reliable biographer who says so, I humbly beg permission to doubt this. That Rossini may have said so to Auber, I will not contest for one moment, but that by so saying he deliberately expressed his opinion that he never had written anything so beautiful—which no musician would endorse—is what nobody will make me believe. Rossini was far from narrow-minded or jealous, and all the gossiping stories of his having been jealous of Meyerbeer, or anybody, are certainly not true. But the opinion which *au fond* he had of himself, although he took good care rather to let others praise his work than that he should do so himself, was far too good to suffer him to speak with such sweeping abnegation. I remember how he once replied to Madame Alboni, who said to him : "What do you want more, *l'humanité entière est à vos pieds.*" "If you knew," said he, "*comme je m'en fiche de votre humanité.*" Is it very likely that a man who thought himself so much higher than all humanity would say of a duet, which is effective certainly, but moderately grand : "*Je n'ai jamais rien fait d'aussi beau*" ? . . .

*Esprit* and grace may be superficial qualities, but they are essentially Auber's qualities. He is the very personification of the refined Frenchman, and

therefore he became so popular in France. There is a duet in the "*Maçon*" sung by two women who quarrel with each other, and it is impossible to find wittier music, or music which so exactly expresses the meaning of the words.

On the 29th of February, 1828, the first performance of "*La Muette*" took place. Everybody knows that it treats of an Italian revolution. Louis Philippe, after the July days of 1830, told Auber that his music had encouraged the Revolution. The compliment was a trifle far-fetched, seeing that, if true, it took two years to set fire to the mine. But the humor of the story lies in this. The King seemed to be all gratitude to Auber, for had not the Revolution put him upon the throne of France? He asked Auber what favor he could do him in exchange. When Diogenes replied to Alexander, who offered him any favor he might ask for, that he would feel obliged if Alexander would move out of the sunshine, because his shadow prevented Diogenes from enjoying the warm rays, the courtiers seemed frightened that Alexander would be offended; but the hero answered : "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." With King Louis Philippe it was very nearly the same. He offered all he could do, and Auber very simply answered that he wanted "nothing." And what was it that the King, who so much congratulated Auber upon his opera, then asked him to do? Not to allow the "*Muette*" to be played again! "*Pas trop souvent*," he said, but the fact is that it all but disappeared from the *répertoire*, simply because the royal admirer of the score was afraid of the effect which the revolutionary movement on the stage would have on the audience.

I will here mention a *grand Deus ex machina* which Scribe put into the opera "*Fiorella*," which Auber composed just before "*Masaniello*." A young girl deceived by a rich lover, who went through a mock marriage with her, suddenly finds herself abandoned, and goes into a convent. Whom should she find before the door of the convent but the *troubadour* Rodolphe, who had always loved her, and whom she had always loved, although just a little distraction had made her marry the other man.

Love is blind, you know, and such mistakes are but too natural. Rodolphe at first does not see it exactly in that light, and will not receive her into his heart of hearts. But she pleads, and sobs, and loves him so sincerely, now that the other man is gone, that he forgives her and they leave the convent, bound, I suppose, on a pedestrian expedition. As she is very scantily clad in rags and it is very cold, Rodolphe, in order to warm her, smashes his guitar to pieces, and burns it there and then with the flame of his fiery passion. Let nobody now say that a guitar is good for nothing. After this proof of his love *malgré lui* they are happy, so long as the little wood flickers, after which there being no more wood or coal to be had, they go to church to be married; whether by special license, and with what wedding dress, I know not.

"Masaniello" with a dumb prima donna, a dancer and not a singer, was attacked with vehemence, like everything that is new. The fact is that there was no reason why she should be dumb. If after the atrocious deed of prince Alphonse, she should have appeared unable to explain the wrong done to her, because she was dumb, and thus have become the victim of her unfortunate infirmity, there would be a tragic effect in her unmerited fate. But the only reason why Scribe chose this novel method was, that at the grand Opera there happened to be no great soprano, and Mlle. Bigottini, the Fanny Elssler of the First Empire, had chanced to give a charity performance in which she reappeared after her retirement, and gained enormous success; so Scribe jumped at the idea of appropriating this popular artiste for his piece, to secure its success. The very mimic talent of this great dancer, enabling her so thoroughly to explain by eloquent gestures what had happened, showed the anomaly of confiding a first *rôle* of an opera to a *ballerina*. Of Nourrit, who appeared in the opera as Masaniello, a contemporary said: "It is not his voice, it is his soul which one admires singing." He seems, however, to have sung with so much soul that his voice gave way, and when he found he could no more give expression to his poetical feelings, having lost the organ indispensable for

such interpretation, he committed suicide.

With the kind feeling of *camaraderie*, which is habitual among tenors, Duprez, who then reigned supreme at the Opera, said that Nourrit had killed himself, hearing of his (Duprez's) success; but Nourrit's voice had been some time giving way, and at last he himself became aware of it, although the artist concerned is usually the last to know. I shall never forget the scene I witnessed at the Paris Opera, when Roger, who sang his last notes, suddenly made a *couac*, and some people laughed. At first he stopped dumbfounded, then suddenly he tore down his crown, and rushed to the other end of the stage, sobbing so loudly that the public shouted to him: "*Calmez-vous; parlez, ne chantez pas.*" But he felt it was all over, and he never appeared again at the grand Opera. He would perhaps never have appeared again before the public had he not had the misfortune to shoot his own arm off. He was then persuaded to reappear at the Opéra Comique, where he had made his *début*, and where he was assured the fine remains of his voice would suffice. Whether that was so or not, he nightly filled the house, but not with his fame, nor with his singing, but with his arm! A mechanician had contrived to make him a mechanical arm, the fingers of which were small tweezers with which he could hold a letter or any other paper. Across his back under the coat he had a thick elastic string attached to the artificial arm, on one side, and to the other shoulder with the other end. By drawing the shoulder up, the elastic bent the elbow of the artificial arm so that the imaginary fingers could receive any small object and hold it fast. This toy attracted the attention of the audience, and became the town talk, and to it this incomparable artist owed his latest successes.

Opinions on the undoubted and indisputable effect of this opera were very different, as so often happens. But let nobody cast a stone at the critics who do not agree. Only a few days ago I met with a good instance of the saying, When doctors disagree, &c. ! At a large dinner-party, there were two medical authorities of the highest rank. The question was the cholera. One of the

two physicians had studied what is called the Asiatic cholera in India, had acquired great experience, and in a most eloquent and what seemed to me most convincing manner proved the microbe theory, the fearfully infectious character of the disease, and, quoting a number of cases from his personal experience, seemed to be so convinced that he convinced all the rest of us. Barely had he finished, when the other physician, just returned from Egypt, where he had studied the epidemic *sur place*, denied all his predecessor had said, maintained that the disease travelled along the rivers, and never changed its course, and gave instances *tant et plus*, which absolutely proved his case. In despair at not being able to make up my mind between two such authorities, I asked Dr. Z., who happened to sit near me, what was his opinion, and which of the two great men was to be believed. "Upon my word," he said, "I believe they are both right." Tableau!

One more word about that "Muette."

The grand *motif* which so brilliantly shines through the overture, and appears again in the opera at the end of the fourth act as a march—do you know how Auber hit upon it? When, with his face covered with lather, he was about to begin shaving, the melody struck him, and just as Rossini wrote the prayer of Moses with a lotion before him, into which by mistake he dipped his pen, and involuntarily produced that famous natural, the real key to that grand effect in major, so Auber, with the razor in one hand and the pencil in the other, rushed to his desk, and, covered with artificial snow, he noted down a theme which made the tour of Europe, bearing upon its wings the fame of Auber.

Paris is to a certain extent perhaps, not the most amusing, but the gayest city in the world. The importance which amusement has in that city, and the anxious desire of everybody "to be there," produced in "Gustave, ou le Bal masqué," the same event as forty years later occurred in "l'Africaine." The "bal" was so splendidly put on the stage, that a number of *grandes dames*, real ladies of high society, stole their way to the stage-door, bribed the Cerberus whose duty it was to forbid

entry to anybody not belonging to the theatre, but who resembled his prototype so far as to take the bait when offered, and there they threw themselves with fury into the bacchanalian dance, and enjoyed it all the more that they knew they were doing wrong. At the rehearsals of the "Africaine" I saw myself princes, dukes, and gentlemen coming on the stage as supers, carrying *hallebardes* or other paraphernalia, simply to be admitted to hear the music about which a mad excitement prevailed so long as it was new. Here let me say a word in favor of Madame Cinti-Damoreau, one of the admired Auber-singers, of whom a great critic said that she never tried to inflate her voice to give herself an appearance of greater strength than she possessed, or of an exaggerated passion. She sang on three great stages, but never has anybody heard her shout or force her voice. How I wish all our tenors and young *soprani* would take her example to heart!

Auber was perpetually "at it." Sometimes I met him on the boulevards, sometimes in his own street, Rue St. Georges, where he once amused me immensely, passing his door five times, and continually retracing his steps, because he—composed. He often went to sleep while he scored, and once I saw on his music paper a zig-zag which looked like the sign which medical men make for an ounce ( $\frac{3}{4}$ ). I looked long at it, to find out, without asking him, what it might signify. At last he smiled and said, "Vous étudiez mes hiéroglyphes. Eh bien, celle-là je vous la donne en mille." Of course I could not guess it, and he said that while writing, a dream of a rather drowsy kind overcame him, and the pen, following his retiring movement, "described" the sketch mentioned.

Auber was sometimes surprised at the grandeur of his fame. He was modesty itself, and it is rather amusing to compare him to another composer, a contemporary of his, Spontini, who at a dress rehearsal of one of his operas (I believe it was "Olympia") appeared at the desk in grand costume, covered with all the decorations he was favored with. Approaching his desk slowly and majestically, he elevated the baton, fixed his eagle eyes on the full orchestra

and chorus, and spoke as follows : "Gentlemen, the work which we are going to have the honor of performing is a masterpiece. Now then !"

Auber seemed to be always providing for a rainy day. He perpetually noted down *motivos*. Then, when he had an opera to write, he took his sketch-books and there chose among the thousands of notes what he wanted. He used to say that the difficulty for him was not to get millions, but to know how properly to spend them or use them. So long as there is a question of musical notes, that may be so, but if there should be a question of bank-notes, it always seems to me the case is the reverse—a much greater difficulty how to accumulate millions than to spend them. It is clear that with so many operas pouring from his ever-ready pen, he occupied a great number of singers, and he had always something soothing to say even when he was not particularly pleased ; for instance of Ricquier, who used to sing with a downright false intonation, he said : " Ricquier sings *between* the keys of the piano." Berlioz did not use such kid-gloves when he had something to say against a singer. He wrote about Duprez, whose perpetual *éclats de voix* broke at last even his steel organ, although he had for thirteen years tyrannised over the Opera without anybody daring to say what everybody was hinting : " Duprez shouts so that it hurts the chest of the audience."

" Fra Diavolo," " Le Domino Noir," " Les Diamants de la Couronne" (of which one critic said they were the last diamonds in Auber's crown), and many other successful operas, were translated into every civilized language and sung all over Europe. Fertility is not always a proof of greatness, because quantity is not necessarily quality, but it is undoubtedly more difficult to write a number of great things than a few. A horse may well run a mile in two minutes, but not five miles in twenty.

In the year 1844, Auber had great success with an opera called "Le Duc d'Olonnes." Appointed *Directeur des concerts de la cour*, he had to accompany those who by royal favor were received at the Tuileries to sing or play before their majesties. It so happened that a young man arriving from Toulouse in the same

year, and well recommended, was "commanded" to play at the palace, and Auber therefore had to accompany him. The name of the young violinist was Prosper Sainton, who has since been heard of in this good city of London. Anxious as every young artist is to make a name, and fancying that the day after he played at Court every newspaper in Europe would be filled with all the details of his performance—an illusion which so many of us have entertained—he called on Auber to ask for an appointment in order to rehearse his piece. "Come at six o'clock," said Auber. "In the evening?" asked Sainton. "Not so," replied Auber, "at six in the morning." And at six in the morning young Sainton repaired to the house of the celebrated composer, who was already studiously working at his piano, and informed Sainton, who was surprised to see him up so early, "*Ah, mais j'y suis depuis CINQ heures.*" They went through the piece, Auber asking to be allowed to make some changes in the *ritournelles*; and in the evening they went to the palace, where they were received as if Auber had been King, and Louis Philippe a great musician. Queen Amélie sat there with her *broderie* in her hand; all the other ladies had some work to do. There was none of the etiquette of a Royal family, but the kindness and simplicity of *bons bourgeois*. Auber sat down to the piano and accompanied the pupil to whom he had a very short time before, as President of the Jury, awarded the *premier prix*, after which they all took tea together, making both Auber and Sainton forget that they did not belong to the Royal family. When they went away, Auber conducted Sainton to his house and cut short his effusions of gratitude by saying : "But don't you see that it is only because I am older than you, that I can render you some service; when you reach my age you will do the same for your young friends;" and he left the young man dreaming of all he had achieved that evening, and mightily surprised next morning that there should be another subject of conversation all over Paris than the Court concert where he had played. What an importance everything has in our own eyes that concerns us, and what long experience we need to perceive that we are

but a drop in that ocean called the world ! I say "we," because you and I, and I dare say everybody, more or less, has been in the same position and fancied what we have done was a matter of vast importance, which a few years later resembles a bubble that has burst.

When we remember that Auber wrote "Marco Spada" in 1852, that is to say, when he was seventy years old, the indestructible *verve* of this great man must strike everybody. This "Marco Spada" followed an opera less known, but which at its time created some sensation—"La Corbeille d'Oranges." I mention it only on account of one of the greatest singers of this century, who bowed then for the first time to a Parisian operatic audience—Marietta Alboni.

Everybody has heard the story of Mozart writing the overture to "Don Juan" at the very last moment, and rehearsing it whilst the ink was not dry with which it was written. When Auber wrote "La Sirène," he rehearsed everything except the overture, which he left for the dress rehearsal the night before the performance. It was played, and displeased not only the performers, but, more than any one, Auber himself. It was nine o'clock in the evening. He said, "Go on rehearsing ; I have something to do, but I will be back as soon as I can." At midnight he returned, and brought the full MS. of a new overture. He gave it at once to the copyist and said to him, "It would be fine fun if this should be worse than the other one." "Impossible," said the copyist, who meant to be very courteous. The next evening the parts were all written out on the desks, and the overture was uproariously encored. Auber would never attend a performance of any of his operas. "If I did," he said, "I could never write another note." The delight he took in Rossini's music made him one evening go to hear "William Tell," and he sat quietly waiting for the charming violoncello trio, which begins the overture. The conductor arrived and gave the sign. Oh, horror ! Instead of the low E on two cello, a smashing diminished seventh. . . . Through a prima donna's indisposition "William Tell" could not be given, and, unknown to Auber the *spectacle* had been changed, and his "Masaniello" was put in the place of

"Tell." So he jumped up as quickly as his green eighty-seven years would allow, and ran away from his own work.

A French critic who said that he never criticised music because he understood it, and left that business to those who did not (they are numerous in France), called Auber: "*Cet adorable jeune homme de 87 ans.*" But that "amiable young man of 87" was for ever having the weakness to write his last opera. Every score he sent to the Opéra Comique was the last one. He was just like those gamblers who always say, "If I win this time, I withdraw," and that goes on until they have nothing more to play with. A very great pianist, one of the greatest known, once sat at the "green table" at Baden Baden, and won thousand after thousand francs. I came in when he had won 6000 francs, and I begged of him to stop, and take his "mammon." He would not. He said he must have 10,000 francs. Well, he went on ; he won again—so he had 7000, but he continued, lost, doubled, lost, and at last he lost everything he could lose, and then he swore he would not play again. A year afterwards in America I saw him at it furiously, and again and again losing. If you are possessed of a mania, be it a passion or a vice, do all you can to master it, or you will infallibly become its slave. Auber was, more than any known composer, the friend of the unknown singer. It was a point with him to "invent" a singer. Any sympathetic young girl with a fresh voice, any young man who boldly asserted his talent and had a nice appearance, could be sure to get some *rôle* from Auber. Once before the footlights and launched in that world of variety called the stage, he was forgotten for some new discovery. Auber had a longer life than many men, not only because he lived more years, but because he lived more hours every day. He rarely slept four hours, and he once told me that he nearly did without sleep after his twentieth year. "When the sun rose and threw his brilliant rays into my room, I knew it was time to extinguish my lamp and go to bed." Like so many Parisians the atmosphere of the boulevards was the only one he thought fit to breathe. I well remember a lady who asked me where I had been travelling in August, and after I had told her, she

exclaimed, "*Ah ! il n'y a qu'à Paris qu'on peut vivre !*" It happened once to Auber that his doctor told him he must go away for a fortnight. He left for the country, remained there five days working from morning till night in his room, and then rushed back to Paris, and during the whole time of his return journey thought of nothing but the score which was to follow the one he had just finished.

He had a way of defending people for which they were not always grateful. It is well known what a scandal the first performance of Wagner's "*Tannhäuser*" caused, the Jockey Club being determined to hiss the opera to death. Several musicians discussed the music before Auber, who at last said : "It would be childish to deny Wagner's great talent. The misery is that his music is written like a book without a stop or a comma ; you don't know where to take breath, and you are suffocated even when you feel inclined to admire." Wagner himself called it endless melody, and as we are all mortal and must grow towards an end, we cannot easily conceive the endless in any sense.

Auber prized his servants and his horses. He had two servants forty years, and I am not sure but that his despair when his horses were taken during the siege to be slaughtered and eaten, cut his life short. He would never admit that he was old. Some one showed him a white hair on his coat-collar. "Oh," he said, "some old man must have passed me." "Don't you think," a lady asked him once, "that it is very unpleasant to get old?" "Very," he said, "but until now it has always been thought the only way you can live a long time."

Auber's last opera, strange to say, was "*Le premier jour de Bonheur*." He wrote it for Madame Cabel, one of the three renowned vocalists of Paris who had been music-hall singers, that is : Cabel, Ugalde, and Marie Sass, who had one of the most superb voices ever heard at the grand Opéra. A young singer, transparent with a pink and white complexion, made her *début* there, Marie Roze. She has developed her talent since then. On February 15th, 1868, the "young" octogenarian produced this last opera at the Théâtre de l'Opéra

Comique, which had seen so many of his successes. As usual, he would not stay in the house to see it ; but during the last act he came on the stage, and every one of the performers was sure, when the opera was over, he had but just seen him. Yet when public clamour called him before the curtain, as if by magic he had disappeared : they sought him everywhere, but found no Auber. When at last there was no chance of bringing him before the footlights, and the public began to leave the house, Monsieur Auber knocked at the door of Madame Cabel, who had played the chief part in the opera, and of Mlle. Marie Roze, who, though entrusted with a much smaller part, had really made the hit of the evening, and apologising for his disappearance invited them both, and in fact all the principals, to a supper at the Café Anglais.

Auber, although well advanced in years, never felt tired : he did, as I said, without sleep, and at that supper the young singers were enlivened by his *verve* and his lively stories. But they began to feel a reaction after the excitement of the *première*, and Auber saw that he could not keep them much longer ; so he called the *garçon* to pay his *addition*, which was quickly brought. But oh, horror ! what did he find ? He had no money. He told the *garçon*, "I am Monsieur Auber : I will pay to-morrow." "You may be Monsieur Auber, but you must pay to-night." A short conversation arose ; the master of the establishment was not to be found : what was to be done ? "I cannot help it," said Auber, "I must send to my *notaire*. He always has gold in his safe. It is a cruel thing to awake the poor man, who has been asleep probably for two hours ; but what can I do ?" He sent a few words, pencilled, by a cabman, with orders to insist on seeing the old gentleman, who, poor victim, half-an-hour later made his appearance in terror, and amazed, like a point of interrogation. What could old Monsieur Auber have done—what scrape could he have got into—that at two o'clock in the morning he wanted his notary to help him out ? You may imagine how surprised he was when he heard that it was nothing but a few hundred francs Auber wanted to pay for his supper. But barely had he ap-

peased the anxious waiter, when Auber struck his forehead with his open hand and said : " Ah, que je suis bête, I have my purse in my overcoat, now I think of it ; I'll pay you back at once. And there is a sovereign for you," he said to the waiter. " T'as bien joué ton rôle ! " Well, what was the explanation ? He had the money in his pocket, and had played this farce with the waiter in order to keep the company an hour longer together !

Auber died during the siege, broken-hearted at being forced out of his habits, separated from his horses and his quiet way of life. He was as thorough a

Frenchman as ever lived. Full of ready wit, fidgety to a degree even in his work, changing so much, that " some one else or something else " possessed the latest and greatest attraction for him ; a gifted organisation, a most amiable man, and the most fertile and successful composer of his time. Yet such is the ease with which Frenchmen forget, even their *gloires nationales*, that beyond the little monument they erected for him in his *ville natale*, at Caen, if any one should propose a marble statue for Auber ten years hence, he would barely get the amount necessary for the plaster ! *Sic transit gloria mundi.*—*Temple Bar.*

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### SOLAR MYTHS.

BY F. MAX MÜLLER.

If it is difficult to the best of classical scholars fully to understand the meaning and the origin of many an ancient custom of the Romans, or to grasp the whole purpose of every Greek myth, we need not be surprised if even the most careful students of anthropology have sometimes lost themselves in the mazes of Maori or Hottentot traditions, unless they possessed a thorough knowledge of the language to guide them safely through the labyrinth of ancient mythology. If Gottfried Hermann, to whom Greek was as familiar as German, if Creuzer, Welcker, Gerhardt, Preller and others have frequently failed to discover the true germinal ideas of Homeric gods and heroes, what wonder if anthropologists, who have never looked at a grammar of Hottentot or Zulu, should now and then have blundered over Tsui-goab, "Lame Knee," the supreme God of the Khoi-Khoi, over Unkulunkulu, "the great-great-grandfather" of the Zulus, or over Maui, the solar hero of the Maoris ?

By all means, therefore, let anthropologists study the grammar of the languages before they meddle with customs and myths, but do not let us make the study of ethnological mythology impossible by requiring that no one should pronounce an opinion on the Patagonians who cannot write Patagonian verse with the same facility and correctness

with which Munro wrote Latin elegiacs. Why should we deprive ourselves of the few rays of collateral light which a comprehensive study of the mythology of uncivilised races supplies, by pronouncing a general *tabu* on this promising branch of human archæology ? Many things in ethnological mythology must for the present, no doubt, be accepted as provisional only, but even in this provisional state the subject itself is far too important to justify its peremptory exclusion from the pale of true science. Ethnological research cannot solve all the problems of mythology, but it may help to solve a few.

It has been asked why we should ever go beyond the limits of the Aryan family of speech for finding the solution to the riddle of Aryan mythology, and Professor Sayce has laid it down as a general rule that we must never compare non-Aryan with Aryan myths. All students of etymological mythology will no doubt agree with him, for with them to compare means to identify, and to identify a Greek god with a Semitic god, or a German hero with a Bushman hero, is of course impossible, both etymologically and genealogically. Professor Sayce, however, would probably be the very last to deny that *fas est et ab hoste doceri*, and that there is much to be learnt by Aryan mythologists, not only from Semitic, but from Bushman folk-lore also.



We may learn, first of all, that there is beneath the diversity of human speech that one common human nature which makes the whole world akin, and which is well worth the serious study of our age. However different the different families of language may be, so far as their material is concerned, let us not forget that their intention is always the same, and that if there are forms of thought common to all mankind, there must be forms of grammar too, shared in common by all who speak. We may not find, for instance, what we call the masculine, feminine, and neuter gender in all non-Aryan languages, but we find what is analogous to gender, and what gives us perhaps the right understanding of all gender; for instance, in the determinative hieroglyphics of Egypt, and in the numerous classificatory prefixes of the Bantu languages. We then understand that what we call gender is but a survival of that far wider process of generic classification which all languages have to carry out in order to be language.

And if a study of non-Aryan as well as Aryan languages is not only useful, but necessary for a discovery of the true nature and the real origin of human speech, a study of non-Aryan as well as Aryan religions and mythologies promises, and has even yielded us already, equally valuable results. Is it not something to have gained the conviction, in spite of all that has been said and written to the contrary, that there is no race on earth without what seems to many so peculiar an intellectual excrescence, namely religion? It is quite true that this does not prove in the least either the theory of a primitive revelation or the existence of religious necessities in primitive man, whatever "Primitive Man" may mean. But it encourages, nay, it even compels us to ask, whether there may not have been the same causes at work in order to produce, under the most different circumstances, the same result—a result from one point of view so irrational, so marvellous, so unexpected as religion. Whatever form religions may have assumed, there is one strange feature in all of them, in the lowest and in the highest, in the most modern and the most ancient, *a belief in the Infinite*—meaning by infinite what-

ever is not purely finite, and therefore not entirely within the cognisance of the senses. It does not matter whether that belief in the Infinite appears as a belief in gods or ancestors, in odds and ends, in causes, or powers, or tendencies, in a Beyond or in the Unknown and the Unknowable. The highest generalisation of which all these beliefs admit is a belief in the Infinite or the Non-Finite. This fact must form the foundation of the whole science of religion, and may possibly give new life even to the science of thought.

Secondly, if we meet all over the world with the same or with very similar stories, full of incredible and impossible matter—of giants and dwarfs, of beasts behaving like men, and men behaving like beasts, of trees changed into men and men changed into trees—we are not only amused, like children when reading for the first time Grimm's "Märchen," but we begin to wonder whether for so general, not to say so universal, an epidemic, we may not discover some general predisposing causes, some intellectual *microbes*, of the greatest interest to the psychologist. It is true that the mere fact that the same irrational thing occurs in two places or in many places does not yet explain it, but at all events it makes us look at it with different eyes. It makes us feel that the irrational cannot be entirely irrational, and that what exists under very similar conditions among Patagonians and Eskimos, among Greeks and Maoris, must possess some *raison d'être*.

Now there are certainly very surprising coincidences in the folk-lore, the superstitions and customs of the most remote races, and they exist under circumstances which make the admission of borrowing, whether in historic or prehistoric times, almost impossible. That within historic or prehistoric times some animals should really have spoken, those only could believe who believe in a descent, not in an ascent, of living beings; yet speaking animals meet us among the Jews as well as among Hottentots. That men should have been changed into stars is a startling idea, yet it is believed in by men on the highest and on the lowest steps of the ladder of human intellect. What can be more incredible than the custom of the Couvade, the

husband taking to his bed whenever his wife has been delivered of a child? Yet this custom has been traced in China, in ancient and modern Spain, in France, in Corsica, on the Black Sea, and elsewhere.\*

Now to a student of folk-lore the chapter of accidents, the number of accidental coincidences in the legends and customs of men, seems to grow larger and larger, the wider his sphere of observation becomes; but at the same time he cannot resist a growing conviction that there must be different kinds of accidents, and that there may be some kind of method in what seems at first a universal madness. That different nations, for instance, should see in the dark spots of the moon a certain likeness to a man or a woman or an animal, is intelligible enough. But that the Hindus should believe in a hare in the moon, and that the Mongolians should have discovered exactly the same likeness, is at first hardly credible. Here, however, we must remember that the Mongolians were for a long time under the sway of Buddhist missionaries, and that the Buddhists, coming from India, called the moon *Sasin*, i.e. having a hare. In this way we shall, no doubt, be able to account for a large class of coincidences, but not for all; and, for the present at least, we shall often have to be satisfied with the cold comfort that what is humanly possible in one place is humanly possible in another.

One principle, however, of explaining what seems at first sight purely irrational in the legends and customs of the world has been established, and a wider acquaintance with the traditions and customs of the various races of mankind has only served to confirm it—namely, that there is something in the very nature of language, and of custom too, which favors the growth of what seems irrational. In order to rouse opposition and attention, I ventured many years ago to call mythology a "disease of language," though I am quite willing to admit that it might have sounded more philosophical to call it a modification, an affection, a *πάθος* of language, so as to exclude the idea that such a modifi-

cation was always a change for the worse. It might have sounded still more philosophical if I had said that "the expression of our ideas is dependent on the capabilities of each language, and that it is hardly possible, in giving utterance to our meaning, to avoid using words which language has coined to express a more or less cognate thought."\* I might also have adopted the metaphorical language of ethnologists and physiologists and called these various and but half intelligible myths and customs *survivals*, considering that in many cases disease also is the effect of a survival or of the existence within our physical organism of something that ought to have been assimilated, digested, and carried off, instead of remaining as a strange or hard element beyond the time when it was wanted. What we must hold fast, however, is that every myth and legend was at first an intelligible utterance of an intelligible thought. When Greeks or Melanesians spoke of the night as covering, hiding, or swallowing everything, and particularly the sun or the day, there was nothing irrational in it, at least hardly more than when we say that day and night follow one another, instead of saying that they are successive joint effects of the earth's revolution round its axis. But when that saying survived after the names given to night, sun, and day had ceased to be intelligible, then the Melanesian story that Qong (night) came creeping up from the sea, and that after a time Qat cut the darkness open with a piece of red obsidian till the dawn came out, had become unintelligible, and may be called a myth.†

In the same manner, so long as *Daphne* was understood as a name of the dawn, and *Phæbos* as the name of the morning sun, nothing could be more rational than to say that *Daphne* fled from the embraces of *Phæbos*. But when the name of *Daphne* had become hardened and non-transparent, when it was a mere survival of an earlier stage of language, then the story that *Daphne* fled before *Phæbos* became a legend, half intelligible, so long as *Phæbos* at least was understood, but quite unintelligible

\* Lotze, *Logic*, p. 441.

\* *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. 277; *Indian Antiquary*, 1874, May, p. 151.

† A. Lang, *Custom and Myth*, p. 56; Codrington, *Journ. Anthropol. Inst.* Feb. 1881.

or irrational when Phœbos too had been changed into a beautiful youth whose love could be nothing but an equally beautiful girl.

It has often been asserted that such legends about people being swallowed could have arisen only among savages who indulged in cannibalism, or to whom at all events such a custom was not unfamiliar. It is difficult to disprove such assertions, or to bring any evidence against those who maintain that at a very early time the Greeks and even the mild Hindus were cannibals, because the Greeks believed that Kronos swallowed his children, and the Hindus thought that at an eclipse Rahu ate the moon. All I venture to say is that there is no real necessity for such a theory, and that it would explain but the smallest portion of what we wish to have explained. The assertion that during an early period of prehistoric civilisation our fathers were in the habit of swallowing their children and bringing them up again, does hardly enlighten us on what we really want to know, namely, why one of those early swallowers should have been called *Kronos*, and his swallowed offspring should rejoice in such names as *Hestia*, *Demeter*, *Hera*, *Pluton*, and *Poseidon*; still less, why, instead of *Zeus*, he should have swallowed a stone. Anyhow, there are other explanations which ought not to be entirely neglected. To swallow or to eat is a verb which admits of many more or less general applications. We speak of men not being able to swallow a story, of others swallowing an insult, and of fortunes being swallowed up; why must the ancients have been cannibals before they could speak of the day being swallowed up by the night, or of dawn being swallowed by the sun, or of clouds being swallowed by the storm, or of the moon being swallowed by an enemy called Rahu? We say the moon is eclipsed, the Esthonians say it is being eaten, and I doubt whether the one expression is more fully realised by the speakers than the other. After a time, no doubt, the question will arise, Who then eats the moon? and no grandmother would be at a loss to say, as the Guaranis say, that a jaguar or a great dog tries to swallow the moon, or, as the savages of Nootka Sound say, that a great codfish tries to devour it. All this

is nothing but a survival in language, or an artificial restoration of suspended animation. Every one of these expressions was intelligible in the beginning. It became less and less intelligible with the progress of language, and it provoked at last such *ex post* interpretations as we meet with in the myths and legends of all peoples, whether ancient or modern. Whether the German story of the *Wolf and the Kid* or that of *Red Riding Hood* had the same origin as the Greek Myth of Kronos and his offspring, is a question which, in the absence of any proper names in the German story, I should rather decline to answer, nor do I think that the legend of Jonah being swallowed by a whale can be fully explained by being referred to the large class of swallow myths. But the idea that men and beasts could be swallowed and disgorged at ease, which crops up in every part of the world, seems to me to admit of a very easy explanation, namely, that the verbs "to swallow" and "to eat" can be used in a general and metaphorical sense. In Hindustani "to eat" has become so faded that it can be used almost as an auxiliary verb, so that "to eat a beating" means there no more than "to be flogged."

And as there are survivals in language, so there are survivals in customs. Of customs, too, I hold, as of words, that originally they were intelligible, but that after a time they were often repeated thoughtlessly, and thus became what we call fashions, and what among other nations we often qualify as superstitions or savage customs. What is commonly called a fetish admits, I believe, in every case of some explanation. Some stones have medicinal powers, and if a jade stone (*hijadâ*) was originally believed, whether rightly or wrongly, to cure liver complaints, need we wonder if in the next generation the same stone was trusted to cure fever, and, in the end, to remove any complaint, or to guard against any danger? Mr. Andrew Lang gives us a most instructive instance in his charming work on *Custom and Myth* (p. 230).

A friend of mine (he writes), Mr. J. J. Atkinson, who has for many years studied the manners of the people of New Caledonia, asked a native *why* he treasured a certain fetish-stone. The man replied that in one of the vigils which

are practised beside the corpses of deceased friends he saw a lizard. The lizard is a totem, a worshipful animal, in New Caledonia. The native put out his hand to touch it, when it disappeared and left a stone in its place. This stone he therefore held sacred in the highest degree.

Who could have guessed the reason why, unless the native had still remembered it? And how are his children or grandchildren to know, among whom, no doubt, the stone will survive long after the reason of its sacredness has been forgotten?

But though the principle of explaining what is unintelligible in myths and customs as a survival of what was once intelligible has solved many riddles, it has not solved all, for the simple reason that, when a story has once become miraculous, and a custom purely unmeaning, the people themselves, who believe and practise these irrational things, do not wish to keep alive the memory of their rational meaning. Here then, where the antecedents of myths and customs are beyond our reach, we must trust to those world-wide parallels which, though they are not always convincing, possess nevertheless a strong persuasive power. Here is the true domain of ethnopsychological mythology, which starts with the conviction that if nations, widely separated in space and time, agree in myths or customs which to us seem irrational, we ought to feel convinced that originally there was something rational and truly human in them. This is, as yet, a postulate only, but it is a postulate which, I feel convinced, will receive from year to year a more encouraging response.

Let us take one point only. How often have we felt incredulous when, in tracing Greek, Roman, and Vedic myths back to their original source, we always found that they applied to the sun in his ever-varying aspects! It seemed almost disheartening to say again and again, "This is another solar myth, this is another story of the dawn!" But when we follow the advice of the founders of the ethnological school of comparative mythology, when we explore the folk-lore of Hottentots, Red-Indians, Mexicans, Samoyedes, and Andaman Islanders, and find everywhere the same story, the same worship of the sun, myths of the sun, legends of the sun,

riddles of the sun, we begin to reflect and to take courage, and we are at all events less surprised at the fact that the sun should have seemed so very prominent a subject of early thought among the inhabitants of India and Greece also. We, with our modern ways of life, are not aware how everything we think or speak or do is dependent on the sun, and it is only the true man of science who, by the latest discoveries, has been brought back to that full conviction of his solar dependence which the son of nature had never lost. When a Jesuit missionary preached to the Moluches, they replied: "Till this hour we never knew nor acknowledged anything greater than the sun."\* The Shawnees in North America used the same argument, namely, that the sun animates everything, and therefore must be the master of life, or the Great Spirit.†

Two hundred years ago Scheffer in his *Calum Poeticum* (Prag, 1646, p. 33) had arrived at a conclusion which at the time was received with great scepticism, but which modern researches have tended more and more to confirm, viz.: *Omnis gentilium deus est solus sol, pro diversâ operatione sud acceptus, v.g. ut in aurâ operans est Jupiter, ut in aquâ Neptuneus, ut in subterraneis Pluto, et sic de aliis.*" It was at that time argued by others that the worship of the sun required already a certain advance in abstract thought, but Bastholm, the greatest authority on anthropology at the beginning of our century (1740-1819), refuted this opinion by appealing to the case of the Andaman Islanders, the lowest of savages, who, as he had been informed, worship nevertheless sun, moon, spirits of forests, water, mountains, and storms.

That all nations, without any exception, originally worshipped the sun, would, no doubt, be far too sweeping an assertion. Bastholm himself (iv. 169 seq.) mentions tribes who worship the moon without worshipping the sun, though there are few, if any, who worship the sun without worshipping the moon.‡ Still, if ethnological researches

\* Dobrizhoffer, *Abipones*. ii. 89.

† Sagard, *Hist. du Canada*, p. 490.

‡ Miss A. Swanwick, *Æschylus Translated*, introd. p. xxxvii.

prove anything, they prove that *Heliolatry*, not of course in the sense of a worship paid to a ball of fire, but as a recognition of the supernatural character of the sun as the source of light, warmth, and life, is the most widely spread form of early faith, meeting us at the Equator as well as near the Pole, among the Indians of the West as well as among the Indians of the East, and therefore not so entirely strange, as classical scholars imagine, when it greets us again and again from behind the thin veil of Greek and Roman mythology also.

I pleaded as yet somewhat hesitatingly for this truth in my *Hibbert Lectures* of 1875, but ethnological research has since that time made such rapid progress that the solar theory is no longer a theory, but has now become a generally recognised fact.

Nor have scholars been slow to profit by this. Each successive volume of the Hibbert Lectures, entrusted to the best scholars that could be found in each special branch of comparative theology, has brought the most unexpected and at the same time the most decided confirmation of the solar theory.

Mr. Le Page Renouf's volume on the *Religion of Egypt* is one of the most deeply interesting books on religion and mythology that I know of. After dwelling on the bewildering mass of Egyptian gods, if gods they are to be called, he shows how that mass can be simplified and reduced to some kind of order, till at last the whole mythology of Egypt seems to turn upon the histories of *Ré* and *Osiris*, and even these are recognised as mere personifications of the attributes, characters, and offices of one supreme god. This, at least, is the decided opinion, not only of Mr. Le Page Renouf, but likewise of one of the greatest of Egyptian scholars, the late Vicomte de Rougé, who expressed his conviction that, so far as the monuments allow us to judge, the most ancient form of religion in Egypt was pure monotheism, and that this in course of time developed into the most extravagant polytheism. Mr. Le Page Renouf strongly supports the same opinion, that the sublimer portions of Egyptian religion are demonstrably the most ancient, but he believes that the doctrine of one god

and that of many gods were taught by the same men, and that no inconsistency between the two doctrines was thought of. And when he proceeds to analyse what we should call the religious mythology of ancient Egypt, he finds that almost every atom of it is solar.

If we turn our eyes from Egypt to Mexico and Peru—a journey to another planet, as M. Réville truly calls it—we find in the New World what we found in the Old, behind a bewildering mass of deities,\* the Sun as the hidden life of all religion and of all mythology.

There is no trace, it is true, of an original monotheism, preceding, as in Egypt, the actual polytheism of the people,

But one of the fundamental traits of the Central American religion (I quote from M. Réville's Hibbert Lectures, p. 35) is the pre-eminence of the sun, regarded as a personal and animated being, over all other divinities. The sun was generally associated with the moon, as his spouse, and they were called *Grandfather* and *Grandmother*. . . . Often the sun is represented as having a child, who is no other than a double of himself, but conceived in human form as the civiliser, legislator, and conqueror, bearing divers names according to the peoples whose hero-god and first king he is represented as being.

M. Réville sums up the characteristic features of the Central American religion in almost the same words in which Mr. Le Page Renouf traced the fundamental outline of the Egyptian religion :—

The only notable difference (he says) between the polytheism of the ancient world and that of Central America is, that the god of heaven, Dyaus, Varuna, Zeus, Ahura Mazda, or, in China, Tien, does not occupy the same prominent place in the American mythology that he takes in its European and Asiatic counterparts. For the rest the processes of the human spirit are absolutely identical in the two continents. In both alike it is the phenomena of nature, regarded as animated and conscious, that wake and stimulate the religious sentiment, and become the objects of the adoration of man. At the same time, and in virtue of the same process of internal logic, these personified beings come to be regarded more and more as possessed of a nature superior in power indeed, but in all other respects closely conforming, to that of men. If nature-worship, with the animism that it engenders, shapes the first law to which natural religion submits in the human race, anthropomorphism furnishes the second, disengaging itself ever more and more completely from the zoömorphism which generally occurs as an intermediary. This is so *everywhere*.

\* Réville, *l.c.* p. 71.

And as in Mexico, so in Peru the religion and mythology of the Incas were solar. The Incas claimed direct descent from the sun, and, to quote once more M. Réville's words :—

The sun has never been worshipped more directly or with more devotion than in Peru. It was he whom the Peruvians regarded as sovereign-lord of the world, king of heaven and earth. His Peruvian name was *Inti*—light. The villages were usually built so as to look eastward, in order that the inhabitants might salute the supreme god as soon as he appeared in the morning. . . . The great periodic fêtes of the year, the imperial and national festivals in which every one took part, were those held in honor of the sun.

As the sun must have a wife, the moon was naturally chosen for that honor in Peru, *Mama Quilla*; and when once these great phenomena of nature had been deified, other natural events, rain, storm, thunder, and lightning, followed the same current of thought. Like the Mexicans who worshipped a storm-god *Tlaloc*, the Peruvians had their god of rain, *Viracocha*,\* and likewise gods of fire, of the rainbow, of thunder, &c. "In tropical countries," thus M. Réville sums up,† "at once warm and fertile, it is the sun that reigns supreme, though not without leaving a very exalted place to other phenomena, such as wind, rain, vegetation, and so on, personified as so many special deities."

But is this true in tropical countries only? I doubt it. It may be that in the extreme polar regions the moon is considered of more importance than the sun, but with the exception of the Eskimos and some Athapascan tribes, of whom we know very little, the Red Race everywhere seems to have worshipped as their highest deity "an impersonation of Light, a hero of the Dawn."‡ Dr. Brinton's work, *On the Myths of the New World*, is a rich mine for studying the earliest thoughts of the North American tribes, both in religion and mythology. It is an excellent book, and would have been more excellent still if the religious and mythological ideas of each tribe or each group of tribes had been kept more distinct. Still his summaries are useful, and as trustworthy as summaries can be, and it must be quite

clear to every reader of his book that its author approached the subject without any preconceived ideas. As he had evidently seen very little of what I had written on solar myths, I have the less hesitation in quoting the conclusions at which he himself arrived after a careful analysis of American folk-lore :—

When the day begins (he says)\* the man wakes from his slumbers, faces the morning sun, and prays. The east is before him; by it he learns all other directions. It is to him what the north is to the needle; with reference to it he assigns in his own mind the position of the three other cardinal points. There is the starting-place of the celestial fires, the home of the sun, the womb of the morning. It represents in space the beginning of things in time, and as the bright and glorious creatures of the sky come forth thence, man conceives that his ancestors also in remote ages wandered from the orient. There, in the opinion of many, in both the old and new world was the cradle of the race; there in Aztec legend was the fabled land of Tapallan, and the wind from the east was called the wind of Paradise—*Tlalocaviti*.

From this direction came, according to the almost unanimous opinion of the Indian tribes, those hero-gods who taught them arts and religion; thither they returned, and from thence they would again appear to resume their original sway. As the dawn brings light, and with light are associated in every human mind the idea of knowledge, safety, protection, majesty, divinity, as it dispels the spectres of night, as it defines the cardinal points, and brings forth the sun and the day, it occupied the primitive mind to an extent that can hardly be magnified beyond the truth. It is, in fact, the central figure in most natural religions.

The west, as the grave of the heavenly luminaries, or rather as their goal and place of repose, brings with it thoughts of sleep, of death, of tranquillity, of rest from labor. When the evenings of his days was come, when his course was run, and man had sunk from sight, he was supposed to follow the sun and find some spot of repose for his tired soul in the distant west. There, with general consent, the tribes north of the Gulf of Mexico supposed the happy hunting grounds; there, taught by the same analogy, the ancient Aryans placed the *Nirriti*—the exodus, the land of the dead. "The old notion among us," said, on one occasion, a distinguished chief of the Creek nation, "is that when we die the spirit goes the way the sun goes, to the west, and then joins its family and friends who went before it."

When copying these lines, I felt almost as if copying what I had written myself, and it is therefore all the more satisfactory to me to know what I had written

\* *L. c.* p. 188.

† *L. c.* p. 248.

‡ Brinton, p. 83.

on this subject could in no way have influenced the conclusions of this eminent American writer.

Still more instructive, however, and I might almost say startling, are Dr. Brinton's discoveries as to the origin of the popular legends of America.\* Most American tribes have legends of certain heroes who taught them what they knew, the tillage of the soil, the properties of plants, the art of picture-writing, the secrets of magic, who founded their institutions, established their religions, who governed them long with glory abroad and peace at home, and finally did not die, but vanished mysteriously, and are often believed to return once more as the deliverers of their people. We know that such heroes, like Arthur, Theseus, Romulus, Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, and others, even though they have an historical reality, have often gathered round themselves the glories of solar mythology. We find the same in America, and often under very strange disguises. "From the remotest wilds of the northwest to the coast of the Atlantic, from the southern boundaries of Carolina to the cheerless swamps of Hudson's Bay, the Algonkins were never tired of gathering around the winter fire and repeating the story of *Manibozho* or *Michabo*, the "Great Hare." He was their common ancestor, and the clan or totem which bore his name was looked up to with peculiar respect. In many stories he is no better than Reinecke Fox, delighting in practical jokes and abusing his superhuman powers for selfish and ignoble ends; they are stories such as we are familiar with from Uncle Remus's Stories of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, which are, however, of negro origin. But in the solemn mysteries of their religion that self-same hare is the founder of their religion, the father, guardian of their nation, the ruler of the winds, and even the maker and preserver of the world and the creator of the sun and moon. Under the name of the "Great Hare," who created the earth, *Michabo Ovisaketchek*, he was originally the highest divinity of the Algonkins, though he appears to them likewise in their dreams as a mighty hunter of old, who in the moon of the falling leaf, ere he com-

poses himself to his winter's sleep, fills his great pipe and takes a godlike smoke. The balmy clouds float over the hills and woodlands, filling the air with the haze of the "Indian summer." His real home is in the East, and there "at the edge of the earth, where the sun rises, on the shore of the infinite ocean that surrounds the land, he has his house and sends the luminaries forth on their daily journeys."

It is very easy to say that all this is a remnant of totemism, one of those many words that sound so grand, and mean so little, at least so little that is definite. Suppose totemism to be a good name for a belief in brute ancestors, do we not explain *ignotum per ignotius*, if we say that the Algonkins believed their ancestor and their chief deity to have been a rabbit or a hare, because their totem or crest was a hare or a rabbit? Why was their crest a hare? This is what requires an explanation quite as much as why their supreme deity was supposed to be a hare. Before we go any further, our first question surely ought to be, what is the meaning of the Algonkin name which they understand as, and which we translate by, the "Great Hare or Rabbit"?

This is a rule which applies to all mythological research. As soon, for instance, as we know that the Persian heroes Jemshid and Feridun were originally the Vedic Yama and Traitana in Sanskrit, we understand many of the legends which are told of them. It sounds strange, no doubt, that the supreme deity of the Hottentots should be called *Tsui Goab*, and should be fabled to have been "a quack doctor with a broken knee." *Tsui Goab* means "broken knee," and the modern Hottentots know no other meaning of the name. Dr. Hahn, however, the highest authority on the Hottentot language, has shown that *Goab* meant not only knee, but also the comer—he who approaches—and that *goa-ra* means "the day dawns, while *Tsu*, though it means sore, meant originally bloody or red. *Tsui Goab*, therefore, which now conveys the meaning of broken knee, was originally intended as a name of the red dawn or the rising sun."\*

\* Max Müller, *Introduction to the Science of Religion*, p. 273.

\* I. c. p. 160.

Now let us hear what Dr. Brinton tells us about the Great Hare. *Michabo* stands for *micho*, great, and *wabos*, hare. But *wabos* is derived from a root which means *to be white*, and which appears in Algonkin *wabi*, *wape*, *wompi*, *waubish*, *oppai*, all meaning white; in *wapan*, *wapaneh*, *opah*, morning; in *wapa*, *wanbun*, *wanbama*, east; in *wapa*, *wanbun*, dawn; in *wampan*, *oppam*, day; and in *oppung*, light. In fact we have in this root the Algonkin counterpart of the Sanskrit root *div* or *dyu*, from which we have *Dyaus*, *diva*, *divya*, *deva*, &c. If, then, we see that the "Great Hare" may have meant originally the great *Dyaus* or *Zeus*, the great light, or the great white one,\* do we not see at once that what has happened to Aryans and Hottentots has happened also to the Red Indians, and that even their fireside stories are often remnants of "solar myths"?

After this Dr. Brinton may well say that all the ancient and authentic myths concerning the Great Hare become plain and full of meaning. They divide themselves into two distinct cycles. In the one *Michabo* is the spirit of light who dispels the darkness; in the other, as chief of the cardinal points, he is the lord of the winds, prince of the powers of the air, whose voice is the thunder, whose weapon is the lightning, the supreme figure in the encounter of the air-currents, in the unending conflict which the Dakotas describe as waged by the waters and the winds. *Michabo*, giver of light and life, creator and governor, is no apotheosis of a prudent chieftain,† still less the fabrication of an idle fancy or a designing priestcraft, but in origin, deeds, and name the not unworthy personification of the purest conceptions the Red Indians possessed concerning

the Father of All. To Him at early dawn the Indian stretched forth his hands in prayer; and to the sky or the sun, as his home, "he first pointed the pipe in his ceremonies, rites often misinterpreted by travellers as indicative of sun-worship."

I must refer those who take an interest in this matter to Dr. Brinton's book, where he shows how the ancient people had a kind of intuition of the subtle and marvellous forces of the sun as the universal condition of life (p. 173), and how their concepts of light, morning, dawn and east, gradually shaded off into glorious, happy, and noble (p. 175). There are legends which he quotes of the cave of Pacari Tampu, the lodgings of the dawn, five leagues distinct from Cuzco, from whence the mythical civilisers of Peru, the first of men, emerged, and where Viracocha himself, their great god, is supposed to dwell (p. 227). The old myth of creation centred in America as elsewhere in the White One, the Dawn, the White Sacrificer of Blood (p. 175). There are legends also of white children leading a white life beyond dawn, which might be matched in many European legends; nay, it was a belief in the return of these white beings that led the Mexicans to that fatal illusion that the Spaniards were to be the divine deliverers of their race. The same idea seems to exist or to have existed in Australia. In Western Australia, as Mr. Nicolay, the curator of the Colonial Museum, informs us, the natives thought that "the first European invaders were their deceased relations and friends returning to them in new forms from the West, to which their spirits had departed."\*

Some striking confirmations of the so-called solar theory have been furnished by Mr. Tylor in his *Primitive Culture*, and his evidence seems to me all the more valuable because no one would suspect him of having collected from among the traditions of uncivilised nations such traditions only as confirm the theories propounded by classical or Vedic scholars. On the contrary, like myself, Mr. Tylor is rather an unwilling witness to the fact that by far the largest portion of ancient mythology is solar,

\* "It is going to become white" meant to the Iroquois that the dawn was about to appear, just as *wanbighen*, "it is white," did to the Abnakis. The Eskimos say, "*kau ma wok*," it is white, to express that it is daylight. (Brinton, *l. c.* p. 170.) Thus we read (R. V. iii. 1, 4) "*svetām gaṅṇānām arushām mahitvā*," Agni, white at his birth, red as he grows. And the Dawn herself is called *Svet-yā*, the White, *alba*, *i. e.* aube.

† "This theory of Euhemerus, which has been repeatedly applied to other mythologies with invariable failure, is now disowned by every distinguished student of European and Oriental antiquity." (Brinton, *l. c.* p. 41.)

\* *Colonial Handbook*, p. 88.



and by no means inclined to recognise solar heroes, if any other character can possibly be recognised in them. Still he would probably agree with me that when the Apache Indian\* asked the white man, "Do you not believe that God, this sun (*que Dios, este sol*), sees what we do, and punishes us when it is evil?" he gave us the key to nearly the whole of solar mythology. My learned friend quotes himself the account which Father Brebeuf has left to us of the religious sentiments of the Hurons, and it would be difficult to gain anywhere a better insight into the secret workings of the mind among those who believe in a solar or heavenly god. Father Brebeuf describes the Hurons as addressing themselves to the earth, rivers, lakes, and dangerous rocks, but above all to heaven, believing that it is all animated and some powerful demon dwells therein. He describes them as speaking directly to heaven by its personal name, *Aronhiaté*. Then, when they throw tobacco into the fire as sacrifice, if it is heaven they address, they say, "*Aronhiaté*, behold my sacrifice; have pity on me; aid me." They have recourse to heaven in almost all their necessities, and respect this great body above all creatures, remarking in it particularly something divine. They imagine in the sky an *Oki*—i. e. a demon or power—which rules the seasons of the year and controls the winds and waves. They dread its anger, calling it to witness when they make some important promise or treaty, saying, "Heaven hears what we do this day," and fearing chastisement should their word be broken. One of their renowned sorcerers said, "Heaven will be angry if men mock him; when they cry every day to heaven (*Aronhiaté*) yet give him nothing, he will avenge himself."†

The same broad outline of a belief in solar or heavenly powers we can discover almost everywhere, and Mr. Tylor has filled hundreds of interesting pages with them. I know, of course, as well as he does, that no facts or arguments will ever overcome what he calls the "wanton incredulity" of certain psychologists. Nevertheless, a few more

specimens of solar myths will show the unprejudiced student of mythology how much side light is thrown on classical customs and myths by the customs and myths, if not of primitive, at all events of modern savages.

In the folk-lore of the New Zealanders,\* which has been so carefully collected by Sir George Grey, Maui, the great solar hero, is told that, after his glorious career, when returning to his father's country, he would be overcome by his mighty ancestress, *Hine-nui-te-po*, who is flashing, and as it were opening and shutting, where the horizon meets the sky. Maui, however, was not afraid, but went forth to see "whether men are to die or live for ever." His father was afraid of mischief, because, when baptising Maui, he had made some mistake in his prayers. Maui, we see, was vulnerable, just like Achilles, Siegfried, and other solar heroes. Maui, when evening came, went to the dwelling of *Hine-nui-te-po*, and found her fast asleep. He then crept in to the old woman, charging the birds not to laugh till he had crept out again. But when he was in up to the waist, the little *Tiwakawaka* bird could hold its laughter no longer, and burst out with its merry note. Then Maui's ancestress awoke, closed on him, and Maui was killed. If Maui had escaped, men would have died no more.

Is not Mr. Tylor right when he says that it requires a fair share of *wanton incredulity* not to accept this as a solar myth? Still Mr. Herbert Spencer would probably reply that Maui might after all have been a private gentleman, and that his being swallowed by his grandmother only proves the custom of cannibalism among the Maoris. Fortunately, enough is known of the Maori language to enable us to read in *Hine-nui-te-po* the "Great-woman Night," while Mr. Tylor has ascertained that the *Tiwakawaka* is a bird that sings at sunset.

This mythological type of a hero who is swallowed up by his own parents or liberated again from this unnatural grave, can be traced over nearly the whole world. It is always either the daily sun swallowed by the night, or the annual sun swallowed by the winter, or

\* *Primitive Culture*, i. 262.

† Brebeuf, *Relat. des Jésuites*, 1636, p. 107. Tylor, *Prim. Cult.* ii. 233.

\* Tylor, *l. c.* vol. i. p. 302.

occasionally the sun covered by the dark night of a thunderstorm. Mr. Tylor has no hesitation in comparing that peculiar solar hero with *Ta Ywa* of the Karen legend, a tiny child who went to the sun to make him grow, who resisted all the attacks of the sun by rain and heat, and at last grew till he had touched the sky. He next went forth to travel, but was swallowed by a snake. That snake, however, was afterwards ripped open, and *Ta Ywa* was free to wander again. This myth is particularly curious, because we see in it the sun under two aspects, the daily sun as *Ta Ywa*, and the permanent or divine sun as a higher and independent power.

Maui is represented also as the youngest of four brothers, all, like himself, called Maui. He had been thrown into the sea by *Taranga*, his mother, and rescued by his ancestor *Tama-nui-ki-ta-Rangi*, i.e. Great Man-in-heaven, who took him up to his house and hung him in the roof. One night, when *Taranga* came home, she took *Maui*, the child of her old age, to sleep at her side. Then *Maui* perceived that every morning his mother rose at dawn and disappeared from the house in a moment and did not return till nightfall. So one night he crept out and stopped every crevice in the wooden window and the doorway, that the light might not shine into the house, and *Taranga* slept on, though the sun had risen and mounted into the heavens. At last she sprang up and fled in dismay. Then *Maui* saw her plunge into a hole in the ground and disappear, and there he found the deep cavern by which his mother was wont to go down below the earth as each night departed.

After this, *Maui* himself pays a visit to his ancestress *Murirangawhenua*, at the Western Land's End, where the Maoris believe that the souls descend into the subterranean region of the dead. She, by sniffing at him, finds out that he is a descendant of hers, and gives him her wondrous jaw-bone, with which he in his next exploit catches *Tama-nui-te-Ra*, i.e. Great-Man-Sun, wounds him, and makes him go more slowly.

With the same jaw-bone *Maui* next fishes up New Zealand, still called *Te-Ika-a-Maui*, the Fish of Maui. This idea of islands being fished up by solar

gods has taken many shapes in Polynesian traditions, and may be intended either to express that the sun raised the islands from the sea, dried the land and made it inhabitable, or that the scattered islands become visible every morning, when touched by the rays of the sun, like fish lifted from the water.

Every legend that is told of *Maui* becomes intelligible when we recognise in him a name of the sun, or of fire, or of the day. Once he took fire into his hands, and when it burnt him he jumped into the sea. Then the sun set for the first time, and the earth was dark. But *Maui* pursued the sun, and by bringing him back brought back the light of the morning.

It is also said that when *Maui* flung the fish into the sea, he set a volcano burning, and that, when he had put out all fires on earth, his mother sent him to her ancestress *Mahuika*, to get new fire.

Every one of these legends requires a solar or luminous, a diurnal or annual hero; and when at last *Maui* is killed by his ancestress, the Night, this last chapter in *Maui*'s career admits of the same explanation only, namely, of the sun being finally killed by the night.

The Algonkins, among the many stories which they tell of *Manibozho*, "the Great Hare," relate also (in an Ottawa myth) how he is the elder brother of the Manito or Spirit of the West, the country of the setting sun and of the dead; or how, under another aspect, he drives his father, the West, to the brink of the world, but cannot kill him; or how, again under another aspect, he was swallowed, canoe and all, by a monster, and how he killed that monster from within. The dead monster then drifted ashore, and the gulls pecked an opening for *Manibozho* to come out.

The little *Monedo* of the Ojibwas is likewise swallowed by a great fish, and cut out by his sister.

Among the African Basutos the hero *Litaolane* attacked a monster which had swallowed up all mankind except him and his mother. He was swallowed himself, but cut his way out, and thus set free all the inhabitants of the earth.

The Zulus tell of a Princess *Untom-binde*, who was carried off by the *Isik-gukqumadevu*, the "bloated, squatting, beastly monster." Then the king

attacked it, but the monster swallowed up men, dogs, cattle, and all but one warrior. That warrior slew the monster, and out came cattle and horses and men, and last of all the Princess Untombinde.

It is, of course, impossible to prove that these stories cannot possibly relate real and historical events, but I doubt whether any human being, except Mr. Herbert Spencer, would require such proof. I can understand a Greek worshipping the stone at Delphi as the stone which Kronos swallowed instead of Jupiter; I can understand a theologian accepting the story of Jonah in the whale's belly as an historical fact; but how a philosopher can take Mr. Herbert Spencer's view of such mythological tales of civilised and uncivilised nations as we have just examined, *cela me passe*.

And if comparative studies are of any use, do not these stories, to which many more might be added, make it extremely probable, for I will not say more, that such a story, for instance, as that of Red Riding Hood being swallowed by the wolf and cut out again, owes its origin to the same mythological source? Is it still to be considered as a startling novelty, which has to be fenced around on all sides by arguments and excuses, that, as Sir Walter Scott said long ago, "the mythology of one period appears to pass into the romance of the next, and that into nursery tales of subsequent ages"? I have always been very careful not to accept two stories as identical in origin, unless the names occurring in them required the admission of a common origin. Even the story of Red Riding Hood† I represented as solar problematically only. But do not "the wantonly incredulous" perceive that such stories as Red Riding Hood and Cinderella require an explanation of their *raison d'être*, and that we have to choose between three explanation only, viz. the historical, the fanciful, and the mythological? If there is evidence in any parish register of a Miss Red Riding Hood and her grandmother, we have nothing more to say against Mr. Herbert Spencer. If the story can

be traced to any known composer of fairy tales, again we should have little to say for our own view. But if the story occurs at different times in different countries, without an author's name, and without any support from police or law reports, then the mythological explanation alone remains, or rather asserts its permanent claim on the strength of an almost universal analogy.

We saw before that the sun may assume two aspects or two personalities, the one as eternal, the other as the daily sun,\* and we find a similar *dédoublement* in the Slav story of *Vasilissa*, to which Mr. Ralston is no doubt right in assigning a solar origin.

*Vasilissa*† is sent by her stepmother and two sisters, who plot against her life, to get a light at the house of *Bába Yagd*, the witch. *Vasilissa* wanders through the forest, and is suddenly startled by a rider, himself white, clad in white, his horse white, his trappings white. And day began to dawn. She goes on, when a second rider bounds forth, himself red, clad in red, his horse red, his trappings red. She goes on all day, and when arriving towards evening at the witch's house, she is startled by a third rider, himself black, clad in black, his horse black, his trappings black. That rider bounds through the gates of *Bába Yagá*, and disappears as if he had sunk through the earth. Night fell! In order to leave no doubt in the minds even of the most incredulous, the story goes on to say that when *Vasilissa* asked the witch who was the white rider, she answered, "That is my clear Day;" who was the red rider, "That is my red Sun;" who was the black rider, "That is my black Night; they are all my trusty friends."

Let it be remembered that these explanations form part of the story, and were given at a time when Sir G. W. Cox had not yet roused the ire of certain critics, either wantonly or languidly incredulous. Perrault, too, published his *Contes de ma Mère l'Oie* nearly 200 years ago, yet he tells us with perfect innocence that *la Belle au Bois* and the

\* Tylor, *l. c. i.* 308. Max Müller, *Lectures on the Science of Language*, ii. 506, see 379; *Chips*, ii. 103.

† Max Müller, *Selected Essays*, i. 564.

\* In Holstein there is a saying that every sun that rises is a new sun, and that the old one has been cut up into stars by old spinsters. (Bechstein, *Mythe, Sage, &c.*, iii. 11.)

† Tylor, *l. c. i.* 309.

young prince who called her back to life were *L'Aurore* and *Le Jour*, while in a Breton story *La Belle au Bois* is actually called *la Princesse Tourne-sol*.\*

How often have I been charged with ascribing to the ancients sentimental and philosophical thoughts, which might be possible with Heine, but which were declared to be quite impossible with Vedic Rishis or American Redskins! Yet what can be more sentimental than the Estonian story of Koit and Ammarik?† What can be more philosophical than the Hottentot story of the moon, the insect, and the hare?‡

How far the people who tell these stories are aware of their original intention is another question, and one that it seems very difficult to solve. Often the mother who told it might still remember the original meaning of the names of the principal actors in these cosmic legends, but the children would accept the story as a story, and repeat it as such to their children. The more the original meaning of the names was forgotten, the more wonderful the story would sound and the more popular it would become. Still we have observed on several occasions how sometimes the story itself blurts out its original meaning. Thus the Muyscas in South America tell us of the time when they were still like savages, living on the high plains of Bogota without agriculture, religion, or laws. But they remember an old and bearded man, *Bochica*, the Child of the Sun, coming from the East and teaching them to till the fields, to clothe themselves, and to worship the gods. But *Bochica* had a wicked, beautiful wife, *Huythaca*, who loved to spite and spoil her husband's work; and she it was who made the river swell till the land was covered by a flood, and but a few of mankind escaped upon the mountain-tops. Then *Bochica* was wroth, and he drove the wicked *Huythaca* from the earth, and made her the moon, for there had been no moon before; and he cleft the rocks and made the mighty cataract of *Tequen-dama*, to let the deluge flow away. Then, when the land was dry, he gave to the remnant of mankind the year and its periodic sacrifices, and the worship of

the sun.\* Need we wonder that the people who told the story had not forgotten that *Bochica* was himself *Zuhe*, the Sun, and *Huythaca*, the Sun's wife, the Moon?

Often these solar stories assume a new interest by being made to convey religious or moral lessons.† Sunrise and sunset were the first seeds of a belief in another world, in an unknown land from whence we come, and an unknown land to which we are hastening. The West among most nations was the seat of the departed spirits, and the sun, in one of his characters, was conceived as the first of mortals who had become immortal; the Maui of New Zealand,‡ the Yama of the Veda, the Yima of the Avesta.§ The Blackfeet, the noblest of savages, as they are called, look upon *Natus*, the sun, the great star of the day, as their supreme god, and their hereafter is the home of the setting sun.|| "Yama," it was said, "the son of Vivasvat, leads away, day by day, cows, horses, and men, and everything that moves;" he is insatiable of the five human tribes."¶ That was the setting sun. But as the sun set and rose again, so it was hoped man would die and rise again. As the moon increased and decreased, so man would wake and return to a new life.

From this to a belief in Hades there was but a small step. The abode of the departed spirits was generally localised near the setting of the sun, or even in the sun or the moon themselves. As the belief in and the worship of departed spirits assumed more and more prominence, ideas of a life after death would cluster round it. Sometimes the Solar Beyond was conceived as a place of enjoyment—of eternal drunkenness among the Patagonians—sometimes as a place of sorrow and suffering, sometimes as a place of vague and shadowy existence. But everywhere we can perceive how the primitive impression of sunset and sunshine called forth the earliest imaginations about the Here and the Yonder, about life, and death, and immortality.

\* Muller, *Amerik. Urreligion*, pp. 423-30.

† Tylor, *Prim. Cult.* 319. ‡ *Ib.* ii. 283.

§ Max Müller, *Lectures on the Science of Language*, ii. 563.

|| E. Farrer, *l. c.*

¶ Taitt. Ar., vi. 5, 3; Pārask. Gr̥hya-S. iii. 10, 9; iii. 3, 6.

\* Max Muller, *Selected Essays*, i. 566.

† *Ib.* i. 612.

‡ *Ib.* i. 610.

I could go on forever quoting from book after book published during the last ten or twenty years, or even two hundred years, on the myths and customs of more or less savage nations, and everywhere we should find the same lesson, that the sun pervaded their religions and their legends as it pervaded the sky and the atmosphere and the very air which they breathed. Thanks to the labors of anthropologists, I think we may now boldly say that behind the clouds of ancient mythology the sun is seldom entirely absent, though its rays may often serve to light up other phenomena of nature only.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

I find it difficult, and should consider it almost discourteous, to order the last revise of my article on "Solar Myths" for press without saying a few words in reply to Mr. Gladstone's Essay on the "Dawn of Creation and Worship," published in the November number of this Review. Mr. Gladstone's arguments, it is true, are chiefly directed against M. Réville's *Prolegomènes de l'Histoire des Religions*, a work which I felt it an honor to introduce to the favorable notice of the English public by adding a small preface to its English translation. Nor should I have thought it incumbent upon myself, or respectful to so eminent a theologian as M. Réville has long proved himself to be both as an active clergyman and as the first professor of the Science of Religion at the *Collège de France*, to step in between him and Mr. Gladstone, while these two eloquent pleaders are discussing their own peculiar views on the origin of the Pentateuch or on the exact meaning of certain contested passages in the Book of Genesis.

But when Mr. Gladstone proceeds to attack, with what seems to me in some passages parliamentary rather than academic eloquence, the fundamental principles of comparative mythology, and more particularly that theory which he calls *Solarism*, it might show discretion indeed, but hardly valor, were I to hide myself behind M. Réville, who has so boldly come forward as the champion of a theory the paternity of which I could not and, if I could, I would not deny.

*Solarism*, however, is used by Mr.

Gladstone in a sense very different from that in which I should use it. He applies it to a theory according to which *all* mythology has a solar origin, *all* gods are solar gods, *all* heroes solar heroes, *all* myths and legends but half-forgotten stories about the sun as the giver of light and life, or as the lord of days and months and seasons and years. Mine has been a much humbler task, and I have never attempted more than to prove that *certain* portions of ancient mythology have a directly solar origin. Nor have I ever done so except in cases where, either by etymological analysis or by a comparison of Greek and Roman with Vedic myths, I imagined I could make it clear that certain stories which seemed irrational or irreverent, when told of gods such as Jupiter or Apollo or Athene, became perfectly intelligible if accepted as they were told originally of the sky or the sun or the dawn. I have protested again and again against the theory that there is but one key to unlock all the secret drawers of ancient mythology. As little as the sun is the whole of nature is ancient mythology wholly solar. But as certainly as the sun, with all that is dependent on it, forms the most prominent, half natural, and half supernatural object in the thoughts of the ancient and even of the modern world, are solar myths a most important ingredient in the language, the traditions, and the religion of the whole human race. If in working out this theory my interpretation of passages in Homer or in the Veda has been wrong, if my application of phonetic rules has ever been inaccurate, let it be proved. Nothing delights me more than when I am proved to have been wrong, for in that case I always carry away something that is worth having. If, for instance, Mr. Gladstone or any other Greek scholar could prove that in Greek short *ε* without the *spiritus asper* can ever become *η* with the *spiritus asper*, then I should confess that my protest against deriving the name of *Hera* from *era*, the earth, was futile, and I should as readily accept the original chthonic character of the wife of Zeus as I should accept Mr. Gladstone's identification of *breakfast* and *dinner*, provided always that he can produce one single case from the whole of the French language in

which *dē* or *dis* (in *dīner* or *disner*) represents an original *dējeu* (in *dējeuner*). That there are chthonic elements in the character of Hera I readily allow ; but that does not prove that one of her names might not have been the heavenly or the brilliant goddess, just as in Latin she is called *Juno*, the female counterpart of *Ju-piter*, her heavenly consort. Earth as well as heaven, nay, every part of nature, is liable to mythological metamorphosis ; and I have tried to show how many old sayings concerning heaven, earth, the sun, the moon, the stars, day and night, months, seasons and years, rivers and mountains, men and animals, the spirits of the departed, or even mere abstractions, such as honor or virtue, have been rolled up in time into that curious conglomerate of ancient thought which, for want of a better name, we call mythology.

This view I am prepared to defend with the same firm conviction with which I started it nearly forty years ago. Nor do I see that Mr. Gladstone's arguments have shattered or even touched my old position. He maintains that in the Olympian mythology, such as we find it in the Homeric poems, the Greek gods are no longer mere representatives of physical phenomena, but genuine "theanthromorphic" conceptions. This is the very view which I have defended, though I confess I have sometimes wondered whether the ancient popular poets had really no suspicion whatever of the original character of their gods, while some of the earliest Greek philosophers were so fully conscious of it. But however that may be, the Homeric mythology, as well as the Homeric language, has surely its antecedents. Many of its anomalous legends and its irregular verbs did not even spring into existence on Greek soil, for they can be traced in India and even in Iceland, though certainly not, as Mr. Gladstone implies (p. 688, l. 33), in Egypt, still less in Palestine. It is with these antecedents, with the prehistoric age of Aryan mythology, that comparative mythologists are chiefly concerned, and surely Mr. Gladstone would be the last scholar to be satisfied with merely superficial comparisons. There is a true radicalism in scholarship, too, which despises all measures which do not go to the roots of things. Mr.

Gladstone warns us not to trust too much to etymology ; he might as well warn the explorer of Oxford clay not to believe too much in that solid granite which each honest digger will find, if only he digs deep enough. Etymology represents the prehistoric period in human language and human thought, and the light which it has shed on later periods is certainly not less important than the lessons which geology and palæontology have added to the study of mankind. As in the beautiful Campo Santo of Bologna we find, beneath the monuments erected by the loving care of living mourners, tombstones—discovered, one might fairly say, by the divining rod and disinterred by the indefatigable spade of Zannoni—which reveal to us the daily life and the daily struggles, the hopes and fears of races whom we call prehistoric, but who were once as truly historic as their conquerors and successors, whether Umbrian, Etruscan, or Roman—the vast Aryan cemetery of language and myth, too, as explored by many patient diggers, has surrendered tombstones which tell us of the thoughts, of the faith and hope, of those whose descendants we are, however difficult we find it now to understand their language and to think their thoughts. Does Mr. Gladstone believe that words are ever without an etymology, or that myths are ever without a reason ? And, if not, does he think it is of no importance to know why Zeus was first called Zeus, or why Achilleus, like other Aryan heroes, was believed to be vulnerable in one point only ? Mr. Gladstone seems afraid that prehistoric ideas might be transferred to historic times, and, speaking of the future, he writes : "Strange, indeed, will be the effect of such a system, if applied to our own case at some date in the far-off future ; for it will be shown, *inter alia*, that there were no priests, but only presbyters, in any portion of Western Christendom ; that our dukes were simply generals leading us in war ; that we broke our fast at eight in the evening (for *dīner* is but a compression of *dējeuner*) ; and even, possibly, that one of the noblest and most famous English houses pursued habitually the humble occupation of a pig-driver."

I do not anticipate any such anachro-

nisms, as little as I expect that future historians will mistake our lords for bread-givers (*hlāf-ord*) or our Parliamentary whips for pig-drivers. And yet every one of the words which Mr. Gladstone quotes, if but rightly interpreted, has some important lessons to teach those who will come after us.

It is well that they should know that originally priests were not different from laymen, and that they were well satisfied with the simple title of presbyters or elders, being elders not only in age, but in wisdom, in self-denial, and in tolerance.

It is well that they should know, if it is so, that the ancestor of one of the noblest and most famous English houses was a pig-driver, if thus they may learn that there was a time when a noble career was open in England even to the humblest ranks.

It is well that they should know that dukes were not always mere possessors of large wealth which they had not earned themselves, but that originally they were in very deed leaders in battle, leaders in thought, and ready to court the place of danger, whether against battalions or against the tumult of vulgar error and prejudice. Mr. Gladstone need not be afraid that future historians will ever mistake him for a merely titular duke, though they will speak of him, as we do, as our leader, as a true *Duca e Maestro*, if not always against the tumult of vulgar error and prejudice, yet, without fail, whenever any wrongs had to be righted, effete privileges to be abolished, and lessons of wisdom and moderation, however distasteful, to be taught to the strong and the weak, to the rich and the poor.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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### ON LOVE'S LABORS LOST.

BY WALTER PATER.

LOVE'S LABORS LOST is one of the earliest of Shakspeare's dramas, and has many of the peculiarities of his poems, which are also the work of his earlier life. The opening speech of the King on the immortality of fame—on the triumph of fame over death—and the nobler parts of Biron, have something of the monumental style of Shakspeare's Sonnets, and are not without their conceits of thought and expression. This connection of the play with his poems is further enforced by the insertion in it of three sonnets and a faultless song; which, in accordance with Shakspeare's practice in other plays, are inwoven into the action of the piece and, like the golden ornaments of a fair woman, give it a peculiar air of distinction. There is merriment in it also, with choice illustrations of both wit and humor; a laughter often exquisite, ringing, if faintly, yet as genuine laughter still, though sometimes sinking into mere burlesque, which has not lasted quite so well. And Shakspeare brings a serious effect out of the trifling of his characters. A dainty love-making is interchanged with the more cumbrous play; below the many artifices of Biron's amorous

speeches we may trace sometimes the "unutterable longing;" and the lines in which Katherine describes the blighting through love of her younger sister are one of the most touching things in older literature.\* Again, how many echoes seem awakened by those strange words, actually said in jest!—"The sweet warman (Hector of Troy) is dead and rotten: sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man"—words which may remind us of Shakspeare's own epitaph. In the last scene, an ingenious turn is given to the action, so that the piece does not conclude after the manner of other comedies—

"Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill:"

and Shakspeare strikes a passionate note across it at last, in the entrance of the messenger, who announces to the Princess that the King her father is suddenly dead.

The merely dramatic interest of the piece is slight enough—only just sufficient, indeed, to be the vehicle of its wit and poetry. The scene—a park of

\* Act v., scene ii.

the King of Navarre—is unaltered throughout; and the unity of the play is not so much the unity of a drama as that of a series of pictorial groups, in which the same figures reappear, in different combinations, but on the same background. It is as if Shakspeare had intended to bind together, by some inventive conceit, the devices of an ancient tapestry, and give voices to its figures. On one side, a fair palace; on the other, the tents of the Princess of France, who has come on an embassy from her father to the King of Navarre; in the midst, a wide space of smooth grass. The same personages are combined over and over again into a series of gallant scenes—the Princess, the three masked ladies, the quaint, pedantic King—one of those amiable kings men have never loved enough, whose serious occupation with the things of the mind seems, by contrast with the more usual forms of kingship, like frivolity or play. Some of the figures are grotesque merely, and, all the male ones at least, a little fantastic. Certain objects reappearing from scene to scene—love-letters crammed with verses to the margin, and lovers' toys—hint obscurely at some story of intrigue. Between these groups, on a smaller scale, come the slighter and more homely episodes, with Sir Nathaniel the curate, the country-maid Jaquenetta, Moth or Mote the elfin-page, with Hiems and Ver, who recite "the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo." The ladies are lodged in tents, because the King, like the princess of the modern poet's fancy, has taken a vow

"To make his court a little Academe,"

and for three years' space no woman may come within a mile of it; and the play shows how this artificial attempt was broken through. For the King and his three fellow-scholars are of course soon forsworn, and turn to writing sonnets, each to his chosen lady. These fellow-scholars of the King—"quaint votaries of science," at first, afterwards, "affection's men-at-arms"—three youthful knights, gallant, amorous, chivalrous, but also a little affected, sporting always a curious foppery of language—are throughout the leading figures in the

foreground; one of them, in particular, being more carefully depicted than the others, and in himself very noticeable—a portrait with somewhat puzzling manner and expression, which at once catches the eye irresistibly and keeps it fixed.

Play is often that about which people are most serious; and the humorist may observe how, under all love of playthings, there is almost always hidden an appreciation of something really engaging and delightful. This is true always of the toys of children; it is often true of the playthings of grown-up people, their vanities, their fopperies even—the cynic would add their pursuit of fame and their lighter loves. Certainly, this is true without exception of the playthings of a past age, which to those who succeed it are always full of a pensive interest—old manners, old dresses, old houses. For what is called fashion in these matters occupies, in each age, much of the care of many of the most discerning people, furnishing them with a kind of mirror of their real inward refinements, and their capacity for selection. Such modes or fashions are, at their best, an example of the artistic predominance of form over matter; of the manner of the doing of it over the thing done; and have a beauty of their own. It is so with that old euphuism of the Elizabethan age—that pride of dainty language and curious expression, which it is very easy to ridicule, which often made itself ridiculous, but which had below it a real sense of fitness and nicety; and which, as we see in this very play, and still more clearly in the Sonnets, had some fascination for the young Shakspeare himself. It is this foppery of delicate language, this fashionable plaything of his time, with which Shakspeare is occupied in "Love's Labors Lost." He shows us the manner in all its stages; passing from the grotesque and vulgar pedantry of Holofernes, through the extravagant but polished caricature of Armado, to become the peculiar characteristic of a real though still quaint poetry in Biron himself—still chargeable, even at his best, with just a little affectation. As Shakspeare laughs broadly at it in Holofernes or Armado, he is the analyst of its curious



charm in Biron ; and this analysis involves a delicate raillery by Shakspeare himself at his own chosen manner.

This "foppery" of Shakspeare's day had, then, its really delightful side, a quality in no sense "affected," by which it satisfies a real instinct in our minds—the fancy so many of us have for an exquisite and curious skill in the use of words. Biron is the perfect flower of this manner—

"A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight"

—as he describes Armado, in terms which are really applicable to himself. In him this manner blends with a true gallantry of nature, and an affectionate complaisance and grace. He has at times some of its extravagance or caricature also, but the shades of expression by which he passes from this to the "golden cadence" of Shakspeare's own chosen verse, are so fine, that it is sometimes difficult to trace them. What is a vulgarity in *Holofernes*, and a caricature in Armado, refines itself in him into the expression of a nature truly and inwardly bent upon a form of delicate perfection, and is accompanied by a real insight into the laws which determine what is exquisite in language, and their root in the nature of things. He can appreciate quite the opposite style—

"In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes ;"

he knows the first law of pathos, that—

"Honest plain words best suit the ear of grief."

He delights in his own rapidity of intuition ; and, in harmony with the half-sensuous philosophy of the Sonnets, exalts, a little scornfully, in many memorable expressions, the judgment of the senses, above all slower, more toilsome means of knowledge, scorning some who fail to see things only because they are so clear—

"So ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes"—

as with some German commentators on Shakspeare. Appealing always to actual sensation from men's affected theories, he might seem to despise learning ; as, indeed, he has taken up his deep studies partly in play, and demands

always the profit of learning in renewed enjoyment ; yet he surprises us from time to time by intuitions which can come only from a deep experience and power of observation ; and men listen to him, old and young, in spite of themselves. He is quickly impressible to the slightest clouding of the spirits in social intercourse, and has his moments of extreme seriousness ; his trial-task may well be, as Rosaline puts it—

"To enforce the pained impotent to smile."

But still, through all, he is true to his chosen manner ; that gloss of dainty language is a second nature with him ; even at his best he is not without a certain artifice ; the trick of playing on words never deserts him ; and Shakspeare, in whose own genius there is an element of this very quality, shows us in this graceful, and, as it seems, studied, portrait, his enjoyment of it.

As happens with every true dramatist, Shakspeare is for the most part hidden behind the persons of his creation. Yet there are certain of his characters in which we feel that there is something of self-portraiture. And it is not so much in his grander, more subtle and ingenious creations that we feel this—in Hamlet and King Lear—as in those slighter and more spontaneously developed figures, who, while far from playing principal parts, are yet distinguished by a certain peculiar happiness and delicate ease in the drawing of them—figures which possess, above all, that winning attractiveness which there is no man but would willingly exercise, and which resemble those works of art which, though not meant to be very great or imposing, are yet wrought of the choicest material. Mercutio, in "*Romeo and Juliet*," belongs to this group of Shakspeare's characters—versatile, mercurial people, such as make good actors, and in whom the

"Nimble spirits of the arteries,"

the finer but still merely animal elements of great wit, predominate. A careful delineation of little, characteristic traits seems to mark them out as the characters of his predilection ; and it is hard not to identify him with these more than with others. Biron, in "*Love's Labors Lost*," is perhaps the most striking member of this group. In this character,

which is never quite in touch with, never quite on a perfect level of understanding with the other persons of the play, we see, perhaps, a reflex of Shakspeare

himself, when he has just become able to stand aside from and estimate the first period of his poetry.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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### IRISH SHOOTINGS.

IN the month of November, 1883, I was on a visit to a relative who lived in a remote district in the south-west of Ireland; and as my host was an invalid and his two sons were at school I was thrown pretty much on my own resources for amusement.

One morning I started after breakfast with a couple of dogs to explore a distant *coom*, or mountain valley, where I was promised the chance of five or six brace of woodcock, and the certainty of a fine view of the surrounding hills and distant sea.

The morning was dark and lowering, but the barometer stood high, and there did not seem to be any danger of rain. I found the *coom* more distant than I had expected, and also lost a good deal of time in looking for snipe in a promising bog which lay a little off my road. The birds were wild, and the bogs so full of water after recent rains that I could not get near them; as a countryman whom I met informed me, "Ye won't get widin the screech of a jackass of them, for ye makes as much nize as a steamer paddlin' through all that wather;" so I abandoned the chase after securing three or four couple. The man was friendly, and seemed inclined for a talk.

"Where are ye goin' now, yer honor? if I might make so bould," he asked as I turned away.

"I'm going up to Coomeana," I replied.

"Why thin? What to do there, yer honor, might I ax, if it's plazin' to ye?"

"To look for a cock. Are there any about?"

"Cocks is it, why wouldn't they? Begor, it do be crawlin' wid them sometimes. Ye wouldn't have the laste taste of tibbacky about ye, yer honor? I hadn't a shough (pull) of the pipe wid three days, and I'm just starved for the want of it."

"All right," said I. "Here you

are," and I pulled out my tobacco pouch and gave him a couple of ounces of cavendish. He bit it with the air of a *connoisseur*, and his not very attractive countenance brightened.

"Oh, glory!" said he, "why thin long life to you!" and he "let," as he would have expressed it, "a lep out himself," and sitting down on a stone, proceeded to charge an almost stemless *dhudheen* without loss of time. I wished him good morning, whistled to the dogs and went my way.

Presently I heard the steps of one running behind me, and turning back was aware of my friend pursuing. When he overtook me, he civilly removed his pipe, which was now all aglow, and after eying it lovingly, said.

"Whisper, yer honor. Ye'll be the sthrane gentleman that's stoppin' wid Misther Bourke over yondher?"

"Yes," I replied. "What of that?"

"Oh, nothin' at all, sir. I thought so meself. The byes (boys) were tellin' me that ye was the civil gentleman to the poor people, and that ye has great nature, and so I finds ye, be Job. And"—after a pause, "ye're goin' up Coomeana afther the cocks? Well, good sport to yer honor—" another pause. "Don't ye be out too late. Them mountains is lonesome about nightfall," he added musingly.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of the fairies," I replied.

"Whist, sir," said he, this time with real concern. "'Tisn't looky (lucky) to be talkin' of the good people," touching his hat, "out in these bogs. 'Tisn't thim I manes at all, only ye know," said he insinuatingly, "the little mountain paths is crass (cross, difficult) to a sthranger, and ye might lose yer way or fall into a bog-hole. That's a purty gun ye has," said he admiringly; "does she scatter well now?"

"No, I should hope not," said I.

"Och, that's a pity," he replied; for

an Irish peasant not being generally a good shot, except at landlords, policemen and such big game, his ideal of a shot-gun is a weapon which will scatter well, and give him most chances.

"Well, good evenin' to yer honor, and good look anyways," and as I was turning away he added carelessly, "don't ye be out too late."

I thought his manner strange, but did not attach any significance to his warning. Mr. Bourke was on fair terms with his tenants, and though the times were troublous he had never even received a threatening letter; besides I was known to be a stranger, with no stake in the country, and was also, as my friend said, a favorite with the boys.

It was a weary way up the mountain side and the afternoon was well advanced before I reached my destination. The view down the mountain gorge was very fine, and under a fair sky, with the hill sides in alternate light and shadow, must have been magnificent. But as I saw it then, range after range stretched away in gloomy loneliness to the ocean, which lay dull and leaden some miles away, with a hooker or coasting 'craft, dark and solitary, lying becalmed or at anchor close in shore. I did not, however, waste time in studying the view, for I soon came upon the birds, though this was certainly not one of the days quoted by my friend below, when the place was "crawlin' with them." They lay close too; and as Irish dogs are generally better at snipe than cock, and there was no wind, they often got up behind me, making me lose much time in following them; so that the evening was closing in before I had shot more than four couple, and as my host had told me not to show my face with less than six, I determined to bestir myself, and calling the dogs I started for a little valley about half a mile away into which I had marked several birds, and which I had been told before starting was the surest find on the mountain.

This valley was not more than half a mile away as the crow flies; but then I am not a crow, and I had to go up one little hill and down another, and to make a long circuit round a skaking bog, so that by the time I had got to my hunting ground, and had shot one bird, the night was coming on apace; and to make

matters worse, a mist came sweeping up from the sea, which grew thicker every instant, so that when I at last made up my mind to turn my face homewards, I was at a loss which way to turn it.

The hill-tops were by this time hidden in mist, so that in the fading light I could make out no landmarks. I knew that the wind had sprung up from seaward, but it was very light, and seemed shifty and uncertain. I hit at last upon a path, which seemed like that by which I had come up; but after following it for more than a mile, it led me to a brawling stream, which I had not met before, and I began to suspect that I had been following it away from home instead of homewards.

I then tried back for a mile and a half or more, by which time it was nearly dark, and then I lost the path altogether. I took a pull at my flask, and ate the remains of a piece of oatcake which I had brought with me in the morning. I called the dogs and spoke to them, and encouraged them to make a show of their wonderful instinct and lead me home; but they only sat on their tails, and whimpered and shivered, looking at me sadly, as though to ask why I had got them into such a mess.

I shouted and shouted, but no answer came back upon the wind. I was tired and wet and wretched; so I lit my pipe, which gave me some little comfort, and made up my mind to walk on till I came somewhere, or till I found a convenient heap of stones, which would give me some shelter from the wind and now thickly falling rain, till morning.

The moon would not rise for some hours, so there was no use in waiting for her. I therefore plodded on slowly, taking comfort from the thought that things could not be worse, as I brought to mind the 'great poet's words, "the worst is not, as long as we can say, 'This is the worst.'" But soon I found my mistake; for after walking about another mile I put my foot into a hole and fell and wrenched my ankle, so that walking, which was before only tiring, now became painful, and having come to a good high cairn of those great ice-borne boulders so common in the south and west, I crept into a hollow between two of them and, with the dogs lying close beside me for warmth and company,

soon dozed off to sleep, being very weary.

I may have slept for an hour or more, when I was awakened by the barking of one of the dogs. He was seated on a hillock outside, barking, and looking into the distance, where I could see nothing, though the rain had ceased and the stars were now shining. But I soon discovered that he was answering another dog, for after listening intently I heard in the distance, far below me, that measured *yap, yap, yap*, followed by intervals of silence, which is so hard to bear when one wants to sleep, and the watch-dog's dishonest bark either "bays the whispering wind," or holds distant converse with a neighbor. So I got up, and though my ankle was swollen and painful, I girded myself and went my way, guided by the sound. After stumbling wearily along, and falling many times, I at last arrived at what seemed to be a farm-house of the better sort, through the window of which I saw with great joy a cheerful fire blazing.

The dog who had led me thither was seated on a dunghill outside the door, and was soon waging fierce battle with both my dogs, and the noise which they made, and my cries whilst striving to part them, soon roused the inmates. The door was opened, and a girl's voice was heard calling, "Taypot, Taypot, ye blaggard, come in out of that!" whilst a deeper voice in the background asked—

"Who's there? Come in whoever ye are, in the name of God."

The girl who was standing at the door started back on seeing the gun, but being aware of "the smell-dogs," as our American cousins call them, and noting my sporting gear, she said in a pleasant voice, "Come in out of the could, sir, sure it's late ye're out. Och! 'Tis deshtroyed with the wet ye are. He's lame too, the crayture," she added kindly. "Is it the way ye hurted yerself, sir?"

"Put a chair for the gentleman, Mary. Have ye no manners?" said an old man who was crouching on a settle in the ingle nook. "I can't stir meself, sir," he added; "I'm fairly bate wid the rheumatism. Maybe 'tis the way ye got lost on the mountain, sir? I seen the fog comin' up and 'tisin't the first

time I seen that same to happen to a gentleman in that very shpot. That mountain is very vinimous to them that isn't well acquainted wid it."

So I told him my tale and asked him if I could stop for the night, for he let me know that Mr. Bourke's house was "a matther of seven Irish miles away," and he replied,

"Why then to be sure! and welcome, only it's a poor place for the likes of yer honor, but if ye're any relation of Mither Bourke ye can't help bein' a rale gentleman, and ye won't mind it. 'Tis only them half sirs and the likes that's conthráry in themselves, and that the divil himself couldn't plaze; and Mary, sure his honor will be hungry, small blame to him! We'll have the praties biled in a brace of shakes, and a rasher of bacon, and a basin of milk; sure that's better than the hunger any-ways, though 'tisin't what ye're used to."

Here I may remark that the Irish peasant is essentially a well-bred person, and might set an example of good manners to many who look upon themselves as his social superiors. An Irishman, even of the poorest, will give you the shelter of his roof and all that his poor house contains with perfect hospitality, and with a true welcome, and having once and for all apologised for the shortcomings of his *ménage*, will not (as he considers it) insult your good feeling by further excuses; but will take it for granted that you will accept the best which he can give you, be it good or bad, in the same kindly spirit in which he offers it.

It was not very long before I was sitting down to a smoking dish of excellent potatoes, and an appetising rasher, which Mary deftly cooked, having learned (as she informed me) cooking and other accomplishments at the convent school. Now that I had time to look at her, I discovered that she was an uncommonly handsome and attractive girl, about nineteen years of age, dark-haired, with large merry blue eyes, "put in with a dirty finger"—a distinctly Spanish type of face and figure, such as you meet now and then in the west and south, in remarkable contrast to the aboriginal type, which, it must be confessed, is the reverse of attractive. It is strange how traces of the old Spanish connection

crop up, and how the young people sometimes "throw back" to the southern ancestor. One also lights upon other links of the broken chain now and then, in out-of-the-way places. Thus to my great surprise I happened on a little boy not long ago in a southern county whose Christian name was Alfonso, though his surname was only Egan. His parents told me that he was called after his great-grandfather, but they had no tradition of any Spanish connection, and of a truth they bore no outward token of any such strain of foreign blood.

Mary's father, too, was to all appearance a Celt. He was a big, blackbearded man, well past middle age. He must have been a strong able man in his day, but he now seemed bowed down with pain and sickness. The family consisted, in addition to these two, of an active, bright-eyed boy about thirteen years of age, two younger children, and a stout, red-legged servant maid.

After I had finished a hearty meal, seasoned with the best of sauce, I produced my flask, into which I had dipped but modestly, and Mary having brought glasses and the "materials," I proceeded to mix a couple of stiff tumblers for her father and myself; and having persuaded him after due apology to join me in a pipe, we drew round the blazing fire of turf and bog-deal into the cosy ingle nook, and laid ourselves out for a chat.

The old man seemed delighted to break the monotony of his life by conversation with a stranger, and I interested them all by giving them an account of the United States, where I had been travelling a short time before, and to which many of their relations and friends had emigrated. Then we began to talk about the state of the country, concerning which they were much more reticent.

"It was purty quiet in these parts, glory be to God!" said the old man, "though I'm tould there's bad work elsewhere."

He said his own farm was a good one, with "the grass of fifteen cows," for the extent of farms in the wild west is measured by their grazing capabilities, not by the acreage. His rent was fair, and the times he admitted were pretty good.

"Were there any bad characters about?" I asked.

"Well, no, not many; barrin' wan, and he was on the run (flying from justice), and a good job too."

"Who was he, and what had he done?"

"He was wan Murty O'Hea, a broken farmer, and a bad mumber everyways, and there was a warrant out agin him, along of a dacent boy of the O'Connors that he kilt, and that swore informations agin him accordingly."

"Yes, and there's no fear he'd bate him—no, nor two like him—only he got a vacancy on him (got inside his guard) by chance, and gave him a conthráry (foul) sthroke, wan dark night," said Mary.

"Oho!" said I, "you seem to know all about it, Mary. It wasn't about you that they were fighting, was it?"

At which Mary blushed and hung her head and showed her long eyelashes, and looked quite pretty enough to have been the cause of one of those dreadful wars which we are told did not begin with Helen.

"But was that the only reason he had for running away?" I asked.

"Och, no," replied the father. "He owed five years' rent to the mather, and his credit was bate wid all the shopkeepers, and what he owed for whiskey is unknownst; and the mather ejected him a year ago, and nobody would take the farm for fear of him and of his faction, that's sthrong in these parts, till meself tuk the grazin' of half of it for six months, for I has more cattle than I can feed; but nobody will go to live there."

"Yes, and sorry I am ye ever had anything to say to it, and 'twould be better for ye a dale if ye tuk my advice and left it alone. 'Tisn't looky," said Mary.

"Why thin, maybe ye're right, and I'm thinkin' I'll be said by ye, Mary, and give it up next week, for ye has a dale of since—sometimes—for a shlip of a girl. Come hether to me. Whisper," said he; and after a short colloquy Mary lighted a candle and went out.

"I sees ye're sleepy, sir," said the old man. "Ye had a long day. Is the fut bad wid ye now, yer honor?"

"Oh, no," said I. "It's a little

swollen, but I can walk all right, at any rate with my boot off."

"Well, Mary will have the bed ready in the room for ye prisintly, and though it's a poor place for the likes of ye, ye're young, God bless ye, and ye're tired; ye'll get a good sleep. Och hone! 'tis many's the night since I had the good sleep, wid me joints, and a toothache in every knuckle of them!"

Here we were interrupted by the loud barking of the house-dog, to which my two pointers responded with growlings. The latch was raised, and a countryman burst in. He had neither coat nor hat, and he looked wild and distraught, his clothes dripping with water as though he had fallen into some dyke or bog-hole.

"Oh, Paddy," he cried, "ye unfortunate crayture! Run! Run for yer life! They're comin' to ye to-night, and if they ketches ye, ye're a dead man. Didn't I tell ye how 'twould be, when ye was so covatious and couldn't let that farm alone?"

Poor Paddy trembled visibly, whilst Mary, who had joined us, turned very white, and the children clustered round us, crying.

"Run is it!" answered Paddy. "That's a quare story! How would the likes of me run, when I can only crawl across the flure, about as quick as a dhruckthen? (a slug). Run? Mor-yah! (forsooth): 'Tis aisy to say run, and where would I run to? Ye knows as well as me that none of the neighbors would lave me in if them is comin' that you knows of. Och ulla-gone! If they'll kill me out of hand 'tis little I cares, only for Mary and the childher. Well, 'tis the will of God, I suppose. Glory be to his name: Amin!"—a response in which all the others, even the little children, joined.

"Who's coming?" asked I, "and what's it all about?"

"Who's this?" asked the new comer, in whom I recognised my friend of the morning. "Och! 'tis the gentleman from Misther Bourke's. Come away, yer honor, this is no place for the likes of you. What did I tell you this mornin'?"

"Yes, but what's the row?" said I. "I don't understand."

"'Tis the Land Layguers," he replied in a low voice, and pointing to my

host. "He's broke the rules, and 'tis the ordher, I'm tould. They'll kill him to-night. There's no fear of the childher, they won't touch them. Do you come away wid me, yer honor; I'll see ye safe."

"Indeed I won't," said I. "They took me in when I was wet and hungry, and gave me food and shelter, and I won't desert them now at a pinch. Besides, look at my foot. I couldn't walk if I would, and I wouldn't if I could. Will you stay yourself and help to fight?"

"Is it me?" he said, turning pale. "Och, no, I darn't; and what could the likes of me do?"

"Will you go and warn the polis, then?" asked Mary, who seemed to be recovering her courage and her color.

"No, I'd be afeard," he replied. "Sure, all the country would know 'twas me that sould the pass. Them polis wouldn't keep it saycret; there's no thrusting them."

"Dinny," cried Mary, turning to one of the boys, "you go."

"I will," said Dinny, jumping up and snatching his cap.

"How far is the police station?" I asked.

"'Tis a matther of four Irish mile, and meself is afeard the polis is sent away wid false news to the wesht."

"Dinny," said Mary, whilst her cheeks were dyed with a bright blush, "call down first to Darby O'Connor's. Tell him that we're set, and to carry the car and the mare, and to dhrive like the divil afther the polis, and to bring them back wid him."

"Good!" said I; "you're a brave girl, and we're not dead yet;" and I tore a leaf out of my note-book and wrote on it an urgent message.

"Give this to the sergeant, Dinny," said I, "and tell him, when he comes within hearing of the house, to fire a shot, and to let a screech out of himself, and we'll hold out as long as we can."

"How soon will they be here, James?" asked Paddy.

"They won't be here before an hour, anyways, and maybe not till the latther ind of the night. They're comin' from the say. Murty O'Hea is the head of them, and there's seven or eight black (surly, determined) boys wid him,

strangers from the islands I'm tould ; but they're waitin' for some sinther (centre) from the County Limerick. Well, God help ye all this night ! Come away, Dinny. I'll see ye safe as far as Darby's. God bless yer honor ! Ye're a brave gintleman. I said to meself this mornin' that ye was the right sort." And they went out and shut the door.

"Now, Mary," said I, "come along ; you and the girl. We must make the house as secure as we can. We have plenty of time, and we're not going to be killed like sheep."

First I turned out my game bag, and found, to my horror, that I had only seven cartridges left, and three of them were snipe shot, whilst the remainder were only No. 6. I had taken fewer than usual with me, not expecting much sport, and of these I had wasted too many in wild shooting. "Never mind," said I ; "the greater reason for shooting straight now."

First I inspected the fortress. The dwelling-house consisted, as is usual in the houses of the peasantry, of two living-rooms only, separated by a partition, with the chimney at one side and a high gable at the other. The kitchen had two doors directly facing each other, and was lighted by a single window in the front. The bedroom was also lighted by one window, which looked to the rear ; and communicating with the bedroom by a small door, and running at right angles to the rear of the dwelling house, was a third room or store-house, with a second door opening on the back yard. This room was now half full of potatoes and turnips.

The front door was as strong as I could desire, being made of solid oak (the spoil of some wreck), firmly bolted and bound with iron. The back door, however, was weak ; both were fastened by rickety locks and good stout wooden bars. I found that there was good store of suitable timber for barricading both doors and windows ; the loft, which extended as usual from the fire-place to half-way across the living-room, being altogether floored with "treble deals," also from some wreck. These deals were not nailed, but were laid loose across the joists, each deal being about fifteen feet long by eighteen inches wide, and three inches thick. I also found

some shorter pieces, which, placed against the door panels, served as backing ; and having buttressed them firmly with rows of deals secured by wedges to others, which I laid flat upon the floor from wall to wall, and fastened with stout nails, or rather spikes, of which I found a goodly bag, I felt pretty sure that my doors could stand a siege, if the enemy were unprovided with a battering train. The windows I secured in a similar fashion with mattresses, leaving a loop-hole in each.

I then, with the assistance of the women and the eldest boy, made the store-room's outer door safe by piling up all the turnips and potatoes against it, thus making a most effectual barricade. By the time this was done I found that it was a quarter past eleven, and the boy had been gone just three-quarters of an hour. "He ought to be nearly at the police station now, Mary," said I.

"He ought so," said she, "if he tuk the horse. She can go, niver fear, and Darby won't spare her. Only if the polis was sent away affther a red herring, 'twill be a bad job."

"Well, maybe they've found out their mistake by this time. We can hold out for an hour at any rate, unless they burn us."

"I don't think there's much fear of that," said the father. "The thatch is ould and rotten, and 'tis soaked wid the wather for the last week. I'm goin' to have it renewed wid two years. 'Tis looky now I didn't ;" and he evidently hugged himself upon his foresight, and became a little more cheerful.

"Now," said I, "put out the fire, and put the candle behind the door in the room, so that 'twill just give us light to move about by, and no more. By the way, you haven't got a crow-bar, have you ?"

"Why wouldn't we ?" said Mary. "Here it is, and a bill-hook too, a good sthrong one."

"Oh, it's not to fight with that I want the crow-bar, but that bill-hook is a good weapon at a pinch. Put it behind the door, Mary. Is it sharp ?"

"'Tis, sir. I put a great edge on it meself yestherday, in the way I'd cut down some furze wid it."

"Good," said I ; "now bring the

light," and going into the store-room, after a good deal of labor (for all the walls were over two feet thick) I knocked out two loop-holes, whereby I could command the back door. I only wished that I had a similar coign of vantage from which to enfilade the front; in which case, if we were fireproof, as the old man thought, I might set the gang at defiance, or at any rate as long as my cartridges should last. Unfortunately the relative positions of the front door and window were such that any one standing close to the former could not be touched from the latter.

I left the maid-servant and the eldest child, a sharp boy of eleven, on guard at the loop-holes, and returned to the kitchen. The old man was crooning over the scattered embers; Mary was standing by his side, pale and quiet. We waited long. No sound broke the stillness, save the occasional smothered whine of one of the dogs who was hunting in his dreams, and the old man's labored breathing, broken sometimes by a stifled cough. Mary had sunk down upon the settle, and covered her face with her hands.

The servant girl stirred uneasily, and knocked down a heap of potatoes which rolled along the earthen floor. The shrill whistle of a red-shank, flying overhead, startled us for an instant. I looked through the loop-holed window; the sea lay calm and still in the moonlight, darkened towards the horizon by a light breeze, which was creeping in. The light was dim, for the air was full of vapor, but there was enough to shoot by.

"Mary," I heard the old man whimper, "ye'll bury me, agragal, in Kilcolman churchyard by the mother, and ye'll give me a decent funeral; and maybe when I'm dead thim that looked black on me of late will forget it and come to me wake. Yer mother had a great wake, and there was a power of people at her funeral, though maybe ye doesn't remember it; and me father aiqually so. God rest their souls this night!"

"Whisht, father, whisht!" replied Mary. "The tibbacky isn't sowed yet that will be smoked at yer wake."

"It's ten minutes past twelve now," said I; "surely the police at any rate ought to be showing up."

Just then the dog, which we had turned out of doors, began to growl. Then came a few short barks, as he jumped behind a hedge some thirty yards to the front, after which he was suddenly silent, and I heard some one saying, in a low and insinuating voice, "Taypot, poor Taypot! doesn't you know me?" followed by the sound of a dull stroke and a sharp yelp, which instantly ceased.

"Tell Judy to keep a sharp look-out, Mary," said I, "and don't you stop in front of the door."

"All right, sir," said she.

Then there was an interval of silence, lasting for at least ten minutes; nothing stirred in front, and the tension of our nerves was becoming painful.

"What *can* they be waiting for?" said I.

"Maybe the whole of them isn't come yet," replied Mary.

"Well, the longer they wait the better. 'Twill give the police more time to come up. When they come, Mary, do not answer them; but don't speak for some minutes, just as if you were getting out of bed, and stand close to the wall."

"They'll thry the back dure first, sir; 'tis the wakest."

"So much the better. If they do, I'll mark one of them, at any rate, and maybe two. Oh, if I only had a bullet!"

Just then Judy rushed in. "They're coming to the back dure, sir!"

"How many?" I asked.

"Oh, a power of them. How can I tell how many? Isn't their faces black? Murty O'Hea is there for wan. I'd know the voice of him if his head was off his shoulders."

I lost no time in getting to my loop-hole in the store-room. The boy was squatted eager-eyed at the other. They were eight in all. Four were armed with guns, the others had only Cléalpines (or black-thorn sticks). Brave fellows, they were not afraid even with such slight weapons to face a rheumatic old man! All their faces were blackened. As I got into position, a powerful, undersized, red-bearded savage, whom I recognised by the description given me as Mary's quondam lover, was in the act of knocking at the door. He knocked three times before there was any answer.



All the others remained drawn up in line, with their backs to the wall, at the side farthest from the window.

At last I heard Mary ask, in a sleepy tone, "Who's there?"

"A friend," was the reply, evidently in a disguised voice.

"Well, friend, what does ye want at this hour?"

"I wants to see the man of the house. I has a message for him."

"Well, keep it till the mornin'. I'm not goin' to open the dure at this hour of the night, and bad mimbres about too, as maybe ye knows. To the devil wid yerself and yer message!"

But though poor Mary spoke so bravely, I noted that her voice trembled.

Then came a low curse in Irish.

"Come on, boys," cried the ruffian, "ye knows what we has to do. There's no use in waitin'."

Just then the moon shone out from behind a veil of mist. I levelled my gun, took a steady and careful aim at the fellow's eye, and pulled the trigger; but, as bad luck would have it, just at that instant he stooped to put his eye to the key-hole, and the shot glanced over him, but caught his next neighbor (who was a tall man) in the shoulder. He staggered and yelled but did not fall; and as the whole mob turned to fly, I let drive at the lot of them, peppering more than one, as the chorus of yells which followed the shot bore witness; but I apparently left their leader untouched, and before I could reload, they had all taken refuge behind a hedge some distance to the rear.

"Well done, yer honor!" cried the little boy in wild delight. "Begor, ye warmed them anyways. Did ye see that last fellow scratchin' himself as if bees was swarmin' about him?"

"Go back to your hole, you young scamp, and don't take your eye off it, or I'll warm *you*, where I warmed him. And you, Judy, come back too."

"Did ye kill *him*?" cried Mary, excitedly. "Oh, if ye only kilt *him*, I don't care what would happen to us."

"No, Mary, I'm afraid not. Better luck next time."

"Och! 'tis a pity," said she.

"They'll try the front door next," said I. "We must keep a sharp look-out." But we waited long. At last I

said to my companion. "I think they've had enough."

"No fear," she replied. "If that one is alive they'll be back." But we waited and waited, and though I thought I heard a confused murmur, still no one appeared. At last Judy came stealing in.

"I'm thinkin'," said she, "there's wan on the roof."

"Where?" asked I.

"The room."

I stole in gently, and after listening for a moment, I could distinctly hear some one above, fumbling as it seemed with the thatch.

"He's thryin' to set it a-fire," said Judy. "I think 'twill bate him. Ye might as well thry to light a watherfall wid two matches."

"Well," said I, "'tis a pity to waste No. 6 at such close quarters," so I slipped in a cartridge of snipe shot, and putting the muzzle of the gun close to the sound, I fired. There was the noise of a body slipping down the steep roof, a heavy thud followed by a deep groan, and all was still.

"That's three cartridges gone, and two fellows disabled at any rate. Stand back!" I cried, as I saw a flash from the hedge in front, followed by a volley, which struck the front door, apparently without penetrating.

"That's good," said Mary, "bark away! Maybe ye'll wake the polis in time."

After this we had another and a longer respite, but we could hear a confused murmur of voices, apparently in altercation, from the direction of the haggard (hay-yard or hay-guard).

"I think they must have got more help," said the old man, who had regained his courage and was now to all appearances enjoying the fight.

"Keep a good look-out, Judy," I cried to our sentry.

"Never fear, yer honor. They're buzzin' like bees behind there."

"I think," said I, "they must have some one with them who has smelt powder before, or they would have had enough by this time."

"Most like," replied Mary. "Tim Healy, a Yankee Irishman that was in the war, wid two more sthrangers, was seen at the crass-roads on Sunday."

"Here they come," said I. "What devilment are they up to now?"

I might well ask. They had got a cart and piled it with sheaves of oats, and lashed bundles of straw to the axle so as to protect their legs; and as the haggard was unfortunately on a higher level than the house, they had no difficulty in running this *testudo* down the road which led to the latter.

"'Tis the way they're goin' to burn us!" cried Mary.

"I don't think so," said I, as I saw them directing the engine straight for the window at which I was posted. "They want to block our loop-hole and then force the door. Oh, why didn't I make one in the door?"

"Ah! you've got that!" I added, as the cart-wheel swerved over a stone, exposing a fellow's legs, which I promptly dosed with shot, though at too long a range to do him much harm, although I made him yell.

"Ye hit him!" cried Mary. "Well done! Ye're a fine man at a pinch. God bless ye! What would we do wid-out ye this night?"

Here the cart came hang against our only loop-hole. "What will be their next move now?" I wondered; "this is becoming serious;" and like Wellington I prayed for morning, or the police. We were not kept long in doubt. Judy cried out from behind, "They're takin' round the laddher, a lot of them," and at the same time a voice was heard from behind the front door.

"Open the dure. Ye'd betther. If ye forces us to dhrive it in, we'll kill every wan of ye, man, woman, and child."

"We will not," cried Mary gallantly. "I know ye, Murty O'Hea, and I'll live to see ye swing for this yet."

"Ah! ye knows me, does ye, Mary? So does Darby O'Connor too. I left me mark on him, and I'll lave it on you to-night. He may marry ye to-morrow mornin' if he likes. I'll not hindher him, never fear."

At this horrid threat poor Mary fairly broke down. She threw herself on the ground and flung her arms round my knees. "Promise me, sir, promise me, that ye'll kill me before ye lets him touch me. You're a gintleman and you'll keep yer word."

"Nonsense, Mary," said I. "Never mind the ruffian. He'll never get in here while I'm alive."

"He will, he will. Well I knows him. Promise me quick that ye'll keep wan shot for me! Oh, man!" she cried, as I still hesitated, "had ye niver a mother?"

"All right, Mary, I promise."

"God bless ye," said she, getting up. "I don't care now, and maybe I'll lave me mark on some of them yet;" and she seized the bill-hook, and stood ready behind the door. The bill-hook was a handy and most efficient weapon, somewhat like the old Saxon bill, with a curved steel blade about eighteen inches long, riveted to an ashen handle some three feet in length.

"Begor," said the old man, upon whose face the light of battle was stealing, and who now looked quite cheerful, "I'll have a sthroke for me life too. We're not bate yet. 'Tis the heaviest showers that clears away the quickest," and seizing an old scythe blade, he hobbled over and planted himself against the wall.

"Well done, Paddy," said I. "Never say die."

Here we were interrupted by a tremendous blow on the front door, which shivered the lock and shook the fastenings, but failed to start the struts or backing with which I had braced it. They were using the ladder as a battering-ram.

"At it again, boys!" cried the voice of the arch-ruffian, and the blows were repeated once and again with increased force, but still the backing stood fast. After a fourth blow however, a panel gave way between the props, leaving a hole of about one foot by ten inches; but the supports above and below were as strong as ever. A shot was promptly fired through this hole which smashed some crockery on the dresser, but the assailants, no doubt recollecting that one shot could go out where another could come in, drew back for consultation, and did not care apparently to renew the attack. After a few minutes Judy rushed in, "Come quick, sir," cried she; "they're stalin' round wid the laddher, while you're watchin' the front. They knows the back dure is wake."

I was just in time. They were coming up with a rush, seven of them, bearing the ladder, and as soon as I got them nearly end on I fired, and evidently peppered more than one, judging from the chorus of yells which they set up as they dropped the ladder. I could have got a beautiful flying shot at the last man, but I had now only two cartridges left, and as one of them was promised to Mary, I desired to keep the other in reserve. Startled by a cry from her I rushed back into the kitchen, and saw her by the dim light, with her white teeth set, bringing down the bill-hook with the full swing of her nervous young arms upon a hand which had stolen in through the hole and was trying to undo the bar. The blow was followed by a fearful howl, and something dropped upon the floor.

"More power to ye, Mary!" cried the old man. "You done it well. Put in the other hand, ye spalpeen, till she'll thrim it for ye to match that wan. Here's the polis at last. 'Tis a'most time for thim," as a shot was heard a long way down the road, followed by a faint shout, and in about five minutes the rattling of car-wheels was heard up the stony ascent, whilst outside the house we could hear the rapid flight of hurrying feet, as our assailants at last withdrew.

In a few minutes the police were at the door, led by a stalwart young peasant, who, as soon as we undid the fastenings, rushed in and threw his arms around Mary. "Ye're not hurt, acushla?" said he. "The Lord be praised! I niver thought I'd see ye alive agin."

"Small thanks to you," said she, pushing him away. "Ye may thank this gentleman here that stood to us. I suppose 'tis the way ye was polishin' yer boots or ilin' yer hair, before ye'd come to help us."

"No," replied he, "but the polis was sint away wandherin' as far as Balinhassig Bridge, a matther of six mile, and we tuk the wrong road. We'd never be here only for the mare. She's kilt outside, the crayture. She haven't a shake left in any hair of her tail: if she went on another mile she'd dhrop before she got half way."

"'Tis true for him, sir," said the

sergeant. "We went on what we thought was sure information, and we wouldn't have come back only for your note. But we mustn't waste time. Which way did they go?"

"They came from the say," said Mary.

"Oh, thin they've gone back the same way. I saw a hooker standing in before dusk. Who warned you, sir?"

"Don't tell," whispered Mary eagerly. "The people would kill him."

"I don't know," said I. "He was a stranger to me."

"It's no use askin' any of ye, I suppose," said the sergeant, looking round at the stolid faces of his hearers. "Come on, boys, we're only wasting time. Will you come with us, sir?"

"No, I can't," said I. "I've hurt my foot."

"I'll come wid ye," said Darby. "I'd like to have a stroke at the villain. What's this?" added he, picking up three bloody fingers and a portion of a hand off the floor.

"That's Mary's work," said I. "Only a gentleman's hand which he offered her and which she accepted."

"'Tis Murty O'Hea's finger," said Darby, dancing with delight. "I'd know that crook in it if it was biled, and the red hair."

"Aye, he left the mark of it on ye more than once," said Mary, spitefully.

"Oh, Mary, ye're a grand girl! There isn't the likes of ye undher the canopy. Ye gave him a resate for me, anyways."

"Come along, men," said the sergeant, "we have no time to lose. They have the start of us. Hallo! Here's a pool of blood, where somebody fell. Did ye warm many of them, sir?"

"About half a dozen, I think," said I; "but I had only small shot."

"This fellow got a good dose at any rate. We're bound to ketch him."

So away they went, but came back about daybreak tired and crestfallen. Whilst they were searching the bay in front, the gang escaped over the shoulder of the hill to another creek half a mile to the southward; and the police were only in time to see the hooker rounding the further point and running fast before a north-easterly breeze which had sprung up towards morning. The gang was

apparently strong-handed, for they took away their wounded with them.

About three weeks after the night of the siege I was packing up my traps on the eve of my departure from Ireland, when a servant came in and told me that a person wanted to see me.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Oh, she didn't tell me her name, but sure, what matter? She's the purtiest girl ever ye see. She's purty enough to frighten ye."

I went down stairs, and in the hall I found my friend Mary, blushing like a rose in June.

"I hear tell that ye were goin' away to-morrow, sir," she said, "and I was in a terrible fright I wouldn't have thim done in time, but I finished them to-day, glory be to God!"

"Finished what, Mary? If you only did it as well as the last piece of work you had a hand in you made a good job of it, whatever it is."

"Och, no," said she, smiling, "'tis the fut this time;" and she pulled out from under her cloak six pairs of beautiful black lamb's-wool stockings which she had made for me.

"Oh, thank you, Mary," said I. "It was really very kind of you to take so much trouble for me. I shall value them very much, and you may be sure that I'll never put them on without thinking of you."

"Throuble?" said she. "What's throuble? Where would I be to-day, only for you that night? I hear you're goin' a long journey, and I'll think of you when the nights is dark and the says is high. And oh, I pray to God Almighty," she added, falling on her knees, "that he'll carry ye safe, wher-iver ye goes; and that the holy Jasus may put his shoulder to ye when ye are in danger, as ye did to us that night; and that he may open a gap for ye, and shlip ye inside the walls of heaven some-ways, when ye die. Amin."

"Thank you very much, Mary," said I. "I hope to hear good news of you and Darby, and if ever I come back you may be sure I won't be long in paying you a visit. Did you ever hear what became of that scoundrel Murty?"

"Yes, yer honor," said she, lowering her voice. "I hear that he died of the lock-jaw a week afther, but sure I couldn't help it, and the priest himself said I sarved him right. Ye kilt that other one dead yerself; and I hear another of 'em is run away to America; and a dale of 'em has the small-pox wid the small shot that ye scattered about 'em. Divil mend 'em! Well, good-bye to yer honor," holding out her hand whilst her bright eyes were dimmed with tears, "be sure we'll remimber ye and pray for ye —always." —*Macmillan's Magazine.*

#### THE PESSIMISM OF OLD AGE.

WE wonder whether the wisdom of our ancestors was all wrong upon another point,—the proclivity of old age towards pessimism. There can, we think, be no doubt that they held such a proclivity to exist, and quoted the saying that the old are *laudatores temporis acti* as a bit of wisdom in stereotype. The literature of all ages is full of the idea; it has passed into a hundred proverbs, and with most minds it has become one of the stock truths about which there is no discussion. Every petty novelist thinks himself or herself justified in making the old man of the story lament that nothing is as good as it was, resist innovation merely as innovation, and claim that resistance as in itself a proof

of superior wisdom. A very old man who was always for change would in literature be considered an eccentric, a separate person, who might be real, but who was not to be quoted as an illustration of the author's general keenness of insight into human character. "Old age," writes even Mr. Disraeli, who was an observer, "old age is a regret." The consensus of opinion on the subject is nearly complete; yet it may be doubted if it has any certain or, at all events, unassailable foundation. The middle-aged and the old have been at least as active in reforms as the young; have, in truth, they being in most countries the monopolists of power, carried through most of the changes that the

world has seen. Old generals alter tactics, old lawyers reform tenures, old statesmen widen suffrages. The breech-loader, which has changed the distribution of power in Europe, was introduced by an old officer and sanctioned by an emperor far advanced in years. Thiers was past middle age when he declared for the Republic; Lord Beaconsfield was an elderly statesman when he established household suffrage; Mr. Gladstone was distinctly old, past the Psalmist's idea of the term of life, when he advised the great changes embodied in the Hawarden manifesto, and undertook the settlement of that most perplexing of problems, the Irish Revolution. Certainly, he is no eulogist of the passed-away, and his most trusted advisers are none of them young men. We habitually quote old lawyers as the stoutest opponents of change, and when we want to embody Conservatism in a word, we mention Lord Eldon; but Lord Cairns was an elderly man when he, practically without consulting Parliament, and certainly without any pressure from it, revolutionized at a blow, not only the law, but the very principle which governed female ownership of property; and Lord Selborne, who helped him, was far past middle life. They struck away one of "the foundations of society" as if they had been twenty-five. Pio Nono was an old man when he asked a Council to sanction the dogma of Papal Infallibility, that is, when he made, in the judgment of many theologians, the greatest practical innovation ever made in the machinery of the Roman Church, converting its government from a co-optative oligarchy under a Doge into an irresponsible monarchy. M. Grévy, the President of the French Republic, though an exceedingly old man, leans always towards the Left; and it is not the past which is lamented by a thinker like Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is certainly not immature. "I have seen many changes," said one of the very oldest Members of Parliament the other day, "and I feel happy in this, that our English world is in all respects happier, better, and wiser than when I entered" it; and that spirit is far from uncommon. The idea may be an error derived from that great source of error in generalizations, individual experience,

but we should be inclined to say that the old of our day appreciate change rather more decidedly than the young. We would ask every reader of these lines to look round and see if he did not know some old man—or, still more frequently, old woman—in whom was great tolerance for new ideas, who praised, instead of depreciating, the changes he or she had seen, and who welcomed innovation with more hopefulness than younger auditors could quite follow. We could name a dozen such people, and have delighted often in the renewal of hopefulness derived from the talk of the very old. They protest that the world is better, till it is impossible, in spite of too many patent facts, not to believe them, and acquire from the belief a momentary reinvigoration of mental energy.

Can the old have changed in an element of character so important as this? It will be held a strange thing to say, but we think, though the ancient idea was always exaggerated, that the change is positive, and has occurred in three ways. In the first place, the "wisdom of age" is most of it necessarily wisdom derived from experience, and the wisdom of a man full of the experience of successful change leads him to think change good. Our fathers—or rather grandfathers—saw little change, except in their own powers of enjoyment, of action, and of hoping, all of which diminished, and they therefore thought change bad; but our own old men have lived through changes greater than the young can recognise or can appreciate, and they have found them good. The new gentleness, the new security, the new material advantages of life, are to them inexpressibly pleasant; and reasoning, as their ancestors did, from the facts they knew, they pronounce change good, and instead of dreading, welcome it with a tolerance sometimes a little sardonic, but always real. How is a politician who began life in 1830 to shriek, or even tremble, about suffrages or the destruction of England, or the danger that "mob" will eat him up? His experience is that those things do not happen; and, like all the old, it is experience, and not theory, on which he in his heart relies. What can boys know of the bad things that used to be? They grumble

about railways ; but the old man used to sit outside a coach for eight hours at a time in March, and knows what it was to want a fire when matches had not been thought of. They grumble because the postman is ten minutes late ; but his experience is of days before Sir Rowland Hill, when you waited a month for a frank in order to write to your married daughter. Experience has cured him of conservatism as it formerly induced conservatism, and experience is all in all. Then, too, his energy has increased. Whether modern hygiene has increased the happiness of life we do not know, though we think it has, if only by shortening the pain of toothache ; but it most certainly has increased the energy of the old, and therefore decreased their fear of change. Feebleness was the root of half their conservatism, feebleness which extended to the mind. Except in a workhouse, we hardly see senility now, the old—and particularly the old ladies—being as brisk as bees, and mentally even inclined to be a little giddy. The new thing frightens them no longer, any more than the new face ; and they would try an electric locomotive as calmly as a carriage, quite confident that if scientific men liked it, it would do them no harm. The mental timorousness of old age has gone, and innovation gives no shock. Fearless of what is coming, experienced in all the benefits of change, the old can no longer praise only the past, or hold resistance a virtue ; and a new attitude of mind has been assumed, and is maintained for a third reason, which we shall, except to men of our own generation, have more difficulty in explaining. We cannot prove the fact, but we know it to be the fact, that habitude—we do not mean experience, but habitude—had over the old of forty years since a domination which has disappeared. The old of our day have habits, but are not dominated by habitudes. They do not protect themselves from change by arranging

their lives so exactly that every change becomes a terror, and a novel act impossible to be done. Half the old at that time were "fossilised," that is, were subjected, or subjected themselves, to a scheme of life the deliberate object of which was to make to-day yesterday, and to-morrow to day. Our middle-aged readers' mothers, if they have the good fortune to have them, will tell them of men who had played backgammon every night with unwilling partners for twenty years ; who rose and ate and slept as if they were wound-up clocks ; who, like old Prince Kaunitz, called for ten years at the same time on the same people, and who resented an interruption to their "ways" as if it had been an outrage, or at the best, if they were sweet-tempered, as a "serious disturbance." Nobody sees such people now ; the very motive which produced them has disappeared ; the old lead almost as varied lives as the young, and the habitude is change and not monotony. Now, habitude, like experience, rules the minds of the old ; and when the habitudes, like the experiences, suggest that change is usually for the better, and the mind has energy to seek the better, the ancient relation of the old to the world necessarily disappears. We do not quite expect to hear the old distrusted, because they are sure to go too fast ; but we do expect to hear it said, "At his great age one is always too little afraid of revolution." We have been told by men who should have known, that if an officer wants to be shot there is no position equal to one on the staff of a very old general, for "somehow they do not mind ;" and our children may live to see a similar opinion expressed about old politicians, old publicists, and even old explorers into physics. The tone of old age has altered, and in nothing more than this, that it has ceased to look back always with a wearying regret.—*Spectator*.

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#### CRIME AND INSANITY.

LORD BRAMWELL has the repute of being an excellent lawyer, and he certainly deserves the repute of a man of

strong common sense. Our readers are aware that he crossed swords not long ago with Archdeacon Farrar on the Blue

Ribbon craze, very much to the discomfiture of the latter, who took refuge at last in the surprising declaration—which might be true enough of himself—that he and his friends of the new Crusade were quite willing to live and let live, and only desired to be allowed to totally abstain themselves, while those who differed from them were equally free to prefer temperance to abstinence. That has hardly been Canon Wilberforce's programme. In his article in the current *Nineteenth Century* Baron Bramwell confronts a more miscellaneous but perhaps, less numerous assemblage—largely recruited from the medical profession—of hardly less prejudiced assailants. He writes, however, with the same imperturbable good temper as before, and begins by reminding us that it takes two to make a quarrel, of whom he is resolved not to be one. "Some of these gentlemen have made furious attacks on the lawyers of a very unbecoming character, charging them, at the least, with want of sense and humanity . . . but the lawyers will not help the doctors to make a quarrel." They will go on administering the law, as they find it, in spite of censure and abuse, the more so as they honestly believe the law to be right and good. And to that point, not to discussing what is the law on the subject—that seems to be scarcely open to dispute—Lord Bramwell devotes his paper. The controversy turns on the punishment of criminals who are or are alleged to be insane, which is denounced as cruel and iniquitous by many, who maintain that the opinion of an "expert"—that is of a doctor—on the man's mental condition ought to settle the matter out of hand. To which it is obvious to reply, first, that there is madness and madness, and that the question of what kind of lunacy ought to exempt a criminal from punishment is for the decision of ordinary men, not of experts, while the question of how far any particular criminal comes under the category of those who are held punishable is one for the jury to decide according to the evidence before them. We might add, though Lord Bramwell does not touch on that point, that "doctors disagree" very often, and perhaps on no subject oftener than in deciding on the sanity of suspected patients submitted

to their inspection. It is indeed notorious that there is never much difficulty in obtaining an affirmative medical opinion from some "expert" when there is any object to be gained by doing so. There was an amusing story once written to exhibit a state of society where all criminals were treated with tender regard, as victims of some terrible disease, and all sick persons punished as criminals. The absurdity of treating all alleged lunatics as irresponsible, and therefore inculpable before the law, is not so self-evident on the face of it, but, when the matter comes to be a little more closely looked into, it appears to be hardly less real. If indeed human was inflicted, like divine punishment, for the chastisement of sin, the question would be a more complicated one, and we might have to consider with philosophical accuracy the precise amount of moral responsibility incurred by the alleged lunatic. But the question is really a much simpler one. Human law, in the present day, at all events, deals with crime, not sin; its office is not retributive but deterrent, and what has practically to be considered is, not what the sinner deserves—that must be left to a higher tribunal—but what best serves for the protection of society against outrage.

It is, we need hardly say, from this point of view that Lord Bramwell approaches the inquiry. He first asks whom ought the law to punish? and replies, "all whom it threatens, on conviction." But that of course only throws us back on the further question, "whom ought the law to threaten?" to which the reply is equally obvious, "all who would be influenced by the threat, all whom it would, or might deter, or help to deter." And therefore in any particular case the question is not whether the convicted offender is sane or insane—which may be variously answered—but whether he did or did not understand the law's threat. If he did, he ought to be punished; if not, not. No doubt there are cases of insanity or idiocy where it is clear that he did not understand that he was doing a thing forbidden, and in such cases punishment would be manifestly both useless and unjust; as for similar reasons it would be unjust to punish a man who had killed another under the

honest delusion that he was only acting in self-defence, for on his own view of the facts he was doing what the law authorizes to be done. But such cases are exceptional. As a rule persons, rightly or wrongly deemed to be insane, many of whom, be it remembered, are "monomaniacs"—that is, are admittedly sane on all subjects but one—are more or less distinctly aware of the illegality of their criminal acts. We say "more or less distinctly," for they may not always have the same distinct consciousness of it as those who are entirely sane; but there is another reason also, which tells however against them, why the law has not always an equally deterrent effect upon them. Lord Bramwell puts the matter forcibly and concisely in the following passage:

One matter put forward is this: the threat of punishment does not deter mad people, they understand the threat and yet commit crimes, and because they cannot help it. Now, if by the words "does not deter," is meant does not *always* deter, I admit it. But the same is true of men in their perfect senses. They are not always deterred by the threat of punishment; and if that were a reason for not punishing insane persons, it would equally be a reason for not punishing the sane. If by the words "does not deter" is meant *never* deters, I wholly deny it. It does not deter as often as it ought, because madmen are cunning enough to know that from the way the law is administered they can commit crimes with less chance of punishment than sane persons can. But to say that they are uninfluenced by the threat of punishment is to say what is contrary to every one's experience and knowledge. How are mad people managed in asylums? Surely, by the hope of some good or fear of some harm, according to their conduct.

It is no answer to say that "they are not responsible." In a theological sense that may or may not be true, but with their guilt *coram Deo* the law is not concerned. In the sight of the law they are responsible, and for a very good reason; it is not true to say that they cannot help their actions, and the proof that it is not true is this—they are restrained and ruled in the same way as sane people, though with more difficulty. It may be objected, again, that, if they are restrained with greater difficulty, they require not a lighter, but a severer punishment, which is a cruel doctrine, and therefore the argument proves too much. And no doubt that is a logical sequel, but it need not trouble us in practice,

inasmuch as the ordinary law will suffice. What does practically follow is, that there is the more stringent necessity for the law to be applied as a deterrent, just as the fear of punishment is more essential for a bad boy than for a good boy, because he is more in danger of going wrong. There may be exceptional cases of insanity—such as that instanced by the writer, of a woman murdering her children in order that they might go to Heaven, while indifferent to her own fate—where a certain *ἐπιεικεία* (if we may use a convenient Grecism) may fairly be introduced, not into the law, but into the manner of administering it. But "there are exceptions to every rule," and we cannot legislate for exceptions. It is hard in one sense to punish those who are even partially mad, and therefore more liable to commit crime, but it is equally hard to punish those who from any other cause are under special liabilities to temptation; e.g. a starving man who steals a loaf of bread, or a thievish youth who has been bred in theft and vice from the cradle. But we have to bear in mind the principle laid down just now, that legal punishment is not for revenge but for repression, and hence Bentham argued that the greater the temptation the greater should be the punishment. To apply that literally would be cruel, but we are beginning at the wrong end if we let off criminals whose temptation was strong, or their power of resistance weak. Prevention indeed is better than cure. Let us by all means do what is in our power to cure the lunatic, relieve the destitute, reclaim the waifs and strays who are nurtured in ignorance and vice. But to let them go unpunished, when convicted of crime, is an injustice to society, and in the long run no true kindness to themselves. It is quite true, as Lord Bramwell observes, that the law in such cases is not as strictly enforced as it might be, and as—we agree with him in thinking—it ought to be, just as what is legally suicide is almost invariably condoned under the polite alias of "temporary insanity." If it is asked, would you hang a madman, e.g. if he shoots at the Queen? here again we agree with the writer that, if he unhappily succeeded, he should be hanged; but we also agree that, where the attempt fails,



flogging, which both hurts the mad ruffian and makes him ridiculous, is likely to be a more effective deterrent. And we will add, in the teeth of a good deal of maudlin sentimentalism current on the subject just now, that we should be glad to see the remedy of floggings much more freely applied to other crimes of violence also.

We referred just now to "monomania," as obviously no excuse for crimes unconnected with the special craze of the monomaniac. But does it excuse crime perpetrated under the supposed action of that craze? Lord Bramwell makes very merry with the word, which, he says, is not to be found in Johnson's Dictionary, as neither, we may add, is it in Richardson's—still less of course are "kleptomania" and the rest of the detailed varieties of it, such as dipsomania, and homicidal mania, which last, by-the-bye, has not yet attained the dignity of a pseudo-classical compound. Well; kleptomania has somehow got invested with a kind of aristocratic respectability; it is certainly "consistent with the greatest calmness and cunning," but so are many kinds of mania not honored with a classical prefix; and it indicates a crime which, if committed by a poor man, is generally denuded of its affix and punished with the utmost rigor. The homicidal maniac can also be deliberate and cunning in his preparations, and we are disposed to think that with him also the law should take its course. How far it is correct to say that monomaniacs of the sort "are not wrong in their minds, but in their passions, appetites, or propensities," is a question involving psychological and physiological inquiries it would take us too long to enter upon. But it is unquestionably true that "a perfectly sane man"—and a man too of

the highest intellectual capacity—"may be cursed with an unnatural propensity." There are unnatural propensities it is needless to specify here, but which everybody condemns, to which very many men, and even whole classes of men, of otherwise irreproachable character, and sometimes of distinguished excellence, have been enslaved, whom nobody ever dreamt of regarding as maniacs, whether with or without the saving prefix of "mono." Lord Bramwell tells a good story of a learned counsel who was defending a female client charged with theft, before Mr. Justice Byles, on the plea that it was really kleptomania. "Of course," he said, "your Lordship knows what that is?" "Oh yes," replied the judge, "and I am sent down here to cure it." We shrewdly suspect that there would be a good deal less of "klepto" and other forms of "mono," or of mania pure and simple, if this drastic method of cure was more generally applied. The maniac or monomaniac who defends himself or is defended on the plea that he could not help it—and will of course be equally unable to help doing it again—has much in common with the ingenuous housemaid who never breaks the glass or crockery, but unfortunately it has an uncontrollable habit of "coming right in two in her hand." And Lord Bramwell's dictum holds good alike of the criminal lunatic and the housemaid who is the passive victim of her fragile crockery and her adverse fate; "all should be punished who should be threatened with punishment, and all should be threatened who understand the threat." There is a fallacy lurking under the current phrase, "mad or bad." It is possible and not uncommon to be both at once.—*Saturday Review*.

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#### ALADDIN'S CAVE.

If Mr. J. C. Robinson's account of the Sultan's Treasury is correct, the world must, we fear, surrender any lingering hope of finding any unknown collection of ancient art treasures anywhere in the world. There is no place remaining in which to look. The great collec-

tions in Windsor Castle, the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, the Green Vault at Dresden, and the Vatican, are all well known; as are the collections in the great museums, in the houses of wealthy nobles, and in the various residences of the Rothschild family, who

have, however, rather skimmed the known collections offered for sale than made any original collection of their own. The latter operation requires time, and the Rothschilds are not old. There must be a glorious collection of treasures of a kind in the Imperial Palace at Peking, for the curiosities and valuables of the Farther East have flowed in there for centuries, and have not been sold out; but those would hardly be art treasures. There may be, probably are, splendid stones, especially stones of unusual size, like the sapphire taken from the Summer Palace by General Montauban,—[by-the-way, what became of that stone? when we saw it, it was larger than a man's thumb, of a gloriously deep blue, and the "asking price" was £30,000]—magnificent specimens of jade, crystal, and aqua marina, and vases of old Chinese china, such as even now, when the mania has declined, would set all the millionaires of two Continents agog to purchase. Nothing European, however, would be carried to China, and Chinese connoisseurs have never shown any desire for art-work not produced by their own people, or stamped with the peculiar impress of Turanian taste. We are not quite certain, again, that the treasures of Samarcand are dispersed. The plunder of a world was collected there once; and though it is improbable, the Khans of Bokhara may still possess articles forwarded by Jenghiz and his sons' couriers to that strange capital at the back of the world on which every road in Asia is said to have once converged. Orientals will keep together a treasure of the kind for a long time, holding it dishonorable to sell; but Russians have keen eyes for valuable things, and we fear Mr. F. C. Robinson, if he could get into the Bokhara palace, would not find much to repay his pains. There would be fine old armor, stolen originally from Saracens, but probably little else. In Bankok there can be little except glorious china, some first-rate gold work, and a few rubies; and we question if General Prendergast will discover a great deal in Mandelay. There ought to be a priceless collection of rubies and sapphires in the Palace, for Burmah is their native land, and the dynasty has monopolised all fine stones for a hundred years. They may, how-

ever, have been sold gradually; though Theebaw's queer little whine, that he hoped the English people would allow him to keep the ruby on his finger and the diamonds on his sister-wife's neck, would suggest to any one acquainted with the ways of the Asiatics that he was exulting to himself over far larger possessions, and had either concealed, or was then carrying about, some immense store of gems. There is nothing artistic, however, in Mandelay. We know what exists in Teheran. The Kajar dynasty has plundered Persia pretty closely; and Mr. Murray, the British Ambassador, when he received permission to enter the Treasury, plunged his arm into "buckets" of rubies, emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. The Shahs, however, sell their jewels on emergencies; the present Shah, for example, having paid for his grand tour in that way, and the Kajars have had no time. They are quite a new dynasty, even according to the calculations of Europe, where *parvenus* like the Bourbon and Hapsburg families, with scarcely ten centuries behind them, are accounted old, and they have never conquered the countries where art treasures could be obtained. There is, we believe, no great family left in Asia Minor of wealth unbroken from antiquity, and we see no evidence for those legends of art treasures in the Lebanon which so moved the imagination of Mr. Disraeli. The wealth of Antioch, once the queen city of art and pleasure for the whole south of the Mediterranean, may have gone up there, and Rustem Pasha, or a man in the like position, might have ascertained the truth; but it is more probable that all have perished, though we confess we should like to see some millionaire—say, Baron Ferdinand, the energetic one of the Rothschilds—spend a few thousands in a good dig into the sands of the Orontes and *under* the crypts upon which the Temple of Delphi stood. He could spare the money, and if he hired Schliemann, or some obstinate treasure-seeker of that calibre, he might be richly rewarded.

By far the best chance, however, was the Treasury of the Seraglio. The House of Othman pillaged Thrace, Macedonia, Greece, Asia Minor, and Constantinople itself, while they were still full of the work of that elder world

which feudal Europe in its madness suffered them—mere barbarians out of Central Asia—to conquer and to keep. Constantinople, in particular, when it fell, was a museum choked with the art treasures accumulated for nine hundred years by three civilizations—that of Greece, that of Rome, and that of Western Asia. Nothing like the Palace of the Palæologi can ever have existed, and one would have thought that the Sultans, swordsmen as they were, would have taken care of their own. They were of the temper to decapitate any one who touched property of theirs; they are an unbroken though an enfeebled race; and they have had, from first to last, men around them who would slay or die if they but received the order. We doubt if they have lost much by theft. Thieves do not succeed, even in Europe, in entering palaces, and they dread the summary justice which in the East overtakes those who rob princes, and who can be slain without troubling either juries or men of law. The Seraglio Treasury, we take it, is intact; but then, if Mr. Robinson is well informed, there is comparatively nothing in it. There are valuables, of course, in plenty, gold thrones bestudded with jewels and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and vases of jade and onyx, and marvellous jewelled robes—the authenticity of which Mr. Robinson doubts—and gold tankards, of which one is crusted with some two thousand large diamonds set flat, and vases full of coins—seldom gold, says cynical Mr. Robinson—and pearls, and uncut stones—not equal to the old gems on the thrones and swords—and porcelain bowls, and inlaid armor of all ages and all varieties of beauty. There may be, say, half a million's worth of jewels and bric-à-brac; but of the things a historian would expect to find, the statues, and the pictures, and the mosaics, and the tables, and the vases of an older world, which possessed higher ideas about art than that of sticking diamonds into tankards like bits of glass into a brick wall, there are no traces. There are not even, moans Mr. Robinson, specimens of old European bijouterie, though the Sultans must for hundreds of years have been receiving presents from European Courts. We do not care for old bijouterie, but we do care for any speci-

mens that the rulers of Byzantium—once, be it remembered, autocrats of the whole Roman world—may have saved from the far past, and there are none. The barbarians who entered Constantinople with the destructive instincts of children, and the art-knowledge of ourang-outangs, did their work too well. All that was beautiful was useless or unholy; the Asiatic troops were mad with slaughter and the lust of destruction, and everything, except the great church and a column or two, perished forever. "Where the Turk's foot is planted, grass never grows again," or civilisation either; and the most precious relics of antiquity perished at the bidding of men who would have pronounced a Venus by Praxiteles either a useless or an unholy image, and have lighted cooking-fires above a mosaic a thousand years old and worth their evil lives a million times over. Some few things may have been saved from the wreck. The crypts of St. Sophia have never been searched by civilised men, and it is quite possible that the thirty guardians of the Treasury showed the inquisitive infidel, whom they would have liked to cut down, only the less filled rooms of the great storehouse, and kept the most valuable articles unpolluted by his gaze. There must be a secret treasure-house as well as the more open one, and in it may be things worth seeing,—the plunder of Armenia for instance; but it is more probable that it contains only a treasure in metals and stones, and nothing which the world would value. There has been in the world's history no besom of destruction for all that is noble in man or splendid in art like a Turkish conquest, which effaces all things save the lowest taxpayer, and makes of him a slave.

We should like to know why Mr. Robinson, who entered the Sultan's library of manuscripts, and saw them all ranged—three thousand of them—in leather cases upon the wall, thinks they have been examined. There is no record of such examination, and no *a priori* reason to believe that Turks could either have performed the work or would allow it to be performed. Why should they learn infidel learning, or what can there be in a book, unless it is a French novel, which is not in the Koran? The

Sultan's Library should be searched through as the first condition of the next loan made to Turkey—if there ever is another—and permission demanded to hunt for that older and more valuable store of manuscripts believed or known to be stored in the crypt of St. Sophia, and protected by the one useful superstition of the Turk,—his reluctance to destroy writing, lest perchance it should contain the name of God. That is the last place left where we shall be likely to make a great literary find; and it should be searched before the great day when the destiny of the Ottomans is completed, and Constantinople once more sinks down, a mass of blood-

stained ruins, fired by its possessors before they commence their final retreat to the desert from which, in the mysterious providence of God, they were suffered to emerge, in order to destroy the Eastern half of the civilised world. The only other chance is in the Shereefal Palace at Morocco, and it is uncertain if a library exists there. Sir John Hay Drummond says it does not; and although he would be easily deceived on such a point, and though the Cordovan manuscripts ought to be there, and though Mohammedans never destroy writing, still it is possible that for once he has been told the truth.—*Spectator*.

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## ON DRAPERY AND ITS INTERPRETATION.

BY THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

THERE are two ways in which the human form is represented by art: the first is to exhibit it in the state of nature without any covering; the second is to display it through the medium of drapery. The first of these methods prevails chiefly in sculpture; the second, in painting.

Considering that drapery is extensively adopted in both these arts, almost as much so as in every-day life, it is of moment that artists should have a distinct conception of what they propose to themselves when, in place of exhibiting the natural form, whether in action or repose, they enter into a compromise, and, while preserving that form, display its effects through some suitable medium. In real life the dress is moulded to the form; in art, the dress itself (with the exception of the face, which is seldom veiled, and a few other features) constitutes the figure.

In sculpture, as in painting, Venus is represented as undraped, or clad slightly; Diana as draped. These typical forms, the one of beauty, the other of chastity, bear in themselves the motive of this distinction. Muscular figures are usually undraped, especially those of an heroic period, it being difficult to render the vast and playful features of strength in mere drapery.

Sculpture and painting are alike con-

cerned in form, but painting pursues it in its colored aspects. Perhaps the reason why sculptors have abandoned the practice of tinting their statues is that by imparting to them the beauty of color they sacrificed simplicity. So long as sculpture confines itself to form, painting is the only art that imitates Nature to the full; living Nature everywhere puts forth and emblemizes her mysterious operations in color.

These remarks lead to an all-absorbing question, one that demands a very clear and definite reply, inasmuch as it involves every principle of art. The question is: What do drapery and color represent?

No reply based on conventional principles is of any value; no reference to a feeling, or an instinct, or a genius for drapery and color is of the slightest worth. An artist, however great his facility of execution may be, will never add a single glory to art if he conceives that he can mould drapery and determine its tints by the aid of an exquisite taste.

In drapery there is no fold or tint that is not called upon to make a revelation; yet more frequently than otherwise the design catches the eye without enlightening the mind of a spectator. With no disrespect, but with the purpose to show that art is a science, it must be openly

said that the ground on which dress is designed, that of taste, is not the one on which an artist can design drapery or mingle colors. In high art there is no empiricism; he who aims at the ideal must repose on eternal principles, those found in Nature, and through them must be armed with a reason for every shape and shadow that he causes to grow upon his canvas.

Of what use to students have been the marvels, not to say of form, but of drapery, that are seen in the old sculptures of Greece? The ingenuity which interprets hieroglyphics does not interpret these; they are admired in the language of rhetoric, not of knowledge. Look at such masterpieces of drapery as those which invest Aphrodite and Peitho; no one attaches a special meaning to them. They are contemplated with a kind of awe; they are described as unique, unapproachable, inimitable, but no one explains their meaning or discovers in them the idea that they symbolize. It is true that they are unique, for the art they embody perished with their authors; but they are inimitable only because the principles on which they took their rise have been lost.

It is scarcely surprising, that these ideas remain uninterpreted when no one has satisfactorily explained what drapery itself means beyond its serving as decorous and beautiful covering. If Buonarroti, or Titian, or Raphael had penetrated the principles on which drapery rests, their work might have attained the level reached by Phidias and his class. A modern artist of genius who understood those principles might equal the ancient Greeks without imitating them, for, like them, he might invent without any limit to his ambition. How are these principles to be discovered? Some mistaken men would deduce the canons of art from antecedent art, not knowing that art is a science, in the same manner as others deduce the canons of drama and of poetry from Shaksperian and Homeric sources, forgetting that the laws of these exist only in human nature and in the human mind. Works illustrate the laws of art; they do not teach them.

Passing over the lower forms of life for the present, and beginning with the class that man is most intimately allied to, the mammals, it may be recalled to

mind that in these, as a rule, the entire body is covered with fur, the diversified forms of which afford them clothing. Familiar examples are the sheep, the cow, the horse, the dog, the cat, the stag, the panther, the lion. These, and many others, have a natural clothing which has the same uses for them as dress has for human beings. This analogy requires no discursive reasoning to establish it; but, to acquire a true understanding of how the facts in connection with it bear on art, it is necessary to realize a certain truth—namely, that it is not the animal itself that is visible, but that a garment of hair covers it and takes its shape. This is a very simple abstraction; it is nevertheless one of high importance, for it contains within it the rudimentary law of drapery, which may be expressed in a few words: Drapery represents that which it covers.

An attempt to interpret the marvels of antique drapery through natural laws may not be without its use. If one would know to what a pitch the art once attained, one need only turn to the works of old Greek sculptors; if one would learn by what manœuvres of genius such work was achieved and how it is to be emulated by the moderns without servility, it is necessary to revert to Nature, and there to seek out principles, for such are the only infallible guides.

Here some would say that it is in vain to question Nature on any subject that is not within her province; but the fancies and conceits of those who are thus ignorant on such a matter must be left outside the pale. On this there is only one steadfast point of view; it is that drapery originally emanated from life itself.

Such a view draws forth a new idea of what drapery should be under all circumstances and in all situations, and gives to it an entirely fresh aspect, for it has for a long period been dissociated from Nature and has become an adjunct to fictitious art. This being the case, it is the more necessary to hold fast to a principle, a primary one, but susceptible of enlargement and capable of being traced everywhere throughout the range of animated being.

The law that drapery represents that which it covers, is not less evident in birds than in the mammalian series. It

is revealed in their plumage ; it is even manifested in the wings and down of insects. Among familiar forms of birds are the canary, the farm-yard cock and hen, the duck, the goose, the turkey, the peacock. In all these it is palpable that the plumage is an emanation from life, and that it outwardly represents that which it covers and conceals, at the same time that it adds to a superficial beauty, both of outline and color, as if to boast of the marvellous mechanism within.

This primary law has the utmost extension, and may be followed from the formal, or state of repose, into the emotional. The expanded wings of the condor vulture, the uplifted tail of the peacock, are vital movements ; they show plainly that there is a mechanism underlying plumage which provides it with expression.

To the category of transitive expression belongs the erection of its quills by the porcupine when it is in a state of fear or anger ; to that of permanent expression belong the armor of the armadillo, the antlers of the deer, ready instruments of defence and offence, suggestive of helplessness on the one part and of pugnacity on the other. So far it is to be seen that the hidden emotional condition takes form and is made visible without through the medium of certain fixed features.

Nothing shows better than the plumage of birds how a natural drapery in direct communication with the seats of emotion represents with exactitude the motive-power within. The turkey-cock ruffles its feathers and erects its tail when it is excited. Its apparent form changes, its repose is lost. The effect, in a certain sense, is not beautiful, but it is suited to a bird so essentially stupid. Nature, however, is ever on the ascent ; so, on looking higher, at the bird of paradise, a sight presents itself that commands admiration. This remarkable creature, which, without being a hero, like the eagle, is an aristocrat of its kind, has a highly decorative plumage—in this respect resembling the pheasant tribe, only it is more beautiful perhaps than any of that species except the peacock. The redundant plumage in the male bird of paradise is of exquisite texture, consisting of fine loose plumes, which rise

from the neck and fall over the head like snowy spray. It has sometimes a disk of feathers in the form of a shield which irradiates tints of a metallic lustre. The peacock and other males of the pheasant family are marked with the choicest colors ; they appear to have generated from within an organic spectrum, so brilliant that it dazzles the spectator's eyes. All this magnificence plays a part in the economy of Nature ; it is calculated to attract the modestly attired hens, for the birds which bear it are, for the most part, polygamous ; they never pair, but, by the display of their fine feathers, collect around them a seraglio, consisting often of ten or a dozen females, before which they strut.

In these animal forms beauty and color are in correlation ; the one is revealed through the other ; color is shaped, and shape is colored. Beauty is, of course, only recognizable through sympathy ; that which is most perfect to any animal is its own form or likeness ; there is, therefore, no ground for declaring any living form absolutely beautiful. It is different with color ; this property of matter is dazzling to all conscious beings alike ; in the birds above described it is a means of exciting and overawing ; it typifies an emotional condition, and awakens a like condition in others.

These principles any thoughtful observer may gather for himself ; they are to be found wherever life exists, and need not be dwelt on further than to show what drapery and color mean, and how firm is their hold on Nature. The bright colors in living forms, both in the animal and vegetable series, are so closely attendant on a particular period of growth that if the circumstance has any meaning at all it is that color, in its fulness, represents maturity. Simultaneously with the formation of the seed-germ in plants, the flower bud makes its appearance, and at the same time that puberty is reached in animated beings, their color, whether of the hair or of the feathers, attains its richest and brightest hues. Color is the emblem of fertility throughout living Nature ; as such it passes through its many tints—pale in the unopen flower, brilliant at the period of fecundity, then fading into the autumnal shades.

How these principles bear on art is an

important question, and will be recurred to another time in connection with the color that drapery should take during various emotional states and at different ages.

In pursuing these, the only means of rescuing drapery from the domain of fancy and of subjecting it to invention, with Nature as a basis, it has next to be considered from its highest point of view—namely, as the covering of man, and as such the representative of form in every attitude and under every state of feeling. At this crucial stage of the inquiry it must be shown, or the argument is lost, that, although man comes into the world naked and his covering has to be provided for him, there is yet a link which connects him with the lower creation as regards clothing, and preserves that continuity of purpose which makes all living creatures one.

The only remnant of covering which man inherits from his predecessors, it may be his ancestors of a lower grade, is the hair, and even this is localized. Though scanty at birth, it is profuse of growth, and it may be assumed to be the natural foundation of human drapery. It is adequate to fulfil the purposes of a covering; it can be made to express form and emotion. To show by what almost insensible grades Nature preserves her continuity, it may be recalled that the dark color of the skin in the Ethiopian and Mongolian replaces hair and occupies the parts where it is suppressed, and that with a notable effect. Color in the lower races is probably a vestige of hair, the dark pigment that remains in the blood being deposited in the skin. The dark color, as an intelligent observer has remarked, subserves the purpose of a vestment in the Negro. It reflects but little light, and has the dusky appearance of a tight-fitting black dress, the illusion being enhanced by a necklace of coral beads. Voluptuousness of form, which is all that needs to be kept out of view in a tropical climate where clothing is burdensome, is thus but little conspicuous. This singular adjustment of Nature to circumstance, the dark skin, may be regarded as providing a rudimentary veil to the body, which dulls its naked aspect.

But hair, which, repressed elsewhere, has an inordinate growth at the head,

furnishes a real drapery, and by the time that puberty sets in attains a length adequate to conceal the chief features of the body, while, owing to its softness and flexibility, it is susceptible of arrangement in exquisitely graceful folds. In times of pre-eminent culture, when self-conscious virtue had not degenerated into prudery, the dress might be made scant, yet all the effects of concealment be preserved: a truth that explains why women not less strong in their self-respect than in their love of art will freely study an Apollo or a Venus in the presence of men. There is a pervading harmony in art which, when observed in lightly draped sculpture, actually does the work of concealment, though perhaps in a manner too subtle to strike some minds with its force. The features of the face and body may be depicted together in such perfect accord as to appear one. This principle of harmony is the leading character of many ancient statues. There is a Venus, now among the Townley marbles, draped only from the waist downwards; in this figure there is an action which brings every part above the waist into play with a grace almost inconceivable. The head is inclining to the right, the left arm is raised and bends towards it, the drapery has been flung over the right arm, which curves upwards to sustain it in its place. The beauty of the attitude is marvellously varied by the curves of the arms being in opposite planes. Any one who has noticed the motions of the conger eel as it leisurely takes its ways through the water, with its duplicate curves at right angles to each other, will the better appreciate the movements of the arms in this figure. The expression of the face, of the bosom, of every part, is in such perfect harmony that the observer's attention is attracted to them as a whole, and cannot give itself up to any single feature without an effort. It may almost be said that harmony in art supersedes the use of drapery. In this respect it achieves an end quite as remarkable as that attained by the dark skin of the Negro, of which the effect is so subtle. Such is the feeling inspired by this marble: every feature so plays the part of the rest that to examine any one in detail is like detaching a single note from the others in a

fine symphony. The arms of this Venus have been restored, perhaps not correctly, but this circumstance does not affect the interpretation of the work as it now exists.

In contrast to this spiritual drapery, a few words may be said concerning those statues, partly draped, in which the sculptor's purpose is seen to be the exposure of some feature, such as the breast—a design often inane carried out by modern artists as if by accident, while the real intention is palpable. But in the statue of a wounded Amazon, the object seeks no disguise. In this lofty figure the right arm bends over the head and enhances the height; the left arm leans; the face is expressive of suppressed pain. The drapery slopes from the right shoulder diagonally, and reaches to the waist on the left side; in the naked space hangs the one breast that is visible, so vast, so solitary, that it resembles an orb suspended in a firmament and soon to set. This figure, in the boldness of its beauty, awakens no other emotion than that of the tenderest compassion. While draped, as it were, in its own modesty, it announces a sorrow deeper-lying than the beauty it displays.

When hair was the only drapery, and the wants of dress little known, it is easy to perceive how by the aid of a zone it might be trained into a graceful covering; naturally adjusting itself to the form and outwardly representing what it covers and conceals. Like all natural drapery, the hair becomes emblematic of emotion under circumstances of joy and sorrow, love and hate. In joy it accompanies every lively movement; in grief it hangs neglected over the downcast face and loosely hides the stricken bosom. In love it is enwreathed in flowers; in rage it hangs dishevelled, torn by the hands, when before it was thrown by them into flowing lines of order.

When human ingenuity substituted textile fabrics for the natural covering, the instinct of what these represented in the form of drapery was not lost, though it may have fallen for a time into abeyance. It certainly sank into a substratum of feeling with the Egyptians and other Orientals, and only rose again to the surface with the ancient

Greeks, by whose art the entire problem of human drapery was recognized and solved. Whether instinct or philosophic insight led those people to the results they attained is a further question. The Bacchanalian orgies suggested the opportunity to them of representing primitive man attired in the skins of wild beasts, unconsciously but appropriately carried on the back as emblems of savage nature. This is delineated in the Townley Vase, whereon a Faun is draped in the ample skin of a panther, which gravitates into natural folds over his arm as he uplifts a thyrsus.

The period when the skins of beasts were thus worn was not remote from that when hair, with slight adjuncts, was the only raiment, and skins were finally succeeded by textile fabrics. The intermingling of hair and robes is admirably shown in a Satyr upon the same vase—a human form not yet fully emerged from the brute creation. This figure bears an amphora of wine and has a robe over the neck and shoulders, but the legs are hidden in long, shaggy hair from above to below the knees.

Here, then, ancient art pursues the principle of drapery as pre-existent in the animal series and as inherited by man. In a bas-relief of three figures found at Cività Vecchia this state is subtly carried out in the robe of a Bacchante, in order to show the transition from natural drapery, the hair, to textile, made to imitate its effects. The girl is holding up a tambourine, and her head is thrown back in such a manner that her hair is in proximity with her robe, which is open, and exposes the right side of her body. The robe falls in plaits which might have been formed from the hair itself had it been loosed from the head and similarly been combed down behind.

These considerations suffice to indicate a natural drapery, and to show how this was supplanted by textile as time wore on. With this improvement the natural principle was not abandoned; on the contrary, it became elevated to the highest pitch at a period of unprecedented culture and perfected art.

In the Townley Vase there are four female Bacchantes; in them the drapery is translucent, ample; it floats in harmony with the dance, or falls in grace-



ful waves, following the figures, not impeding, but seeming to partake of their movements. In one of these bewitching nymphs the robe lightly hangs from between her left fingers over the arm as it dances in the air. The same uncertain touch supports the robe of a Bacchante which is shown in a reserved chamber of the Vatican.

"A flushed Bacchante breathes the nectarous gale,

And with uncertain fingers lightly holds  
Her ruffled robe behind her, like a sail,  
That flutters wide in loose, inebriate folds."

In contrast to these representations of youthful pleasure, in which what is most sad is made most beautiful, is a figure of one of Diana's nymphs, seated on the ground, her unobtrusive loveliness closely draped in the garb of unconscious chastity.

The drapery that art has allotted to Venus is strictly local, and is made dense in order to express the invisibility of what it hides. The marble Venus has at least the earthly attribute of omnipresence: it abounds in European collections, as in the Louvre, some examples of it being still held to be problematical. But there is a character which almost infallibly identifies this figure; it is that the drapery is so arranged as to be ready to fall off by its own weight. It is generally girded round the loins, but so insecurely that by a movement of the hand which holds it, or of the arm or foot on the attitude of which its safety depends, it would drop to the ground. This is noticeable in the statue of Venus belonging to the British Museum, which has been thought by some to be Angerona, a goddess of Silence. The drapery has already glided from the figure to the left thigh.

The Venus of Cnidos was the delight of all until that of Milo appeared, and is now rated much below its merit, irrespective of the masterly manner in which the missing parts have been restored to it by Michael Angelo. This figure is of a finer and more delicate cast than any others of its type, and, despite its modern depreciators, retains a place in that enchanted chamber which encloses the chief treasures of the Uffizii. It is further the exponent above all other works of a principle in art which recognizes the hands as a living drapery in

the nude figure. A Venus of the same type in the Vatican is much prized; more than one in the Louvre has an illustrative value from the varied manner in which it is girded at the loins.

The lower hand in the Venus of Cnidos must prove to an anatomical student one of the most surprising conceptions that Michael Angelo ever gave birth to: with true imagination it embodies the utmost energy of purpose, the almost agonizing desire of concealment. In this sense the hand becomes an emotional covering, most exquisitely portrayed. To give the hand its utmost capability of affording shelter, the wrist is painfully bent inwards, while the fingers are extended with a force which few can imitate and none sustain long. The art here displayed by Michael Angelo may surpass that in the original but it has the same tendency to exhibit shame as a divine attribute, a conception that is encouraged even in the Venus of Milo.

Among the ancient marbles in the Louvre there are three Venuses noticeable from the drapery being insecure. In one it is kept in place by a bivalve shell held in the hands and pressed against it; in another it is supported by the hand only; in a third it is fixed by the end being thrown across the left elbow. All this discloses an ideal of the lowest and most degrading kind. It plainly declares that the scanty covering of the goddess may be dispensed with in an instant, and the state of Nature re-assumed.

No human idea is perfect, however grand; still it is regrettable to find that the Venus of Milo wears the same conventional drapery as her compeers, one expressive of immodesty, which is so contrary to her general demeanor. This statue presents the finest figure of a woman that, as far as discovery reaches, has ever been embodied in marble: it startles one into the belief that a revelation of something divine has been vouchsafed to human eyes. It dominates every object in the gallery at the farther recess of which it stands, crushing everything else in its presence, and absorbing all the spectator's attention. The charm that invests it arises from a certain spiritual drapery, metaphorically speaking; that is to say, a harmony of pur-

pose to which those features which are of necessity exposed to view contribute without being displayed on their own account. Every beauty of form appears pre-occupied in doing its part towards producing the grand effect of the whole.

This investing charm may be felt in the contemplation of the most passive marbles, but it is immensely enhanced by action, supremely so in the Venus of Milo. The unequalled gracefulness of this figure is achieved by the simple but subtle device of first setting the left foot upon a step, then raising the left arm. The whole body vibrates under these two actions, and settles into a new and finely balanced attitude, a difficult one to sustain, except in a woman of great strength and symmetry, since it brings all the superficial muscles into play. By these changes the monotony of the erect posture is overcome, a variety of novel curves takes its place, and characters are developed which have no visible existence in a state of repose. What these changes are may be described in a general account of the figure. The left leg is raised and bent forward owing to the foot being supported on a step at the same time that the left shoulder, originally with the arm now missing, is uplifted. This attitude shifts the centre of gravity, and throws it into a line that commences at the right foot, crosses the left knee to the waist, and passes thence to the intermammary space and the left side of the neck.

These deviations from the erect posture, and the balancing of the figure in accordance with them, exhibit surprising skill and a masterly power of invention. The left breast, partaking of the movement given to the arm, is made to join in the action which is going on, instead of displaying itself in that passive, Venustal beauty which invites special attention; it is thus merged in the universal feeling. It is in this that the genius of invention proclaims itself as distinct from the imitative art; it can give a new aspect to the commonest object in Nature, the human form. In an ordinary posture the figure of this same Venus would be worthless, though it retained all its proportions; its entire charm is secured by every muscle being called into play and made tributary to a wholly new combination. The figure,

swaying to the left at the loins, then to the right (from midway between its drapery and the waist to the breast), then again to the left up to the shoulders, which also take a forward bend, gives rise to curves more exquisite in grace than have ever met in a woman's shape before, at least in marble. As an index of these, the *linea alba* is displayed, partaking of their direction in front, while the spinal groove subserves the same most expressive purpose at the back. The head and neck of this figure are nearly erect; the face expresses a sweet temper and a perfect self-possession: the look is lovable rather than loving, and such as to be above either modesty or shame.

As this figure surpasses all others in grace and symmetry, so are the so-called Fates more conspicuous than all other works for the charm of their drapery, every line of which appeals to the philosophic imagination. It is emotional in the highest sense: now gliding like thin water over features whose beauty swells beneath it, now like dense waves breaking across the limbs with a fury difficult to conceive and execute in marble. Before this mingling gentleness and intensity of emotion can be fully interpreted, it must be known whom these grand figures represent, and on what theme the truly silent music that involves them is composed. The circumstances are hidden, but a mighty symphony that celebrates them remains written, and as the eyes read it the ears seem to catch up the strain, and the soul lives in a labyrinth of enchantment. Are these beings calmly looking at the future, as its turbulent flood passes through them, or is it the present, pregnant with Minerva's birth, that, by introducing wisdom as a modifying influence into doom, gives the sudden shock under which the raiment curdles and congeals?

All outward beauty is symbolic, and when its meaning is inscrutable to science it may still be expressed by the logic of poetry. This emotional drapery, for convenience, may be called Phidian, because the history and tradition attaching to it belong to an epoch of art bearing that name, all that resembles it in later periods being more or less a comparatively spiritless imitation. It has a

firm foundation in Nature, and therefore in art, poetry, and drama. What sculptor or painter who has once convinced himself that drapery is a language would array King Lear in a plain, close-fitting drab, even though he had been a Quaker, at that momentous time when he effectually mocks and defies the storm with a rage of his own superior to its raging? Phidias would have attired him in a robe that moved with every thunder-clap of the tempest, expressed from within. As in humble life the cat bristles, or the fretful porcupine erects its quills, or the lion shakes his mane in the moment of anger, so would Phidias have represented the inmost emotions of Lear in the perturbed raiment that covered him.

All the notable drapery that has reached us from Greece has the Phidian type of expression, whether the work of the great sculptor himself or of the disciples he inspired. This type is distinguishable from all others by its expressiveness and fulness of meaning, under whatever aspect it comes forth, and on this account it is always suggestive. It may for one purpose be soft and flowing, for another formal, but it is always dramatically and poetically just. The Nymph of Diana alluded to previously is so strictly formal that it everywhere displays the shape, but the covering is so artfully wrinkled all over that a young life seems to vibrate through it at every point.

There is another variety of formal drapery which expresses motive by means of its strict rigidity. This is strongly asserted in the representation of Boreas, also in that of Iris, bearing the news of Minerva's birth to Demeter and Persephone. It is shown in the Zeus of Otricoli, and other forms expressive of pride and stateliness or unbending purpose, the one phase of art understood by Chaldean, Babylonian and Assyrian artists, in whose work the hair, beard, and raiment are, one and all, uncompromisingly rigid.

A strong example of the principle is seen in the hanging waist and skirt of the Athene Parthenas, heavy, cold, and unchangeable, so different from the ordinary robe and tunic. This hard covering suggests the eternal concealment of

beauty of wisdom divine. This subjective manifestation, as in the Zeus above noticed, is devoid of feeling, the slightest glow of which is antagonistic to pure reason. Then the figure of Boreas on that dreadful voyage through space, and that of Iris bearing that eventful message, assert the total suppression of muscular forces: they move along impelled by a divine impulse. As emotion is absent in the drapery of Minerva, so is it with the motor-power of Boreas; his wings have collapsed under the pressure of the air through which he rushes, and his raiment, like that of Iris, is flattened from the same cause. The figure of "Winged Victory" in the British Museum elicits a similar remark. The realism of the Greeks is never shown more forcibly than in the rigid drapery now described. Its characteristic is immobility, whether this be applied to the concealment of all form in the expression of divine wisdom, or to the manifestation of an inherent power of flight such as no mechanical action of wings would be adequate to achieve.

Expressive as such conceptions are, the utmost beauty has been attained by the union of the rigid drapery with the fluent, though both when employed singly are admirable in their meaning. Fluent drapery may be said almost to have reached its climax in the Zeus of Colotes, which has been recovered from the great temple of Olympus. In this figure the drapery swirls like falling water that, on being suddenly diverted from its course, descends into a troubled pool. This fine display is susceptible of many interpretations, according to the different conceptions of those who would see in it a symbol of the god-like attributes. The sculptor was a pupil of Phidias, but he could contrast the emotional drapery of his Zeus with his master's rigid investment of Minerva, and so assert that the divine nature has many phases.

The art of blending this fluent drapery which covers emotion, with the rigid which conceals or denies its existence, is supremely manifest in the group called "The Fates." In this there is a confluence of the two styles, the emotional running into the cold-blooded in a manner hard to interpret, owing to the situation not being understood,

though felt. Many as are the examples of the same style, which is the true Phidian, the recumbent figure of this group, with her arm on the lap of her seated companion, has not its parallel. In the more delicate and translucent parts the drapery seems to have grown out of the flesh that is visible through it and endows it with life ; an effect also manifest in the Ceres and Proserpine, part of the Parthenon system of sculptures. What remains of this reclining figure of the Fates is chiefly the draped mass, the head being lost ; but the form is so fine and imposing that it startles the mind into a momentary belief in supernatural beauty. The drapery has the flow of animated waves. Its defined border above the bosom is smooth and glassy, but it swells under the left breast into turgidity, then again falls in a transparent film, everywhere revealing an exquisite symmetry before reaching the lower limbs, over which it appears to break like a turbulent stream across rocks.

In the figure seated at the right side of the other, the drapery is in the highest degree dense over the limbs, but attenuated at the knees in such a manner that their rotundity is displayed and the general symmetry is preserved. Here arises a surprising effect : the lower limbs seem encased in frozen waves, that have an icy transparency at their hollows. It is, however, in the recumbent figure of the group that this translucency is most notable ; a garment without seam adjusts itself so as to cover, yet reveal, every rounded form in the body, while, by way of contrast, it belts the waist and limbs below in impenetrable furrows so harmoniously, so defiantly, as to hold the mind in awe. The eye gets entangled in the overflowing raiment—here smooth as water, here ribbed in antagonizing lines of beauty, the flush of which recalls a mountain torrent that swirls in both directions across an impeding boulder.

Many other examples exist of this mixed type of drapery, but where is its interpretation to be found ? An artist possessed of a philosophic imagination, the rarest of gifts, and of emotional activity, will, on contemplating such works, endeavor to find out the meaning within himself of such feelings as

they inspire ; he will not pause half way, and content himself with declaring that they have an indescribable fascination. When the subject is unknown, a general appreciation only of the motive can be arrived at ; nevertheless the emotion it excites may be turned to account and made instructive, just as a musical composition, the theme of which is uncertain, may be set to words and made a vehicle of thought not less elevated than itself.

But although the subject in many of these Greek sculptures is only guessed at, in some it is perfectly well known. The uplifted robe of Niobe, its disordered folds, the hair rippling from the forehead—all these tremblings represent the woe which they accompany, and which is expressed on the panic-stricken mother's face. The raiment of Apollo Katharoides, seen in a statue in the Vatican, has a peculiarly subtle expression ; at the right arm, which is approaching the lyre, it falls away in dead folds, which must be taken to represent the silence that precedes divinest melody, while on the left side, close to the instrument, it ripples in emotional expectation of the coming sounds.

There is a form of drapery to which allusion must be made as being expressive of strength : it may be called muscular drapery. It is seen in many figures of the Herculean type. Thus in the Amazon attributed to Polycleitos the covering is of a compact fibrous structure, which is massed as the muscles themselves are, and calls to mind the undraped figure done by Lysippus, called the *Apoxomenos*, and that by Glycon, the Farnese Hercules, in both which the folds hang like actual raiment upon the body. With these and other examples of a like kind is to be associated the idea not only of drapery, but of armor. In a bronze figure of Hercules which is in the British Museum, the muscles are actually typical of a breast-plate, as they overlap each other, showing that the armor even may be constructed in accordance with natural conditions, and be made to represent that which it covers.

All drapery that is conceived in a true spirit of art is symbolical, and demands interpretation. When it is merely formal, representing the figure only, it conveys its own meaning—the robe and tunic

speak for themselves ; these vestments are so simple that they have been adopted from the Greek period to the present time without the taint of sartorism which vulgarizes modern art. A very different thing is emotional drapery, such as the ancients only have been able to conceive and realize ; this can be interpreted and understood only by acute and subtle minds. In some respects it may be compared to a dead language, for it has been little read since it ceased to be spoken.

There is no subject more important to the art-student than the interpretation of emotional drapery ; it is to him what the symbolic characters found in Egypt or Nineveh are to the philologist. When it becomes recognized that there is a language of drapery the man of genius will reject taste ; he will base his ideas on principles, by which means alone his motive can be expressed whether in marble, or color, or words.

In the interpretation of emotional drapery, the difficulty diminishes proportionately as the subject is known. But the best judges of Phidian sculpture have often failed to identify the story

with the figure. In such instances there is much to be learnt by the mind placing itself in accord with what it sees, and eliciting a feeling which must be expressed in a manner dictated through the temperament of the spectator. Let us say Phidias is the Beethoven of sculpture ; that his works have the suggestiveness of grand symphonies without words. Why should not the mind that can find a meaning in music discover one also in drapery that excites the deepest emotion ?

Nothing in art, whether it be of painting, sculpture, poetry, or drama, is of the slightest value unless a motive pervades every part. For that reason an artist should think out fully and feel intensely whatever motive governs him. He should realize that, except the face, his whole work lies in the drapery, unless his figures are without representative covering. How, then, is he to become a master of others if he contents himself with wasting his technical skill on a drapery devoid of meaning, that tells no story, and that is often surpassed by the handicraft of our artisans, the *artistes* of a *beau monde* ?—*Merry England.*

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## THE STORY OF THE BÂB.

BY MARY F. WILSON.

Who or what is the Bâb ? This question will probably be suggested by our title to not a few readers. The word—meaning, in Arabic, “a gate”—is the title of a hero of our own days, the founder, if not of a new religion, at least of a new phase of religious belief. His history, with that of his first followers, as told by M. le Comte de Gobineau in his “*Religions et Philosophies dans l’Asie Centrale*,” presents a picture of steadfast adherence to truth (as they held it), of self-denial, of joyful constancy in the face of bitterest suffering, torture and death, as vivid and touching as any that are found in the records of the heroic days of old. We have been accustomed to claim it as an argument for the truth of our Christianity that its believers have been strong to suffer martyrdom for its sake. But here we have not men only, but tender and delicate

women and little children, joyfully enduring torture, “not accepting deliverance,” for the sake of the faith that was in them. But our purpose is not to philosophize or to moralize, but to tell the story. Here it is.

Among the crowd of pilgrims who flocked to Mecca in the summer of 1843 was a youth who had then hardly completed his nineteenth year. He had come from the far distant city of Shiraz, where his family held an honorable position, claiming, indeed, to trace their descent from the great Prophet himself. Thoughtful and devout from his childhood, Mirza Ali Mohammed had zealously and regularly practised all religious duties considered binding on an orthodox Mussulman. He had received a liberal education, and while still a mere boy had eagerly examined and weighed every new set of ideas with which he

came in contact. Christians, Jews, Fire-worshippers—he conversed with them all, and studied their books. But the study which the young scholar pursued with special delight was one that seems to have a peculiar charm for the Asiatic mind—that of the occult sciences, and especially the philosophic theory of numbers, with the mysterious meanings attached to them. Up to the time of his visiting the shrine of the Prophet there had been no indication of any departure from the faith of his fathers. But this pilgrimage, instead of confirming his faith in Islam, had a quite contrary effect. While still in the holy city, and still more on the return journey, he had begun to confide to a select few views which attracted and delighted them, not more, perhaps, by their breadth and freedom than by the vague mystery in which they were still wrapped.

His decisive breach with the old faith was not far distant. Tarrying at Bagdad on his way home, he turned aside to visit Koufa, a shrine almost as sacred as Mecca itself. Here Ali, the brave and faithful son-in-law of the Prophet, had fallen by the hand of the assassin; and amid the silence and desolation of the ruined mosque the young Mirza passed many days in meditation and mental conflict. Should he proceed in the path that seemed opening before him, the fate of Ali might, most probably would, be his own. Were those new ideas that were filling his mind—was that place among his fellows to which perhaps he aspired—worth the risk? He must have judged that they were, for from that time he gave no sign of wavering or doubt.

Still journeying homewards, Mirza joined, at Bushire, a caravan in which he made many disciples.

Arrived at Shiraz, his first overt act was to present to his friends his earliest written works. These were two: a journal of his pilgrimage and a commentary on a part of the Korân. In the latter the readers were amazed and charmed to find meanings and teachings of which they had never dreamed before.

From this time he began to teach more publicly; and day by day larger crowds flocked around him. In public he still spoke with reverence of the

Prophet and his laws; while in more private conferences he imparted to his disciples those new ideas which were, perhaps, not yet very clearly defined in his own mind. Very soon he had gathered round him a little band of devoted followers, ardently attached to himself, and ready to sacrifice wealth, life, all, in the cause of truth. And throughout the great empire men began everywhere to hear of the fame of Mirza Ali Mohammed.

There was much in the young teacher himself, apart from the subject of his teaching, to account for this rapid success. Of blameless life; simple in his habits; strict and regular in all pious observances, he had already a weight of character to which his extreme youth added a tenfold interest. But in addition to these things, he was gifted with striking beauty of person, and with that subtle, winning sweetness of manner so often possessed by leaders of men, and to which, more than to the most weighty arguments, they have often owed their power. Those who knew him say that he could not open his mouth without stirring hearts to their depths; and even those who remained unconvinced agree in saying that his eloquence was something beyond conception.

Ere long, Mirza assumed the title by which he has since been known throughout Persia—the Bâb—that is, the Door, the only one through which men can reach the knowledge of God. It may be well to give here an outline of what the Bâb did teach.

He believed in one God, eternal, unchangeable, Creator of all things, and into whom all shall finally be reabsorbed. He taught that God reveals His will to men by a series of messengers, who, while truly men, are not mere men, but also divine: that each of these messengers—Moses, Jesus, Mohammed—is the medium of some new truth, higher than that brought by the one who preceded him; that he himself, the Bâb, though claiming divine honors while he lived, was but the forerunner of one greater than he, the great Revealer—"He whom God shall manifest," who should complete the revelation of all truth, and preside at the final judgment, at which all the good shall be made one with God, and all evil annihilated.

One of the most marked and singular characteristics of his system is the prominence given in it to that mysterious and fanciful theory of numbers which had always had so great a charm for him. Taking various forms of the name of God—"ahyy," meaning "the giver of life;" "wahed," "the only One;" or that which is a most sacred formula, "Bismillah elemna elegdous," "in the name of God, highest and holiest"—he shows that the letters composing each of those names, taken by their numerical value, make up the number 19. This he therefore concludes is the number which lies at the foundation of all things in heaven and earth, the harmony of the universe, the number which must rule in all earthly arrangements. The year should have 19 months, and the month 19 days, the day 19 hours. Each college of priests of the new faith should consist of 18, with a president who should be the culminating point of this mysterious number. Men of all ranks and occupations—lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, mechanics—were to order their business with supreme regard to 19. The great book of the faith was to consist, when complete, of 19 chapters, each divided into 19 sections. Of this book the Bâb wrote only eleven chapters, leaving it to the great Revealer to complete the mystic number. And, most important of all his applications of this theory, he himself was not the sole medium of the new revelations; the full truth being embodied in the number of unity, of which he was the "point," a title by which he began at a very early stage to be designated by his followers.

But while giving forth his new doctrines as revelations from God, he earnestly pressed this consideration; that man can know but imperfectly till absorbed into the Creator, and that therefore his chief aim should be to love God and obey Him, and to aspire. The small amount of worship, strictly so called, which he enjoined, was to be performed in richly decked temples, with music and singing. Great faith was to be placed in talismans of prescribed forms, engraved with mystic numbers, and constantly worn. Like Mohammed, the Bâb strongly enjoins benevolence; but at the same time he

strictly prohibits begging, and commands all to work. In his code there is no death penalty; offences being punished chiefly by fines calculated on the sacred number 19.

There are three points in particular in which the reforms proposed by the Bâb cannot fail, so far as they gain ground, to have a mighty effect on society. In the first place, he abolished polygamy; that is, he so strongly discountenanced it that his followers universally regard it as a prohibition. In close connection—almost as a necessary accompaniment of this—he forbade divorce; that festering sore which corrupts the mass of Persian society to its very heart, and makes pure family life almost impossible. His third revolutionary step was in the same direction. He abolished the veiling of the women; a custom which our author believes, from personal observation as well as on other grounds, to be also a source of incalculable evils. So far from encouraging their wonted seclusion, the Bâb will have women converse freely, though prudently, with men, and in enjoining the fitful to practise abundant hospitality, and to have daily at their table as many guests as their means will allow (always with due regard to the mystic number), he specifies that some of the guests should be women.

Some of these innovations were probably the result of his study of European books. But the considerate kindness of all his rules for women, and his invariable tenderness in everything that concerned children, must have had a deeper source. One can hardly fail to see that in these respects he had imbibed something of the spirit of the Gospel; and the regret arises irresistibly, that where he had seen and appreciated so much, he had not grasped the whole.

To return to the story. While the fame and popularity of the young preacher were daily increasing, his bold exposure of the vices of the clergy aroused against him their bitterest enmity. The magistrates of the city also began to take alarm; for if the people, never too amenable to lawful authority, should cast themselves at the feet of this irrepressible youth, and follow his lead, where would the thing end?

It was therefore agreed, after many

anxious consultations between rulers and clergy, to make a double representation and appeal to the Crown : on the one side in the interest of the State and civil order ; on the other in that of religion endangered.

The Bâb, aware of what was going on, despatched a counter-appeal. He represented the evil brought on the nation, and the hurt done to true religion, by the corrupt lives and teaching of the clergy ; told how he, sent by God with the remedy for these evils, had already triumphed over all the Moullas of Shiraz, and begged that he might be brought face to face in presence of the king, with all the Moullas of the Empire, professing his readiness to answer with his life if he did not put them also to silence.

This double appeal caused the king and his advisers some perplexity. The Government was bound, of course, to protect the orthodox religion ; but at the same time they had no objection to seeing a check given by any means to the power and pride of the clergy. The Prime Minister had almost decided on allowing Ali Mohammed to come to Teheran, but a far-seeing old Sheykh turned him from his purpose. He reminded him that they knew nothing of these new doctrines or of the aims of their author. He represented the danger of a religious war, if the Priests should be provoked to appeal to the people against the Government. The result was a compromise. The Prime Minister wrote to the Governor of Shiraz that there must be no more public discussions of the new doctrines, and that, until further orders, the Bâb should not leave his own house. The decision was received with indignant discontent by the Moullas, who declared, not without reason, that such protection of the true faith was a mere mockery. On the other side there was open triumph. The Bâb, indeed, gave prompt obedience to the order, and stayed at home ; but his followers felt no means bound either to follow his example in this respect or to keep silence. Conversions increased day by day among the educated class, and even from among the priests themselves.

And now the young enthusiast, who, like Paul at Rome, though confined to

his own house, was not forbidden to receive any who came, began to bring forward much higher claims for himself. He was not, as he had at first thought, merely the Bâb—the gate into the knowledge of the truth ; but the POINT, the source of truth, a manifestation of God. And at this stage he received from his disciples a new title, " Sublime Highness." But his first title is that by which he continued to be known to the uninitiated, and by which he is still spoken of throughout Persia.

Leaving the leader of the movement meanwhile in his retirement, we are now to see how his cause spread by means of his first missionaries. The Bâb's chosen band of apostles—those who, with him, completed the circle of truth—numbered, of course, eighteen. Three of these fill a conspicuous place in the story.

The first was a Moulla, from Khorasan, Houssein Boushrewyeh, a man of strong, decided character, and studious, like his master, from his childhood. He had come from his distant home to see and hear for himself the great teacher ; had cautiously and slowly weighed all his arguments ; but, once convinced, had thrown himself into the cause with utter, unreserved devotion.

The second of the missionaries was Hadgy Mohammed Ali, of Balfouroush ; a man as learned, as devoted, as zealous as the first, and held in profound veneration as a saint of the first order.

The third—is, next to the young leader himself, the most striking and interesting figure in this story : a woman, young, beautiful, gifted, learned ; full of an ardor as unquenchable, a courage as indomitable as that of her master ; a woman who, had she been born in Europe, would have ranked with our most honored heroines of this or of any age.

This Eastern heroine was born into a priestly family of high position in the town of Kazwyn. She received from her parents a name given by many a father and mother, in spirit, if not literally, to a baby daughter, Crown of Gold. From her earliest years the little Golden Crown proved no common child. Naturally gifted with mental powers of a very high order, she had in her own family the best possible opportunity for



cultivating them ; and she used it to the utmost ; pursuing, eagerly and successfully, paths of knowledge not very commonly trodden by women of any country. Her father, a distinguished lawyer ; her uncle, the leading man of the city ; and her cousin, Moulla Mohammed—all men eminent in learning—delighted in discussing abstruse questions on points of theology, philosophy, or law ; and Golden Crown, while still very young, was able to sustain her part in such discussions with a wonderful power and acuteness. She was not only the pride and delight of her own family ; not only the special pride and delight of the young Moulla Mohammed, to whom she was early married, but the whole city was proud of its Golden Crown ; and only wondered whether to praise most her surpassing beauty, her lovely character, or her wonderful mental gifts.

It was natural that, when the fame of the Bâb began to spread abroad, the new religion should be discussed with interest in this family. His wise and liberal views as to the social position and well-being of women at once commended themselves to the enlightened mind as well as to the womanly heart of Golden Crown. She opened communications with the new teacher, and very speedily became a thorough convert. But a nature like hers could not rest in mere beliefs. She felt constrained to communicate what she knew ; and ere long she was seen in public places, expounding, to ever-increasing and admiring crowds, the new doctrine, and giving to the views of the leader a more emphatic sanction than any arguments could have conveyed, by herself appearing unveiled. It was well for the cause of the Bâb that it was *such* a face that was the first to illustrate his theory. Converts multiplied in Kazwyn day by day.

But, alas ! for the pride of her house. Words fail to tell the horror and dismay with which father, husband, and uncle beheld this practical outcome of what had probably appeared to them harmless and interesting speculations. To them their Golden Crown was tarnished indeed, and had brought irretrievable disgrace on herself and on them. But in vain they spent themselves in en-

treating, in remonstrances—even in threats. The young proselyte remained unshaken. How, indeed, could she draw back ? For she was now numbered among the mysterious 19—herself a part of the embodied revelation. She had received a new name, Gourret-ûl-Ain, the Consolation-of-the-Eyes, and with it full powers to act as an accredited apostle of the new faith. It was no longer a matter of choice with her. As the Sent of God she must fulfil her mission, though in doing so she should wrench asunder the strongest and tenderest ties. She put an end to the conflict by bidding a final farewell to her family, and giving herself entirely to her sacred work.

Of course, Golden Crown was led away by her enthusiasm. No doubt it was a mistake for a young wife in the nineteenth century to make. Let those blame her who, with more enlightened understanding of the saying, "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me," act as heartily according to its spirit.

While the Bâb, then, remained in a manner quiescent in his house at Shiraz, these three missionaries were spreading his principles far and wide through the empire. Moulla Houssein began his campaign at Ispahan ; where he speedily succeeded, even beyond his hopes. Next, at Kashan, crowds flocked to hear, and many disciples were made. From Kashan, following the orders of his master, he went to Teheran. But in the capital it was necessary to go to work more cautiously. He made no attempt to preach in public, but his days were occupied, from morning to night, in holding confidential interviews. Among the many whose curiosity was awakened were the king himself, Mohammed Shah, and his prime minister, Hadji Mirza Aghassy. This strange pair demand a word of notice.

The king, naturally gentle and somewhat feeble in character, and suffering constantly from wretched health since his childhood, was habitually tolerant of all manner of disorders—not of set purpose, but from utter lack of energy or interest. With spirits depressed by his almost incessant suffering, yet with a craving for love and sympathy, he found what met the need of his clinging and

feeble nature in Mirza Aghassy. His tutor in childhood, then his familiar friend and counsellor, and in process of time his Prime Minister, this man had become, in plain fact, his god. For Mohammed Shah's religious views were of a very loose and easy kind. He believed that Divinity with all its powers was embodied in the Sages; and as Aghassy was the greatest of all the sages, how could he but be good? It seems doubtful whether the Hadji himself did not share this belief of his patron. But surely never was there a stranger god than Mirza Aghassy. For the most outstanding feature of his character—the ruling principle of his life—was his habit of turning everything into a joke. He made jokes at his own expense; he invariably used mocking epithets in speaking of his children and friends; and it was this persistent habit of refusing to take anything seriously—this easy-going tolerance of and indifference to all shades of opinion, religious or political, that determined the character of his administration, and formed a more serious obstacle in the way of the Bâbist apostle than declared opposition could have done.

Moulla Houssein brought a message of the utmost submission from the Bâb. His sincere desire, he said, was to add strength and glory to the throne. He represented that public opinion had already declared in favor of the new doctrine, and how desirable it was to support views in accord with those of most enlightened nations. He reminded the king how the greatest of his predecessors had labored to found a religion which should unite within its liberal pale Mussulman, Jew, and Christian. Just such a religion was that proposed by the Bâb; and the king had only to place himself at the head of the new movement to be crowned with the immortal glory which former monarchs had sought in vain.

But the argument that, with men of another stamp, might have been most effective, proved the very death-blow to the apostle's hopes of success when presented to Mohammed Shah and his Minister; for the promised glory was not to be gained without exertion, and exertion was a price too great for any object on earth or in heaven. Without

argument or explanation, the ease-loving pair washed their hands of the whole matter, and Houssein was ordered to be gone at once from the capital.

The two other missionaries had meanwhile been no less diligent; Balfouroushy in his own native northern province, the Mazenderân, and Gourret-ûl-Ain in the region round her home in the West. It was agreed, therefore, that Houssein should now betake himself to the eastern province of Khorassân. From this point a mere outline of his movements must suffice. At the important city of Nishapoor he gained two great men; but at Meshed, the holy city of that region, the clergy met him with well-organized opposition.

Returning to Nishapoor, he gathered round him a band of the faithful, and took up arms to be in readiness for the worst. In one town after another he gained powerful allies. He could not be said to seek a conflict, but in the state to which feeling on both sides was wrought, a conflict was inevitable. The orthodox, provoked beyond endurance by the insulting language of the zealous converts, struck the first blow. But just when this point was reached, tidings arrived that suddenly gave a new turn to the whole state of affairs. Mohammed Shah was dead.

In Persia the death of a king seems to be the signal for a state of mild anarchy, during which all laws are suspended, and every man does what is right in his own eyes. No one had any thought to bestow on Houssein or his doings. He therefore judged it his wisest course to join his fellow-apostle in the Mazenderân, where the cause had already made great progress. There he found not only Balfouroushy, but Gourret-ûl-Ain also. Calumny and persecution had been too much for her. She had fled from Kazwyn, and had for many months been in hiding in the forests of this wild country. With a crowd of enthusiastic adherents she joined the other Bâbist leaders.

The three bands encamped together; many strangers gathered round to see what this new thing might be. And the Consolation-of-the-Eyes harangued the multitude; the beautiful, unveiled face meeting their wondering gaze without boldness, but without shrinking, because

entirely without self-consciousness. Her fervid oratory, born of her own intense conviction, told on her audience with extraordinary power. They wept, as only Orientals can; they gave themselves up to raptures of emotion, and vowed, on the spot, unqualified devotion to the cause and to her.

And now Houssein planned and carried out a work which only the special circumstances of the time would have given him opportunity to accomplish undisturbed.

Every dignitary, great and small, was hastening to the capital to seek favor with the new powers. Houssein and his coadjutor selected a strong position among the mountain forests—a spot sacred to a certain Sheykh Tebersy; their eager followers worked with hand and heart, and almost with the speed of magic there arose a fortress in the desert to be the centre of their further operations. And here two thousand Bâbys, including wives and children, took up their position to await what might be the course of events.

From this point in their history a marked change took place in the character of the teaching of the Bâbist apostles. Hitherto it had been chiefly, if not solely, religious; now it became distinctly political. The Bâb, they said, should be without doubt, within a year, master of the world; and then, for his enemies, resistance or flight should be alike vain; while all his faithful followers should be amply rewarded with honors and delights suited to the tastes and capacities of each. They discovered in each of their leading men some mysterious resemblance to a former Imân or martyr or saint, marking him out as his successor, or, in a manner, his very self, returned to earth in a higher development; to whom, therefore, they gave his name, with all his honor and the hope of still higher. The common soldier, for whom such rewards were too costly, was assured that, dying in battle for the truth, not only was Paradise secure to him, but that, in the mean time, he should return to life after forty days to bear rule over some part of the conquered world. It is only fair to the Bâb to say that there is nothing in his writings to sanction such teaching. But his apostles used the

means which seemed to them best fitted to win the popular mind; and he, if he was aware of it, did not forbid them. And the cause daily gained favor. The whole province was stirred. Crowds flocked to Castle Tebersy from far and near; whole families pitched their tents or spread their carpets on the little plain in front of the fortress, hanging on every word of the two leaders, as if they were very gods.

But this state of things could not last. With the young king a new order had come in. The old Prime Minister, with his cynical jokes and his easy indifference, had fled before the new power; and his successor, Mirza-Taghy-Khan, at once made it plain that he did not mean to be trifled with. He gave strict orders to the grantees of the Mazenderân to make an end at once with the Bâbys. Easy to command, and easy also to promise; as the chiefs promptly did. But less easy, as they speedily found, to carry out their orders.

The first to make the attempt was Aga Abdoullah, who, after a day spent in useless firing against the fortress, was slain, and his band utterly routed.

The rage of the Prime Minister at this failure, and at the fear that was paralyzing further efforts, knew no bounds. He despatched Prince Mehdy-Kouly-Mirza with full powers and new commands to make an end at once. Kouly-Mirza had all the will in the world to do so. Arrived in the Mazenderân, he summoned from the far north Abbas-Kouly-Khan, with a great swarm of wild Kurds, and with these joined to his own forces, took his way to Castle Tebersy. But an enemy on whom he had not counted lay in his path. In that broken, mountainous region, one passes, in a journey of a few hours, from sunny plains, where the orange and the pomegranate ripen, to barren slopes and frowning rocks and eternal snows. While toiling through the wild mountain defiles, the army was suddenly wrapped in a dense fog, that quickly gave place to a hurricane of blinding snow. The wearied general found himself at night, with a large part of his regular army, in the village of Daskès, where, with sentinels duly placed, he gladly lay down to rest.

And now Houssein, with a resolute

band of 300, steals forth from his fastness. The village is quickly and quietly occupied, and the 300 fall with wild shouts on the slumbering foe. A fierce, savage massacre followed, in which two princes of the blood and many other leaders fell. But the darkness, which hindered defence, favored flight, and many escaped—among them, Kouly-Mirza himself. In the early morning, the victorious Bâbys, wearied with slaughter and laden with immense booty, returned in triumph to their castle, inspiring such terror that a band of 600 men, who had only heard of the conflict of the night, fled at the news of their approach. The truth was, that the idea was more and more gaining ground that Houssein was a prophet, to fight against whom was to contend with God.

Many of the scattered forces quickly gathered again round their chief; but for a time Kouly-Mirza made no effort to renew the attack. The sight of his fear spread consternation and panic everywhere. But the wrath of the terrible Prime Minister was even more to be dreaded than the valor of the Bâbys; so the poor, perplexed general summoned fresh troops—not too readily obtained. Again the Kurd chief came to his aid, even sending him a message to give himself no further trouble, as he and his followers would speedily reduce the rebel fortress. The besieged now appear struck with terror. They even send out a messenger to propose terms. Several days are thus spent in useless talk. Then, once more, a sally in the dead of night, the enemy's tents fired, and a scene of wild carnage. A resolute little band, pushed to the very extremity of their encampment, hold their ground there. "Do you see," says one to his comrade, pointing where the flames light up the fiercest conflict, "do you see yonder man in the green turban? Aim at him;" and he suits the action to the word. Too fatal example, and too surely followed! The first shot enters Moulla Houssein's breast; he receives the second in his side. Calmly he continues his directions; conducts skilfully the return to the castle through fierce opposing bands, and then drops exhausted from his horse.

Houssein died exhorting his followers to unshaken fidelity to his Sublime

Highness the Bâb, and bidding them not be discouraged by his death, seeing that, in one form or another, he should certainly return in a very few days to their aid. But neither resolution nor hope could compensate the garrison for the loss of such a leader.

About a hundred Bâbys had fallen in this encounter. With largely augmented forces, and with cannon brought from Teheran, Prince Kouly-Mirza resumed the siege of the devoted fortress; and still the brave, devoted little band held on. At the end of four months the wrath of the king and his ministers burst forth in terrible threatenings. The command was taken from Kouly-Mirza and given to Souleyman-Khan, a stern man, honored and feared throughout the army, who, with still added forces, at once prepared for a final attack. And now the end could not be doubtful; for famine also had begun its deadly work in the little community; and some, who had faced sword and cannon undaunted, yielded before this more terrible foe. One little band of deserters made their way through the sleeping camp, and took their various ways to their homes. Another, less fortunate, were cut to pieces, partly by the enemy, and partly by their indignant comrades, who discovered their treachery.

The famishing survivors had eaten every blade of grass to be found in their enclosure—they had stripped the trees of their bark—they had even boiled their sword-belts and sheaths. And now—most pathetic evidence both of their honest faith and of their extremity—the leaders held a council of war to consider if their distress would justify them in unburying and eating Houssein's horse, which, killed in the same night with his rider, had been buried with almost equal reverence. The proposal was sorrowfully agreed to, and the loathsome food eagerly consumed to the last morsel.

Still one attack after another was repulsed with ardor so unquenchable that many of the assailants regarded the Bâbys with a superstitious dread, as more than mere men; and one at least among them began to aim at the leaders with gold coins, as the only means of reaching their charmed lives.

At last the battered wall could hold out no longer. A fatal breach was made

—trees and planks were thrown across the trench, and besiegers and besieged grappled in deadly strife, savage yells of rage and hate adding to the horror and confusion of the darkness—dead and living together, from among the swaying, writhing mass, dropping in promiscuous ruin into the ditch below, and forming a ghastly bridge, across which swarmed ever fresh troops of assailants, more and yet more. The heroic little band, seeing their cause hopelessly lost, offered to capitulate, and were promised their lives on condition of laying down their arms and quitting their fortress. Amidst the curious, wondering looks of the soldiers, the emaciated remnant passed out, 214 out of the original 2,000 or more; among them some women, wasted to scarcely living skeletons, and children with no semblance of human babes but in their helplessness. The victors provided them with tents and food—all manner of kindly attentions were shown them—and then, next day, they were seized, men, women, and children, and slaughtered in cold blood, with unspeakable barbarities.

So the Prince Mehdy-Kouly-Mirza regained his lost baggage, and the cause of the Bâb was crushed, externally at least, in the Mazenderân.

It was very far from being so elsewhere. The province of Khorassan was full of the new doctrine. It had taken deep root in many important towns; at Ispahan, at Kashan, at Kazwyn and at Shiraz among others; and while the war in the Mazenderân was still in progress, the evil broke out in a still more alarming form in the town of Zendjân, in the province of Khamseh. The leader in this case was another Mohammed Ali, a Moulla in high position, who found himself at the head of 15,000 men from all ranks of society.

It is needless to enter into details of what would be substantially the same story as that of the struggle in the Mazenderân. On the part of the Bâbys there was the same absolute faith and fiery zeal and indomitable courage; men of all ranks—Ahmed the comb-maker, and Nedjef-Kouly the smith, and Abdoullah the baker, fighting in a way to put trained soldiers to shame. On the part of their assailants there was the same half-superstitious feeling regard-

ing them; terror on the one side and religious frenzy on the other exciting the passions of both to the fiercest pitch, and inciting to acts of ferocious cruelty. There was the same story of repeated attacks heroically repulsed—of the alarm and rage at court—of the continual arrival of more and yet more royal troops; till the crushing, overwhelming preponderance of numbers made the end inevitable.

Mohammed Ali was dead, and many a brave leader besides. Those who remained, receiving written and sealed promises of life and liberty, laid down their arms. The promises were kept as they had been kept at Fort Tebersy. The mass of the prisoners were butchered by order of the commanders who had signed the promise; two of the chiefs were blown from the mouth of a cannon (an operation which, our author remarks in passing, has not been quite unknown in *British* warfare), and others were reserved to grace the triumph in Teheran. Three of them, the most distinguished, were condemned by the Prime Minister, Mirza Taghy, to die by having their veins opened. They received the sentence unmoved, but solemnly warned their judge that the breach of faith towards them and their companions was a crime that God would not be content to punish by any common visitation; that He would mark out the persecutor of His saints by a solemn and signal retribution; and that, therefore, as he had done to them, so should it very shortly be done to him. The prophecy might possibly enough be one of those which tend to work out their own fulfilment. However that may be, the fact remains, that no long time afterwards, in 1852, the Prime Minister did perish in this very manner by command of the king.

Though the risings in the Mazenderân and at Zendjân had thus been crushed, the king and his Minister were by no means satisfied that all danger was past. They felt that a hidden fire was smouldering throughout the provinces, which might at any moment burst forth with ruinous effect. For there were Bâbys everywhere, though unseen; and while it seems to be the manner of Asiatics to suffer all kinds of merely political abuses with fatalistic

apathy, it is very different when a strong religious conviction comes into play. And such a conviction was now in full force, for the faith and the principles of the Bâbys were quite untouched by the reverses of their brethren. Rather, they were stirred to emulate their heroism, and to long to share with them the glory of martyrdom.

Mirza Taghy, therefore, concluded that, in order to secure a thorough end of the evil, he must strike at its root; the Bâb must be disposed of, and then the cause would die of itself.

We left the Bâb a sort of prisoner on parole in his own house at Shiraz, surrounded by admiring friends, and daily making new converts. But when the Court became alarmed by the rising in the Mazenderân, he was arrested and removed to the fortress of Tjehrig, still, however, without being subjected to any severe restraint. Here he remained for about a year and a half, filling up his days with prayer and writing and study, often referring to his death as an event probably near, and of which the prospect was not unwelcome. And here, as elsewhere, few who came into personal contact with him were able to withstand the winning charm of his manners and appearance, and the persuasive eloquence of his words.

When Mirza Taghy had decided on making an end of the Bâb, and by that means an end of his influence and of his sect, it occurred to him that the mere fact of his death would hardly be likely to produce such results. For, secluded in his prison, unseen and unheard, the Bâb was surrounded in the imagination of his disciples with a halo of sanctity, of suffering—above all, of mystery, to which his death, even if the fact were believed, would only add the glory of martyrdom. But if he could be exhibited as a moral ruin—if he were seen in city after city, not only in chains, insulted, humiliated, but put to shameful defeat in public discussion by the moullas—in craven fear retracting all his heresies and abjectly pleading for the mercy that should certainly be denied him,—then the charm would be broken; people would see what a delusion they had followed, and things would at once return to their ordinary and quiet course. For the Prime Minister

had never seen the young reformer. He believed him to be a vulgar impostor; too ignorant to have planned the measures taken by his three apostles, too cowardly to have carried them out, and owing all his power to the fact that the mass of his disciples did not know him. But a very little inquiry showed Mirza Taghy that this plan, ingenious enough had he had suitable material to work on, would not do in this case; that the Bâb was much more likely to confound his antagonists in argument than to be confounded by them; and that, instead of being demoralized and broken down, he might show himself serenely superior to circumstances, good or evil, and so mightily confirm the faith and heighten the enthusiasm of his disciples, as well as add largely to their numbers. The risk was too great. The dangerous prisoner was therefore removed, closely guarded, to the citadel of Tabreez. With him were brought two of his disciples who had before begged to share his imprisonment. One was the Seyd Houssein, the other, named like his master, Mohammed Ali, belonged to a very rich and influential family of Tabreez. The governor in charge, Prince Hamzé Mirza, by the instructions of the Prime Minister, who could not quite give up his first idea, summoned the moullas to meet and confound the heretic. But the moullas wisely declined the meeting. Then the prince himself and three other high dignitaries essayed the task. But after a vehement discussion, in which even Mussulman writers admit that the royal officials were far from having cause to be proud of their part, Hamzé Mirza abruptly closed the scene by using the one conclusive argument in his power. He announced to the young prophet that he must die.

It signified nothing to the Prime Minister or to Hamzé Mirza that such a sentence was, according to all precedent, utterly unjust. The Korân does, indeed, doom heretics to death. But the secular powers had always refused to interfere with religious beliefs. They had, on this principle, protected the Bâb himself for several years. But now the Minister regarded him as a cause of danger to the State. Not the slightest proof existed that he had either insti-

gated or sanctioned the doings of his three apostles. But in Oriental law, might is right; so the sentence was passed.

It was just about to be executed in the rough and ready way usual in Eastern courts—the victim seized, thrown on the ground, and his throat cut with two strokes of a twopenny knife—when the hand of the executioner was arrested. It was suggested to Hamzê Mirza, that if the Bâb were thus privately put to death, a great proportion of the public would refuse to believe that he was dead, and so the excitement would be worse than ever. He was therefore remanded till the next day, that the thing might be done in such a way as should leave no room for doubt.

At early morning the three prisoners, heavily ironed, were marched out of the citadel, and dragged through the streets and market-places of the city, that all who chose might see and recognize them; the soldiers loading them with abuse and blows. The ways were thronged with curious, eager crowds, among whom were many Bâbys, and many all-but converts, who would gladly have stirred the popular feeling to a rising in defence of the prophet; and many of the more respectable classes, who turned away in disgust or sadness from the scene of outrage. But the triumphant Moslems knew they were masters for the day, and the mob, ever ready to be swayed by externals, joined in the howlings of abuse, and pressed in eagerly to strike the martyrs on the face.

When this had gone on for many weary hours, the captives were led to the houses of three of the chief clergy, or moudj-teheds, in succession. By each of these the Bâb was questioned with mockery and scorn; by each he was formally adjudged to be worthy of death; and his enemies assert that in their presence he not only retracted all that he had taught, but abjectly besought mercy: an assertion which, in view of all the rest of his conduct, is hardly credible. And from house to house the surging, roaring crowd followed; giving vent to their wild frenzy in insulting cries and brutal outrage.

The account of this closing day in the Bâb's history almost irresistibly recalls a similar day in a more sacred

story. The mock trial—the outburst of blind, popular fury, stirred up by a jealous and vindictive priesthood—the cruel mockings and insult—even to the still more cruel and bitter pang of being deserted and denied in his darkest hour by his loved and trusted friend. For, on leaving the house of the third moudj-tehed, one of the prisoners, Seyd Houssein, staggering like a drunken man, spent and half-dead with suffering, dropped on the ground, declared that he could bear no more, and with bitter tears cried for pardon. The tormentors roughly raised him, and set him face to face with his master. "Will you curse him?" they said, "and you shall be pardoned." Houssein did so. "Now spit in his face, and you shall go free!" Again Houssein obeyed. They struck off his irons, and left him lying in the street. He watched the procession out of sight, and then, with what strength remained to him, escaped towards Teheran.

Delighted with this unexpected success, the officers hoped they might induce the other disciple to follow Houssein's example. He was young, rich, and had everything to make life desirable. They brought out to him his young wife and his little children, for whom his heart and eyes had hungered long. They hung about him, and wrung his heart with their tears and entreaties; but in vain. He was made of sterner stuff than Seyd Houssein. "I ask of you only one favor," he said to the officers; "that you will let me die before my master."

And now the long, dreadful day was near its close. Officers, soldiers, servants, spent with fatigue, could do no more. Just as the sun was setting, the two prisoners were let down from the topmost rampart of the lofty citadel by ropes passed under their arms, and there remained suspended at several feet from the ground, in full view of the assembled thousands. Then the command was given to fire. "Master," the voice of Mohammed-Ali, the disciple, was heard to say, "are you satisfied with me?" The discharge of fire-arms drowned the reply. The devoted disciple had his wish—that was his last moment. But the shot aimed at the Bâb only cut the rope by which he was

suspended, and he dropped unwounded to the ground. A few moments of terrible suspense followed; moments on which probably hung the fate of the reigning dynasty. For it is universally agreed, even by orthodox Mahometans, that had the Bâb, at that moment, while the multitude stood awe-struck by the seeming miracle, thrown himself on their sympathies, not a hand would have been raised against him, and the great mass of the population would have risen in his cause. And this in Tabreez, the second capital, and the most populous city of the empire, would have been a very different affair from any former rising. But, utterly exhausted in body and mind with the long agony of the day, bewildered, stupefied, with the instinct of a hunted creature to seek a covert, he turned, hardly knowing what he did, into the nearest building. It was a guard-house. A captain of infantry followed and struck down the unresisting victim with his sabre, and his soldiers, cautiously following, made the work sure with their muskets.

Thus, in eight years, Mirza-Ali-Mohammed had run his short and brilliant career. He had now just reached his twenty-seventh year.

The shattered corpse was dragged for several successive days through the streets, and then flung outside the walls to the dogs. And now the Prime Minister could sleep in peace, and trusted that peace, universal and profound, would at once settle on the nation. Never was hope more delusive. The Minister's own act in ordering the death of the Bâb had put peace out of the question. When the young prophet began his reforms he had shown no desire to give any political bearing to his teaching. He had quietly submitted to the command imposing silence on him. But now his followers founded their policy of defence on the universally acknowledged theory that, whatever might be the actual ruling power, the Seyds—that is, the family of Ali—alone were legitimate sovereigns. The Bâb was, by both lines of descent, a Seyd. And besides this claim, which might be disputed with him by many others, he was also the Bâb, and therefore the one man in Persia to whom, in their view, the throne of right belonged. Not that

they had any desire to press this point. Had the State given a kindly recognition to the new religion, it might either have died out, or more probably have become, in the course of years, just one more form of belief among the many. But this judicial murder of their leader stung the Bâbys to the last point of exasperation, and severed the last bond of their allegiance to the reigning house. The Kadjar dynasty were kings only on sufferance; and now that Nûreddin Shah had intermeddled with matters which Asia prohibits her princes from touching, his subjects were no longer bound to keep faith with him.

The indignant chiefs gathered from all the provinces, and held a council in Teheran. There they recognized by certain signs the divinely indicated successor to the spirit and power, and therefore to the office, of their slain leader. The new Bâb was Mirza-Yahya, a youth of noble family. His mother had died at his birth, and he was brought up by a lady whose husband was a leading Bâby, named Djenâb-Beha, "The precious Excellence." He was at this time only sixteen, but already possessed of an extraordinary amount of learning, and, to judge by results, not ill-qualified, young as he was, for the difficult post he was called to occupy. Immediately after his election he left the capital, where it would have been unsafe for him to stay. He went from town to town, exhorting his adherents to apply themselves closely to the study of religion and to practical duties; and he prohibited utterly, for the time being, the use of carnal weapons; saying that the time for insurrection, if it should ever come, was certainly not yet. At length the search for the youthful leader became so keen that he passed beyond the boundaries of Persia, and established himself at Bagdad. Here, besides being safe from the pursuit of his enemy, he had the advantage of being able to see and converse with the multitudes of Persian pilgrims who annually pass through the city.

About a year after the death of the Bâb, the king was spending the summer in his country palace at Niaveran, a lovely village on the lower slopes of the Elburz, a few miles from the capital. One morning, while out on horseback he was suddenly assailed by three men



who all at once discharged pistols. But the king received only a very slight wound : one of the assailants was at once struck down, and the other two secured and bound. They at once proudly avowed themselves Bâbys. Measures were taken accordingly. The governor of the city was ordered at once to close and watch the gates, and then quietly to arrest all suspected of Bâbism. On this special evening a considerable company were met in the house of a rich and influential citizen. The whole party were arrested ; among them several women and children. But after this first evening, though the Bâbys were known to be many, no more arrests were made. The suspected were on their guard, and as their chief had prohibited insurrection, they made no sign.

Among the prisoners was the beautiful Consolation-of-the-Eyes. On the outbreak of the troubles in the Mazenderân, when her fellow-apostles had shut themselves up in Castle Tebersy, she had travelled through many towns, exerting a powerful influence wherever she went. Then she had disappeared from public view, and was supposed to be secretly at work in the capital. She was too distinguished a prisoner to be treated like the common crowd. Mahmoud Khan, the chief of police, had taken her to his own house, and placed her under the kind care of his wife. Irresistibly charmed, like all who approached her, by her marvellous beauty and her eloquent words, and filled with respect and admiration for her noble character, they used every means in their power to make her captivity as little irksome as possible ; wondering the while at the buoyant cheerfulness that made their efforts almost superfluous.

The rest of the prisoners, numbering about forty, were taken out to Niaveran. The two first arrested had been questioned with the most ingenious refinements of torture, in order that they might betray the names of supposed accomplices ; but in vain. Their defence was singular. They declared that they were not responsible to the king and his court ; that they had no accomplices, but had simply acted in obedience to the command of their chiefs, who were not in Persia, but whose sacred authority justified any act which they might com-

mand ; that, in any case, the man whose hands were stained with the blood of so many martyrs, and above all with that of his Sublime Highness the Bâb himself, must have amply merited death ; but that they had no personal enmity to the king : on the contrary, he had shown them kindness, and they were grateful ; but they could only obey orders ; and, finally, that they could say nothing different though they should be tortured till the Day of Judgment.

Baffled in this direction, the judges turned hopefully to the other prisoners. Here were women, and even children, from whom torture or the mere fear of it would draw everything. Equally in vain. This strange new religion made fragile women and timid children inflexible as iron. They gloried in their faith ; they would die for it with joy ; but they had nothing to tell of any but themselves. The situation thus became, in the eyes of the judges, very serious. Here, in their power, were forty mute captives, but who could tell how many shared their faith—and where ? In the cities, in the country, in the army, in the very court itself, perhaps. Who could tell where, or how soon, or how universally, a conflagration might break out ? Distrust and suspicion were everywhere. Each man in power felt as if walking on a smouldering volcano ; each feared his nearest neighbor and friend.

In these circumstances it was felt that the wisest course would be a policy of conciliation. If the dangerous class was so numerous, it would be most unwise to provoke them to insurrection. The Ministers therefore decided that no further search should be made, and that though, of course, the prisoners already taken must either recant or die, as many of them as should simply deny the fact of their being Bâbys should be freed at once without further question.

The experiment was made first with Gourret-ûl-Aîn, as it was supposed her example would tell powerfully on the rest. Mahmoud Khan came cheerfully home from Niaveran one morning, and told her he had good news for her. "You are to be sent for to Niaveran," said he. "The question will be put, Gourret-ûl-Aîn, are you a Bâby ? You will simply answer, No. It is a mere

formality. Everybody knows you are one ; but nothing more will be asked, and you will at once be free." " You do not know the real news for to-morrow," said the Consolation-of-the-Eyes. " It is far better for me than what you say. For to-morrow at noon, you yourself, my friend, will preside at my burning, and I shall thus have the honor of publicly witnessing for God and for his Sublime Highness. And now, Mahmoud Khan, mark what I say ; and let my death to-morrow be a sign to you that I speak truth. The master whom you serve will not reward you for your zeal. Ere long you will die a cruel death by his order. I entreat you, therefore, before that hour comes, as come it will, to set your mind earnestly to search out and know the truth."

It may be said in this case, as in that of the Zendjân martyrs, that under such a government it needed little insight to utter such a prophecy. Be that as it may, the Bâbys and the orthodox alike universally relate it and believe in it ; and some years later it became fact in the experience of poor Mahmoud Khan.

And with the young prophetess herself, of course, it also befel as she had said. She was taken on the following day to Niaveran. In the presence of the king and his counsellors, the officers of state, her fellow-prisoners and a promiscuous crowd, the question was put in the most respectful and conciliatory manner, and was met by an unqualified and exultant avowal of her faith. There was therefore, in the view of her judges, no alternative. Regretfully the sentence was pronounced, and she was led away to death. No lamentations were uttered, no tearful adieus spoken by her fellow-prisoners. They heard with calm cheerfulness, as matters of course, both the avowal and the sentence ; regarding the fact of either her death or their own as of too trifling significance to move them. Gourret-ûl-Ain was taken back to Teheran, in the charge of her sorrowful friend, Mahmoud Khan. They placed her on a pile of straw-matting ; they covered the beautiful head with the long-abandoned veil ; as a last act of mercy, they strangled her ; then the lifeless body was reduced to ashes, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

It is almost superfluous to say that

the other prisoners were equally impracticable. Conspicuous among them was Seyd Houssein, the disciple who, on the fatal day at Tabreez, had denied and insulted his master. On that day, when he had come to himself, he made his way to Teheran. There he sought out the leading Bâbys, related to them the events of the day, and avowed his crimes with such bitter, passionate repentance, that they received him back into favor. But pardon had not brought peace ; he passionately longed for martyrdom to seal his repentance ; and now that his desire was on the point of fulfilment, was not merely calm, like the others, but triumphant. Many of the sect, with whom Seyd Houssein is held in great reverence, maintain that his treason was only in seeming, and an act of obedience to the master ; that being the Bâb's secretary, and carrying with him important papers, this was the only means of having them conveyed in safety to his friends.

On this day a spectacle was witnessed in Teheran, the memory of which is not likely soon to fade from the minds of the people. A band of women and children, as well as men, their bodies bathed in blood from fresh, gaping wounds, in which were fixed bunches of blazing tow, were dragged with ropes through the streets and squares to the place of execution. Amid the awe-struck silence of the crowd they sang in joyful tones, " Truly we belong to God ; we came from God, and are returning to Him." Some of the little ones, less strong in body than in spirit, died on the progress. The corpses were thrown in the way of the procession, and parents and sisters walked on calmly. Arrived at the appointed place, the offer of life, on condition of abjuration, was once more made and rejected. It might have seemed that measures of intimidation were exhausted ; but it occurred to a soldier to try something new. " If you do not yield," he said to a father, " I will cut the throats of your two sons on your own breast." At once the father sits down on the ground with outstretched arms, and a bright-eyed little lad of fourteen, with blood-stained body and half-charred flesh, but his face glowing with love and faith, throws himself on his breast, exclaiming, " Father, I

am the eldest, let me be first !” What could persecution do with a people like this ?

At last the butchery was finished ; and the calm summer night fell on a hideous, mangled mass of bodies, to which the dogs were gathering in troops ; while the heads were hung up in bundles to decay in the sight of the public.

With this summer day in 1852 the *public* history of Bábism ends. But our author is persuaded that the result of that day's events was a very large, though secret, accession of adherents to the cause. It is only reasonable and natural that it should be so. The spectators could not but feel that there was something in a cause that called forth such joyful faith—such eager devotion ; and the impression made by the immovable constancy of the martyrs, by whom death was rather desired than feared, and on whom torture spent itself like waves against the rock, was profound and lasting. Whatever may be the errors and delusions of the system, it has been true in respect to it, as to a purer and more enlightened faith, that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church.

From that time the Bábys, in obedience to the command of their leader, have remained quiet ; not hesitating, when it seemed advisable, even to deny their faith ; but there is no doubt that the spread of their doctrine has made,

and is still making, steady and rapid progress. They write many books, which are secretly circulated and eagerly read ; and while converts are made among all classes, their views have taken the deepest hold among the educated and intelligent. Meanwhile, the rulers, taught by experience, continue their policy of toleration. They make no inquiry, lest they should hear too much ; they are determinedly blind to indications of indifference to the true faith ; for when it is believed that many, even among the moullass, and the highest officers of State, and those nearest the person of the king, belong to the dreaded and mysterious community, it is felt to be the wisest and safest course not to know.

Dr. Bruce, writing lately from Persia, gives the present number of the Bábys as 100,000 ; but while their policy is what has been indicated, how can they be anything like accurately numbered ?

In finishing the account given by M. de Gobineau, one feels a curiosity as to two or three questions. Does Mirza Yahya, the foster-son of Djenâb-Beha, the successor to the Bâb, elected in 1852, still live ? Does he still reside and make converts at Bagdad ? And does this Egyptian Mahdi, who is giving Europe so much trouble, give himself out as the last and crowning Revelation in this line ? Or has he no connection whatever with Persia and the Bâb ?  
—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. London and New York : Macmillan & Co.

The plaint has been common for the last five years among certain would-be critics that the English laureate was losing his poetic power, and that the great genius which blew such music, now as through a trumpet, and now as with the voluptuous whisperings of the flute, was losing its quality. That Tennyson has written not a little bad verse far below his reputation during the last decade cannot be gainsaid. But how, in face of such noble work as “Becket,” his recent dramatic poem, and now the volume just issued, it can be said that he stands one whit below his noblest level, it is difficult for us to understand that any one can

seriously assert. In “Becket,” dealing with one of the most striking episodes in English history, Tennyson displayed a virile, stark, sinewy vigor, which raised him in our estimation even above that ideal which we associate with the author of “The Princess” and “The Idylls.” Intensely dramatic in its conception and unfolding of character, almost austere in its dignity of utterance, simple, massive, and passionate, we may have long to wait before we have such another superb treatment of a historical story in verse. Intermingled with this we find touches of that exquisite hand which has written the most dainty love-poems of modern literature.

In the new volume before us the laureate returns to the field in which he won some of the

most notable of his early successes, and perpetuates the traditions of poetic treatment illustrated in "Ulysses," "Tithonus," "Ænone," etc. Nowhere does Tennyson's genius shine more characteristically than in this group of subjects. The severe but symmetric outline underlying the beauty of Greek thought seems to act as a mould to compress the rich exuberance of his imagination, and to endow his words with a terseness and depth that make them immortal. Thoroughly saturated with the spirit of Hellenic scholarship, our poet reproduces these classical visions with a fullness and power which show that the altar fires of genius still burn in the septuagenarian without abatement of heat or glow. The opening poem, which gives name to the new volume, "Tiresias," deals, we need hardly tell our readers, with the myths of the blind seer, who was punished thus because he had dared to look on the naked immortal charms of Pallas, and who, like Cassandra, was cursed with the gift of prophecy which no one would believe; doomed to wander through the world with physical sightlessness, but with spiritual clairvoyance that made the future like a mirror whereon were pictured strange things, while men jeered and flouted him. We give our readers the extract wherein Tiresias tells the story of his crime and its punishment:

"Then, in my wanderings, all the lands that lie  
Subjected to the Heliconian ridge  
Have heard this footstep fall, altho' my wont  
Was more to scale the highest of the heights,  
With some strange hope to see the nearer God.  
One naked peak—the sister of the Sun  
Would climb from out the dark, and linger there  
To silver all the valleys with her shafts—  
Then once, lent long ago, five-fold thy term  
Of years I lay; the winds were dead for heat;  
The noonday crag made the hand burn; and sick  
For shadow—not one bush was near—I rose,  
Following a torrent, till its myriad falls  
Found silence in its hollows underneath.

There, in a secret olive glade, I saw  
Pallas Athene climbing from the bath  
In anger; yet one glittering foot disturb'd  
The lucid well; one snowy foot was pressed  
Against the margin-flowers; a dreadful light  
Came from her golden hair, her golden helm,  
And all her golden armor on the grass,  
And from her virgin breast and virgin eyes,  
Remaining fixt on mine, till mine grew dark  
For ever, and I heard a voice that said:

'Henceforth be blind, for thou hast seen too much,  
And speak the truth that no man may believe.'

So, in the hidden world of sight, that lives  
Behind this darkness, I behold her still,  
Beyond all work of those who carve the stone,  
Beyond all dreams of Godlike womanhood,  
Ineffable beauty, out of whom, at a glance,  
And as it were, perforce, upon me flash'd

The power of prophesying—but to me;  
No power—so chain'd and coupled with the curse  
Of blindness and their unbelief, who heard  
And heard not, when I spake of famine, plague,  
Shrine-shattering earthquake, fire, flood, thunderbolt,  
And angers of the Gods for evil done  
And expiation lack'd—no power on Fate,  
Theirs, or mine own! for when the crowd would roar  
For blood, for war, whose issue was their doom,  
To cast wise words among the multitude  
Was flinging fruit to lions; nor, in hours  
Of civil outbreak, when I knew the twain  
Would each waste each, and bring on both the yoke  
Of stronger states, was mine the voice to curb  
The madness of our cities and their kings.

Who ever turn'd upon his heel to hear  
My warning that the tyranny of one  
Was prelude to the tyranny of all?  
My counsel that the tyranny of all  
Led backward to the tyranny of one?  
This power hath worked no good to aught that lives,  
And these blind hands were useless in their wars.  
O therefore that the unfulfill'd desire,  
The grief forever born from griefs to be,  
The boundless yearning of the Prophet's heart—  
Could *that* stand forth, and like a statue, rear'd  
To some great citizen, win all praise from all  
Who past it, saying, 'That was he!'

In vain!

Virtue must shape itself in deed, and those  
Whom weakness or necessity have cramp'd  
Within themselves, immersing, each, his urn  
In his own well, draw solace as he may."

Such sustained and noble beauty as is shown  
in "Tiresias" is Tennyson at his best.

There are other poems hardly inferior to this  
in the volume; to some minds, indeed, that  
entitled "The Ancient Sage" will appeal even  
more subtly. In the mellow and musical  
cadences of the past we are made to feel some-  
thing similar to the purpose incarnated in  
"The Two Voices." A poet whose joyous  
spirit is bathed in the sensuous and ephemeral  
delights of nature discourses with a sage who  
strives to teach him that beauty is only the  
bright garment of truth and wisdom, that all  
the splendors of vision which enchant the  
poetic fancy hide immortal realities that give  
beauty its real significance, and without which  
it would be treachery and sham. Thus speak  
the poet and the sage through the lips of one  
both poet and sage:

"How far thro' all the bloom and brake  
That nightingale is heard!  
What power but the bird's could make  
This music in the bird?  
How summer-bright are yonder skies,  
And earth as fair in hue!  
And yet what sign of aught that lies  
Behind the green and blue?  
But man to-day is fancy's fool  
As man hath ever been.  
The nameless Power, or Powers, that rule  
Were never heard or seen.'

If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt dive  
 Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,  
 There, brooding by the central altar, thou  
 May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,  
 By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise,  
 As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not know ;  
 For Knowledge is the swallow on the lake  
 That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there  
 But never yet hath dipt into the abysm,  
 The Abysm of all Abysms, beneath, within  
 The blue of sky and sea, the green of earth,  
 And in the million-millionth of a grain  
 Which cleft and cleft again for evermore,  
 And ever vanishing, never vanishes,  
 To me, my son, more mystic than myself,  
 Or even than the Nameless is to me.

And when thou sendest thy free soul thro' heaven,  
 Nor understandest bound nor boundlessness,  
 Thou seest the Nameless of the hundred names.  
 And if the Nameless should withdraw from all  
 Thy frailty counts most real, all thy world  
 Might vanish like thy shadow in the dark.

' And since—from when this earth began—  
 The Nameless never came  
 Among us, never spake with man,  
 And never named the Name'—

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,  
 Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,  
 Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,  
 Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,  
 Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one :  
 Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no  
 Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay my son,  
 Thou canst not prove that I, who speak with thee,  
 Am not thyself in converse with thyself,  
 For nothing worthy proving can be proven,  
 Nor yet disproven : wherefore thou be wise,  
 Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,  
 And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith !  
 She reels not in the storm of warring words,  
 She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and 'No,'  
 She seems the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,  
 She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,  
 She spies the summer through the winter bud,  
 She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,  
 She hears the lark within the songless egg,  
 She finds the fountain where they wail'd 'Mirage' !

'What Power ? aught akin to Mind,  
 The mind in me and you ?  
 Or power as of the Gods gone blind  
 Who see not what they do ?'

But some in yonder city hold, my son,  
 That none but Gods could build this house of ours,  
 So beautiful, vast, various, so beyond  
 All work of man, yet, like all work of man,  
 A beauty with defect—till That which knows,  
 And is not known, but felt thro' what we feel  
 Within ourselves is highest, shall descend  
 On this half-deed, and shape it at the last  
 According to the Highest in the Highest."

No one has bejewelled our literature with  
 more perfect gems than has the Laureate dur-  
 ing his long career, yet we fancy there are few  
 who do not recognize Tennyson's highest  
 poetic power in just such poems as these, deal-  
 ing with subjects that touch the deepest and

most unsearchable shadows of the spirit. No  
 one has so crystallized speculation in his music,  
 till it shines like the mystic Urim and Thum-  
 mim on the breast of the high priest. In this,  
 we think, will be found the ultimate test of  
 Tennyson's fitness to sit on so lofty a throne  
 in the poetic Pantheon.

A good specimen of the poet's power in a  
 field which he has cultivated with no little suc-  
 cess—that of dialect poems—is found in a  
 highly humorous sketch of the old-maid, who  
 recalls her love adventures by naming her  
 various cats after her sweethearts of auld lang  
 syne. The way in which the spinster in her  
 meditations confounds the cats with the hu-  
 mans has a touch of pathos mixed with its  
 humor—not an unusual union, by the way.  
 The picture, homely as it is, is truly dramatic :  
 "Robby, git down wi' tha, wilt tha ? let Steevie coom oop  
 o' my knee.

Steevie, my lad, thou 'ed very nigh been the Steevie fur  
 me !  
 Robby wur fust to be sewer, 'e wur burn an' bred i' the  
 'ouse,

But thou be es 'ansom a taddy as iver patted a mouse.  
 An' I beänt not vaänin, but I knaws I 'ed led tha a  
 quieter life

Nor her wi' the hepitaph yonder ! 'A faäithful an' loovin'  
 wife !'

An' 'cos o' thy farm by the beck, an' thy windmill oop  
 o' the croft,

Tha thowt tha would marry ma, did tha ? but that wur a  
 bit ower soft,

Thaw thou was es soäber as daäy, wi' a niced red faäce,  
 an' es cleän

Es a shillin' fresh fro' the mint wi' a bran-new 'eäd o'  
 the Queeän,

An' thy farmin' es cleän as thysen, fur, Steevie, tha kep'  
 it sa neät

That I niver not spied sa much as a poppy along wi' the  
 wheät,

An' the wool of a thistle a-flyin' an' seeädin' tha haäted  
 to see ;

'Twur as bad as a battle-twig 'ere i' my oän blue chaum-  
 ber to me.

Ay, roob thy whiskers ageän ma, fur I could 'a taäen to  
 tha well,

But fur thy bairns, poor Steevie, a bouncin' boy an' a  
 gell.

An' thou was es foad o' thy bairns es I be mysen o' my  
 cats,

But I niver not wish'd fur childer, I hevnt naw likin'  
 fur brats ;

Pretty anew when ya dresses 'em oop, an' they goäs fur a  
 walk,

Or sits wi' their 'ands afoor 'em, an' doesn't not 'inder  
 the talk !

But their bottles o' pap, an' their mucky bibs, an' the  
 clats an' the clouts,

An' their mashin' their toys to pieäces an' maäkin' ma  
 deäf wi' their shouts,

An' hallus a-joompin' about ma as if they was set upo'  
 springs,

An' a haxin' ma hawkard questions, an' saäyin' ondecen

An' a-callin' ma 'hugly' mayhap to my faíce, or a  
teárin' my gown—  
Dear! dear! dear! I mun part them Tommies—Steevie  
git down.

Ye be wuss nor the men-tommies, you. I tell'd ya, na  
moor o' that!

Tom, lig theere o' the cushion, an' tother Tom 'ere o' the  
mat.

Theere! I ha' master'd *them*! Hed I married the Tom-  
mies—O Lord,

To loove an' obaáy the Tommies! I couldn't 'a stuck by  
my word.

To be horder'd about, an' waáked, when Molly 'd put  
out the light,

By a man coomin' in wi' a hiccup at ony hoúr o' the  
night!

An' the taáble staáin'd wi' 'is aále, an' the mud o' 'is  
boots o' the stairs,

An' the stink o' 'is pipe i' the 'ouse, an' the mark o' 'is  
'eád 'o the chairs!

An' noán o' my four sweet-arts 'ud 'a let me 'a hed my  
oán waáý,

Sa I likes 'em best wi' taáils when they 'evn't a word to  
saáy."

Lovers of Tennyson will welcome this new addition to his works as worthy of his peerless rank among English poets. His genius carries its seventy years with an erect and shining front, and we may well hope that his strength will remain unbroken even for another ten years, though he has now reached the allotted term of man.

PRINCE BISMARCK. AN HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Charles Lowe, M.A. In Two Volumes. New York: Cassell & Co.

The man of blood and iron, as he is so tersely and characteristically named, has begun to share the glory and punishment meted out to all very great men, even before they die, to be made the subject of numerous biographies. Certainly no statesman has so completely filled the eyes of the world, no one has played so important a part in the history of the world during the last twenty years. We doubt whether in the whole of history there can be found a man who has wrought out such colossal results in the same period of time. Whether these results do not bear in themselves the seed of a still mightier revolution, a still bloodier drama than any in which the Prince Chancellor has personally figured, is a query full of ominous probabilities.

The author of the biography before us has brought to his task great and conscientious industry and some sense of picturesque arrangement. He has ransacked every means of information, apparently, and yet amid the great mass of material he does not seem to be overwhelmed or even encumbered by it. It is a

pity that his style is labored, parenthetical, and verbose, and that an otherwise excellent impression is thus marred. But it does not prevent this Bismarck biography from being very readable. It is easy to gain a vivid and clear impression of a great career in the gradual evolution of some of the most stirring and important events which have stirred the last half of the nineteenth century.

It is beyond our purpose to attempt to follow, even in the most skeleton sketch, the life of Bismarck as pictured by Mr. Lowe in his two elaborate volumes. The outlines of that career are too well known as forming so large a part of recent history, and the character lineament of the subject has been too often drawn to make this necessary, even if it were possible, in these pages. Herr Busch, the Boswell of Bismarck, has in several very interesting volumes made his hero speak for himself, with all his complex and multifarious qualities of great prescience, magnificent powers of combination, iron courage, brutal frankness, and grim pleasantry. Born a monarchist, thoroughly believing in monarchy as the only desirable form of government, this great man has dedicated his powers—and so far successfully—to building up the German Empire with the kingdom at its head. We may fancy that not German unity but Prussian greatness has been his object, for that could only be consummated through German unity. Since that end was achieved the efforts of Bismarck to trample out the sentiment of liberty or democracy, which is still strong, have been unending, ingenious, and pressed with all the force of that resourceful mind and iron will, which had reunited Germany under the House of Brandenburg. While these efforts have been only partly successful, they constitute a most remarkable chapter in political history. The second volume of the work before us will be found of special value to the student of current affairs on this account. The contest of German imperialism under the splendid leadership of the Prince Chancellor with the German Liberals has been a dramatic and instructive spectacle, and the end is not yet. When the Prince has been gathered to his fathers—probably not a distant period, for his giant frame is racked by disease and enfeebled by age, and we all know

"Pallida mors  
Æquo pulsat pede tabernas pauperum  
Regumque turas,"

—the bonds which he has wielded so patiently will fall to pieces like ropes of sand in all prob-

ability. Man is great, but men are greater. It will only be another illustration that even men of iron achieve results which are shattered like glass before the march of events, unless those results are in accord with the eternal principles of truth.

But without furthermore speculating as to the future of the Bismarckian *régime* when its main pillar shall have fallen, let us gather some brief pictures of the man and his opinions of other men, gathered at random from the book. In no way are the swift precision and vigor of the man better illustrated than in his judgments of other men of his time, in the unerring vision which pierced through all disguises. He thus sums up the Austrian representation at the Diet of Frankfurt :

"Count Thun has somewhat of a bumptious appearance, with a touch of the Vienna roué about him. But the sins which he commits in the latter capacity he tries to make up for in his own eyes, and in those of his Countess, by strictly observing the precepts of the Catholic Church. He plays hazard (macao) at the club till four in the morning, or dances from ten to five without ceasing, and with evident passion, drinking plenty of iced champagne all the while, and pays court to the pretty wives of the merchants with an ostentation that makes one believe he does so as much to make an impression on the spectators as to give himself pleasure. Under this exterior Count Thun conceals, I will not say high political energy and mental gifts, but an unusual degree of cleverness and calculation, that issue with great presence of mind from under the mask of harmless bonhomie as soon as politics come into question. I consider him an opponent that might be dangerous to everybody who honestly trusts him, instead of paying him back in his own coin.

"The second in command (at the Austrian embassy) is Baron Nell von Nellenburg. A clever publicist, as the saying is ; he is nearly fifty, writes poetry occasionally, is sentimental, falls to weeping readily at the theatre, has an appearance of good nature and agreeableness, drinks more than he can stand, and is said to have had family misfortune."

Of another Austrian diplomat he writes as follows :

"No Austrian diplomatist of the school of that day troubled himself very much about the exact truth. Prokesch was not at all the man for me. He had brought with him from the East the trick of the most miserable intrigues. Truth was a matter of absolute indifference to him. I remember once, in a large company, there was some talk of an Austrian assertion which did not square with the truth. Prokesch raised his voice and said, so that I should hear him distinctly, 'If that were not true I should have been lying (and he emphasized the word) in the name of the Imperial-Royal Government.' He looked me straight in the face. I returned the look, and said, quietly, 'Quite so, your Excellency.' He was obviously shocked ; but when on looking round he perceived nothing but down-dropped eyes and solemn silence, which meant to say that I was in the right, he turned on his heel and went into the dining-room where covers were laid. After dinner he had recovered himself,

and came across to me with a full glass, for otherwise I should have supposed that he was going to call me out. He said, 'Come, now ; let us make friends.' 'Why not ?' said I ; 'but the protocol must of course be altered.' 'You are incorrigible,' he replied, smiling. It was all right. The protocol *was* altered, so that they recognized that it had contained an untruth."

With a very high opinion of M. Thiers, for whom in his delicate mission of constructing the French Republic he had a sincere sympathy, though probably not with any sympathy for the objects of Thiers's efforts, he did not hesitate to express a contempt for the Nestor of European diplomacy, Gortschakoff :

"Without the least reason, many people take him for a particularly clever and skilful diplomatist. He never has any really great object in view, and therefore cannot point to any remarkable success. His policy is not that of the Czar Alexander, nor is it a Russian policy, but one dictated and guided in the first place by considerations personal to himself, and in the second by his predilection for France, which his master does not share. His chief characteristic is a highly developed egotism ; his chief aim the gratification of his yearning to be esteemed a politician of the first class, which is just what he is not. Hence his chronic disposition to invent scenes in which he can play a part likely to elicit applause from public opinion. The Russian Chancellor has only exhibited any personal activity during the past four years ; and no expert will venture to say that his operations have revealed either adroitness or perspicacity. These four years were devoted on his part to preparing the war with Turkey, and to making sure that the struggle in question should result favorably and profitably to Russia. But his manner of conducting this business has not altogether signalized him as an intelligence capable of clearly discerning its own aims and the means of attaining them. In preparing to fight the Turks, the most important preliminary was to ascertain beyond a doubt what position Austria-Hungary and Germany would take up in relation to Russia's projects, and to establish satisfactory relations with those States. This was not effectually done, as everybody knows. Firm and distinct relations were not even arranged and established with Roumania, although Gortschakoff had ample opportunities for fulfilling that part of his task during his six months' sojourn in Bucharest. But the old gentleman spent too much of his time every day with girls of a certain description to have any to spare for business. The results of his policy resembled the work he himself did ; both were mediocre. But his yearning to be, or at least to appear, more than he really was, remained as vigorous and lively as ever theretofore. After 1874 it seemed as if his greed for praise and renown would never again leave him any peace or quiet. At the time of the Reichstadt Convention (1876) he remarked : 'Je ne peux pas filer comme une lampe qui s'éteint. Il faut que je me couche comme un astre.'"

Bismarck has a contempt for sham, and his fierce, implacable frankness has worked greater ends than other men's *finesse*. As a political force it is not difficult to measure him. That he loves his country is not to be denied, but he loves the ideal monarchy better. Before this idol he worships, and everything else bends

before it. His vast powers have been dedicated to consolidate the permanent greatness of the Prussian monarchy. The people have been with him only insignificant pawns, whom he despised except so far as they served his ends. He has trod ruthlessly on human hearts and human rights. In many ways he recalls the English Strafford, whose policy of "thorough," had it been backed by a stronger master and assisted by more favorable conditions, would have made the "dark Earl" one of the mighty men of his age instead of sending him to the headsman. The scaffold will not be the Prince Chancellor's fate, but the people will yet wreak a no less potent revenge on the system of which he is the master spirit. We think Mr. Lowe's book will be a valuable contribution to history, and that the reader will rise from it with a clear notion of the great statesman who is its subject.

**THE INSUPPRESSIBLE BOOK. A CONTROVERSY BETWEEN HERBERT SPENCER AND FREDERICK HARRISON. With Comments by Gail Hamilton. Boston: S. E. Cassino & Co.**

It will be remembered by many of our readers that the famous discussion between Herbert Spencer and Frederick Harrison in the pages of the *Contemporary Magazine*, a portion of which was published in the pages of this magazine, entered into one of the most interesting of all philosophical questions, the possibility of evolving from the theory of an unknowable first cause, which is recognized by most scientific men, a view of the system of the universe capable of taking the place of the old religions.

The discussion was conducted on the part of Mr. Harrison, who contended for the Comtean theory, and that such a proposition was a philosophical negation and absurdity, with some acrimony, and by Mr. Spencer with that serenity and lofty equipoise which so become the ideal philosopher. Professor Youmans, the American friend and agent of Mr. Spencer, attempted, through D. Appleton & Co., to publish these papers in book form, and with the consent of the authors. Mr. Harrison's captious objection defeated this purpose. We now have the essays, with notes and comments by Gail Hamilton, who contributes many pages of lively and suggestive reading in addition to the more serious pabulum which constitutes the text.

The fair commentator urges with great persistence that Mr. Spencer is so nearly a Chris-

tian philosopher without knowing it that he must be ranked with the most potent defenders of the Church, and exhausts much ingenious argument to establish her proposition. Mr. Spencer, no doubt, will feel highly flattered by the devotion of his enthusiastic disciple, who, like another Mary, would no doubt pour another jar of spikenard on his feet and wipe them with her hair; but we cannot help feeling that he would laugh gently at the claims made by Gail Hamilton. Nowhere out of the New Testament do we find the Christian ethics more beautifully illustrated than in Herbert Spencer's writings, but between these and his philosophical creed there is a great gulf. Our commentator, we think, shows very little true insight into the conception of the Hebraic or of the Christian Deity, as unfolded in the books of the Bible, and of his essential relation to his creatures as unfolded in those books, in identifying him with the Unknowable First Cause of Spencer and other modern scientific thinkers. Without at all entering into the discussion of this conception of divinity, as advanced on either side, it seems clear to us that Gail Hamilton utterly fails to establish her theory. Indeed, the failure is so woeful that it is only excused by the exceedingly bright and forcible way the author has of making her points. However we may think of the logic, the book is well worth reading.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

DESSAU, the native town of the philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, is making preparations for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the day of his death. A committee has been formed of members of the *Gemeinnützige Verein*, the heads of the Jewish *Kultusgemeinde*, and other notabilities.

COUNT UGO BALZANI has contributed to the *Società romana di storia patria* a paper upon a curious contemporary account of Joan of Arc. It is an appendix to the chronicle known as the *Breviarium Historiale*, of which many MSS. exist, and which was printed at Poitiers as early as 1479. So far as is known all the copies stop short at the year 1428, with the exception of the one lately discovered at Rome. This is written by the chronicler himself, and is carried one year later, to the end of 1429. It records the deliverance of Orleans, but not the oath of the king at Rheims. No new facts are given; but the account is important as showing the interest felt in the exploits of the Maiden. Of the chronicler nothing is known



beyond that he was a Frenchman, living at Rome in the court of Pope Martin V.

THERE is news from Athens that the well-known archæologist, Dr. Dörpfeld, has discovered on the Acropolis, between the Partheion and the Erechtheum, remains of a prehistoric palace similar to those found at Hissarlik and Tiryns.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S new poem contains pen-and-ink portraits of Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Herbert Spencer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Pater, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Mallock, Miss Cobbe, and other contemporaries. The book is a sort of poetical symposium, with discussions of the "burning" questions of religion and science, and illustrative tales and lyrics.

STEPNIAK'S new book will be entitled *The Russian Storm Cloud*. It will contain chapters on the Russian Army, Poland, Terrorism in Russia, European Socialism, and Dynamiters.

MR. HALE WHITE writes to the London *Athenæum*: "As I had the honor of living in the same house, 142, Strand, with George Eliot for about two years, between 1851 and 1854, I may perhaps be allowed to correct an impression which Mr. Cross's book may possibly produce on its readers. To put it very briefly, I think he has made her too 'respectable.' She was really one of the most sceptical, unusual creatures I ever knew, and it was this side of her character which to me was the most attractive. She told me that it was worth while to undertake all the labor of learning French if it resulted in nothing more than reading one book—Rousseau's 'Confessions.' That saying was perfectly symbolical of her, and reveals more completely what she was, at any rate in 1851-'54, than page after page of attempt on my part at critical analysis. I can see her now, with her hair over her shoulders, the easy-chair half sideways to the fire, her feet over the arms, and a proof in her hands, in that dark room at the back of No. 142, and I confess I hardly recognize her in the pages of Mr. Cross's—on many accounts—most interesting volumes. I do hope that in some future edition, or in some future work, the salt and spice will be restored to the records of George Eliot's entirely unconventional life. As the matter now stands she has not had full justice done to her, and she has been removed from the class—the great and noble church, if I may so call it—of the Insurgents, to one more genteel, but certainly not so interesting."

DR. R. REICKE, the librarian of the University Library at Königsberg, and F. Sintenis, of Dorpat, have for some time been engaged upon the preparation of a complete edition of Immanuel Kant's correspondence. The editors request all persons who possess any letters from Kant to send them to Dr. Reicke direct or to Herr Leopold Voss, the publisher, of Hamburg. "Even the slightest notices will be welcome," says the editor, "such, for instance, as original letters by any contemporaries of Kant in which the philosopher is mentioned." They may prove useful in clearing up chronological and other difficulties. The first volume of the correspondence of Arnold Ruge has appeared.

THE curators of the Bodleian, at Oxford University, have had an enumeration made of the entire contents of the library. The total number of volumes (excluding 1625 volumes of Bodleian catalogues) was 432,417, of which 26,589 were MS., and 405,819 printed. Besides these, there were 1,124 MS. pieces waiting to be catalogued and bound in volumes, and 24,988 periodical parts and pamphlets also waiting to be bound. And, further, there were those ordnance-maps which cannot be bound until the survey of their respective counties or towns is completed. The Bodleian building itself contained all the MSS. and 306,105 printed volumes. The number of these which a visitor sees is very small. The picture gallery had only 47,461, and the wing in which the catalogue stands only 21,787. Even readers see less than a third of the total contents of the building, for Duke Humfrey's library had only 10,462 volumes, and the Seldon room only 27,088. The Camera contained 97,101 volumes, the vast majority of which are also out of sight, in the vault below the reading-room; the select open cases, from which the readers themselves take books, contained 7004. The library at the Museum had 2613 volumes on loan. In the first ten months of this year the number of items added (counting parts, separate maps, etc.) was 37,325; of these 26,291 came in under the Copyright Act, 4955 by gift or exchange, 4978 were new purchases, and 1101 were second-hand purchases.

THE project of an English Goethe Society is being warmly advocated, and has already met with an encouraging measure of support. The society aims at promoting the study of Goethe, and publishing matter illustrative of his life and works. As proposed, it would be affiliat-

ed to the German Goethe Gesellschaft, and its members would receive on advantageous terms the latter's publications. These will include the most interesting among the documents lately bequeathed by Goethe's heirs to the Grand Duchess of Weimar—documents which throw a new and vivid light upon nearly every period of the poet's life. The first issue, to be published in the forthcoming *Goethe Jahrbuch*, will consist of two very curious series of early letters to Goethe's sister, 1765-'67, and to Behrisch, 1766-'68, partly written in English, and containing, *inter alia*, an English poem to Schlosser, an unfinished tragedy "Belsazar," other dramatic fragments, poems to his mother, &c. These will be followed by a volume of letters to Frau Rath. An arrangement has already been made with the German publisher of the Goethe Gesellschaft, by which the back years of the *Goethe Jahrbuch* would, so far as the stock lasts, be supplied at a reduced rate to English members, who would thus be placed on the same footing as German members. The nature and extent of the proposed society's publications must of course be determined by the measure of support which it receives from the public. It is trusted that this may be large enough to enable the issue of really valuable contributions to Goethe biography and criticism, and the organization of local centres for the purpose of mutual study. Among the Goethe scholars who have signified their approval and support of the project are Profs. Blackie, Dowden, and Seeley, Mr. Oscar Browning, Dr. Buchheim, Mr. C. H. Herford, Mr. W. C. Coupland, and Mr. T. Lyster.

THE *Oxford Magazine* recently gave an analysis of the university candidates who have been returned to the new House of Commons. Of Oxford men the total number is 134, of whom 73 are Conservatives and 61 Liberals. But this proportion is reversed among those who have taken high honors, where 38 are Liberals and 28 Conservatives. Of Cambridge men the total number returned is 88, of whom 50 are Liberals and 38 Conservatives. Those who have taken high honors comprise 21 Liberals and 12 Conservatives. Of the entire number of candidates who have taken high honors just under one-half were returned, the Liberals being slightly more successful in proportion than the Conservatives. The House of Lords shows 46 Oxford men and 21 Cambridge men who have taken high honors.

A SPECIAL interest attaches at present to the

reports showing the condition of British Burma. In education, as in other matters, the province may be considered one of the most progressive of our Eastern possessions. The report on public instruction for 1884-'85, recently issued, states that during the year the number of schools increased from 4682 to 5010, and of pupils from 127,583 to 137,504, the greatest increase being in primary schools. Satisfactory progress has also been made in the training of teachers and in industrial schools. It is stated that the experiment of giving representatives of the townspeople large powers in the management of educational matters has been very successful.

THE international copyright question appears to be growing in interest, says the *Academy*. A letter on the subject has been printed in the *Publishers' Circular* from a gentleman who has just returned from a visit to the United States, during which he came into frequent contact with authors and publishers, when the subject was constantly discussed. The letter in question is signed "E. M.," initials which indicate a writer who has paid much attention to the subject. He noticed that at many American bookstalls "the chief books offered for sale were cheap reprints of English authors."

THE death is reported of the Nestor of modern Italian authors, Andrea Maffei, who has died at Milan in his eighty-fifth year. Maffei was the most active and prominent interpreter both of English and German literature to his fellow-countrymen. At the age of sixteen he translated Gessner's "Idylls." He has since enriched Italian literature with translations of Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron, and of Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, and others. In 1879 the king nominated him a senator. His translations are praised for their fidelity and perfection of form.

M. JUSSERAND, the head of the Tunis Department of the French Foreign Office, and the author of the well-known works on the English Drama before Shakespeare, and *Life on the Road in Chaucer's Time*, is lecturing at the Collège de France on the contemporaries of Chaucer and on the English novelists of the eighteenth century, Fielding, &c.

MR. BROWNING has been carrying into effect the doctrines he has preached in his poems "House" and "Shop" in his *Pacchiarotto* volume of 1876; and, dreading his future biographer, has just destroyed the whole of his let-

ters to his father and family, every one of which had been preserved by paternal care.

### MISCELLANY.

ANECDOTES OF RINGS.—The value of a ring as a messenger of grace was exemplified in the stormy days of Queen Mary of Scotland. Two burgesses had been condemned to death, but were reprieved at the foot of the gallows by Her Majesty. The messenger was sent in great haste by the Earl of Bothwell, "and presented the Queen's ring to the provost's inspection for the safety of their lives." This was considered a sufficient indication of the royal clemency, and the "revival," observes Knox, in his "History of the Reformation in Scotland," "of an ancient custom practised by Scottish monarchs before the date of the earliest sign-manual on record, when everything in Church and State were represented in types and symbols." Swearing by the ring was a practice of early times. In the "Chronicle of Florence of Worcester" we read (A.D. 876) "and in the same year the army of the Danes in England swore oaths to King Alfred upon the holy ring, which before they would not do to any nation, and they delivered to the king hostages from the most distinguished men in the army that they would speedily depart from his kingdom, and that by night they broke." In illustration of this passage, Petrie gives an extract from Arngrim Jonas, and a reference to Bartholinus (de Armillis), by which it appears to have been customary among the early Scandinavian nations to give additional sanctity to an oath by taking it upon a ring or bracelet, smeared with the blood of the sacrifice offered upon the occasion. We have a curious instance of the use of a ring in the middle ages, in the case of Adelaide, widow of King Lothaire, who, being besieged by Berenger, the successor of Lothaire, sent a message to Otho, King of Germany, to assist her. In proof of his readiness to do so an arrow was shot into the place of her captivity by a skilful archer, having suspended to it the reply and the nuptial ring of the King of Germany, to whom she was afterward married. A singular "memento" ring was worn by Carl Hoffmann, for many years chief editor of the *Wiener Tageblatt*, who died lately at Vienna. Down to his last hour he wore upon the forefinger of his right hand an iron ring, which, some three decades ago, he had made for him

out of the link of the chain he had borne, as a political prisoner, during two long and weary years of incarceration, varied by hard labor. Rings, as we know, were given as prizes at tournaments, athletic sports, such as wrestling, horse and foot races, shooting with the bow, &c., in former times. One of the most singular rewards of this kind was for "grinning" matches. Addison, in the *Spectator* (No. 173), quotes an advertisement from the *Post Boy*, of prizes to be given for horse and ass races on Coleshill Heath, Warwickshire, and "a gold ring to be grinned for by men." He says, "the gold ring which is made the prize for deformity is just the reverse of the golden apple that was formerly made the prize for beauty, and should carry, for its posie the old motto inverted, *Detur tetriciori*, or, to accommodate it to the capacity of the combatants,

"The frightful grinner be the winner."

Rings for "hopping" matches were given in the sixteenth century, as we learn from John Heywoode. In his "Proverbs" (1566), he says,

"Where woovers hoppe in and out, long time may bring  
Him that hoppeth best at last to have the ring."

And again, in his *Four P.'s*, one of the characters in the play is directed to "hoppe upon one foot," and another says,

"Here were a hopper to hop for a ring."

In connection with wedding rings may be mentioned the following curious notice in one of the marriage registers of the church of St. James, Bury St. Edmund: "1832, Nov. 5, Christopher Newsam, Charity Morrell: Charity Morrell being entirely without arms, the ring was placed upon the fourth toe of the left foot, and she wrote her name in this register with her right foot." Queen Margaret of Denmark was a great match maker, and gave the high born Kirsten Thott in marriage to her favorite Jeppe Muus, son of a rich burgher. The indignant bride, who was betrothed to another, presented her husband with a gold ring, in which was encrusted a copper nail, with this inscription: "Flourish, copper nail, thou liest in gold." Queen Margaret counted not on the vengeance of the bride's betrothed, Hogler Munk, the lord of Boller, who, to the rage of the queen, picked a quarrel with the bridegroom, killed him, and married his widow the next day. The marriage of Duke John (brother of Erik XIV., King of Sweden) to the Princess Catherine (sister of King Sigismund

II. of Poland) in 1562 gave great offence to Erik, who subjected the royal pair to terrible sufferings. When the duke was cast into prison, his wife had the choice of living in one of the king's palaces, or, if she wished to accompany her husband, she was only allowed two maids with her in prison. When Catherine heard this she exclaimed that "she would rather die than be separated from the duke," and fainted away. When she was restored, Göran, the messenger of King Erik, asked her what she had determined. The duchess drew her betrothal ring from her finger, and said, "Read what stands there." Göran saw the words engraved within it, "*Nemo nisi mors*" (None but death). "I will remain by it," said Catherine, and she did so. At the marriage of Napoleon I. with the Austrian Archduchess, upon receiving the benediction ring, he asked, "Why did not the Empress Josephine give me a ring?" The reply was, "Because, Sire, it is the custom in France that only the bridegroom gives the ring." "Ah!" said Napoleon, "that is good," and whispered in M. Pradt's ear, "but do you know why the women receive the ring? It is a custom founded on the Roman law, which ordained that all slaves should wear rings; and, as the women are our slaves, they ought to wear this badge of servitude." General Sir Evelyn Wood, in a speech at Chelmsford (October 14, 1879), on the presentation of a sword of honor for his services in the Zulu War, alluding to the death of Arthur Eyre, his adjutant and friend, at Coomassie, some years previously, said, "Composing his features that I might not see his sufferings, he looked up in my eyes and said, with a quietude which told me he had accurately gauged the mortal nature of his then undressed wound, 'Pull my rings off for my mother.'" At the flight of James II. from England (1688), at parting from his loyal host, Sir Richard Head, he drew a ring from his finger and presented it to him, as an acknowledgment of the dutiful and affectionate attention he had received in his perilous need, saying, "This is the only present an unfortunate king is able to bestow." This ring, which has an emerald set round with diamonds, has been carefully preserved by the family of Sir Richard Head, and is in the possession of his descendant, the Hon. Mrs. Herbert.—*Queen*.

The Zanjir-Khana (literally, "The House of Chains") in a Persian town is a place seldom visited by Europeans. The gaol is an apparently insecure structure, having a mud wall

about ten feet high. Half-a-dozen soldiers occupy the gateway: their unloaded muskets are piled in a corner. Three of the men are asleep under rugs. The other three, the guard on duty, are warming their hands over a small earthen pot full of live charcoal. Each man is provided with what is termed a *shisht per*, a heavy bludgeon surmounted by an iron head having six projections: a simple weapon, but one with which you might stun an ox. The sentry salutes on seeing a European, and immediately seizes one of the rusty muskets. He calls to the gaoler, who is a hungry-looking man in a dirty cloth coat. We have come to see the gaol; and this man, the governor of the prison, has no objection, for he knows he will get a fee, and by fees he lives. Fees from the prisoners, fees from the friends of prisoners, fees, perhaps from their enemies. We tell him it is our wish to explore the prison; at which the gaoler is very much surprised. "Go inside?" he says—"inside?" "Yes." "Bismillah! you are welcome; you Europeans are ever curious. Who wants to see the inside of a gaol? The outside is quite enough for most people." The gaoler indicates a narrow staircase; we ascend it, and find ourselves upon the roof of the rooms which form the four sides of the rectangular courtyard. A couple of small chambers are the quarters of the gaoler and his family. The female portion of it scuttle off: we take a seat at the open window, and open conversation with our host, while he prepares for us the hubble-bubble, which must be offered to every visitor, and never refused. "Have you many prisoners?" "Yes, a good many; the harvest was bad, so we are busy." Our host tells us that his salary is but four tomans—about 30s.—a month, irregularly paid, and that times are bad. Any great criminal, any rich man, is usually incarcerated in the house of the governor of his *farrash-bashi*; the prisoners we see are merely rabble, men of nothing; there is no profit attached to them. They have their rations, but what is that? There is little enough to get out of the rations. "Two loaves a day; why if I tampered much with their accursed loaves these sons of burnt fathers would rise and trample me to death. The fact is, I draw rations for sixty prisoners; I have forty-five; but what profit is there in thirty loaves a day? Besides, I have to do the best I can. I have my perquisites." We ascertain that the perquisites consist of the clothes of the prisoners. But do these men surrender their clothes willingly? We are told that they usually do; but if they are obdurate they have

to go into the *khelwut* (the private place). We express our desire to see the *khelwut*. "Certainly, on my eyes, if you wish it! but there is nothing to see, absolutely nothing." At the question whether there are any female prisoners, our informant holds up his hands in horror. "Here, female prisoners? When a woman in Persia misconducts herself, if imprisoned, she is simply detained in the house of a priest." "Where are the other prisoners, the ten we do not see?" "In the *khelwut*." We learn that of the ten unfortunates two are determined prison-breakers, three are left for death, and the other five are simply new arrivals; but they will join the bulk of the prisoners "when," as our informant puts it, "they have made me a present of their clothes." We inquire if there are many escapes. "No: they occur seldom—very seldom: and then only the rich—the liberal rich." We infer from this that in Persia a prisoner, if rich and willing to bribe, may escape. We point out that the guard is small, the walls not high, and the prisoners many. "To your feet!" shouts the gaoler. The five-and-thirty prisoners stand up, rising, however, slowly. We then see why escapes seldom occur. Each wears an iron collar, and this is linked to that of his neighbor by a heavy chain of bright iron. We notice, too, that every prisoner has a forked stick two feet long: with this, when sitting, he supports the weight of his chain. As a rule there is a gaol delivery at each new year, and imprisonment for twelve months is regarded as a very severe sentence. The custom is that, except the great criminals, all the prisoners are liberated at the beginning of the new year, *if they have no property*, either with or without an application of the bastinado. A similar clearance takes place on each change of provincial governors. These occasions are much dreaded; for if the new governor wishes to make an example, then six, a dozen, or a score of prisoners may be executed at once. "Murderers only?" "Oh, no; murderers, coiners, old offenders, high-way robbers, sectaries of the Baab, burglars. Half the prisoners you see are ryots who can't or won't pay their taxes. They are not executed; but otherwise their treatment is the same; are they not *yaghi* (*i.e.* in rebellion)?" Here a well-dressed man entered the room and sat down. "This gentleman, the Khan, is also a prisoner, but he boards with me; we have an arrangement." We note that the Khan wears no fetters and is well dressed. "I wear that at night, though," re-

marked the Khan, pointing to a huge block of wood with a hole in it to fit the ankle. The *khelwut* was a low dark apartment, filthy in the extreme, the air almost poisonous with its ten inhabitants; and sometimes there were thirty. The three condemned men, ironed as were those outside, were sitting with both feet securely fixed in the *kang* (the Chinese have a similar word for a machine that restrains by its weight, but it is fastened round the neck), or beam. They looked at us with a dull and hopeless gaze. "Murderers," our informant whispers, "it is for to-morrow." As we left the prison the gaoler said with a smile, "Ah, sahib! we are more humane than you are; there are no vindictive punishments here, no long sentences, no lifelong imprisonments; and you see our prisoners do no work—absolutely none."

CHEAP PICTURES.—There are times of stagnation in the picture trade which weigh so heavily on all but the most famous artists that those who have been in the habit of making studies and drawings will part with them for very low prices. It may seem that it is taking a mean advantage to purchase under such circumstances, but after a full consideration of the morality of the matter we may feel assured that it is right. If the painter sells, the reason is that he finds an advantage in doing so, the advantage generally being that he gains time for a work of more importance, and so far from looking upon the poor collector as a sort of thief, he is more likely to welcome him secretly as a deliverer. Nobody who is not intimately acquainted with these matters can have an idea of the extreme smallness of the gains of artists without celebrity when the commerce of art is in a thoroughly depressed condition. An artist of sufficient ability to exhibit at the Royal Academy told me that last year he had only earned fifteen guineas by the sale of a few water colors. A lady, also an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, reckoned her earnings one year at £30. A regular exhibitor at the French Salon told me that his year's income for 1883 was £28, but last year a lucky sale had doubled it. A fourth remained nominally a painter, but in reality was earning a living by picture cleaning. Does any one imagine that it would have been mean or unkind to go frankly to one of these artists and say, "I appreciate your work, but cannot afford to give much; let me have two or three studies for a few pounds?" —*P. G. Hamerton, in Longman's Magazine.*



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PROEM TO GENESIS: A PLEA FOR A FAIR TRIAL.

BY RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

*Vous avez une manière si aimable d'annoncer les plus mauvaises nouvelles, qu'elles perdent par là de leurs désagréments.* So wrote, *de haut en bas*, the Duchess of York to Beau Brummell, sixty or seventy years back;\* and so write I, *de bas en haut*, to the two very eminent champions who have in the *Nineteenth Century* of December entered appearances on behalf of Dr. Réville's *Prolégomènes*, with a decisiveness of tone, at all events, which admits of no mistake: Professor Huxley and Professor Max Müller. My first duty is to acknowledge in both cases the abundant courtesy and indulgence with which I am personally treated. And my first thought is that, where even disagreement is made in a manner pleasant, it will be a duty to search and see if there be any points of agreement or approximation, which will

be more pleasant still. This indulgence and courtesy deserves in the case of Professor Huxley a special warmth of acknowledgment, because, while thus more than liberal to the individual, he has for the class of Reconcilers, in which he places me, an unconcealed and unmeasured scorn. These are they who impose upon man a burden of false science *in the name of religion*, who dictate as a Divine command "an implicit belief in the cosmogony of Genesis;" and who "stir unwisdom and fanaticism to their depths."\* Judgments so severe should surely be supported by citation or other evidence, for which I look in vain. To some they might suggest the idea that Passion may sometimes unawares intrude even within the precincts of the temple of Science. But I admit

\* *Life*, by Jesse. Revised edition, i. 260.  
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\* *Nineteenth Century*, December 1885, pp. 859, 860.

that a great master of his art may well be provoked when he finds his materials tumbled about by incapable hands, and may mistake for irreverence what is only want of skill.

While acknowledging the great courtesy with which Professor Huxley treats his antagonist individually, and while simply listening to his denunciations of the Reconcilers as one listens to distant thunders, with a sort of sense that after all they will do no great harm, I must presume to animadvert with considerable freedom upon his method; upon the sweeping character of his advocacy; upon his perceptible exaggeration of points in controversy; upon his mode of dealing with authorities; and upon the curious fallacy of substitution by which he enables himself to found the widest proscriptions of the claim of the Book of Genesis to contain a Divine record upon a reasoned impeachment of its scientific accuracy in, as I shall show, a single particular.

As to the first of these topics, nothing can be more equitable than Professor Huxley's intention to intervene as a "science proctor" in that part of the debate raised by M. Réville, "to which he proposes to restrict his observations" (*N. C.* p. 849). This is the part on which he proposes in his first page to report as a student—and every reader will inwardly add, as one of the most eminent among all students—of natural science. Now this is not the cosmogonical part of the account in Genesis. On Genesis i. 1-19, containing the cosmogony, he does not report as an expert, but refers us (p. 859) to "those who are specially conversant with the sciences involved;" adding his opinion about their opinion. Yet in his second page, without making any reference to this broad distinction, he at once forgets the just limitation of his first, and our "proctor for science" pronounces on M. Réville's estimate, not of the fourfold succession in the stratification of the earth, but of "the account of the Creation given in the Book of Genesis," that its terms are as "respectful as in his judgment they are just" (*ibid.*). Thus the proctorship for science, justly assumed for matters within his province as a student, is rather hastily extended to matters which he himself declares to be

beyond it. In truth it will appear, that as there are many roads to heaven with one ending, so, provided only a man arrives at the conclusion that the great Proem of Genesis lends no support to the argument for Revelation, it does not much matter how he gets there. For in this "just" account of the Creation I have shown that M. Réville supports his accusation of scientific error by three particulars (*N. C.* p. 639): that in the first he contradicts the judgment of scholars on the sense of the original; in the second he both misquotes (by inadvertence) the terms of the text, and overlooks the distinction made so palpable (if not earlier) half a century ago, by the work of Dr. Buckland,\* between *bara* and *asa*; while the third proceeds on the assumption that there could be no light to produce vegetation, except light derived from a visible sun. These three charges constitute the head and front of M. Réville's indictment against the cosmogony; and the fatal flaws in them, without any notice or defence, are now all taken under the mantle of our science proctor, who returns to the charge at the close of his article (p. 859), and again dismisses with comprehensive honor as "wise and moderate" what he had ushered in as reverent and just. So much for the sweeping, indiscriminating character of an advocacy which, in a scientific writer, we might perhaps have expected to be carefully limited and defined.

I take next the exaggeration which appears to me to mark unhappily Professor Huxley's *method*. Under this head I include all needless multiplication of points of controversy, whether in the form of overstating differences, or understating agreements, with an adversary.

As I have lived for more than half a century in an atmosphere of contention, my stock of controversial fire has perhaps become abnormally low; while Professor Huxley, who has been inhabiting the Elysian regions of science, the *edita doctrinæ sapientium templa serena*,† may be enjoying all the freshness of an unjaded appetite. Certainly one of the lessons life has taught me is, that where

\* *Bridgewater Treatise*, vol. i. pp. 19-28. Chap. i.: "Consistency of Geological Discoveries with Sacred History."

† *Lucr.* ii. 8.

there is known to be a common object, the pursuit of truth, there should also be a studious desire to interpret the adversary in the best sense his words will fairly bear; to avoid whatever widens the breach; and to make the most of whatever tends to narrow it. These I hold to be part of the laws of knightly tournament.

I do not, therefore, fully understand why Professor Huxley makes it a matter of objection to me that, in rebuking a writer who had treated evolution wholesale as a novelty in the world, I cited a few old instances of moral and historical evolution only, and did not extend my front by examining Indian sages and the founders of Greek philosophy (*N. C.* p. 854). Nor why, when I have spoken of physical evolution as of a thing to me most acceptable, but not yet in its rigor (to my knowledge) proved (*N. C.* p. 705), we have only the rather niggardly acknowledgment that I have made "the most oblique admissions of a possible value" (*N. C.* p. 854). Thus it is when agreement is threatened, but far otherwise when differences are to be blazoned. When I have spoken of the succession of orders in the most general terms only, this is declared a sharply divided succession in which the last species of one cannot overlap the first species of another (p. 857). When I have pleaded on simple grounds of reasoning for the supposition of a substantial correspondence between Genesis i. and science (*N. C.* p. 696), have waived all question of a verbat inspiration, all question whether the whole of the statements can now be made good (*N. C.* p. 694), I am treated as one of those who impose "in the name of religion" as a divine requisition "an implicit belief in the accuracy of the cosmogony of Genesis," and who deserve to have their heads broken in consequence (*N. C.* p. 860).

I have urged nothing "in the name of religion." I have sought to adduce probable evidence that a guidance more than human lies within the great Proem of the Book of Genesis (*N. C.* p. 694), just as I might adduce probable evidence to show that Francis did or did not write Junius, that William the Third was or was not responsible for the massacre of Glencoe; I have expressly accepted detail (p. 696), and have stated

(*N. C.* p. 687) that in my inquiry "the authority of Scripture cannot be alleged in proof of a primitive revelation" (*N. C.* p. 687). I object to all these exaggerations of charge, as savoring of the spirit of the Inquisition, and as restraints on literary freedom.

My next observation as to the Professor's method refers to his treatment of authorities.

In one passage (*N. C.* p. 851) Mr. Huxley expresses his regret that I have not named my authority for the statement made concerning the fourfold succession, in order that he might have transferred his attentions from myself to a new delinquent. Now, published works are (as I may show) a fair subject for reference. But as to pointing out any person who might have favored me with his views in private correspondence, I own that I should have some scruple in handing him over to be pilloried as a Reconciler, and to be pelted with charges of un wisdom and fanaticism, which I myself, from long use, am perfectly content to bear.

I did refer to three great and famous names: those of Cuvier, Sir John Herschel, and Whewell (*N. C.* p. 697). Mr. Huxley speaks of me as having quoted them in support of my case on the fourfold succession; and at the same time notices that I admitted Cuvier not to be a recent authority, which in geology proper is, I believe, nearly equivalent to saying he is, for particulars, no authority at all. This recital is singularly inaccurate. I cited them (*N. C.* p. 697), not with reference to the fourfold succession, but generally for "the general accordance of the Mosaic cosmogony with the results of modern inquiry" (*ibid.*), and particularly in connection with the nebular hypothesis. It is the cosmogony (Gen. i. 1-19), not the fourfold succession, which was the sole object of Réville's attack, and the main object of my defence; and which is the largest portion of the whole subject. Will Mr. Huxley venture to say that Cuvier is an unavailable authority, or that Herschel and Whewell are other than great and venerable names, with reference to the cosmogony? Yet he has quietly set them aside without notice; and they with many more are inclusively bespattered with the charges, which he has launched



against the pestilent tribe of Recon-cilers.

My fourth and last observation on the "method" of Professor Huxley is that, after discussing a part, and that not the most considerable part, of the Proem of Genesis, he has broadly pronounced upon the whole. This is a mode of reasoning which logic rejects, and which I presume to savor more of license than of science. The fourfold succession is condemned with argument; the cosmogony is thrown into the bargain. True, Mr. Huxley refers in a single sentence to three detached points of it partially touched in my observations (p. 853). But all my argument, the chief argument of my paper, leads up to the nebular or rotatory hypothesis (*N. C.* 689-94 and 697-8). This hypothesis, with the authorities cited—of whom one is the author of *Vestiges of the Creation*—is inclusively condemned, and without a word vouchsafed to it.

I shall presently express my gratitude for the scientific part of Mr. Huxley's paper. But there are two sides to the question. The whole matter at issue is, 1, a comparison between the probable meaning of the Proem to Genesis and the results of cosmological and geological science; 2, the question whether this comparison favors or does not favor the belief that an element of divine knowledge—knowledge which was not accessible to the simple action of the human faculties—is conveyed to us in this Proem. It is not enough to be accurate in one term of a comparison, unless we are accurate in both. A master of English may speak the vilest and most blundering French. I do not think Mr. Huxley has even endeavored to understand what is the idea, what is the intention, which his opponent ascribes to the Mosaic writer: or what is the conception which his opponent forms of the weighty word Revelation. He holds the writer responsible for scientific precision: I look for nothing of the kind, but assign to him a statement general, which admits exceptions; popular, which aims mainly at producing moral impression; summary, which cannot but be open to more or less of criticism in detail. He thinks it is a lecture. I think it is a sermon. He describes living creatures by structure.

The Mosaic writer describes them by *habitat*. Both I suppose are right. I suppose that description by *habitat* would be unavailing for the purposes of science. I feel sure that description by structure, such as the geologists supply, would have been unavailing for the purpose of summary teaching with religious aim. Of Revelation I will speak by-and-by.

In order to institute with profit the comparison, now in view, the very first thing necessary is to determine, so far as the subject-matter allows, what it was that the Pentateuchal or Mosaic writer designed to convey to the minds of those for whom he wrote. The case is, in more ways than one, I conceive, the direct reverse of that which the Professor has alleged. It is not bringing Science to be tried at the bar of Religion. It is bringing Religion, so far as it is represented by this part of the Holy Scriptures, to be tried at the bar of Science. The indictment against the Pentateuchal writer is, that he has written what is scientifically untrue. We have to find then in the first place what it is that he has written, according to the text, not an inerrable text, as it now stands before us.

First, I assume there is no dispute that in Genesis i. 20-27 he has represented a fourfold sequence or succession of living organisms. Aware of my own inability to define in any tolerable manner the classes of these organisms, I resorted to the general phrases—water-population, air-population, land-population. The immediate purpose of these phrases was not to correspond with the classifications of Science, but to bring together in brief and convenient form the larger and more varied modes of expression used in verses 20, 21, 24, 25 of the Chapter.

I think, however, I have been to blame for having brought into a contact with science, which was not sufficiently defined, terms that have no scientific meaning: water-population, air-population, and (twofold) land-population. I shall now discard them and shall substitute others, which have the double advantage of being used by geologists, and perhaps of expressing better than my phrases what was in the mind of the Mosaic writer. These are the words—

1, fishes; 2, birds; 3, mammals;\* 4, man. By all, I think, it will be felt that the first object is to know what the Pentateuchal writer means. The relation of his meaning to science is essential, but, in orderly argumentation, subsequent. The matter now before us is a matter of reasonable and probable interpretation. What is the proper key to this hermeneutic work? In my opinion it is to be found in a just estimate of the purpose with which the author wrote, and with which the Book of Genesis was, in this part of it, either composed or compiled.

If this be the true point of departure, it opens up a question of extreme interest, at which I have but faintly glanced in my paper, and which is nowhere touched in the reply to me. What proper place has such a composition as the first Chapter of Genesis in such a work as the Scriptures of the Old Testament? They are indisputably written with a religious aim; and their subject-matter is religious. We may describe this aim in various ways. For the present purpose, suffice it to say they are conversant with belief in God, with inculcation of duties founded on that belief, with history and prophecy obviously having it for their central point. But this Chapter, at the least down to verse 25, and perhaps throughout, stands on a different ground. In concise and rapid outline, it traverses a vast region of physics. It is easy to understand Saint Paul when he speaks of the world as bearing witness to God.† What he said was capable of being verified or tested by the common experimental knowledge of all who heard him. Of it, of our Saviour's mention of the lilies—and may it not be said generally of the references in Scripture to natural knowledge?—they are at once accounted for by the positions in which they stand. But this first Chapter of Genesis professes to set out in its own way a large and comprehensive scheme of physical facts: the transition from chaos to kosmos, from the inanimate to life, from

life in its lower orders to man. Being knowledge of an order anterior to the creation of Adamic man, it was beyond verification, as being beyond experience. As a physical exposition in miniature, it stands alone in the Sacred Record. And, as this singular composition is solitary in the Bible, so it seems to be hardly less solitary in the sacred books of the world. "The only important resemblance of any ancient cosmogony with the Scriptural account, is to be found in the Persian or Zoroastrian:" this Bishop Browne\* proceeds to account for on the following among other grounds: that Zoroaster was probably brought into contact with the Hebrews, and even perhaps with the prophet Daniel; a supposition which supplies the groundwork of a recent and remarkable romance, not proceeding from a Christian school.† Again, the Proem does not carry any Egyptian marks. In the twenty-seven thousand lines of Homer, archaic as they are and ever turning to the past, there is, I think, only one‡ which belongs to physiology. The beautiful sketch of a cosmogony by Ovid§ seems in considerable degree to follow the Mosaic outline; but it was composed at a time when the treasure of the Hebrew records had been for two centuries imparted, through the Septuagint, to the Aryan nations.

Professor Huxley, if I understand him rightly (*N. C.* pp. 851-2), considers the Mosaic writer, not perhaps as having intended to embrace the whole truth of science in the province of geology, but at least as liable to be convicted of scientific worthlessness if his language will not stand the test of this construction. Thus the "water-population" is to include "the innumerable hosts of marine invertebrated animals." It seems to me that these discoveries, taken as a whole, and also taken in all their parts and particulars, do not afford a proper, I mean a rational, standard for the interpretation of the Mosaic writer; that the recent discovery of the Silurian scorpion, a highly organised animal (p. 858), is of little moment either way to

\* I wish to be understood as speaking here of the higher or ordinary mammals, which alone I assume to have been probably known to the Mosaic writer.

† Acts xiv. 17; Romans i. 20.

\* Note on Gen. i. 5.

† *Zoroaster*. By F. M. Crawford. Macmillan, 1885.

‡ *Il.* vii. 99.

§ Ovid, *Metam.* i. 1-38.

the question now before us,\* that it is not an account of the extinct species which we should consider the Mosaic writer as intending to convey; that while his words are capable of covering them, as the *oikoumenê* of the New Testament covers the red and yellow man, the rules of rational construction recommend and require our assigning to them a more limited meaning, which I will presently describe.

Another material point in Professor Huxley's interpretation appears to me to lie altogether beyond the natural force of the words, and to be of an arbitrary character. He includes in it the proposition that the production of the respective orders was effected (p. 857) during each of "three distinct and successive periods of time; and only during those periods of time;" or again, in one of these, "and not at any other of these;" as, in a series of games at chess, one is done before another begins; or as in a "march-past," one regiment goes before another comes. No doubt there may be a degree of literalism which will even suffice to show that, as "every winged fowl" was produced on the fourth day of the Hexaemeron, therefore the birth of new fowls continually is a contradiction to the text of Genesis. But does not the equity of common sense require us to understand simply that the order of "winged fowl," whatever that may mean, took its place in creation at a certain time, and that from that time its various component classes were in course of production? Is it not the fact that in synoptical statements of successive events, distributed in time for the sake of producing easy and clear impressions, general truth is aimed at, and periods are allowed to overlap? If, with such a view, we arrange the schools of Greek philosophy in numerical order, according to the dates of their inception, we do not mean that one expired before another was founded. If the archæologist describes to us as successive in time the ages of stone, bronze, and iron, † he certainly

does not mean that no kinds of stone implement were invented after bronze began, or no kinds of bronze after iron began. When Thucydides said that the ancient limited monarchies were succeeded by tyrannies, he did not mean that all the monarchs died at once, and a set of tyrants, like Deucalion's men, rose up and took their places. Woe be, I should say, to any one who tries summarily to present in series the phases of ancient facts, if they are to be judged under the rule of Professor Huxley.

Proceeding, on what I hold to be open ground, to state my own idea of the true key to the meaning of the Mosaic record, I suggest that it was intended to give moral, and not scientific, instruction to those for whom it was written. That for the Adamic race, recent on the earth, and young in faculties, the traditions here incorporated, which were probably far older than the Book, had a natural and a highly moral purpose in conveying to their minds a lively sense of the wise and loving care with which the Almighty Father, who demanded much at their hands, had beforehand given them much, in the provident adaptation of the world to be their dwelling-place, and of the created orders for their use and rule. It appears to me that, given the very nature of the Scriptures, this is clearly the rational point of view. If it is so, then, it follows, that just as the tradition described earth, air, and heaven in the manner in which they superficially presented themselves to the daily experience of man—not scientifically, but

The common air, the sun, the skies—

so he spoke of fishes, of birds, of beasts, of what man was most concerned with; and, last in the series, of man himself, largely and generally, as facts of his experience; from which great moral lessons of wonder, gratitude, and obedience were to be deduced, to aid him in the great work of his life-training.

\* Because my argument in no way requires universal accordance, what bearing the scorpion may have on any current scientific hypothesis, it is not for me to say.

† I use this enumeration to illustrate an argument, but I must, even in so using it,

enter a caveat against its particulars. I do not conceive it to be either probable or historical that, as a general rule, mankind passed from the use of stone implements to the use of bronze, a composite metal, without passing through some intermediate (longer or shorter) period of copper.

7. If further proof be wanting, that what the Mosaic writer had in his mind were the creatures with which Adamic man was conversant, we have it in the direct form of verse 28, which gives to man for meat the fruit of every seed-yielding tree, and every seed-yielding herb, and the dominion of every beast, fowl, and reptile living. There is here a marked absence of reference to any but the then living species.

This, then, is the key to the meaning of the Book, and of the tradition, if, as I suppose, it was before the Book, which seems to me to offer the most probable, and therefore the rational guide to its interpretation. The question we shall have to face is whether this statement so understood, this majestic and touching lesson of the childhood of Adamic man, stands in such a relation to scientific truth, as far as it is now known, as to give warrant to the inference that the guidance under which it was composed was more than that of faculties merely human, at that stage of development, and likewise of information, which belonged to the childhood of humanity.

We have, then, before us one term of the desired comparison. Let us now turn to the other.

And here my first duty is to render my grateful thanks to Professor Huxley for having corrected my either erroneous or superannuated assumption as to the state of scientific opinion on the second and third terms of the fourfold succession of life. As one probable doctor sufficed to make an opinion probable, so the dissent of this eminent man would of itself overthrow and pulverise my proposition that there was a scientific *consensus* as to a sequence like that of Genesis in the production of animal life, as between fishes, birds, mammals, and man. I shall compare the text of Genesis with geological statements; but shall make no attempt, unless this be an attempt, to profit by a *consensus* of geologists.

I suppose it to be admitted on all hands that no perfectly comprehensive and complete correspondence can be established between the terms of the Mosaic text and modern discovery. No one, for instance, could conclude from it that which appears to be generally

recognised, that a great reptile-age would be revealed by the mesozoic rocks.

Yet I think readers, who have been swept away by the torrent of Mr. Huxley's denunciations, will feel some surprise when on drawing summarily into line the main allegations, and especially this ruling order of the Proem, they see how small a part of them is brought into question by Mr. Huxley, and to how large an extent they are favored by the tendencies, presumptions, and even conclusions of scientific inquiry.

First, as to the cosmogony, or the formation of the earth and the heavenly bodies—

1. The first operation recorded in Genesis appears to be the formation of light. It is detached, apparently, from the waste or formless elemental mass (verses 2-5), which is left relatively dark by its withdrawal.

2. Next we hear of the existence of vapor, and of its condensation into water on the surface of the earth (verses 6-10). Vegetation subsequently begins: but this belongs rather to geology than to cosmogony (verses 11, 12).

3. In a new period, the heavenly bodies are declared to be fully formed and visible, dividing the day from the night (verses 14-18).

Under the guidance particularly of Dr. Whewell, I have referred to the nebular hypothesis as confirmatory of this account.

Mr. Huxley has not either denied the hypothesis, or argued against it. But I turn to Phillips's *Manual of Geology*, edited and adapted by Mr. Seeley and Mr. Etheridge (1885). It has a section in vol. i. (pp. 15-19) on "Modern Speculations concerning the Origin of the Earth."

The first agent here noticed as contributing to the work of production is the "gas hydrogen in a burning state," which now forms "the enveloping portion of the sun's atmosphere;" whence we are told the inference arises that the earth also was once "incandescent at its surface," and that its rocks may have been "products of combustion." Is not this representation of light with heat for its ally, as the first element in this Speculation, remarkably accordant with the opening of the Proem to Genesis?

Next it appears (*ibid.*) that "the prod-

uct of this combustion is vapor," which with diminished heat condenses into water, and eventually accumulates "in depressions on the sun's surface so as to form oceans and seas." "It is at least probable that the earth has passed through a phase of this kind" (*ibid.*). "The other planets are apparently more or less like the earth in possessing atmospheres and seas." Is there not here a remarkable concurrence with the second great act of the cosmogony?

Plainly, as I suppose it is agreeable to these suppositions that, as vapor gradually passes into water, and the atmosphere is cleared, the full adaptation of sun and moon by visibility for their functions should come in due sequence, as it comes in Gen. i. 14-18.

Pursuing its subject, the Manual proceeds (p. 17): "This consideration leads up to what has been called the nebular hypothesis," which "supposes that, before the stars existed, the materials of which they consist were diffused in the heavens in a state of vapor" (*ibid.*). The text then proceeds to describe how local centres of condensation might throw off rings, these rings break into planets, and the planets, under conditions of sufficient force, repeat the process, and thus produce satellites like those of Saturn, or like the Moon.

I therefore think that, so far as cosmogony is concerned, the effect of Mr. Huxley's paper is not by any means to leave it as it was, but to leave it materially fortified by the Manual of Geology, which I understand to be a standard of authority at the present time.

Turning now to the region of that science, I understand the main statements of Genesis, in successive order of time, but without any measurement of its divisions, to be as follows:

1. A period of land, anterior to all life (verses 9, 10).
2. A period of vegetable life, anterior to animal life (verses 11, 12).
3. A period of animal life, in the order of fishes (verse 20).
4. Another stage of animal life, in the order of birds.
5. Another, in the order of beasts (verses 24, 25).
6. Last of all, man (verses 26, 27).

Here is a chain of six links, attached to a previous chain of three. And I

think it not a little remarkable that of this entire succession, the only step directly challenged is that of numbers four and five, which (p. 858) Mr. Huxley is inclined rather to reverse. He admits distinctly the seniority of fishes. How came that seniority to be set down here? He admits as probable upon present knowledge, in the person of *Homo sapiens*, the juniority of man (p. 856). How came this juniority to be set down here? He proceeds indeed to describe an opposite opinion concerning man as holding exactly the same rank as the one to which he had given an apparent sanction (*ibid.*). As I do not precisely understand the bearing of the terms he uses, I pass them by, and I shall take the liberty of referring presently to the latest authorities, which he has himself suggested that I should consult. But I add to the questions I have just put this other inquiry: How came the Mosaic writer to place the fishes and the men in their true relative positions not only to one another, and not only to the rest of the animal succession, but in a definite and that true relation of time to the origin of the first plant-life, and to the colossal operations by which the earth was fitted for them all? Mr. Huxley knows very well that it would be in the highest degree irrational to ascribe this correct distribution to the doctrine of chances; nor will the stone of Sisyphus of itself constitute a sufficient answer to inquiries which are founded, not upon a fanciful attempt to equate every word of the Proem with every *dictum* of science, but upon those principles of probable reasoning by which all rational lives are and must be guided.

I find the latest published authority on geology in the Second or Mr. Etheridge's volume of the Manual\* of Professor Phillips, and by this I will now proceed to test the sixfold series which I have ventured upon presenting.

First, however, looking back for a moment to a work, obviously of the highest authority† on the geology of its

\* Phillips's *Manual of Geology* (vol. ii.) part ii., by R. Etheridge, F.R.S. New edition, 1885.

† *Paleontology*, by Richard Owen (now Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B.). Second edition, p. 5, 1861.

day, I find in it a table of the order of appearance of animal life upon the earth, which, beginning with the oldest, gives us—

- |                  |            |
|------------------|------------|
| 1. Invertebrates | 4. Birds   |
| 2. Fishes        | 5. Mammals |
| 3. Reptiles      | 6. Man.    |

I omit all reference to specifications, and speak only of the principal lines of division.

In the Phillips-Etheridge Manual, beginning as before with the oldest, I find the following arrangement, given partly by statement, and partly by diagram.

1. "The Azoic or Archæan time of Dana;" called Pre-Cambrian by other physicists (pp. 3, 5).

2. A commencement of plant life indicated by Dana as anterior to invertebrate animal life; long anterior to the vertebrate forms, which alone are mentioned in Genesis (pp. 4, 5).

3. Three periods of invertebrate life.

4. Age of fishes.

5. Age of reptiles.

6. Age of mammals, much less remote.

7. Age of man, much less remote than mammals.

As to birds, though they have not a distinct and separate age assigned them, the Manual (vol. i. ch. xxv. pp. 511-20) supplies us very clearly with their place in "the succession of animal life." We are here furnished with the following series, after the fishes: 1. Fossil reptiles (p. 512); 2. Ornithosauria (p. 517); they were "flying animals, which combined the characters of reptiles with those of birds;" 3. The first birds of the secondary rocks with "feathers in all respects similar to those of existing birds" (p. 518); 4. Mammals (p. 520).

I have been permitted to see in proof another statement from an authority still more recent, Professor Prestwich, which is now passing through the press. In it (pp. 80, 81) I find the following seniority assigned to the orders which I here name:

1. Plants (cryptogamous)
2. Fishes
3. Birds
4. Mammals
5. Man.

It will now, I hope, be observed that,

according to the probable intention of the Mosaic writer, these five orders enumerated by him correspond with the state of geological knowledge, presented to us by the most recent authorities, in this sense; that the origins of these orders respectively have the same succession as is assigned in Genesis to those representatives of the orders, which alone were probably known to the experience of Adamic man. My fourfold succession thus grows into a fivefold one. By placing before the first plant-life the azoic period, it becomes sixfold. And again by placing before this the principal stages of the cosmogony, it becomes, according as they are stated, nine or tenfold; every portion holding the place most agreeable to modern hypothesis and modern science respectively.

I now notice the points in which, so far as I understand, the text of the Proem, as it stands, is either incomplete or at variance with the representations of science.

1. It does not notice the great periods of invertebrate life standing between (1) and (2) of my last enumeration.

2. It also passes by the great age of Reptiles, with their antecessors the *Amphibia*, which come between (2) and (3). The secondary or Mesozoic period, says the Manual (i. 511), "has often been termed the age of Reptiles."

3. It mentions plants in terms which, as I understand from Professor Huxley and otherwise, correspond with the later, not the earlier, forms of plant life.

4. It mentions reptiles in the same category with its mammals.

Now, as regards the first two heads, these omissions, enormous with reference to the scientific record, are completely in harmony with the probable aim of the Mosaic writer, as embracing only the formation of the objects and creatures with which early man was conversant. The introduction of these orders, invisible and unknown, would have been not agreeable, but injurious, to his purpose.

As respects the third, it will strike the reader of the Proem that plant life (verses 11, 12) is mentioned with a particularity which is not found in the accounts of the living orders; nor in the second notice of the Creation, which appears, indeed, pretty distinctly to recent

plant-life (Gen. ii., 5, 8, 9). Questions have been raised as to the translation of these passages, which I am not able to solve. But I bear in mind the difficulties which attend both oral traditions and the conservation of ancient MS., and I am not in any way troubled by the discrepancy before us, if it be a discrepancy, as it is the general structure and effect of the Mosaic statement on which I take my stand.

With regard to reptiles, while I should also hold by my last remark, the case is different. They appear to be mentioned as contemporary with mammals, whereas they are of prior origin. But the relative significance of the several orders evidently affected the method of the Mosaic writer. Agreeably to this idea, insects are not named at all. So reptiles were a family fallen from greatness; instead of stamping on a great period of life its leading character, they merely skulked upon the earth. They are introduced, as will appear better from the LXX than from the A.V. or R.V., as a sort of appendage to mammals. Lying outside both the use and the dominion of man, and far less within its probable notice, they are not wholly omitted like insects, but treated apparently in a loose manner as not one of the main features of the picture which the writer meant to draw. In the Song of the Three Children, where the four principal orders are recited after the series in Genesis, reptiles are dropped altogether, which suggests either that the present text is unsound, or, perhaps more probably, that they were deemed a secondary and insignificant part of it. But, however this case may be regarded, of course I cannot draw from it any support to my general contention.

I distinguish, then, in the broadest manner, between Professor Huxley's exposition of certain facts of science, and his treatment of the Book of Genesis. I accept the first, with the reverence due to a great teacher from the meanest of his hearers, as a needed correction to myself, and a valuable instruction for the world. But, subject to that correction, I adhere to my proposition respecting the fourfold succession in the Proem; which further I extend to a fivefold succession respecting life, and to the great stages of the cosmogony to boot. The

five origins, or first appearances of plants, fishes, birds, mammals and man, are given to us in Genesis in the order of succession, in which they are also given by the latest geological authorities.

It is, therefore, by attaching to words a sense they were never meant to bear, and by this only, that Mr. Huxley establishes the parallels (so to speak), from which he works his heavy artillery. Land-population is a phrase meant by me to describe the idea of the Mosaic writer, which I conceive to be that of the animals familiarly known to early man. But, by treating this as a scientific phrase, it is made to include extinct reptiles, which I understand Mr. Huxley (*N. C.* p. 853) to treat as being land-animals; as, by taking birds of a very high formation, it may be held that mammal forms existed before such birds were produced. These are artificial contradictions, set up by altering in its essence one of the two things which it is sought to compare.

If I am asked whether I contend for the absolute accordance of the Mosaic writer, as interpreted by me, with the facts and presumptions of science, as I have endeavored to extract them from the best authorities, I answer that I have not endeavored to show either that any accordance has been demonstrated, or that more than a substantial accordance—an accordance in principal relevant particulars—is to be accepted as shown by probable evidence.

In the cosmogony of the Proem, which stands on a distinct footing as lying wholly beyond the experience of primitive man, I am not aware that any serious flaw is alleged; but the nebular hypothesis with which it is compared appears to be, perhaps from the necessity of the case, no more than a theory; a theory, however, long discussed, much favored, and widely accepted in the scientific world.

In the geological part, we are liable to those modifications or displacements of testimony which the future progress of the science may produce. In this view its testimony does not in strictness pass, I suppose, out of the category of probable into that of demonstrative evidence. Yet it can hardly be supposed that careful researches, and reasonings strictly adjusted to method, both continued

through some generations, have not in a large measure produced what has the character of real knowledge. With that real knowledge the reader will now have seen how far I claim for the Proem to Genesis, fairly tried, to be in real and most striking accordance.

And this brings me to the point at which I have to observe that Mr. Huxley, I think, has not mastered, and probably has not tried to master, the idea of his opponent as to what it is that is essentially embraced in the idea of a Divine revelation to man.

So far as I am aware, there is no definition, properly so called, of revelation, either contained in Scripture or established by the general and permanent consent of Christians. In a word polemically used, of indeterminate or variable sense, Professor Huxley has no title to impute to his opponent, without inquiry, anything more than it must of necessity convey.

But he seems to assume that revelation is to be conceived of as if it were a lawyer's parchment, or a sum in arithmetic, wherein a flaw discovered at a particular point is *ipso facto* fatal to the whole. Very little reflection would show Professor Huxley that there may be those who find evidences of the communication of Divine knowledge in the Proem to Genesis as they read it in their Bibles, without approaching to any such conception. There is the uncertainty of translation; translators are not inspired. There is the difficulty of transcription; transcribers are not inspired, and an element of error is inseparable from the work of a series of copyists. How this works in the long courses of time we see in the varying texts of the Old Testament, with rival claims not easy to adjust. Thus the authors of the recent Revision\* have had to choose in the Massoretic text itself between different readings, and "in exceptional cases" have given a preference to the Ancient Versions. Thus, upon practical grounds quite apart from the higher questions concerning the original composition, we seem at once to find a human element in the sacred text. That there is a further and larger question, not shut out from the view even of the most con-

vinced and sincere believers, Mr. Huxley may perceive by reading, for example, Coleridge's *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*. The question whether this Proem bears witness to a Divine communication, to a working beyond that of merely human faculties in the composition of the Scriptures, is essentially one for the disciples of Bishop Butler; a question, not of demonstrative, but of probable evidence. I am not prepared to abandon, but rather to defend, the following proposition. It is perfectly conceivable that a document penned by the human hand, and transmitted by human means, may contain matter questionable, uncertain, or even mistaken, and yet may by its contents as a whole present such *πλοτεῖς*, such moral proofs of truth Divinely imparted, as ought irrefragably *pro tanto* to command assent and govern practice. A man may possibly admit something not reconciled, and yet may be what Mr. Huxley denounces as a Reconciler.

I do not suppose it would be feasible, even for Professor Huxley, taking the nebular hypothesis and geological discovery for his guides, to give, in the compass of the first twenty-seven verses of Genesis, an account of the cosmogony, and of the succession of life in the stratification of the earth, which would combine scientific precision of statement with the majesty, the simplicity, the intelligibility, and the impressiveness of the record before us. Let me modestly call it, for argument's sake, an approximation to the present presumptions and conclusions of science. Let me assume that the statement in the text as to plants, and the statement of verses 24, 25 as to reptiles, cannot in all points be sustained; and yet still there remain great unshaken facts to be weighed. First, the fact that such a record should have been made at all. Secondly, the fact that, instead of dwelling in generalities, it has placed itself under the severe conditions of a chronological order, reaching from the first *nisus* of chaotic matter to the consummated production of a fair and goodly, a furnished and peopled world. Thirdly, the fact that its cosmogony seems, in the light of the nineteenth century, to draw more and more of countenance from the best natural philosophy; and fourthly, that it has

\* Preface to the Old Testament, p. vi.



described the successive origins of the five great categories of present life, with which human experience was and is conversant, in that order which geological authority confirms. How came these things to be? How came they to be, not among Accadians, or Assyrians, or Egyptians, who monopolized the stores of human knowledge when this wonderful tradition was born; but among the obscure records of a people who, dwelling in Palestine for twelve hundred years from their sojourn in the valley of the Nile, hardly had force to stamp even so much as their name upon the history of the world at large, and only then began to be admitted to the general communion of mankind when their Scriptures assumed the dress which a Gentile tongue was needed to supply? It is more rational, I contend, to say that these astonishing anticipations were a God-given supply, than to suppose that a race, who fell uniformly and entirely short of the great intellectual development\* of antiquity, should here not only have equalled and outstripped it, but have entirely transcended, in kind even more than in degree, all known exercise of human faculties.

Whether this was knowledge conveyed to the mind of the Mosaic author, I do not presume to determine. There has been, in the belief of Christians, a profound providential purpose, little or variously visible to us, which presided, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, over the formation of the marvellous compound, which we term the Holy Scriptures. This we wonderingly embrace without being much perplexed by the questions which are raised on them; for instance, by the question, In what exact relation the books of the Apocrypha, sometimes termed deuterocanonical, stand to the books of the Hebrew Canon. Difficulties of detail, such as may (or ultimately may not) be found to exist in the Proem to Genesis, have much the same relation to the evidence of revealed knowledge in this record, as the spots in the sun to his all-unfolding and suffic-

ing light. But as to the Mosaic writer himself, all I presume to accept is the fact that he put upon undying record, in this portion of his work, a series of particulars which, interpreted in the growing light of modern knowledge, require from us, on the whole, as reasonable men, the admission that we do not see how he could have written them, and that in all likelihood he did not write them, without aid from the guidance of a more than human power. It is in this guidance, and not necessarily or uniformly in the consciousness of the writer, that, according to my poor conception, the idea of Revelation mainly lies.

And now one word on the subject of Evolution. I cannot follow Mr. Huxley in his minute acquaintance with Indian sages, and I am not aware that Evolution has a place in the greater number of the schools of Greek philosophy. Nor can I comprehend the rapidity with which persons of authority have come to treat the Darwinian hypothesis as having reached the final stage of demonstration. To the eye of a looker-on their pace and method seem rather too much like a steeplechase. But this may very well be due to their want of appropriate knowledge and habits of thought. For myself, in my loose and uninformed way of looking at Evolution, I feel only too much biassed in its favor, by what I conceive to be its relation to the great argument of design.\*

Not that I share the horror with which some men of science appear to contemplate a multitude of what they term "sudden" acts of creation. All things considered, a singular expression: but one, I suppose, meaning the act which produces, in the region of nature, something not related by an unbroken succession of measured and equable stages to what has gone before it. But what has equality or brevity of stage to do with the question how far the act is creative? I fail to see, or indeed am somewhat disposed to deny, that the

\* I write thus bearing fully in mind the unsurpassed sublimity of much that is to be found in the Old Testament. The consideration of this subject would open a wholly new line of argument, which the present article does not allow me to attempt.

\* "Views like these, when formulated by religious instead of scientific thought, make more of Divine Providence and fore-ordination than of Divine intervention; but perhaps they are not the less theistical on that account." (From the very remarkable Lectures of Professor Asa Gray on *Natural Science and Religion*, p. 77. Scribner, New York, 1880.)

short stage is less creative than the long, the single than the manifold, the equable than the jointed or graduated stage. Evolution is, to me, series with development. And like series in mathematics, whether arithmetical or geometrical, it establishes in things an unbroken progression; it places each thing (if only it stand the test of ability to live) in a distinct relation to every other thing, and makes each a witness to all that have preceded it, a prophecy of all that are to follow it. It gives to the argument of design, now called the teleological argument, at once a wider expansion, and an augmented tenacity and solidity of tissue. But I must proceed.

I find Mr. Huxley asserting that the things of science, with which he is so splendidly conversant, are "susceptible of clear, intellectual comprehension" (*N. C.* p. 859). Is this rhetoric, or is it a formula of philosophy? If the latter, will it bear examination? He pre-eminently understands the relations between those things which Nature offers to his view; but does he understand each thing in itself, or *how* the last term but one in an evolutionary series passes into and becomes the last? The seed may produce the tree, the tree the branch, the branch the twig, the twig the leaf or flower; but can we understand the slightest mutation of growth of Nature in itself? can we tell *how* the twig passes into leaf or flower, one jot more than if the flower or leaf, instead of coming from the twig, came directly from the tree or from the seed?

I cannot but trace some signs of haste in Professor Huxley's assertion that, outside the province of science (*ibid.*), we have only imagination, hope, and ignorance. Not, as we shall presently see, that he is one of those who rob mankind of the best and highest of their inheritance, by denying the reality of all but material objects. But the statement is surely open to objection, as omitting or seeming to omit from view the vast fields of knowledge only probable, which are not of mere hope, nor of mere imagination, nor of mere ignorance; which include alike the inward and the outward life of man; within which lie the real instruments of his training, and where he is to learn how to think, to act, to be.

I will now proceed to notice briefly the last page of Professor Huxley's paper, in which he drops the scientist and becomes simply the man. I read it with deep interest, and with no small sympathy. In touching upon it, I shall make no reference (let him forgive me the expression) to his "damnatory clauses," or to his harmless menace, so deftly conveyed through the prophet Micah, to the public peace.

The exaltation of Religion as against Theology is at the present day not only so fashionable, but usually so domineering and contemptuous, that I am grateful to Professor Huxley for his frank statement (p. 859) that Theology is a branch of science; nor do I in the smallest degree quarrel with his contention that Religion and Theology ought not to be confounded. We may have a great deal of Religion with very little Theology; and a great deal of Theology with very little Religion. I feel sure that Professor Huxley must observe with pleasure how strongly practical, ethical, and social is the general tenor of the three synoptic Gospels; and how the appearance in the world of the great doctrinal Gospel was reserved to a later stage, as if to meet a later need, when men had been toned anew by the morality and, above all, by the life of our Lord.

I am not, therefore, writing against him, when I remark upon the habit of treating Theology with an affectation of contempt. It is nothing better, I believe, than a mere fashion; having no more reference to permanent principle than the mass of ephemeral fashions that come from Paris have with the immovable types of Beauty. Those who take for the burden of their song "Respect Religion, but despise Theology," seem to me just as rational as if a person were to say, "Admire the trees, the plants, the flowers, the sun, moon, or stars, but despise Botany, and despise Astronomy." Theology is ordered knowledge; representing in the region of the intellect what religion represents in the heart and life of man. And this religion, Mr. Huxley says a little further on, is summed up in the terms of the prophet Micah (vi. 8): "Do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." I forbear to inquire whether

every addition to this—such, for instance, as the Beatitudes—is (*N. C.* p. 860) to be proscribed. But I will not dispute that in these words is conveyed the true ideal of religious discipline and attainment. They really import that identification of the will which is set out with such wonderful force in the very simple words of the *Paradiso*—

In la sua volontade è nostra pace,

and which no one has more beautifully described than (I think) Charles Lamb: "He gave his heart to the Purifier, his will to the Will that governs the universe." It may be we shall find that Christianity itself is in some sort a scaffolding, and that the final building is a pure and perfect theism: when\* the kingdom shall be "delivered up to God," "that God may be all in all." Still, I cannot help being struck with an impression that Mr. Huxley appears to cite these terms of Micah, as if they reduced the work of religion from a difficult to a very easy performance. But look at them again. Examine them well. They are, in truth, in Cowper's words—

Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath.

Do justly, that is to say, extinguish self; love mercy, cut utterly away all the pride and wrath, and all the cupidity, that make this fair world a wilderness; walk humbly with thy God, take His will and set it in the place where thine own was used to rule. "Ring out the old, ring in the new." Pluck down the tyrant from his place; set up the true Master on His lawful throne.

There are certainly human beings, of happy composition, who mount these airy heights with elastic step, and with unbounded breath.

Sponte suâ, sine lege, fidem rectumque col-  
bat.†

This comparative refinement of nature in some may even lead them to undervalue the stores of that rich armory, which Christianity has provided to equip us for our great life-battle. The text of the prophet Micah, developed into all the breadth of St. Paul and St. Augustine, is not too much—is it not often all too little?—for the needs of ordinary men.

\* 1 Cor. xv. 24, 28. † Ovid, *Metam.* i. 90.

I must now turn, by way of epilogue, to Professor Max Müller; and I hope to show him that on the questions which he raises we are not very far apart. One grievous wrong, indeed, he does me in (apparently) ascribing to me the execrable word "theanthromorphic" (*N. C.* p. 920), of which I wholly disclaim the paternity, and deny the use. Then he says, I warn him not to trust too much to etymology (p. 921). Not so. But only not to trust to it for the wrong purpose, in the wrong place: just as I should not preach on the virtue and value of liberty to a man requiring handcuffs. I happen to bear a name known, in its genuine form, to mean stones or rocks frequented by the glee; and probably taken from the *habitat* of its first bearer. Now, if any human being should ever hereafter make any inquiry about me, trace my name to its origin, and therefore describe the situation of my dwelling, he would not use etymology too much, but would use it ill. What I protest against is a practice, not without example, of taking the etymology of mythological names in Homer, and thereupon supposing that in all cases we have thus obtained a guide to their Homeric sense. The place of Nereus in the mind of the poet is indisputable; and here etymology helps us. But when a light-etymology is found for Hera, and it is therefore asserted that in Homer she is a light-goddess, or when, because no one denies that *Phoibos* is a light-name, therefore the Apollo of Homer was the Sun, then indeed, not etymology, but the misuse of etymology, hinders and misleads us. In a question of etymology, however, I shall no more measure swords with Mr. Max Müller than with Mr. Huxley in a matter of natural science, and this for the simple reason that my sword is but a lath. I therefore surrender to the mercy of this great philologist the derivation of *dine* and *dîner* from *déjeuner*; which may have been suggested by the use of the word *dine* in our Bible (as John xxi. 12) for breakfasting; a sense expressed by La Bruyère (xi.) in the words, *Cliton n'a jamais eu, toute sa vie, que deux affaires, qui sont de dîner le matin, et de souper le soir.*

But, Mr. Max Müller says, I have offended against the fundamental prin-

ciples of comparative mythology (*N. C.* p. 919). How, where, and why, have I thus tumbled into mortal sin? By attacking solarism. But what have I attacked, and what has he defended? I have attacked nothing, but the exclusive use of the solar theory to solve all the problems of the Aryan religions; and it is to this monopolizing pretension that I seek to apply the name of solarism, while admitting that "the solar theory has a most important place" in solving such problems (*N. C.* p. 704). But my *vis-à-vis*, whom I really cannot call my opponent, declares (*N. C.* p. 919) that the solarism I denounce is not his solarism at all; and he only seeks to prove that "certain portions of ancient mythology have a directly solar origin." So it proves that I attack only what he repudiates, and I defend what he defends. That is, I humbly subscribe to a doctrine which he has made famous throughout the civilized world.

It is only when a yoke is put upon Homer's neck, that I presume to cry "hands off." The Olympian system, of which Homer is the great architect, is a marvellous and splendid structure.

Following the guidance of ethnological affinities and memories, it incorporates in itself the most diversified traditions, and binds them into an unity by the plastic power of an unsurpassed creative imagination. Its dominating spirit is intensely human. It is therefore of necessity thoroughly anti-elemental. Yet, when the stones of this magnificent fabric are singly eyed by the observer, they bear obvious marks of having been appropriated from elsewhere by the sovereign prerogative of genius; of having had an anterior place in other systems; of having belonged to Nature-worship, and in some cases to Sun-worship; of having been drawn from many quarters, and among them from those which Mr. Max Müller excludes (p. 921): from Egypt, and either from Palestine, or from the same traditional source, to which Palestine itself was indebted. But this is not the present question. As to the solar theory, I hope I have shown either that our positions are now identical, or that, if there be a rift between them, it is so narrow that we may conveniently shake hands across it.—*Nineteenth Century.*

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## FREDERI MISTRAL.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

"Ce qui fait l'originalité du génie de Mistral, c'est qu'il est l'image de son pays, tout entier, passé et présent, nature et histoire, idiome et tradition."—E. LEGOUÉ.

THE name of Frederi Mistral is familiar to most as that of the leader of the Provençal movement known as the *Felibrige*; a movement which, during the last thirty years, has restored to Provence a language and a literature. His name is familiar, but I question whether his works have received in England that consideration which they emphatically deserve. The fact that Mistral's poetry is written in Provençal must necessarily exclude most English readers from reading him in the original; but even those who know no language but their own have the opportunity of reading a translation of *Mirèio*,\*

while for those who are acquainted with French it is possible to enjoy a good deal of the Provençal poet's charm in the French version which accompanies every work. And Mistral is a poet decidedly worth knowing. In his quaint simplicity, his perilous closeness to nature, his fresh emotion and early largeness and clearness of song; as an epic poet in the nineteenth century, a pastoral poet in the age of steam-ploughs; as a rustic painter of the most scrupulous realism, a historical painter of brilliant picturesqueness: he is often unique,

by Mr. G. H. Grant, issued at Avignon; and a third, in verse, published more recently by Roberts Bros., Boston, by Miss Harriet Waters Preston, who has made a special study of the *Troubadours*, old and new, and of Mistral in particular. I regret to be unable to pass any opinion on these translations, which I have not seen.

\* There is one, in verse, by Mr. H. Crichton, published by Kegan Paul; another, in prose,

and always charming. If only as a daring and successful innovator, a linguistic ghost-raiser who has restored and reclaimed the beautiful language of the Troubadours, Mistral is a notable figure; and he is something more than that. I think it may be worth our while to look a little closely into the character of his work, all the more worth our while since it lies somewhat out of the way of ordinary travellers along the high-road, and might easily be overlooked.

Frederi Mistral was born on the 8th of September, 1830, at Maiano (*Fr.* Maillane), a village of 1,500 inhabitants, in the arrondissement of Arles; a small, out-of-the-way, quiet place, set in the midst of a singular country, full of beautiful and exceptional charm, and among places that have memories still about them of a wonderful past. His father lived on his own farm, which he managed till his death in 1865. He was a man of the old school, simple, pious, unworldly, stern and romantic, of few words, with a heart and hand always open to a worker. By the side of the old man, whose scarcely idealized portrait meets us again and again in his son's works, the boy passed his childhood and early youth, familiar from his first years with those "majestic acts of the rustic life" which he was afterwards to chronicle in his verse. This environment, so rare in our days, and suggesting the pastoral simplicity of the early ages, had naturally a strong influence over him. He lived in a world apart, a romantic world; not of the imagination, but in reality. The life of the fields and farm, that life which seems to us the closest to Nature, the most poetical in its handicraft, was his real existence, the only one he knew; and in Provence the rustic life is exceptionally poetical and dignified. Nothing of the sordidness of town-dwellers could come near him; none of the mean conditions of town-life, so utterly destructive of poetry, so entirely without dignity or picturesqueness. He passed his days in the open air, among the proud peasant laborers of the fields and vineyards, and in addition to this, as if still further to educate him for his special task in poetry, he could retreat, when he liked, into the other, dimmer world which lies about childhood, a world to

which Perrault is chamberlain, and of which most mothers hold the keys. For, beyond most countries, Provence has a special wealth of songs and legends. Mistral tells us how his mother used to sing to him, as she sat at her spinning-wheel, old songs, and nursery-rhymes, and popular ballads. It was she who taught him the very name of *Miròio*. All this sank deep into the child's heart—part for the song's sake, and part because of the singer's; and we may assign, I think, to this cause the commencement of that passionate affection for the old language and literature of Provence which was afterwards to bear such good fruit.

At the age of nine or ten Frederi went to school at Avignon, to be cooped up, he tells us, still with a whimsical impatience at the recollection, "more straitly than the lambs in my father's sheep-folds." All children feel a solitariness and strangeness on the first leaving home for school; but the change for him was not a mere change of residence. Not only was he taken from friends to strangers, and from the fields to the town, but at Avignon he found himself in a world speaking a new language. At home he spoke Provençal; here he had to speak French. The lessons were hateful to him; his heart was still at the farm; and he cherished the recollection of his mother's Provençal songs as the one delightful, and at the same time sad, recollection. Gradually this feeling of distaste wore off. He began to find in Virgil and Homer the manners and ideas of his own land, and a strong bond of sympathy drew him to them. Then, in his words, "the sublime beauty of the ancient writers penetrated his heart;" and it was not long before he essayed, in secret, to translate into Provençal the first *Eclogue* of Virgil. About this time, in the year 1845, an event occurred which still further influenced him in the direction of poetry and Provence. This was the entrance into the *pensionnat*, as teacher, of a young man named Roumaniho (*Fr.* Roumanille), an old neighbor and soon a close friend. Roumaniho, "already stung by the Provençal bee," had written a series of poems, afterwards published as *Margarideto*—"Daisies," in the old language of his land. He

showed them to Mistral. It was enough. "When he showed me, in their spring freshness, these pretty meadow-flowers, a great trembling took hold on my being, and I cried: 'Behold the dawn that my soul awaited to awaken!'" From that time the two friends had but one aim—to restore the beautiful language spoken by their mothers, the beautiful dead speech of the Troubadours, and to make it once more a living language of song. We may date from this moment the Provençal Renaissance.

In 1848, after nearly a year spent on his father's farm—a fruitful year, which witnessed the birth of a poem four cantos long on *The Harvest*, probably a foretaste of *Mirèio*, and which gave his parents to see that their son was too poetically fond of the farm to be ever a good farmer,—Mistral went to Aix to study law. He must have pursued his legal studies with tolerable vigor, for in 1851 he took his degree; but it is very evident that even then there was another study more engrossing to him than law, and that was poetry. At Aix he met his old schoolfellow and fellow-poet Anselme (Anselme) Mathieu. The two legal students delighted, as he tells us, to refresh with poetry the dryness of the Pandects and the Civil Code; and when Roumaniho, about this time, issued at Avignon his book of *Prouvençalo* (*Les Provençales*), some of Mistral's verses were published in it. On returning home in 1851, Mistral's father was wise enough to allow him to follow his bent. He threw his lawyer's gown on a hedge, and gave himself up to Provence and poetry.

Under the leadership of Roumaniho, a band of young poets, Mistral, Aubanèu (Aubanel), Mathieu, Crousihat (Crousillat) and others, began frequently to meet together, now here, now there, but most often at Avignon, for the purpose of encouraging one another in their work, reading their new poems, and holding fête. At one of these reunions, held at Font-Segugno, May 21st, 1854, the name of Felibrigé was adopted for the league, and the members of it assumed the title of Felibre. The exact meaning of the word is hard to say, and the story sometimes told of its origin may be true or not. This is the account given in a curious book, entitled

*Miejour, or the Land of the Felibre*, by J. Duncan Craig, D.D.—a work in which some valuable information is given respecting the Felibrigé, but so inextricably imbedded in a mass of Provençal legends, missionary talk, guide-book information, and philological disquisition, as to be practically useless. "Frederi Mistral, Anselme Mathieu, Joseph Roumanille, and some four others were assembled one evening in a garden of roses, 'neath the shade of a trellised vine, to form an association of poets using the Provençal language. Suddenly an old wrinkled woman appeared, and as she looked upon the band, exclaimed thrice, 'Felibre—Felibre—Felibre—' and then this aged sibyl vanished from the garden. 'Let us call ourselves Felibre,' cried Frederi Mistral—and so the name began." Such, at least (in his own English), is Mr. Craig's account.

At some of these meetings Mistral read aloud, not without applause, portions of a poem on which he was engaged for seven years—*Mirèio*, the first and perhaps the greatest of his works. It was published at Avignon in the beginning of 1859,\* and the reception accorded to it, not only in Provence, but throughout France, was very remarkable. Although the poem was written in a language which had fallen into discredit, a language which had become a patois, it was received by the French critics with enthusiastic recognition: Lamartine, then at the height of his fame, welcomed the new poet with generous praise; the book was crowned by the Académie; and, finally, Gounod took from it the subject of an opera, which has recently been performed, I believe, in London. From an obscure local poet, Mistral became a Parisian celebrity. More than that, he was permitted to take his place among the most eminent poets of his time. This place he has since maintained by the publication of two other notable works: *Calendau*,† in 1867, *Nerto*,‡ in 1884; besides a volume of miscellaneous poems, *Lis Isclo d'Or*, issued in 1875.§

\* Now published by Carpentier, 1 vol. in-18mo.

† 1 vol. in-8vo., Roumanille, Avignon.

‡ 1 vol. in-8vo., écu, Hachette.

§ 1 vol. in-18mo., Roumanille, Avignon; and Lemerre.

Mistral's position at the head of an important philologico-poetical movement is apt to dim our eyes to his great merit—that of being, in the pure sense, a poet. But he is this, and he has been called a great poet, and compared quite seriously, by serious and critical persons, with Homer, Theocritus, Dante. For myself, while I cannot quite say that I consider M. Mistral either a Homer or a Dante, I am assured that as an epic poet, pastoral and romantic, the author of *Mirèio* fills a vacant place in contemporary literature, and that his work has the property of exciting in us that "peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere," to which the most exquisite critic of our day refers the charm of all original work. I shall, therefore, attempt in these pages, not so much a description of Mistral the Felibre as an analysis of Mistral the poet. That Mistral has assisted in reviving the language of Provence, and that he writes in Provençal, is an accident—an accident of supreme importance, indeed, and of which I have tried in the foregoing pages to explain the cause; but still an accident. For the tone which it has contributed to his verse we must consider it with attention; but it is necessary to remember that it is a quite secondary matter, after all. The first question, in this case as in every case, is, Of what value is this body of poetry? what is its individual charm?

It seems to me that the special charm of Mistral's poetry lies in a certain way of looking at nature and life, and of depicting them, which I might, perhaps, express by calling the poet a sort of epical Theocritus. His works are not exactly epics; they are not precisely idyls. They unite some of the characteristics of a Theocritan idyl with an approach to the general manner of a Homeric epic—the *Odyssey*, not the *Iliad*. The epic is the special growth of primitive ages, and it has been lost from amongst us because we have lost, in our life and in our thought, the simplicity and the straightforward objectiveness of the early world. But Mistral succeeds in producing epical narratives, without the least affectation or antiquarianism, because his Provence is still primitive, still simple, pastoral, and romantic, and because he himself is ab-

sorbed in the life he paints. Instead of saying that each of his three chief poems is a little epic, it would, perhaps, be preferable to say that the three combine in one, and that together they make a single Epic of Provence. *Mirèio* deals chiefly with the pastoral aspect, with the life of the field and the farm. It is a rustic tale, full of a large leisure and serenity; the apotheosis of the country life. *Calendau* gives us the life of the mountains and the sea-coast; it is a story of adventure, of romance; it shows us something of the towns, of the towns *en fête*, and of the picturesque robber-chivalry of the past. *Nerto* takes us back to the fifteenth century, the age of the Avignonese popes, and paints, in a tableau of surprising largeness and brilliance, the whole Provençal life of the Middle Ages. Always Provence. It is Mistral's distinction that he has devoted all his genius, without any exception or reservation, to the exposition of his country. For him, it is probably as much a matter of patriotism, education, natural sympathy and tendency, as of deliberate artistic selection; perhaps more so; but it is certain that nothing more fortunate for his art could have happened. The presence of this figure of Provence, everywhere Provence, contributes a certain special "note" to his poetry, like the inevitable Scotland of Burns, whom Mistral resembles in this, that by writing exclusively in the idiom of his native country, and on topics relating to his country only, he becomes, for the general world, that country's representative; so that when we say Mistral we say Provence, as when we say Burns we say Scotland. This is to be a specialist, but a specialist of a very noble kind; for in poetry intensity is everything.

*Mirèio*, I have said, represents the pastoral side of Provence, and it is as a pastoral poet that Mistral is most unique and most satisfying. In England our great pastoral poet is Wordsworth; but Wordsworth approaches nature and the country life in a very different spirit from Mistral, and has an entirely different material to work upon. Wordsworth regards nature with awe, with admiration, with an intense but lofty affection; he has a preference for sublimity, the mountains, the clouds, or in turn

"the meanest flower that blows;" but for these individually, as parts of nature and of God's creation, not from their connection with either humanity or the English soil. But Mistral looks at nature from a Provençal stand-point, his descriptions are of distinct places, and are faithful to every detail; and they are always employed, elaborate as they are, as a background to the story. Then the story, instead of being (as in Wordsworth) a simple annal of the poor, is a romantic tale, a narrative with the interest of a novel, or like that of a poem of Walter Scott. The rustic novels of Thomas Hardy occur to me as, perhaps, after all, the nearest parallel in our language with Mistral's *Mirèio*. The parallel, of course, only holds good to a certain extent; even if *Mirèio* were written in prose it would possess a romantic poetry, an imaginative splendor of which we can find no trace in the quiet novels of Mr. Hardy. But, for all that, there is a certain resemblance, not to be overlooked, between the matter and manner of *Mirèio* and, let us say, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, or *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Mistral's pictures of the farmer's daughter, of her father, of her suitors, of the basket-making hero, the old laborers, the harvest, cattle-tending, and the like, have all the precision and completeness, if little of the humor, with which we are familiar in Mr. Hardy's novels; while in the poem these are elevated, by sheer simplicity of imaginative realism, to really exquisite poetry.

The chief charm of *Mirèio* lies, no doubt, in the vivid truth and the realistic beauty of its rustic scenes; but I doubt whether these would be in themselves quite so charming were it not for the romantic interest which, all through the poem, is thrown over the fortunes of the lovers. The central story of Vincen and Mirèio is genuinely romantic; and this romance receives its most appropriate setting in the contrasted circumstances of the pastoral life. Like a clear ripple of sun-smitten water through a meadow of grazing kine, the love-story of these two, at once simple and passionate, threads the course of this rustic tale. Not romance merely, but supernaturalism, enters into Mistral's picture; but of this I shall speak more fully when

we come to *Nerto*. *Nerto* is pre-eminently the supernatural, as *Calendau* is specially the romantic, section of the grand Epic of Provence; *Mirèio*, containing in considerable measure both qualities, is by comparison chiefly of a homely naturalism—a picture of Provence in its rural aspect, exact, minute; a description, not a vision, yet in every detail poetical, trivial in none.

When Mistral wrote *Mirèio* he tried to render it completely representative of Provence. He filled it with Provençal lore, he crowded it with tales and legends of the past, as well as with pictures and stories of the present; but with all his pains, and notwithstanding the wealth of material which he lavished upon it, there remained unrecognized and unrecorded much which found a place among his impressions, and which he desired to chronicle in his epical verse. After seven years of patient labor a new poem, *Calendau*, written in the same measure as *Mirèio*,\* appeared. The poem has not become so popular as its predecessor; and in this case I think that the popular verdict, the verdict of seven editions against one, is substantially a just one. Naturally, Mistral will not allow that *Calendau* contains less poetry than *Mirèio*. In the latter, he says, nature predominates; in the former, imagination; and that is why people prefer the earlier work. There is some truth in the distinction, but it is not the whole truth. *Calendau* is on the whole a less admirable work, because, though more elaborate in its scheme, it is less perfect and unique, less fresh and charming in tone and workmanship, a little more modern and artificial. But no doubt it manifests a certain strength and breadth which are scarcely to be found in its predecessor.

*Mirèio*, by the very perfection of its plan, is limited within a somewhat narrow range of pasture-land and lowland; but in *Calendau* the author fol-

\* It is a curious measure. I will explain it by giving the first stanza of *Mirèio*.

Cante uno chato de Provènço.  
Dins lis amour de sa jouvènço,  
A travès de la Crau, vers la mar, dins li bla  
Umble escoulan dóu grand Oumero,  
Ièu la vole segui. Coume èro  
Rèn qu' uno chato de la terro  
En foro de la Crau se n'es gaire parla.



lows the fortunes of his hero from town to town, from height to height, painting the life of the fisher and the hunter with a brilliant and shifting scenic background. Now we see the tumult and brisk action of the tunny-fishing—a scene treated with epical fulness of detail; now the water-tournament, the popular fête, the pine-clad summits of the Esterels, a combat with bandits, a *fête-dieu*, an orgy, and a mountain-wood on fire. Every scene is described with Mistral's customary fulness and graphic force, now broadly touched, now minutely indicated, but always with the same reverent veracity, always with the same imaginative realism. Mistral is a painter who can paint either frescoes or miniatures; in this book, for instance, there are passages which for painstaking minuteness would do credit to the compiler of a guide-book, while elsewhere a scene or a landscape will be flashed on us with a touch or a phrase. Here are a couple of stanzas, which I have rendered into prose in order to retain the exact quality of the original—its quaintness, its simplicity, its curious truthfulness.

And over the abrupt tiers hangs the huge-headed pompion; and from amongst the stone-heaps the vigorous aloë shoots up towards God its candelabrum; and the fruit of the barberry grows black in the ravines; and like a turkey-cock the red pomegranate crests the thickets.

The olive-trees, intermingling their lines with the vine-rows, cover the terraces with silvery forests; chestnuts and oaks overshadow the mountain-slope; and the old pines, making melody, darken the hill-tops.

These details are literal, if you will, but the picture is touched with fancy as well, just so little transformed in the process, however, as to leave some resemblance to the scene described, a merit not always to be found in poetry.

Unlike Mistral's other works, *Calendau* has a leading purpose, a sort of Pilgrim's Progress air, which is so much commoner in literature that it is hardly an equivalent for *naïveté*. Running through the whole strange series of sights and adventures, and linking them together into a certain sort of unity, is one aim, never lost quite out of sight; an attempt, namely, to represent the gradual elevation, through the ennobling and refining influence of true love, of a soul buffeted by temptation, and in danger,

by its very strength and force, of resting content in some great material achievement. It may be that there is something superior in having a purpose of this sort; no doubt there often is; but I for one cannot help thinking that Mistral might better have left it alone. His *genre* is of another kind, his method of treatment essentially different, and the *genre* which he professes receives no accession of dignity. I imagine, by the introduction of a leading motive apart from the ever-present Provençal passion, which, even in this book, dominates really, thrusting into actual secondariness the apparently ruling quality. *Calendau* is the second part of the Provençal epic, and with it Mistral closes the chronicle of the present, I should say, rather, of the recent past. *Mirèio* and *Calendau* are in no sense historical; they are, if not absolutely of the present, yet comparatively so. Moreover, they are devoted to the outdoor life, the peasant existence, the fields, villages, mountains; together they present a panorama of all Provence. *Nerto*, on the other hand, to complete the picture, deals with the remote past, and is a historical romance enacted in the throng of cities and in the thick of notable events.

The poem was published in 1884. It is in a different measure from *Mirèio* and *Calendau*; short, light couplets, in alternate single and double rhymes, in place of the modulated sweep of the seven-lined stanza. Perhaps even more than that, it conveys the idea of improvisation; which with Mistral, as with the original troubadours, is literally the case. We are told that he sings his verses as he makes them, often in the open air. *Nerto* reminds one a little of Scott; but the compliment of the comparison is to Scott, and not to Mistral. There is a richness, a color, in the work of the Provençal, which the English poet had no conception of; while Scott, with all his worship of the past, has never compressed into verse so much of the real spirit of the Middle Ages as Mistral has done in this astonishingly brilliant romance. In a series of tableaux, arranged with the most consummate skill, the poet has revived for us one typical period of mediæval Provençal history, the period when Avignon still held,

soon to hold no longer, the last of her popes. Benedict XIII. Mistral has raised the dead, and set the ghosts of history to move before us, arranging and ordering them in our sight, so that they may play their parts as if they lived. And although the part of the historic ghost-raiser is a difficult one, he has played it with singular success. Something of the hue and heat of life is about his men and women of the past; they crowd the sunlight of his pages, not as if they were ghosts, but as if they really lived. It is a genuine mediæval picture, painted with full knowledge and power, and with a perfection of sympathy which avoids the least shock of an intruding nineteenth-century touch. There is an old-world simplicity in it, a mode of presentment which cunningly stimulates that love of colors, of textures, of distinct and definite traits, which characterizes the old romances, and withal a combined broadness and minuteness in the treatment which seems exactly to catch the mediæval spirit and precisely to represent it.

*Nerto* is purely romantic, but its romance is derived from love, from history, and from superstition—if so gross a title may be used to express so delicate an essence as the angelic and demonic legends of early Catholicism. The mere names of the cantos are enough to show how finely representative is the poem: the Baron, the Pope, the King, the Lion, the Nun, the Angel, the Devil. In the earlier cantos we have more especially the history. Baron, Pope, and King pass before us, and the air is full of bustle and shouting; throngs, holiday-dressed, press and sway in the dust; and all that is most picturesque, all that is most significant in the life of the time, is presented to us, in lines that are full of sunlight and bright color. Passing onwards, we behold the sad serenity of the convent, "where the nuns walk quietly, like shadows, wearing their veils so great and long;" and again the wonderful forest-scenes, beautiful as the forest poetry and music in the *Siegfried* of Wagner, scenes of a more exquisite charm than Mistral has perhaps ever elsewhere conceived. This, too, is in the Middle Ages, when devil and angel still visibly walked the world; so we have, towards the end, the very apotheosis of

the Catholic spirit. The description, in the last canto, of the palace of the Seven Deadly Sins, the enchanted castle with its "zigzag ways and labyrinthine gardens, where whoever enters is lost, with evil words heard and with sighs behind the clusters, and twisted trees and sombre plants, with strange flowers and perfumes that daze you like a smoke:" this description, full of weird and fantastic beauty, is to my mind one of the finest pieces of imaginative writing to be found in the works of any living poet. Singularly enough in a French poet, Mistral has an exceptional mastery over the supernatural. In *Mirèio* he showed in two places—the description of the death-voyage of Ourrias, in the 5th canto, and the whole canto of *The Sorceress*—a true Teutonic feeling for the grotesque and unearthly, to which I can recollect no parallel in French literature except in that prose-poem of Michelet, *La Sorcière*. In *Nerto* the supernatural is more constantly employed, and in a somewhat different way. It is that note of other-worldliness which so completely fascinated the brains of the Middle Ages, and which translated itself into a thousand bizarre and beautiful and grotesque forms, into the gurgoyles of their sacred edifices, the illuminated dragons of their missals, and the legends, so simple that they seem almost intentionally humorous, of their poets and romancists *mangüé*. Here we see faith and humor hand-in-hand, laughing but reverencing—a combination which we have lost, and which only an art such as Mistral's, fed from a country which belongs even now to the past, can recall and represent.

It is by his three great poems that Mistral's name will live, but these do not represent the whole of his work. During the last twenty years he has been engaged in the stupendous task of compiling a Provençal Dictionary, one might almost say of creating it—a task now well-nigh finished, it is said. Besides this, he has written a large number of miscellaneous pieces—popular songs and ballads, occasional poems, wedding songs, toasts, &c. Many of these are published in the volume entitled *Lis Isclo d'Or*, or *The Isles of Gold*. Even in this varied collection there is scarcely anything not relating, directly or in-

directly, to Provence. Mistral has indeed composed many of them for the express purpose of awakening a taste for their native language among the peasants; a purpose in which he has been so signally successful that there is now scarcely a village in Provence where his songs are not sung. To give some idea of these poems, I have attempted in English, in the measure of the original, a version of the "Song of the Sun" (*Lou Cant dou Souldou*), one of the finest things in Mistral, and, we are told, already the popular song of the South of France.

Mighty sun of our Provence,  
Gay the Mistral's boonfellow,  
Thou that drainest the Durance  
Like a draught of wine of Crau,

Light thy shining lamp on high,  
Let the shade and sorrow fly,  
Soon, soon, soon,  
Rise, fair sun, into the sky!

Though thou scorcest like a flame,  
Yet, ere quite the summer pale,  
Like a god's these shout thy name,  
Arles, Avignon, and Marseille!

Light thy shining lamp on high, etc.

Poplars, for a sight of thee,  
Higher and ever higher shoot,  
And the very mushroom, see,  
Comes up at the thistle's foot.\*

Light thy shining lamp on high, etc.

'Tis the sun, friends, brought to birth  
Work and song, twin boons to bless,  
And the love of mother earth,  
And the tender homesickness.

Light thy shining lamp on high, etc.

'Tis the sun brings heat and light,  
God forbid it e'er befall  
That he hide his face from sight—  
That would be the end of all!

Light thy shining lamp on high,  
Let the shade and sorrow fly,  
Soon, soon, soon,  
Rise, fair sun, into the sky!

As a sample of the lighter pieces, take this pretty fancy, *Li Grihet*, "The Crickets":

"How comes it, little cricket, pray,  
Shining and black as jet, all day  
You do not sing a single tune,  
And yet, at even, with the moon,  
You chant the laborer's vesper-lay?"

"Ah! such a gabbling makes the throng  
Of drones and bees the whole day long,  
That if we sang you could not hear,  
And if it rose into the air  
The birds would eat us for our song!"

"Poor crickets!" "But when, prudently,  
Dame Bustle gathers homeward, we,  
All very silent, waiting till  
Each sound subsides and all is still,  
Upon the turf watch patiently.

"And then all softly we unite  
Our little voices with delight  
That a sweet strain they may upraise;  
And the moon hears, spinning her rays,  
Our little song upon the night."

But these minor poems are, after all, only the diversions of an epist. Beautiful as they are, it is conceivable that other pens might possibly have written them; while it is absolutely inconceivable that any other poet of our day, save Mistral only, could have written the Provençal triad, *Mirèio*, *Calendau*, and *Nerto*. Mistral has shown, in an age when the prevailing tone of poetry is a tone of doubt, unrest, and uneasy self-consciousness, that it is possible still to be simple, still to retain the clear sanity of the early singers, finding life joyous, and a beloved fatherland an unfailing inspiration. He has shown that it is still possible to strike the true pastoral note, still possible, in these late days, to write an epic and to write it without falseness or incongruity. And in this lies his distinction, and his importance for us.—*National Review*.

## DARWINISM AND DEMOCRACY.

BY W. S. LILLY.

IT is not easy to overrate the practical importance of the body of teaching commonly associated with the name of the late Mr. Darwin. There is perhaps no department of intellectual activity in

which it does not directly touch upon the gravest problems. My present object is to consider its bearing upon the theory of the public order usually spoken of as Democracy: a theory no less influential in the political world than Darwinism in the world of thought. But it

\* Allusion to a Provençal proverb.

will be necessary, in the first place, to examine both these vocables a little. Our age lives upon a small stock of commonplaces, and is dominated by a few phrases. Words, as Goethe complains, take the place of ideas. And one result is that words lose precise connotations. Hence a writer who desires to be accurate himself, and to help his readers to some clear insight into the matters of which he treats, is often obliged to define, more or less formally, before he proceeds to his argument. It will be well then, to note here that, as much Platonism is vulgarly current for which you will search in vain the philosopher of Academe, as the Lutheranism of the present day consists largely of opinions of which the founder of Protestantism was guiltless, so a great deal passes for Darwinism which is not to be found in the writings of Mr. Darwin. What the lifelong labors of that patient and conscientious inquirer really established, we will consider by-and-by. I am for the moment concerned with the signification which the word Darwinism bears in common parlance throughout Europe. And this will be best seen if we go to Germany. There it is that most of the world's cerebation is performed. There the doctrine of Mr. Darwin was eagerly embraced long before it had obtained credit among ourselves. And there it has been developed, with enthusiastic devotion and singular hardihood, by a host of *savants*, who have sought in it the key to well-nigh all the world's enigmas. Foremost among these is Professor Hæckel, whose writings have unquestionably done more than Darwin's own for the diffusion of what is generally known as Darwinism, not only in the Professor's native country, but in France, and it may perhaps be said in England too. The account which he himself gives of his labors is that he has "endeavored to bind together in a philosophy Darwin's facts; to view them in the light of general conceptions." But, in truth, speculation occupies a much greater place than fact in his system. In the first place, he has adopted Darwin's theories, without the reserves, rectifications, and modifications by which that candid investigator afterwards limited them. Thus, to give merely one example, in the law of nat-

ural selection, to the action of which the English naturalist in his latter years confessed himself to have "probably attached too much," and which he therefore thought himself bound to restate, in order "to confine his remarks to adaptive changes of structure"—I am quoting from a well-known passage in his *Descent of Man*—his Teutonic disciple finds a complete explanation of the facts of organic life, and of all its possibilities, including "indefinite variation." Again, to the hypotheses thus adopted from Darwin, Professor Hæckel has added others of his own. Of these, the most notable is the theory of abiogenesis, which amounts to this: that the organic comes out of the inorganic as its adequate cause, by a process similar to that whereby the molecules of crystalline bodies assume regular form. The general result at which he arrives is a purely physical explanation of life. He will allow of no activities in the organism but the chemical and mechanic. The persistence of matter and energy, correlation of forces, dissipation of forces, sufficiently explain for him the wondrous All. "The cell," he wrote to the German Association in 1877, "consists of matter called protoplasm, composed chiefly of carbon, with an admixture of hydrogen, nitrogen, and sulphur. These component parts, properly united, produce the soul and body of the animated world, and suitably nursed, become man. With this single argument the mystery of the universe is explained, the Deity annulled, and a new era of infinite knowledge ushered in." Professor Hæckel, whose great attainments in zoölogy and morphology are unquestionable, here formulates the creed of a school of physicists very influential in Germany. It is, apparently, a faith with an exceeding great multitude of Teutonic *savants*, that life, at first generated spontaneously, has ascended from the simplest form of protoplasm to the human automaton, through the twenty-two distinct stages of evolution which the Professor has excogitated. In England there are not wanting gifted disciples of Mr. Darwin who, more or less implicitly, adopt this exposition of "nature's great progression from the formless to the formed, from the inorganic to the organic, from blind forces

to conscious will and intellect." But it is in France that the gospel of materialistic evolution has had the freest course, and has been most abundantly glorified ; for it has supplied a want of the political party whose fortunes are bound up with the Third Republic. The author of *Natural Religion* has observed, " the Revolution delights in calling itself Atheistic." And no one can doubt that this is so, who will take the trouble to examine the literature, from the newspaper upwards, wherein " advanced politicians " in France record their sorrows and aspirations. Equally beyond doubt is it that the thought, or what does duty for thought, of these politicians, is derived mainly from the medico-atheistic school of which, I suppose, we may take M. Paul Bert to be the leading exponent : I know of no one else who so accurately represents its " science," its blasphemy, and its ferocity. The whole spirit of what calls itself Democracy in France breathes in his well-known words : " Others may occupy themselves, if they will, in seeking a nostrum to destroy the phylloxera ; be it mine to find one that shall destroy the Christian religion." And that nostrum is supposed to have been found in vulgar Darwinism : the Darwinism, let me say, of Professor Häckel.

" What calls itself Democracy." For as Darwinism, in common parlance throughout Europe, means something other than the doctrines of the late Mr. Darwin, so Democracy has acquired a signification very far removed from the conception legitimately attaching to the word. It formerly denoted the rule of that comparatively small class of the inhabitants of a country which constituted the *δημος*, or *populus*, or, to use the French phrase, *le pays légal*. In the democracies, as of pre-Christian, so of Christian Europe, citizenship was regarded not as a natural right, but as a legal privilege, to be gained with difficulty and guarded with jealousy. These democracies, the result of fierce struggles and of the triumph of the most highly endowed races, rested everywhere upon a basis of fact. And they were everywhere, even in their most popular form, essentially aristocratic. To be a burgher of ancient Athens, or of mediæval Florence, was to have a patent

of nobility. Modern democracy, on the other hand, is the offspring of a movement which sought to make a *tabula rasa* of the past. So far from resting upon prescription and privilege, like the older democracies, it starts from the proposition that man, *quid* man, possesses all the highest attributes of citizenship. It is based upon an *à priori* theory of the supposed rights, innate, inalienable, and imprescriptible, of humanity in a hypothetical state of nature. With reason was Rousseau glorified by St.-Just as *l'homme révolutionnaire*. The Revolution was mainly an attempt to translate his speculations into practice. The intellectual mediocrities and spiritual nullities venerated as " the men of '91," into whose hands its guidance so speedily fell, were, with hardly an exception, his enthusiastic disciples. Of course there was nothing new in his doctrine that there is a primordial right, or set of rights, inherent in man. Catholic philosophers, to mention no other, had for centuries maintained that proposition. Rousseau's originality consists in his teaching as to the nature of human right ; in the conception with which he starts, and from which he deduces his whole system, of man in a state of nature, perfectly free, perfectly virtuous, the equal of all other men, and sovereign over his own actions. But although " man is born free, he is everywhere in chains." Liberty and equality and individual sovereignty and virtue have well-nigh disappeared from the earth, through the despotism of tyrants, the guile of priests, and the corrupting influences of art and civilization. Thus is the world out of joint. But the gospel of Jean-Jacques is sufficient to set it right. All that is necessary is to preach to the inhabitants of any country the Rights of Man, and to reveal to them the Social Contract, " a form of association which defends and protects, with the whole power of the State, the persons and goods of each partner, and by virtue of which each while uniting himself with others, nevertheless obeys only himself, and remains as free as before." Then you may proceed to make the constitution, and to bring back the golden age. This is the conception of the public order which for a century has dominated the general mind in France, and which, from France,

has spread throughout Europe. And it is now the most potent factor in contemporary politics. In France we see it in the fullest and most logical development it has, as yet, attained. But, even in this country, it has embodied itself in many a cherished phrase, many an effective shibboleth. Thus, the Benthamite aspiration, "Everybody to count for one: nobody for more than one," or the more succinct formula, "One man, one vote," is merely a translation into the vulgar tongue of Rousseau's doctrine of the equivalence of all members of the community, and of their natural right to participate equally in the expression of the general will. The dictum with which the air still resounds, that "the true political creed is faith in the people," is but a variation on the theme that "human nature is good," justly reckoned by Mr. John Morley "the central moral doctrine of the Revolution." The equally familiar proposition that the adult males of any country—that is a majority of them told by head—however low in the scale of humanity, however devoid of the most elementary instincts and aptitudes of freemen, as in Egypt, are its sole legitimate rulers, is only the practical application of the *Contrat Social*. Modern democracy is everywhere, more or less, of the same Jacobin type. It everywhere depends, whether consciously or unconsciously, upon the theory of man and society which Rousseau formulated, and which Robespierre sought to realize: an abstract, an unrelated, an universal man: identical in all ages, in all latitudes, in all races, in all states of civilization. It everywhere aspires, with varying degrees of vehemence, to sweep away historic institutions, with the innumerable diversities attaching to them, in order to make room for a reconstruction of the public order on the basis of arithmetic, and of what it calls pure reason. It everywhere worships what it accounts to be "abstract rights," and believes them to govern the world. Nor is its success difficult to understand. "Ce qui fait une puissance extraordinaire aux idées de Rousseau," wrote M. Taine to me some time ago (I cite his luminous words by his kind permission) "c'est surtout la simplicité de la conception. Un enfant, un ouvrier

croit la comprendre. En effet le raisonnement publique qu'elle enfante est aussi aisé qu'une règle de trois. Comment prouver à cet homme qu'il ne comprend pas, que la notion de l'état est une des plus difficiles à former, que le raisonnement politique est hors de sa portée? Ce serait l'offenser. Il ne peut pas admettre, même comme possible, une chose si énorme: et son amour-propre suffit pour aveugler son bons sens."

Such unquestionably is modern democracy as it lives and works, throughout Europe. Such is it especially in France, its original birthplace and present stronghold, where its true characteristics and necessary tendencies are most clearly discernible. What chiefly distinguishes its latest from its earlier phases is its proclamation of itself as "scientific." The original Jacobins refused to defer, even for one brief hour, the pleasure of butchering Lavoisier, upon the ground that the Republic had no need of chemists. Their successors are wiser in their generation and seek in the laboratory "a solid formula" for their politics. It is upon "natural truths," they urge, that the foundation of the public order must rest. Physical science is the only true science, and its methods are the only true methods. Metaphysics and transcendentalism, and, still more, "all religion and all religiosity," are mere shadows, serving but to divert men's attention from phenomenal realities, which are the only realities, and to hinder progress in the material arts of life, which is the only progress. "La démocratie," observes a very popular exponent of it, "démolit Dieu, démolit tout le vieux monde, et une chose seule reste—l'évolution scientifique." The transformation is like that wrought by Circe. And "Darwinism" supplies the incantation whereby it is accomplished. Thanks to Professor Hæckel there can be no doubt now about man's essential bestiality. What a weapon wherewith to overthrow Christianity and all else that opposes itself to the millennium of materialism! Yes; but, as I shall proceed to show, a double-edged weapon, no less fatal to the most cherished Jacobin dogmas than to religion.

For whatever is doubtful, this is clear: that every dogma, however widely popu-

lar, to which the facts are opposed, is doomed to certain extinction. Now, what are the facts of Darwinism? Let us view them apart from the theories engrafted upon them by Professor Hæckel. I should be sorry to seem wanting in respect to so eminent a *savant*. Still I find it impossible to withhold a modicum of sympathy from Mr. Coke, when, in his interesting work, *Creeds of the Day*, he complains, "The theories of Professor Hæckel are as trying to my credulity as the Pentateuch itself." It is, indeed, difficult to see why the speculations of Professors should be more binding upon our belief than the revelations of Prophets. We will turn, then, from the Darwinism of Herr Hæckel to the Darwinism of Mr. Darwin. What may the researches of that indefatigable observer be taken to have established? The supreme problem to which he addressed himself was the origin of the human race as a distinct species. I shall present his solution of that problem in his own words, taken from the summary with which he ends his book on *The Descent of Man*.

"The main conclusion arrived at in this work," he writes, "and now held by many naturalists who are well competent to form a sound judgment, is that man is descended from some less highly organized form. The grounds upon which this conclusion rests will never be shaken, for the close similarity between man and the lower animals in embryonic development, as well as in innumerable points of structure and constitution, both of high and of the most trifling importance—the rudiments which he retains, and the abnormal reversion to which he is occasionally liable—are *facts* which cannot be disputed. They have long been known, but until recently they told us nothing with respect to the origin of man. Now when viewed by the light of our knowledge of the whole organic world, their meaning is unmistakable. . . . By considering the embryological structure of man, the homologies which he presents with the lower animals, the rudiments which he retains, and the reversion to which he is liable, we can partly recall in imagination the former condition of our early progenitors, and can approximately place them in their proper position in the zoological series. We thus learn that man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World. This creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed amongst the *Quadrumanæ*, as surely as would the common and still more ancient progenitor of the Old and New World monkeys. The *Quadrumanæ* and all the higher mammals

are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this through a long line of diversified forms, either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal. In the dim obscurity of the past we can see that the early progenitor of all the *Vertebrata* must have been an aquatic animal, provided with branchiæ, with the two sexes united in the same individual, and with the most important organs of the body (such as the brain and heart) imperfectly developed. This animal seems to have been more like the larvæ of our existing marine *Ascidians* than any other known form."

Such is Mr. Darwin's main conclusion, and the principal instruments by which he supposes this vast transformation to have been wrought are the law of natural selection in the struggle for existence, and the law of sexual selection. The struggle for existence! That is the primary fact upon which Darwinism is built. The world, to the eye of science, is a scene of incessant struggle of individual against individual, of species against species. The more healthy, the more vigorous, the more fortunate survive and multiply. The weakest succumb, disappear, and perish. It is so in the vegetable world as in the animal. Even "the humblest flower that blows" owes its every character and quality to the strife of countless ages. It is, and ever has been so among men, from the rudest societies in which cannibals openly prey upon one another, up to the most civilized, where the process by which man devours man, though thickly veiled, is none the less real. "It's no fish ye're eating," says Luckie Mucklebackit to the Antiquary, "it's no fish ye're eating, but men's lives." Nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that, without the innumerable causes of limitation which spring from this ardent rivalry for life, each species would tend to multiply in geometric proportion and possess the globe. The doctrine of natural selection means that out of innumerable tentatives, made by living beings whose organs and instincts are variable up to a certain point, the great majority come to nothing, but the exceptionally happy hits, that fall in with the surrounding environment, succeed. Thanks to the struggle for existence, every favorable variety is bound to perpetuate itself, while harmful deviations are eliminated. The slightest variations, if they are of advantage to the individual in which

they have produced themselves, by favoring him, in comparison with his fellows, contribute to his conservation, and are transmitted to his posterity. And here comes in the law of sexual selection, which means "the success of certain individuals over others of the same sex, in relation to the propagation of the species." Structural changes are the slowly accumulated results of functional changes. All the vast physical differences that distinguish man from the far-off fish-like ancestor, common to himself and other mammals, Mr. Darwin refers to the modifications thus wrought—modifications which he describes as "accidental," meaning, thereby, as he tells us (it is an odd use of the word), that they came to pass "from unrecognized or unassignable causes." The barriers between man and the lower animals, once deemed insurmountable, which are presented by the intellectual faculties, language, the moral sense, religion, he considers to fall upon close and unprejudiced observation. The differences which exist in these regions he will have to be of degree, not of kind; and in support of this view he adduces a vast number of most curious and cogent facts, which have been largely confirmed and supplemented by more recent writers. The attributes of man, he considers, are variable, and in the study of the lower animals he seeks the key to the understanding of the psychic faculties of humanity. What we call the moral sense in man he finds, in germ, in "our poor relations." He considers it to be the outcome of the social instinct, which is acquired, or at the least developed, by natural selection, and the chief elements of which are love and sympathy. Its earliest manifestations are definite and invariable, we might say, indeed, mechanical. But when consciousness and volition—the latest evolved of mental characteristics—have attained a certain development, it assumes the perfection in which we sometimes find it, say, in the elephant, the dog, the ape, and is manifested as the faculty of comparing past and future actions and their motives, the thoughts meanwhile excusing or else accusing one another. The criterion of the value of actions is, he thinks, the general good, by which he means the prosperity, the physical and

moral health, of the community. And these things depend upon the laws of life, which, holding as they do, of form and being, condition and environment, have no finality. Such are the main lines of Mr. Darwin's teaching. It has been objected to him by Wigand that he wraps his theories up in facts. The objection seems to me eminently unfair. No one can doubt the unsparing care with which he verifies his facts, or the absolute candor with which he presents them. He tells us, indeed—and we might reasonably have complained if he had not told us—what they seem to him to prove. But he warns us that his own views are sometimes "highly speculative," and that "some will doubtless prove to be erroneous." I know of no writer in whom breathes more amply the spirit of the ancient philosopher: "Don't believe Socrates, but your own reason, which Socrates helps you to use." What then, following this canon, would seem to be the net result of this great naturalist's labors? What may we take him to have established? Here I can speak only for myself. Looking at the evidence of various kinds, and weighing it, as one is accustomed to weigh testimony upon which a jury would be called to decide, in some grave issue touching the property, or reputation, or life of a man, I cannot but feel that an overwhelming case is made out for Mr. Darwin's general conclusions: that, in his own words, "the great principle of evolution stands up clear and firm:" that in the development of the individual from the simple unsegmented cell in which the human organism originates, we have the abstract and brief chronicle of the race. This is one of those cases in which "conspiring probabilities run together into a perfect conviction." And we may, I suppose, take it, that the old view of the distinct origin of extant species has well-nigh disappeared from the world of thought; that every competent authority allows their derivation from a few original types, or from one. Professor Hæckel, indeed, notes it as "an interesting and instructive circumstance, that the greatest indignation of the discovery of man's physical development from the ape, is displayed by those who differ the least, in intellectual or cerebral characteristics, from our com-



mon tertiary ancestors." It is to be regretted that culture has not exercised upon the manners of the Teutonic *savant* the emollient influence which the Latin poet claims for it. Still, this ferocious utterance of his is not perhaps wholly groundless. However that may be, the great glory of Darwin unquestionably is, that he has provided us with a scientifically intelligible theory of descent. I am far from saying that his theory is complete, that it includes all the factors. On the contrary, I shall have occasion to show later on that there are two principal factors, as I must account of them, which he does not include at all—which, indeed, he was not called upon to consider. Moreover, it would seem clear that many of his hypotheses require to be largely modified, or even to be recast. This has been pointed out, with much cogency of reasoning and wealth of illustration, by Von Hartmann, whose admirable little volume on *The True and the False in Darwinism* should be in the hands of every student of Mr. Darwin's works. With these reservations I cannot doubt that the law of natural selection, as he has stated it, largely explains the process of descent, or that the struggle for existence, the variation of types under circumstances, heredity, sexual selection, the action of environment, the use and disuse of organs, correlation, are really principles whereby the survival of the fittest is worked out. As little can I doubt the evolution of moral sentiment and dogma through prehistoric conditions, although I must take leave to question whether Mr. Darwin ever properly apprehended the essential nature of ethics. These facts are among the assured conquests of the modern mind. We may safely assume that in another quarter of a century they will be as generally accepted, as the law of the earth's motion first demonstrated by Galileo, or the law of gravitation formulated by Newton.

How then does modern democracy—the democracy which rests upon the theories of Rousseau—look in the light of these facts, accepted by medico-atheistic Jacobinism as a complete explanation of the nature and origin of the human mammal? First consider his doctrine of the natural, inalienable and imprescriptible rights of the individual,

which is the chief corner-stone of the whole Jacobin edifice. How is it possible to predicate such rights of an animal whose attributes are constantly varying—whose original is not Jean-Jacques's perfect man in a state of nature, but, not to go farther back, a troglodyte with half a brain, with the appetites and habits of a wild beast, with no conception of justice, and with only half articulate cries for language? Of the absolute reason, which modern democracy professes to worship, usually under the strangest travesties, Darwinism knows nothing. Its only notion of reason, as of justice and of right, is relative. Right to be means Might to be. For the true state of nature is a state of war: *bellum omnium contra omnes*. Again, take the thrice-sacred formula, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. What place is there for these conceptions if "the scientific evolution" alone remains as the one truth which modern democracy will recognize? Liberty? the sovereignty of the individual? It disappears with the fiction of a perfectly homogeneous humanity. The message of "scientific evolution" to the masses is to know their masters, for that will be best for them; to recognise the provision of nature, which has made the few strong, wise, and able, and the many weak, foolish, and incompetent. Equality? So far from being the "holy law of nature," as Marat was wont to affirm, it is flat blasphemy against that law. Inequality is everywhere her rule and is the primary condition of progress. Why, man is nothing but the product of vast inequalities, of successive variations of previous animal types, which have constituted him a species, a race, an individual. Inequalities of right rest upon inequalities of fact. Fraternity? Yes; the fraternity of Cain and Abel. Cain survived because he was fittest, and proved his fitness by surviving. And in his story you have the brief epitome of the history of mankind, from the unknown beginnings of organic life, in the impenetrable past, down to this very hour. The Social Contract? A pure fiction! Darwinism gives the lie direct to the individualism which is of the very essence of Jacobinism. To nature, the individual is valueless. The natural goodness of the *bête humaine*? It is

aboriginally unethical; ferocious passions are its very groundwork; and all that countless ages of progress have effected has been, more or less imperfectly to tame them in favored varieties of it. To the democratic panacea of education, so confidently recommended on the ground that "the evil in the world is the fruit of bad education and bad institutions"—I am quoting Mr. John Morley's exposition of this article of the revolutionary creed—Darwinism replies by the authoritative declaration of Mr. Herbert Spencer, that "crime is really connected with an inferior mode of life, *itself usually consequent upon an original inferiority of nature*;" that "ignorance is no more to be held the cause of crime than various other concomitants;" that "the belief in the moralising effects of culture is absurd." There is not one of the most cherished positions of modern democracy to which the Darwinism, wherein it seeks a scientific basis—after having demolished God and the rest of the "old world"—is not absolutely fatal; while to the optimism underlying the whole political doctrine of Rousseau, it opposes the blankest pessimism. Such is the radical antagonism between Darwinism and what is popularly known as Democracy. If, as we are confidently assured, "scientific evolution" is the only fact left, the natural, inalienable, and imprescriptible rights of man are dreams; there is no possible foundation for such rights in merely physical nature. For where there is only matter—as Herr Hæckel and M. Paul Bert, and I suppose we must say Mr. Darwin too, conceive of matter—there are only physical and mathematical laws sovereign over all. And the individual automata which make up human society, like all else, are the slaves of mere force. There is one, and one only, true natural right founded upon the law of physical life, and that is the survival of the fittest.

But as it is a capital error to confound Darwinism with the hypotheses of Herr Hæckel, so is it to identify Democracy with the speculations of Rousseau. Democracy is no mere theory; it is a political fact, the issue of countless centuries of social development. It is a term in that long progress of the Western world from status to contract, the

true meaning of which is the evolution of the individual. Mr. Carlyle has called the French Revolution "a truth written in hell fire." Jacobin democracy may be called a truth veiled in sophisms. To the sophisms the facts of Darwinism are fatal. But the truth remains. That there are natural, imprescriptible, and inalienable rights of man is no fiction, although Rousseau's theories of them are fictitious. Democracy will have to abandon those theories, under penalties—the penalties which, by the very constitution of the universe, wait upon "who-soever maketh and loveth a lie."

It has been said that Democracy must be "scientific." We may well accept the dictum. And what is science but the logical apprehension of facts, as underlain by principles? Democracy must accept all the facts, the facts of Darwinism among the rest, and the political lessons which they teach. It will have to open its eyes to the fact that the state is not a conventional arrangement, arrived at by sovereign individuals, but an organic growth, the component parts of which vary indefinitely in value; that there are social forces far higher than the numerical. It will have to learn that inequality among men, having for its perennial source the differences in their intellectual constitutions and psychic energies, lies at the very root of civilization; that subordination, obedience, self-sacrifice, are primary public virtues; that liberty is *not* absolute but proportional. It will have to repent in sackcloth and ashes of that "fanaticism of *égalité*," which is a levelling down and a retrogression towards barbarism, and to discern that the strong, the wise, the just, are the rightful leaders of the multitudes who are neither strong, nor wise, nor just, in the slow, oft-thwarted, but still continuous march upwards of the human race. Nor need this be a hard lesson. For hierarchical society must of necessity be. Jacobin democracy differs from ancient and mediæval merely in this, that it is not an aristocracy, or government of the best, but a kakistocracy, or government of the worst—a polity in which wisdom, culture, virtue, even wealth, are suppressed by folly, ferocity, vice, and poverty. Once more: Democracy will have to abandon its fond illusion of remaking

the world in a day, or in a century, and to recognise as the law of the social organism, no less than of the individual, that binding together of old and new, the one handed down by heredity, the other added on by differentiation, which is of the very essence of evolution. So far the teachings of Darwinism are what may be called, in quite another than the partisan sense, Conservative. But they present other aspects, which are Radical, beyond the dreams of most politicians who affect that name. To mention only two of them: in the first place, while Darwinism announces the right of true superiorities—racial or individual—it is fatal to false. No Jacobin, in his most dithyrambic mood, could more emphatically proclaim the death of artificial privilege, or demand more imperiously a free career for talent, in the struggle for existence, the battle of life. Again, the great question of the day is the social question; and the first and last word of that question is capital. Its solution assuredly will not be found in those Socialistic schemes—the necessary outcome of Rousseau's doctrines—which, Mr. Spencer has well said, amount to this: "To take from the worthy the things they have labored for, in order to give to the unworthy the things they have not earned." But, as assuredly, Darwinism points to quite other conceptions of the responsibilities, of the nature of wealth, than those which its possessors are accustomed to entertain. Thus the great truth of the solidarity of the social organism, governed by the law of inequality, clearly indicates that the public contributions should be levied, not on income, but on property; nay more, that they should increase in percentage, as the property is greater. These unquestionably are among the truths that the Democracy to which the world is so swiftly moving, must learn from Darwinism. But there is one thing—one thing needful before all others—which Darwinism cannot teach it. And that is the true foundation of human right. Where shall it find that foundation save in the spiritual nature of man, which the false prophets of the people ignore, or deny, or deride?

"The people." The word may well make us pause. The very conception of the people, as we now entertain it, is

the creation of the most spiritual of all religions. It is the direct outcome of the teaching of Christianity, that all men are equal before God in their spiritual nature. And in this spiritual nature, I confidently say, is the only source of human duty and of human right. The whole moral world requires for its existence only two personalities: the divine and the human. But these are the two pillars upon which it rests. Without them no notion of ethics is possible, save only as mere fragments of a ruined edifice. Yes; man is born free in a profounder sense than Rousseau dreamed of. His will is free. That is the interior citadel of personality, wherein he rules as king, which no merely external force can ever storm. It is the liberty of the autonomous will that makes us persons. "These are *my* deeds," "this is *my* life"—only a self-determined being can say that. And physical science can tell us nothing of this attribute of self-determination. How should it? For it dwells in the sphere of physical necessity. It is occupied with secondary causes, and their connection in the visible, tangible, ponderable universe. But free will is a cause outside that chain. It is a cause which is its own cause. To attain to any knowledge of it, we must pass from the phenomenal to the noumenal, from the relative to the absolute. "Let us take nothing from the human mind. Suppression is a crime. Certain faculties of man are directed towards the Unknown. The Unknown is an ocean. What is conscience? The compass of the Unknown." So Victor Hugo, in words worthily enshrining an august fact, which Democracy will do well to learn from this prophet of its own. In free will is that faculty of man from which right springs. In the moral sense, or conscience, is the natural, inprescriptible, indefeasible law and measure of human right—a law far transcending the law of the welfare of the species, which is the highest revealed by physics, transcending but including it. For if, as seems to me unquestionable, the physical world, especially as we may now view it, in this nineteenth century, witnesses for reason, if the records of human experience witness for truth—the best of our race have lived and died for that ideal, and many who will read these

words know well, that for it, they too would even dare to die—it is in the law of conscience, written on the fleshly tables of the heart, that we have the witness for justice. Human nature everywhere bears about this concept of moral obligation, however various its correlatives may be. Everywhere, deep down in the most sacred recesses of consciousness, is the imperious conviction that—

“because right is right, to follow right  
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence.”

Nor does the internal monitor which insists upon this tremendous obligation fail to exhibit its credentials. “Conscience,” says Butler—and the world will never outgrow that teaching—“conscience magisterially exerts itself, and if not forcibly stopped, naturally and always, of course, goes on to anticipate a higher and more effectual sentence, which shall hereafter second and affirm its own.” Its office is prophetic. It is, in Victor Hugo’s phrase, “the compass of the Unknown,” ever pointing man to the Divine Personality: “tu homo, tantum nomen, si te scias!” And what, if we weigh the matter well, is the very central idea of Christianity but this, of the root of moral obligation in the Divine nature and in man’s filial relation to it? Democracy will do well to study the working of that idea in the world. For it will have to be impartially scientific: to accept, like other facts, the facts of history, which is the record of social evolution. If any fact in the annals of our race is clear, beyond controversy, it is that Christianity wrought out the greatest emancipatory movement which the world has ever seen, freeing the consciences of men from the yoke of Cæsarism; raising woman from her degradation, as the sport of man’s caprice, to moral and spiritual equality with him; striking the fetters from the slave; and making of the rich the stewards of the poor. As certain is it that all this was wrought by speaking to rulers, to men, to masters, to the wealthy, of duty. It was upon moral obligation, attaching to man’s spiritual nature, and directly governing every social relation, that Christianity based that doctrine of human right whereby we yet exist as civilised men. Other foundation can no man lay. But it is precisely this idea of divinely-appointed, all-pervading obli-

gation, as the paramount law of life, that contemporary Jacobinism holds in the greatest abhorrence, and burns to destroy. It breathes the spirit of Bentham, who held that “there is something disagreeable and repulsive about the word ‘duty,’” and desired to expunge “ought” from the vocabulary. Nor is there a sadder or more ominous sign of the times than the widespread decay of this idea, the increasing repugnance to any notion of human responsibility, under the influence of that base mechanical “philosophy”—what a profanation of so divine a word!—which is poisoning every spring of purpose and action in the modern mind. A generation nourished on “mealy-mouthed philanthropies” has well-nigh lost the conception of justice, as the august jurisprudence of Rome defined it: the constant and perpetual will (*voluntas*) to render to each his due. It has degraded the civil magistrate from the minister of Divine vengeance, to a scarecrow for the protection of person and property. The criminal is no longer exhibited as an object of disgust and hatred, but of pity and indulgence. We are told that it is not his free personality, his *liber ego*, that is in fault. His moral freedom is scouted as an old-world illusion. We are bidden to believe that what is culpable is not part and parcel of the man, nay, his very essence, but the operation or inoperativeness upon him of certain external agents—the state, society, education. One knows by experience—the last decade of the last century sufficiently teaches us—what is the practical issue of this monstrous denial of the instinct of perversity, the love of evil for its own sake, innate in man, the “ape and tiger” within him, in resistance to which lies his moral probation, as “man, and master of his fate.” There are no men whose feet are so swift to shed blood as Jacobin’s panegyrists of man’s natural virtuousness. It is but a step, and a short one, from the proclamation that all is good in human nature, to the discovery that all is “suspect.” The Terror is the necessary fruit of Rousseau’s optimism. Assuredly, modern democracy, whatever political form it may assume—which is a matter of comparatively small importance, if it is not to issue in a solution of the continuity

of human progress—will have to ground its doctrine of human right, not upon theories which depersonalise man, but upon the primary facts of free will and moral obligation, which constitute him a person ; will have to desert its medico-atheistic teachers and to give ear to Kant as, in prophet tones, he warns this new age that “without a God, and without a world invisible to us now but hoped for, the glorious ideas of ethics may indeed be objects of approbation and admiration, but cannot be the springs of purpose and action.”

But, it may be asked, How do these transcendental conceptions accord with Darwinism ? The answer to that question seems to me to be indicated by a well-known dictum of St. Thomas Aquinas, that “there is no knowledge without *phantasmata*,” which, translated into modern dialect, means, that phenomena, to be really apprehended, must be presented to the understanding by the imaginative faculty ; in other words, must be viewed transcendently. I accept gratefully all that Mr. Darwin can teach me about the facts of natural history. But he cannot teach me that which he did not himself know, that of which he disclaimed all knowledge. A physicist, not a philosopher, he worked in the sphere of sense perception. In metaphysics, in mental science, as is evident upon the face of his writings, he was quite unversed. He tells us explicitly that his system “is not concerned with the origin of spiritual or vital forces.” That moral sense, of which I have been writing, may have been evolved as Mr. Darwin supposes. The facts seem to me to point clearly to such a conclusion. I do not doubt that as the germ of ethics exists in the low varieties of our race, still extant, who seem less human than our dogs and horses, as it existed in tertiary and quaternary men, aptly characterised by the poet as “*mutum et turpe pecus*,” so also it existed, dormant, like sunlight in coal, but still really there, in the strange and monstrous forms of sentient being, which peopled the earth for incalculable ages before the appearance of our race, and which were the essential precursors and preliminaries of humanity. I can as little doubt that the physical organism, material nature, human society,

have been conditions and instruments of its evolution. But you do not explain a thing by merely tracing it back to rudimentary forms or by exhibiting the course of its development. If there is any one fact of which I am sure it is this : that in the moral sense there is something transcending organic life and sensation. Relativity is the last word of Darwinism, as of all physical science. The Categorical Imperative is not relative. It has a value quite independent of my interests, of all interests. It is absolute. Physical science cannot tell me what it means. But it can tell me much of the meaning of physical science. “Everything in the phenomenal world,” says Leibnitz, “takes place at the same time mechanically and metaphysically ; but the source of the mechanical is the metaphysical.” The facts given by physics are but the printed syllables. It is the office of metaphysics to construe them. Those “beautiful contrivances,” which Mr. Darwin so well describes in his book on the *Fertilisation of Orchids*, surely indicate objective purpose, design. The doctrine of final causes alone offers a rational interpretation of them. I do not speak of final causes as Dr. Pangloss expounds them. I speak of what Professor Huxley happily calls “that wider teleology, which is not touched by the doctrine of evolution, but is actually based upon its fundamental proposition.” Again, what I read in the same fascinating volume of the “marvellous adjustments” between the plants and their environment, speaks to me plainly of a cause inherent in them which is one of the attributes of life itself. Nor, when I rise from its perusal, is there room left in me for doubt of the intelligence of these wonderful plant-organisms, of their consciousness, however dim, of their surroundings, of their possession, in their measure, of the self-same endowment which in man we call mind. Mr. Darwin’s facts point as clearly to a psychic basis of life as to Directive Intelligence. And so they lend themselves to the deepest spiritual teaching, and receive from it their only legitimate explanation. They lead us on to think, with Wordsworth, of “life and soul to every mode of being inseparably linked ;” to conceive of matter, not as the base thing of the sensual-

istic philosophy, but as substance in its dynamic condition, pregnant with the potentiality of personality ; to regard its laws as modes of the divine agency, its properties as effects of the divine indwelling. And surely thus the whole universe is transfigured before us, and we catch, as "in high dream and solemn vision," some glimpse of its real meaning. The supreme law which rules throughout it is a law of tendency upward; of striving after perfection. This is the true law of evolution. Not only in man, but in the non-human animal, in the plant, and everywhere throughout the one great family of organic life, down to the furthest limits of consciousness, of existence—the two words denote one thing, "cogito, ergo sum"—this great law rules supreme. What a flood of light is hereby thrown upon that deep saying that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together," waiting for the deliverance ! "In pain"—pain everywhere ; pain throughout the boundless battle-field, the illimitable sepulchre of creation : but everywhere the necessary instrument of advance, not fruitless ; even as He, in whom the eternally ideal became the historically real, was made perfect through suffering, in this, as in all else, "the first-born of every creature." The highest and noblest of our race, in all ages and in all creeds, bear witness that to them pain was no real evil, but a supremely beneficent discipline. With one voice they proclaim that there is only one evil in the world : deflection from its divinely appointed law. And herewith accords the testimony of the moral sense, even in the lowest and least noble ; for it speaks no word of "happiness, our being's end and aim ;" it witnesses only of justice. Happiness ! If that be the end and aim, the martyrs, the saints, the heroes, in every generation—who "suffered countless things, who battled for the true, the just"—were indeed fools and blind ; and the voice of conscience is a lie. But to tell me that, is as much a contradiction of a fact as would be the denial of my sense perception. As much, or, rather, far more. For the fact thus gainsaid is witnessed for by my highest faculty, and is far more certain to me than anything in the phenomenal sphere. And this transcendent faculty

supplements the testimony of physical science, and lightens, as nothing else can, "the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world." Darwinism tells me of law reigning throughout this universe of pain and death. Conscience replies, "Yes ; supremely just law. And that is enough for thee to know. Cease thy foolish pratings of happiness and unhappiness. Cease thy blind guessings at insoluble enigmas. 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?' although 'His way is in the sea, and His paths in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known.'"

I venture to commend these considerations to earnest men of all religions, and especially to those among them—no small number—who rage furiously together against the doctrine of Mr. Darwin without really comprehending it. I would beg of such to lay to heart the dictate of Hebrew wisdom, "First understand, then argue." And to this precept of the Talmud they might well add the reflection of the Hindu sacred writer, "A fact is not altered by a hundred texts." I would urge them to weigh the responsibility attaching to those who seek to link living spiritual faith to dead physical theories, as though He whom we adore as *Deus Scientiarum* could be served by opposition to any science. I would even ask a certain school of Christian apologists to reconsider some of their favorite positions : for example, the conception of creation formulated, with unconscious irreverence, by a popular American divine, that "Almighty God once took some nothing, and in a week produced the universe as it stands, and one man." Greswell, I remember, in his *Fasti Catholici*, is at the pains to fix the precise date of this event ; it occurred, he tells us, in the autumn of B.C. 4004. Is it in vain to set before such minds the majestic belief to which Mr. Darwin guides us, of uniform law, working through all time and all space, for the development of order and beauty from the formless void, of life and intelligence from primordial nebulosity ; and even now working on to vaster issues ? Again, why should good people cry, "he blasphemeth !" when the naturalist displays the derivation of our race from inferior types of animal life, and yet acquiesce

unmurmuringly, or even joyously, in the process of human generation which—classic passages of Jeremy Taylor, of Sterne, of Schiller, point it out all too plainly—exhibits a still more ignominious starting-point for ourselves? Surely Mr. Darwin is well warranted when he contends, "It is not more irreligious to explain the origin of man, as a distinct species, through the laws of variation and natural selection, than to explain the birth of an individual through the laws of ordinary reproduction. The birth

of the species and of the individual," he adds, in wise and pious words, "are equally part of the grand sequence of events which the mind refuses to accept as the result of blind chance. The understanding revolts at such a conclusion." Yes. But it revolts, too, at the ineptitudes of defenders of the faith who know not how to employ the language of science and of reason. And here, I am convinced, is one cause, and that not the least, of the irreligiousness of the new democracy.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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GEORGE BORROW.

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IN this paper I do not undertake to throw any new light on the little-known life of the author of "Lavengro." I believe that there is ground for hoping that, among the few people who knew Borrow intimately, some one will soon be found who will give to the world an account of his curious life, and perhaps some specimens of those "mountains of manuscript" which, as he regretfully declares, never could find a publisher—an impossibility which, if I may be permitted to offer an opinion, does not reflect any great credit on publishers. For our present purpose it is sufficient to sum up the generally-known facts that Borrow was born in 1803 at East Dereham in Norfolk, his father being a captain in the army, who came of Cornish blood, his mother a lady of Norfolk birth and Huguenot extraction. His youth he has himself described in a fashion which nobody is likely to care to paraphrase. After the years of travel chronicled in "Lavengro," he seems to have found scope for his philological and adventurous tendencies in the rather unlikely service of the Bible Society; and he sojourned in Russia and Spain to the great advantage of English literature. This occupied him during the greater part of the years from 1830 to 1840. Then he came back to his native county—or, at any rate, his native district—married a widow of some property at Lowestoft, and spent the last forty years of his life at Oulton Hall, near the piece of water which is thronged in summer

by all manner of sportsmen and others. He died but the other day; and even since his death he seems to have lacked the due meed of praise which the Lord Chief Justice of the equal foot usually brings even to persons far less deserving than Borrow.

There is this difficulty in writing about him, that the audience must necessarily consist of fervent devotees on the one hand, and of complete infidels, or at least complete know-nothings, on the other. To any one who, having the faculty to understand either, has read "Lavengro" or "The Bible in Spain," or even "Wild Wales," praise bestowed on Borrow is apt to seem impertinence. To anybody else (and unfortunately the anybody else is in a large majority) praise bestowed on Borrow is apt to look like that very dubious kind of praise which is bestowed on somebody of whom no one but the praiser has ever heard. I cannot think of any single writer (Peacock himself is not an exception) who is in quite parallel case. And, as usual, there is a certain excuse for the general public. Borrow kept himself during not the least exciting period of English history quite aloof from English politics, and from the life of great English cities. But he did more than this. He is the only really considerable writer of his time in any modern European nation who seems to have taken absolutely no interest in current events, literary and other. Putting a very few allusions aside, he might have belonged to almost

any period. His political idiosyncrasy will be noticed presently ; but he who lived through the whole period from Waterloo to Maiwand has not, as far as I remember, mentioned a single English writer later than Scott and Byron. He saw the rise, and, in some instances, the death, of Tennyson, Thackeray, Macaulay, Carlyle, Dickens. There is not a reference to any one of them in his works. He saw political changes such as no man for two centuries had seen, and (except the Corn Laws, to which he has some half-ironical allusions, and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which stirred his one active sentiment), he has referred to never a one. He seems in some singular fashion to have stood outside of all these things. His Spanish travels are dated for us by references to Doña Isabel, and Don Carlos, to Mr. Villiers, and Lord Palmerston. But cut these dates out, and they might be travels of the last century. His Welsh book proclaims itself as written in the full course of the Crimean War ; but excise a few passages which bear directly on that event, and the most ingenious critic would be puzzled to "place" the composition. Shakespeare, we know, was for all time, not of one age only ; but I think we may say of Borrow, without too severely or conceitedly marking the difference, that he was not of or for any particular age or time at all. If the celebrated query in Longfellow's "Hyperion," "What is time?" had been addressed to him, his most appropriate answer, and one which he was quite capable of giving, would have been, "I really don't know."

To this singular historical vagueness has to be added a critical vagueness even greater. I am sorry that I am unable to confirm or to gainsay at first hand Borrow's wonderfully high estimate of certain Welsh poets. But if the originals are anything like his translations of them, I do not think that Ab Gwilym and Lewis Glyn Cothi, Gronwy Owen and Huw Morris can have been quite such mighty bards as he makes out. Fortunately, however, a better test presents itself. In one book of his, "Wild Wales," there are two estimates of Scott's works. Borrow finds in an inn a copy of "Woodstock" (which he calls by its less known title of "The Cava-

lier"), and decides that it is "trashy ;" chiefly, it would appear, because the portrait therein contained of Harrison, for whom Borrow seems on one of his inscrutable principles of prejudice to have had a liking, is not wholly favorable. He afterwards informs us that Scott's "Norman Horseshoe" (no very exquisite song at the best, and among Scott's somewhat less than exquisite) is "one of the most stirring lyrics of modern times," and that he sang it for a whole evening ; evidently because it recounts a defeat of the Normans, whom Borrow, as he elsewhere tells us in sundry places, disliked for reasons more or less similar to those which made him like Harrison, the butcher. In other words, he could not judge a work of literature as literature at all. If it expressed sentiments with which he agreed, or called up associations which were pleasant to him, good luck to it ; if it expressed sentiments with which he did not agree, and called up no pleasant associations, bad luck.

In politics and religion this curious and very John Bullish unreason is still more apparent. I suppose Borrow may be called, though he does not call himself, a Tory. He certainly was an unfriend to Whiggery, and a hater of Radicalism. He seems to have given up even the Corn Laws with a certain amount of regret, and his general attitude is quite Eldonian. But he combined with his general Toryism very curious Radicalisms of detail, such as are to be found in Cobbett (who, as appeared at last, and as all reasonable men should have always known, was really a Tory of a peculiar type), and in several other English persons. The Church, the Monarchy, and the Constitution generally were dear to Borrow, but he hated all the aristocracy (except those whom he knew personally), and most of the gentry. Also, he had the odd Radical sympathy for anybody who, as the vernacular has it, was "kept out of his rights." I do not know, but I should think, that Borrow was a strong Tichborneite. In that curious book, "Wild Wales," where almost more of his real character appears than in any other, he has to do with the Crimean War. It was going on during the whole time of his tour, and he once or twice reports



conversations in which, from his knowledge of Russia, he demonstrated beforehand to Welsh inquirers how improbable, not to say impossible, it was that the Russian should be beaten. But the thing that seems really to have interested him most was the case of Lieutenant P—, or Lieutenant Parry, whom he sometimes alludes to in the fuller and sometimes in the less explicit manner. My own memories of 1854 are rather indistinct, and I confess that I have not taken the trouble to look up this celebrated case. As far as I can remember, and as far as Borrow's references here and elsewhere go, it was the doubtless lamentable but not uncommon case of a man who is difficult to live with, and who has to live with others. Such cases occur at intervals in every mess, college, and other similar aggregation of humanity. The person difficult to live with gets, as they say at Oxford, "drawn." If he is reformable he takes the lesson, and very likely becomes excellent friends with those who "drew" him. If he is not, he loses his temper, and evil results of one kind or another follow. Borrow's Lieutenant P— seems unluckily to have been of the latter kind, and was, if I mistake not, recommended by the authorities to withdraw from a situation which to him was evidently a false and unsuitable one. With this Borrow could not away. He gravely chronicles the fact of his reading an "excellent article in a local paper on the case of Lieutenant P—;" and with no less gravity (though he was, in a certain way, one of the first humorists of our day) he suggests that the complaints of the martyred P— to the Almighty were probably not unconnected with our Crimean disasters. This curious parochialism pursues him into more purely religious matters. I do not know any other really great man of letters of the last three-quarters of a century of whose attitude Carlyle's famous words, "regarding God's universe as a larger patrimony of Saint Peter, from which it were well and pleasant to hunt the Pope," are so literally true. It was not in Borrow's case a case of *sancta simplicitas*. He has at times flashes of by no means orthodox sentiment, and seems to have fought, and perhaps hardly won, many a battle against the army of the doubters. But

when it comes to the Pope, he is as single-minded an enthusiast as John Bunyan himself, whom, by the way, he resembles in more than one point. The attitude was, of course, common enough among his contemporaries; indeed any man who has come to forty years must remember numerous examples among his own friends and kindred. But in literature, and such literature as Borrow's, it is rare.

Yet again, the curiously piecemeal, and the curiously arbitrary character of Borrow's literary studies in languages other than his own, is noteworthy in so great a linguist. The entire range of French literature, old as well as new, he seems to have ignored altogether—I should imagine out of pure John Bullishness. He has very few references to German, though he was a good German scholar—a fact which I account for by the other fact, that in his earlier literary period German was fashionable, and that he never would have anything to do with anything that fashion favored. Italian, though he certainly knew it well, is equally slighted. His education, if not his taste for languages, must have made him a tolerable (he never could have been an exact) classical scholar. But it is clear that insolent Greece and haughty Rome exerted no attraction upon him. I question whether even Spanish would not have been too common a toy to attract him much if it had not been for the accidental circumstances which connected him with Spain.

Lastly (for I love to get my devil's advocate work over), in Borrow's varied and strangely attractive gallery of portraits and characters, most observers must perceive the absence of the note of passion. I have sometimes tried to think that miraculous episode of Isopel Berners and the Armenian verbs, with the whole sojourn of Lavengro in the dingle, a mere wayward piece of irony—a kind of conscious ascetic myth. But I am afraid the interpretation will not do. The subsequent conversation with Ursula Petulengro under the hedge might be only a companion piece; even the more wonderful, though much less interesting, dialogue with the Irish girl in the last chapters of "Wild Wales" might be so rendered by a hardy exegete. But the negative evidence in all the books is too

strong. It may be taken as positively certain that Borrow never was "in love," as the phrase is, and that he had hardly the remotest conception of what being in love means. It is possible that he was a most cleanly liver—it is possible that he was quite the reverse: I have not the slightest information either way. But that he never in all his life heard with understanding the refrain of the "Pervigilium"—

*Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit  
cras amet,*

I take as certain.

The foregoing remarks have, I think, summed up all Borrow's defects, and it will be observed that even these defects have the attraction for the most part of a certain strangeness and oddity. If they had not been accompanied by great and peculiar merits he would not have emerged from the category of the merely bizarre, where he might have been left without further attention. But, as a matter of fact, all, or almost all, of his defects are not only counterbalanced by merits, but are themselves for the most part exaggerations or perversions of what is in itself meritorious. With less wilfulness, with more attention to the literature, the events, the personages of his own time, with a more critical and common-sense attitude towards his own crochets, Borrow could hardly have wrought out for himself (as he has to an extent hardly paralleled by any other prose writer who has not deliberately chosen supernatural or fantastic themes) the region of fantasy, neither too real nor too historical, which Joubert thought proper to the poet. Strong and vivid as Borrow's drawing of places and persons is, he always contrives to throw in touches which somehow give the whole the air of being rather a vision than a fact. Never was such a John-a-Dreams as this solid, pugilistic John Bull. Part of this literary effect of his is due to his quaint habit of avoiding, where he can, the mention of proper names. The description, for instance, of Old Sarum and Salisbury itself in "Lavengro" is sufficient to identify them to the most careless reader, even if the name of Stonehenge had not occurred on the page before; but they are not named. The description of Bettws-y-Coed in "Wild Wales," though less poetical, is

equally vivid. Yet here it would be quite possible for a reader, who did not know the place and its relation to other named places, to pass without any idea of the actual spot. It is the same with his frequent references to his beloved city of Norwich, and his less frequent references to his later home at Oulton. A paraphrase, an innuendo, a word to the wise he delights in, but anything perfectly clear and precise he abhors. And by this means and others, which it might be tedious to trace out too closely, he succeeds in throwing the same cloudy vagueness over times as well as places and persons. A famous passage—perhaps the best known, and not far from the best he ever wrote—about Byron's funeral, fixes, of course, the date of the wondrous facts or fictions recorded in "Lavengro" to a nicety. Yet who, as he reads it and its sequel (for the separation of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" is merely arbitrary, though the second book is, as a whole, less interesting than the former), ever thinks of what was actually going on in the very positive and prosaic England of 1824-5? The later chapters of "Lavengro" are the only modern "Romance of Adventure" that I know. The hero goes "overthwart and endlong," just like the figures whom all readers know in Malory, and some in his originals. I do not know that it would be more surprising if Borrow had found Sir Ozana dying at the chapel in Lyonesse, or had seen the full function of the Grail, though fear he would have protested against that as popish. Without any apparent art, certainly without the elaborate apparatus which most prose tellers of fantastic tales use, and generally fail in using, Borrow spirits his readers at once away from mere reality. If his events are frequently as odd as a dream, they are always as perfectly commonplace and real for the moment as the events of a dream are—a little fact which the above-mentioned tellers of the above-mentioned fantastic stories are too apt to forget. It is in this natural romantic gift that Borrow's greatest charm lies. But it is accompanied and nearly equalled both in quality and degree by a faculty for dialogue. Except Defoe and Dumas, I cannot think of any novelists who contrive to tell a story in dialogue and to

keep up the ball of conversation so well as Borrow; while he is considerably the superior of both in pure style and in the literary quality of his talk. Borrow's humor, though it is of the general class of the older English—that is to say, the pre-Addisonian humorists—is a species quite by itself. It is rather narrow in range, a little garrulous, busied very often about curiously small matters, but wonderfully observant and true, and possessing a quaint dry savor as individual as that of some wines. A characteristic of this kind probably accompanies the romantic Ethos more commonly than superficial judges both of life and literature are apt to suppose; but the conjunction is nowhere seen better than in Borrow. Whether humor can or cannot exist without a disposition to satire co-existing, is one of those abstract points of criticism for which the public of the present day has little appetite. It is certain (and that is what chiefly concerns us for the present) that the two were not dissociated in Borrow. His purely satirical faculty was very strong indeed, and probably if he had lived a less retired life it would have found fuller exercise. At present the most remarkable instance of it which exists is the inimitable portrait-caricature of the learned Unitarian, generally known as "Taylor of Norwich." I have somewhere (I think it was in Miss Martineau's "Autobiography") seen this reflected on as a flagrant instance of ingratitude and ill-nature. The good Harriet, among whose numerous gifts nature had not included any great sense of humor, naturally did not perceive the artistic justification of the sketch, which I do not hesitate to call one of the most masterly things of the kind in literature.

Another Taylor, the well-known French baron of that name, is much more mildly treated, though with little less skill of portraiture. As for "the publisher" of "Lavengro," the portrait there, though very clever, is spoilt by rather too much evidence of personal animus, and by the absence of redeeming strokes; but it shows the same satiric power as the sketch of the worthy student of German who has had the singular ill-fortune to have his books quizzed by Carlyle, and himself quizzed by Borrow. It is a strong evidence of Borrow's ab-

straction from general society that with this satiric gift, and evidently with a total freedom from scruple as to its application, he should have left hardly anything else of the kind. It is indeed impossible to ascertain how much of the abundant character-drawing in his four chief books (all of which, be it remembered, are autobiographic and professedly historical) is fact and how much fancy. It is almost impossible to open them anywhere without coming upon personal sketches, more or less elaborate, in which the satiric touch is rarely wanting. The official admirer of "the grand Bainthar" at remote Corcubion, the end of all the European world; the treasure-seeker, Benedict Mol; the priest at Cordova, with his revelations about the Holy Office; the Gibraltar Jew, are only a few figures out of the abundant gallery of "The Bible in Spain." "Lavengro," besides the capital and full-length portraits above referred to, is crowded with others hardly inferior, among which only one failure, the disguised priest with the mysterious name, is to be found. Not that even he has not good strokes and plenty of them, but that Borrow's prejudices prevented his hand from being free. But Jasper Petulengro, and Mrs. Hearne, and the girl Leonora, and Isopel, that vigorous and slighted maid, and dozens of minor figures, of whom more presently, atone for him. "The Romany Rye" adds only minor figures to the gallery, because the major figures have appeared before; while the plan and subject of "Wild Wales" also exclude anything more than vignettes. But what admirable vignettes they are, and how constantly bitten in with satiric spirit all lovers of Borrow know.

It is, however, perhaps time to give some more exact account of the books thus familiarly and curiously referred to; for Borrow most assuredly is not "a popular writer." I do not know whether his death, as often happens, sent readers to his books. But I know for a fact that not long before it "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye," and "Wild Wales" were only in their third edition, though the first was nearly thirty, and the last nearly twenty, years old. "The Bible in Spain" had, at any rate in its earlier days, a wider sale,

but I do not think that even it is very generally known. I should doubt whether the total number sold during more than forty years of volumes surpassed for interest of incident, style, character and description by few books of the century, has equalled the sale within any one of the last few years of a fairly popular book by any fairly popular novelist of to-day. It probably would not approach a tenth or a twentieth of the sale of such a thing as "Called Back." And there is not the obstacle to Borrow's popularity that there is to that of some other writers, notably the already-mentioned author of "Crotchet Castle." No extensive literary cultivation is necessary to read him. A good deal even of his peculiar charm may be missed by a prosaic or inattentive reader, and yet enough will remain. But he has probably paid the penalty of all originality, which allows itself to be mastered by quaintness, and which refuses to meet public taste at least half way. It is certainly difficult at times to know what to make of Borrow. And the general public, perhaps excusably, is apt not to like things or persons when it does not know what to make of them.

Borrow's literary work, even putting aside the "mountains of manuscript" which he speaks of as unpublished, was not inconsiderable. There were, in the first place, his translations, which, though no doubt not without value, do not much concern us here. There is, secondly, his early hack work, his "Chaines de l'Esclavage," which also may be neglected. Thirdly, there are his philological speculations or compilations, the chief of which is, I believe, his "Romano-Lavo-Lil," the latest published of his works. But Borrow, though an extraordinary linguist, was a somewhat unchastened philologist, and the results of his life-long philological studies appear to much better advantage from the literary than from the scientific point of view. Then there is "The Gypsies in Spain," a very interesting book of its kind, marked throughout with Borrow's characteristics, but for literary purposes merged to a great extent in "The Bible in Spain." And, lastly, there are the four original books, as they may be called, which, at great leisure, and writing simply because he chose to write,

Borrow produced during the twenty years of his middle age. He was in his fortieth year when, in 1842, he published "The Bible in Spain." "Lavengro" came nearly ten years later, and coincided with (no doubt it was partially stimulated by) the ferment over the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Its second part, "The Romany Rye," did not appear for six years, that is to say, in 1857, and its resuscitation of quarrels, which the country had quite forgotten (and when it remembered them was rather ashamed of), must be pronounced unfortunate. Last came "Wild Wales," in 1862, the characteristically belated record of a tour in the principality during the year of the Crimean War. On these four books Borrow's literary fame rests. His other works are interesting because they were written by the author of these, or because of their subjects, or because of the effect they had on other men of letters, notably Longfellow and Mérimée, on the latter of whom Borrow had an especially remarkable influence. These four are interesting of themselves.

The earliest has, I believe, been, and for reasons quite apart from its biblical subject perhaps deserves to be, the greatest general favorite, though its literary value is a good deal below that of "Lavengro." "The Bible in Spain" records the journeys, which, as an agent of the Bible Society, Borrow took through the Peninsula at a singularly interesting time, the disturbed years of the early reign of Isabel Segunda. Navarre and Aragon, with Catalonia, Valencia and Murcia, he seems to have left entirely unvisited; I suppose because of the Carlists. Nor did he attempt the southern part of Portugal; but Castile and Leon, with the north of Portugal and the south of Spain, he quartered in the most interesting manner, riding everywhere with his servant and his saddle-bag of Testaments at, I should suppose, a considerable cost to the subscribers of the Society and it may be hoped, at some gain to the propagation of evangelical principles in the Peninsula, but certainly with the results of extreme satisfaction to himself and of a very delightful addition to English literature. He was actually imprisoned at Madrid, and was frequently in danger from Carlists and brigands, and severely

orthodox ecclesiastics. It is possible to imagine a more ideally perfect missionary; but it is hardly possible to imagine a more ideally perfect traveller. His early habits of roughing it, his gipsy initiation, his faculties as a linguist, and his other faculties as a born vagrant, certain to fall on his feet anywhere, were all called into operation. But he might have had all these advantages and yet lacked the extraordinary literary talent which the book reveals. In the first chapter there is a certain stiffness; but the passage of the Tagus in the second must have told every competent reader in 1842 that he had somebody to read quite different from the run of common writers, and thenceforward the book never flags till the end. How far the story is rigidly historical I should be very sorry to have to decide. The author makes a kind of apology in his preface for the amount of fact which has been supplied from memory. I dare say the memory was quite trustworthy, and certainly adventures are to the adventurous. We have had daring travellers enough during the last half century, but I do not know that any one has ever had quite such a romantic experience as Borrow's ride across the Hispano-Portuguese frontier with a gipsy *contrabandista*, who was at the time a very particular object of police inquiry. I dare say the interests of the Bible Society required the adventurous journey to the wilds of Finisterra. But I feel that if that association had been a mere mundane company and Borrow its agent, troublesome shareholders might have asked awkward questions at the annual meeting. Still, this sceptical attitude is only part of the official duty of the critic, just as, of course, Borrow's adventurous journeys into the most remote and interesting parts of Spain were part of the duty of the colporteur. The book is so delightful that, except when duty calls, no one would willingly take any exception to any part or feature of it. The constant change of scene, the romantic episodes of adventure, the kaleidoscope of characters, the crisp dialogue, the quaint reflection and comment relieve each other without a break. I do not know whether it is really true to Spain and Spanish life, and, to tell the exact truth, I do not in the least

care. If it is not Spanish it is remarkably human and remarkably literary, and those are the chief and principal things.

"Lavengro," which followed, has all the merits of its predecessor and more. It is a little spoilt in its later chapters by the purpose, the anti-papal purpose, which appears still more fully in "The Romany Rye." But the strong and singular individuality of its flavor as a whole would have been more than sufficient to carry off a greater fault. There are, I should suppose, few books the successive pictures of which leave such an impression on the reader who is prepared to receive that impression. The word picture is here rightly used, for in all Borrow's books more or less, and in this particularly, the narrative is anything but continuous. It is a succession of dissolving views which grow clear and distinct for a time and then fade off into a vagueness before once more appearing distinctly; nor has this mode of dealing with a subject ever been more successfully applied than in "Lavengro." At the same time the mode is one singularly difficult of treatment by any reviewer. To describe "Lavengro" with any chance of distinctness to those who have not read it, it would be necessary to give a series of sketches in words, like those famous ones of the pictures in "Jane Eyre." East Dereham, the Viper Collector, the French Prisoners at Norman Cross, the Gipsy Encampment, the Sojourn in Edinburgh (with a passing view of Scotch schoolboys only inferior, as everything is, to Sir Walter's history of Green-breeks), the Irish Sojourn, with the horse whispering and the "dog of peace," the settlement in Norwich with Borrow's compulsory legal studies and his very uncompulsory excursions into Italian, Hebrew, Welsh, Scandinavian, anything that obviously would not pay, the new meeting with the gipsies in the castle field, the fight—only the first of many excellent fights—these are but a few of the memories which rise to every reader of even the early chapters of this extraordinary book, and they do not cover its first hundred pages in the common edition. Then his father dies and the born vagrant is set loose for vagrancy. He goes to London, with a stock of translations which is to make him famous, and a recommendation from

Taylor of Norwich to "the publisher." The publisher exacted something more than his pound of flesh in the form of Newgate Lives and review articles, and paid, when he did pay, in bills of uncertain date which were very likely to be protested. But Borrow won through it all, making odd acquaintances with a young man of fashion (his least life-like sketch); with an apple-seller on London Bridge, who was something of a "fence" and had erected Moll Flanders (surely the oddest patroness ever so selected) into a kind of patron saint; with a mysterious Armenian merchant of vast wealth, whom the young man, according to his own account, finally put on a kind of filibustering expedition against both the Sublime Porte and the White Czar, for the restoration of Armenian independence. I do not know whether there is any record of the result: perhaps Mr. Hagopian will tell us when he next writes to the "Times." At last, out of health with perpetual work and low living, out of employ, his friends beyond call, he sees destruction before him, writes "The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell" (name of fortunate omen!) almost at a heat and on a capital, fixed and floating, of eighteenpence, and disposes of it for twenty pounds by the special providence of the Muses. With this twenty pounds his journey into the blue distance begins. He travels partly by coach to (I suppose Amesbury, at any rate) somewhere near Salisbury, and gives the first of the curiously unfavorable portraits of stage coachmen, which remain to check Dickens's rose-colored representations (no pun is intended) of Mr. Weller and his brethren. I incline to think that Borrow's was likely to be the truest picture. According to him, the average stage coachman was anything but an amiable character, greedy, insolent to all but persons of wealth and rank, a hanger-on of those who might claim either; bruiser enough to be a bully but not enough to be anything more; in short, one of the worst products of civilisation. From civilisation itself, however, Borrow soon disappears, at least as any traceable signs go. He journeys not farther west, but northwards into the West Midlands and the marshes of Wales. He buys a tinker's beat and fit-out from a feeble vessel of

the craft, who has been expelled by "the Flaming Tinman," a half-gipsy of robustious behavior. He is met by old Mrs. Hearne, the mother-in-law of his gipsy friend Jasper Petulengro, who resents Gorgio's initiation in gipsy ways, and very nearly poisons him by the wily aid of her grand-daughter Leonora. He recovers, thanks to a Welsh travelling preacher and to castor oil. And then when the Welshman has left him comes the climax and turning point of the whole story, the great fight with Jem Bosvile, "the Flaming Tinman." The much abused adjective Homeric belongs in sober strictness to this immortal battle, which has the additional interest not thought of by Homer (for goddesses do not count) that Borrow's second and guardian angel is a young woman of great attractions and severe morality, Miss Isopel (or Belle) Berners, whose extraction, allowing for the bar sinister, is honorable, and who, her hands being fully able to keep her head, has sojourned without ill fortune in "the Flaming Tinman's" very disreputable company. Bosvile, vanquished by pluck and good fortune rather than strength, flees the place with his wife. Isopel remains behind and the couple take up their joint residence, a residence of perfect propriety, in this dingle, the exact locality of which I have always longed to know, that I might make an autumnal pilgrimage to it. Isopel, Brynhild as she is, would apparently have had no objection to be honorably wooed. But her eccentric companion confines himself to teaching her "I love," in Armenian, which she finds unsatisfactory; and she at last departs, leaving a letter which tells Mr. Borrow some home truths. But before this catastrophe has been reached, "Lavengro" itself ends with a more startling abruptness than perhaps any nominally complete book before or since.

It would be a little interesting to know whether the continuation, "The Romany Rye," which opens as if there had been no break whatever, was written continuously or with a break. At any rate its opening chapters contain the finish of the lamentable history of Belle Berners, which must induce every reader of sensibility to trust that Borrow, in writing it, was only indulging in his very

considerable faculty of perverse romancing. The chief argument to the contrary is, that surely no man, however imbued with romantic perversity, would have made himself out so poor a figure as Borrow here does without cause. The gipsies re-appear to save the situation, and a kind of minor Belle Berners drama is played out with Ursula, Jasper's sister. Then the story takes another of its abrupt turns. Jasper, half in generosity it would appear, half in waywardness, insists on Borrow purchasing a thorough-bred horse which is for sale, advances the money, and dispatches him across England to Horncastle Fair to sell it. The usual I.e Sage-like adventures occur, the oddest of which is the hero's residence for some considerable time as clerk and store-keeper at a great roadside inn. At last he reaches Horncastle, sells the horse to advantage, and the story closes as abruptly and mysteriously almost as that of *Lavengro*, by a long and in parts, it must be confessed, rather dull conversation between the hero, the Hungarian who has bought the horse, and the dealer who has acted as go-between. This dealer, in honor of Borrow, of whom he has heard through the gipsies, executes the wasteful and very meaningless ceremony of throwing two bottles of old rose champagne, at a guinea a-piece, through the window. Even this is too dramatic a finale for Borrow's unconquerable singularity, and he adds a short dialogue between himself and a recruiting sergeant. And after this again there comes an appendix containing an *apologia* for "*Lavengro*," a great deal more polemic against Romanism, some historical views of more originality than exactness, and a diatribe against gentility, Scotchmen, Scott, and other black beasts of Borrow's. This appendix has received from some professed admirers of the author a great deal more attention than it deserves. In the first place, it was evidently written in a fit of personal pique; in the second, it is chiefly argumentative, and Borrow had absolutely no argumentative faculty. That it contains a great deal of quaint and piquant writing is only to say that its writer wrote it, and though the description of "*Charlie-over-the-waterism*" probably does not apply to any being

who ever lived, except to a few school-girls of both sexes, it has a strong infusion of Borrow's satiric gift. As for the diatribes against gentility, Borrow has only done very clumsily what Thackeray had done long before without clumsiness. It can escape nobody who has read his books with a seeing eye that he was himself exceedingly proud, not merely of being a gentleman in the ethical sense, but of being one in the sense of station and extraction—which, by the way, the decriers of British snobishness usually are, so that no special blame attaches to Borrow for the inconsistency. Only let it be understood, once for all, that to describe him as "*the apostle of the ungenteel*" is either to speak in riddles or quite to misunderstand his real merits and abilities.

I believe that some of the small but fierce tribe of Borrowians are inclined to resent the putting of the last of this remarkable series, "*Wild Wales*," on a level with the other three. With such I can by no means agree. "*Wild Wales*" has not, of course, the charm of unfamiliar scenery and the freshness of youthful impression which distinguish "*The Bible in Spain*;" it does not attempt anything like the novel-interest of "*Lavengro*" and "*The Romany Rye*;" and though, as has been pointed out above, something of Borrow's secret and mysterious way of indicating places survives, it is a pretty distinct itinerary over great part of the actual principality. I have followed most of its tracks on foot myself, and nobody who wants a Welsh guide-book can take a pleasanter one, though he might easily find one much less erratic. It may thus have, to superficial observers, a positive and prosaic flavor as compared with the romantic character of the other three. But this distinction is not real. The tones are a little subdued, as was likely to be the case with an elderly gentleman of fifty, travelling with his wife and step-daughter, and not publishing the record of his travels till he was nearly ten years older. The localities are traceable on the map and in Murray, instead of being the enchanted dingles and the half-mythical woods of "*Lavengro*." The personages of the former books return no more, though with one of his most excellent touches

of art, the author has suggested the contrast of youth and age by a single gipsy interview in one of the later chapters. Borrow, like all sensible men, was at no time indifferent to good food and drink, especially good ale; but the trencher plays in "Wild Wales" a part, the importance of which may perhaps have shocked some of our latter-day delicates, to whom strong beer is a word of loathing, and who wonder how on earth our grandfathers and fathers used to dispose of "black strap." A very different set of readers may be repelled by the strong literary color of the book, which is almost a Welsh anthology in parts. But those few who can boast themselves to find the whole of a book, not merely its parts, and to judge it when found, will, I think, be not least fond of "Wild Wales." If they have, as every reader of Borrow should have, the spirit of the roads upon them, and are never more happy than when journeying on "Shanks his mare," they will, of course, have in addition a private and personal love for it. It is, despite the interludes of literary history, as full of Borrow's peculiar conversational gift as any of its predecessors. Its thumb-nail sketches, if somewhat more subdued and less elaborate, are not less full of character. John Jones, the Dissenting weaver, who served Borrow at once as a guide and a whetstone of Welsh in the neighborhood of Llangollen; the "kenfigenous" Welshwoman who first, but by no means last, exhibited the curious local jealousy of a Welsh-speaking Englishman; the doctor and the Italian barometer-seller at Cerrig-y-Drudion; the "best Prigydd of the world" in Anglesey, with his unlucky addiction to beer and flattery; the waiter at Bala; the "ecclesiastical cat" (a cat worthy to rank with those of Southey and Gautier); the characters of the walk across the hills from Machynlleth to the Devil's Bridge; the scene at the public-house on the Glamorgan border, where the above-mentioned jealousy comes out so strongly; the mad Irishwoman, Johanna Colgan (a masterpiece by herself); and the Irish girl, with her hardly inferior history of the faction-fights of Scotland Road (which Borrow, by a mistake, has put in Manchester instead of in Liverpool); these make a list which

I have written down merely as they occurred to me, without opening the book, and without prejudice to another list nearly as long which might be added. "Wild Wales," too, because of its easy and direct opportunity of comparing its description with the originals, is particularly valuable as showing how sober, and yet how forcible Borrow's descriptions are. As to incident, one often, as before, suspects him of romancing, and it stands to reason that his dialogue, written long after the event, must be full of the "cocked-hat-and-sword" style of narrative. But his description, while it has all the vividness, has also all the faithfulness and sobriety of the best landscape-painting. See a place which Kingsley or Mr. Ruskin, or some other master of our decorative school, have described—much more one which has fallen into the hands of the small fry of their imitators—and you are almost sure to find that it has been overdone. This is never, or hardly ever, the case with Borrow, and it is so rare a merit, when it is found in a man who does not shirk description where necessary, that it deserves to be counted to him at no grudging rate.

But there is no doubt that the distinguished feature of the book is its survey of Welsh poetical literature. I have already confessed that I am not qualified to judge the accuracy of Borrow's translations, and by no means disposed to overvalue them. But any one who takes an interest in literature at all, must, I think, feel that interest not a little excited by the curious Old Mortality-like peregrinations which the author of "Wild Wales" made to the birth-place, or the burial-place as it might be, of bard after bard, and by the short but masterly accounts which he gives of the objects of his search. Of none of the numerous subjects of his linguistic roving does Borrow seem to have been fonder, putting Romany aside, than of Welsh. He learnt it in a peculiarly contraband manner originally, which, no doubt, endeared it to him; it was little known to and often ridiculed by most Englishmen, which was another attraction; and it was extremely unlikely to "pay" in any way, which was a third. Perhaps he was not such an adept in it, as he would have us believe



—the respected Cymmrodorion Society or Professor Rhys must settle that. But it needs no knowledge of Welsh whatever to perceive the genuine enthusiasm, and the genuine range of his acquaintance with the language from the purely literary side. When he tells us that Ab Gwilym was a greater poet than Ovid or Chaucer I feel considerable doubts whether he was quite competent to understand Ovid and little or no doubt that he has done wrong to Chaucer. But when, leaving these idle comparisons, he luxuriates in details about Ab Gwilym himself, and his poems, and his lady loves, and so forth, I have no doubt about Borrow's appreciation (casual prejudices always excepted) of literature. Nor is the charm which he has added to Welsh scenery by this constant identification of it with the men, and the deeds, and the words of the past to be easily exaggerated.

Little has been said hitherto of Borrow's more purely, or if anybody prefers the word formally, literary characteristics. They are sufficiently interesting. He unites with a general plainness of speech and writing, not unworthy of Defoe or Cobbett, a very odd and complicated mannerism, which, as he had the wisdom to make it the seasoning and not the main substance of his literary fare, is never disgusting. The secret of this may be, no doubt, in part sought in his early familiarity with a great many foreign languages, some of whose idioms he transplanted into English, but this is by no means the whole of the receipt. Perhaps it is useless to examine analytically that receipt's details, or rather (for the analysis may be said to be compulsory on any one who calls himself a critic), useless to offer its results to the reader. One point which can escape no one who reads with his eyes open is the frequent, yet not too abundant repetition of the same or very similar words—a point wherein much of the style of persons so dissimilar as Carlyle, Borrow, and Thackeray consists. This is a well-known fact—so well-known indeed that when a person who desires to acquire style hears of it, he often goes and does likewise, with what result all reviewers know. The peculiarity of Borrow as far as I can mark it, is that, despite his strong mannerism, he never relies on it

as too many others, great and small, are wont to do. His character sketches, of which, as I have said, he is so abundant a master, are always put in the plainest and simplest English. So are his flashes of ethical reflection, which, though like all ethical reflections often one-sided, are of the first order of insight. I really do not know that, in the mint and anise and cummin order of criticism, I have more than one charge to make against Borrow. That is that he, like other persons of his own and the immediately preceding time, is wont to make a most absurd misuse of the word individual. With Borrow "individual" means simply "person": a piece of literary gentility of which he of all others ought to have been ashamed.

But such criticism would be peculiarly out of place in the case of Borrow—whose attraction is one neither mainly nor in any very great degree one of pure form. His early critics compared him, and the comparison is natural, to Le Sage. It was natural I say, but it was not extraordinarily critical. Both men wrote of vagabonds, and to some extent of picaroons; both neglected the conventionalities of their own language and literature; both had a singular knowledge of human nature. But Le Sage is one of the most impersonal of all great writers, and Borrow is one of the most personal. And it is undoubtedly in the revelation of his personality that great part of his charm lies. It is, as has been fully acknowledged, a one-sided wrong-headed not always quite right-hearted personality. But it is intensely English, possessing at the same time a certain strain of romance which the other John Bulls of literature mostly lack, and which John Bunyan, the king of them all, only reached within the limits, still more limited than Borrow's, of purely religious, if not purely ecclesiastical, interests. A born grumbler; a person with an intense appetite for the good things of this life; profoundly impressed with and at the same time sceptically critical of the bad or good things of another life; apt, as he somewhere says himself, "to hit people when he is not pleased;" illogical; constantly right in general despite his extremely roundabout ways of reaching his conclusion; sometimes absurd, and yet full of humor; alternately pro-

saic and capable of the highest poetry ; George Borrow, Cornishman on the father's side and Huguenot on the mother's, managed to display in perfection most of the characteristics of what once was, and let us hope has not quite ceased to be, the English type. If he had a slight overdose of Celtic blood and Celtic peculiarity, it was more than made up by the readiness of literary expression which it gave him. He, if any one, bore an English heart, though, as there often has been, there was something perhaps more than English as well as less than it in his fashion of expression.

To conclude, Borrow has—what after all is the chief mark of a great writer—distinction. "Try to be like somebody," said the unlucky critic-bookseller to Lamartine ; and he has been gibbeted for it very justly for the best part of a century. It must be admitted that "Try not to like other people," though a much more fashionable, is likely to be quite as disastrous a recommendation. But the great writers, whether they try to be like other people or try not to be like them (and sometimes in the first case most of all), succeed only in being themselves, and that is what Borrow does. His attraction is rather complex, and different parts of it may, and no doubt do, appeal with differing force to this and that reader. One may be fascinated by his pictures of an unconventional and open-air life, the very possibilities of which are to a great extent lost in our days, though patches of ground here and there in England (notably the tracks of open ground between Cromer and Wells in Borrow's own county) still recall them. To others he may be attractive for his sturdy patriotism, or his adventurous and wayward spirit, or his glimpses of superstition and romance. The racy downrightness of his talk ; the axioms, such as that to the Welsh alewife, "The goodness of ale depends less upon who brews it than upon what it is brewed of ;" or the sarcastic touches, as that of the dapper shopkeeper, who, regarding the funeral of Byron, observed, "I, too, am frequently unhappy," each and all may have their votaries. His literary devotion to literature would, perhaps, of itself attract few ; for, as has been hinted, it partook very much of the character of will-wor-

ship, and there are few people who like any will-worship in letters except their own ; but it adds to the general attraction no doubt in the case of many. That neither it, nor any of his other claims, has yet forced itself as it should on the general public is an undoubted fact ; not very difficult, perhaps, to understand, though rather difficult fully to explain, at least without some air of superior knowingness and taste. Yet he has, as has been said, his devotees, and I think they are likely rather to increase than to decrease. He wants editing, for his allusive fashion of writing probably makes a great part of him nearly unintelligible to those who have not from their youth up devoted themselves to the acquisition of useless knowledge. There ought to be a good life of him, of which, I believe, there is at last some chance. The great mass of his translations, published and unpublished, and the smaller mass of his early hackwork, no doubt deserves judicious excerption. If professed philologists were not even more ready than most other specialists each to excommunicate all the others except himself and his own particular Johnny Dods of Farthing's Acre, it would be rather interesting to hear what some modern men of many languages have to say to Borrow's linguistic achievements. But all these things are only desirable embellishments and assistances. His real claims and his real attractions are comprised in four small volumes, the purchase of which, under modern arrangements of booksellers, leaves some change out of a sovereign, and which will about half fill the ordinary bag used for briefs and dynamite. It is not a large literary baggage, and it does not attempt any very varied literary kinds. If not exactly a novelist in any one of his books, Borrow is a romancer in the true and not the ironic sense of the word in all of them. He has not been approached in merit by any romancer who has published books in our days, except Charles Kingsley ; and his work, if less varied in range and charm than Kingsley's, has a much stronger and more concentrated flavor. Moreover, he is the one English writer of our time, and perhaps of times still farther back, who never seems to have tried to be anything but himself ; who went his own way all his life long with

complete indifference to what the public or the publishers liked, as well as to what canons of literary form and standards of literary perfection seemed to indicate as best worth aiming at. A most self-sufficient person was Borrow, in the good and ancient sense, as well as to

some extent in the bad and modern sense. And what is more, he was not only a self-sufficient person, but very sufficient also to the tastes of all those who love good English and good literature.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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TWO SONGS.

BY MICHAEL FIELD.

I.

BELOVED.

MORTAL, if thou art beloved,  
 Life's offences are removed ;  
 And the fateful things that checked thee,  
 Hallow, hearten, and protect thee.  
 Grow'st thou mellow ? What is age ?  
 Tinct on life's illumined page,  
 Where the purple letters glow  
 Deeper, painted long ago.  
 What is sorrow ? Comfort's prime,  
 Love's choice Indian summer clime.  
 Sickness !—thou wilt pray it worse  
 For so blessed balmy nurse.  
 And for death !—when thou art dying  
 'Twill be Love beside thee lying.  
 Death is lonesome ? Oh, how brave  
 Shows the foot-frequented grave !  
 Heaven itself is but the casket  
 For Love's treasure, ere he ask it,—  
 Ere with burning heart he follow,  
 Piercing through corruption's hollow.  
 If thou art beloved, oh then  
 Fear no grief of mortal men.

II.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WHEN high Zeus first peopled earth,  
 As sages say,  
 All were children of one birth—  
 Helpless nurslings ! Doves and bees  
 Tended their soft infancies :  
 Hand to hand they tossed the ball ;  
 And none smiled to see the play,  
 Nor stood aside  
 In pride  
 And pleasure of their youthful day.  
 All waxed gray,  
 Mourning in companies the winter dearth.  
 Whate'er they saw befall  
 Their neighbors, they  
 Felt in themselves : so lay  
 On life a pall.

Zeus at the confusion smiled  
 And said : " From hence  
 Man by change must be beguiled :  
 Age with royalties of death,  
 Childhood sweeter than its breath  
 Will be won, if we provide  
 Generations' difference."  
 Wisely he planned ;  
 The tiny hand  
 In eld's weak palm found providence ;  
 And each through influence  
 Of things beholden and not borne grew mild :  
 Youths, by the old man's side,  
 Their turbulence  
 To crystal sense  
 Saw clarified.

—*Contemporary Magazine.*

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IF it be true, as we are told on high authority, that the greatest glory of England is her literature and the greatest glory of English literature is its poetry, it is not less true that the greatest glory of English poetry lies rather in its dramatic than its epic or its lyric triumphs. The name of Shakespeare is above the names even of Milton and Coleridge and Shelley : and the names of his comrades in art and their immediate successors are above all but the highest names in any other province of our song. There is such an overflowing life, such a superb exuberance of abounding and exulting strength, in the dramatic poetry of the half-century extending from 1590 to 1640, that all other epochs of English literature seem as it were but half awake and half alive by comparison with this generation of giants and of gods. There is more sap in this than in any other branch of the national bay-tree : it has an energy in fertility which reminds us rather of the forest than the garden or the park. It is true that the weeds and briars of the underwood are but too likely to embarrass and offend the feet of the rangers and the gardeners who trim the level flower-plots or preserve the domestic game of enclosed and ordered lowlands in the tamer demesnes of literature. The sun is strong and the wind sharp in the climate which reared the fellows and the followers of Shake-

peare. The extreme inequality and roughness of the ground must also be taken into account when we are disposed, as I for one have often been disposed, to wonder beyond measure at the apathetic ignorance of average students in regard of the abundant treasure to be gathered from this widest and most fruitful province in the poetic empire of England. And yet, since Charles Lamb threw open its gates to all comers in the ninth year of the present century, it cannot but seem strange that comparatively so few should have availed themselves of the entry to so rich and royal an estate. The subsequent labors of Mr. Dyce made the rough ways plain and the devious paths straight for all serious and worthy students. And now again Mr. Bullen has taken up a task than which none more arduous and important, none worthier of thanks and praise, can be undertaken by any English scholar. In his beautiful and valuable edition of Marlowe there are but two points to which exception may be taken. It was, I think, a fault of omission to exclude the apocryphal play of *Lust's Dominion* from a place in the appendix : it was, I am certain, a fault of commission to admit instead of it the much bepuffed and very puffy rubbish of the late Mr. Horne. That clever, versatile, and energetic writer never went so far out of his depth, or floun-

dered so pitifully in such perilous waters, as when he ventured to put verses of his own into the mouth of Christopher Marlowe. These errors we must all hope to see rectified in a second issue of the text: and meantime we can but welcome with all possible gratitude and applause the magnificent series of old plays by unknown writers which we owe to the keen research and the fine appreciation of Marlowe's latest editor. Of these I may find some future occasion to speak: my present business is with the admirable poet who has been promoted to the second place in Mr. Bullen's collection of the English dramatists.

The selection of Middleton for so distinguished a place of honor may probably not approve itself to the judgment of all experts in dramatic literature. Charles Lamb, as they will all remember, would have advised the editor "to begin with the collected plays of Heywood:" which as yet, like the plays of Dekker, of Marston, and of Chapman, remain unedited in any serious or scholarly sense of the term. The existing reprints merely reproduce, without adequate elucidation or correction, the corrupt and chaotic text of the worst early editions: while Middleton has for upwards of half a century enjoyed the privilege denied to men who are usually accounted his equals if not his superiors in poetic if not in dramatic genius. Even for an editor of the ripest learning and the highest ability there is comparatively little to do where Mr. Dyce has been before him in the field. However, we must all give glad and grateful welcome to a new edition of a noble poet who has never yet received his full meed of praise and justice: though our gratitude and our gladness may be quickened and dilated by the proverbial sense of further favors to come.

The first word of modern tribute to the tragic genius of Thomas Middleton was not spoken by Charles Lamb. Four years before the appearance of the priceless volume which established his fame for ever among all true lovers of English poetry by copious excerpts from five of his most characteristic works, Walter Scott, in a note on the fifty-sixth stanza of the second fytte of the metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, had given a pass-

ing word of recognition to the "horribly striking" power of "some passages" in Middleton's masterpiece: which was first reprinted eleven years later, in the fourth volume of Dilke's *Old Plays*. Lamb, surprisingly enough, has given not a single extract from that noble tragedy: it was reserved for Leigh Hunt, when speaking of its author, to remark that "there is one character of his (De Flores in *The Changeling*) which, for effect at once tragical, probable, and poetical, surpasses anything I know of in the drama of domestic life." The praise is not a whit too high: the truth could not have been better said.

The play with which Mr. Bullen, altering the arrangement adopted by Mr. Dyce, opens his edition of Middleton, is a notable example of the best and the worst qualities which distinguish or disfigure the romantic comedy of the Shakespearean age. The rude and reckless composition, the rough intrusion of savorless farce, the bewildering combinations of incident and the far more bewildering fluctuations of character—all the inconsistencies, incongruities, incoherences of the piece are forgotten when the reader remembers and reverts to the passages of exquisite and fascinating beauty which relieve and redeem the utmost errors of negligence and haste. To find anything more delightful, more satisfying in its pure and simple perfection of loveliness, we must turn to the very best examples of Shakespeare's youthful work. Nay, it must be allowed that in one or two of the master's earliest plays—in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for instance—we shall find nothing comparable for charm and sincerity of sweet and passionate fancy with such enchanting verses as these.

O happy persecution, I embrace thee  
With an unfettered soul! So sweet a thing  
It is to sigh upon the rack of love,  
Where each calamity is groaning witness  
Of the poor martyr's faith. I never heard  
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt  
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats  
The leaves off the spring's sweetest book, the  
rose.

Love, bred on earth, is often nursed in hell:  
By rote it reads woe, ere it learn to spell.

Again: the "secure tyrant, but unhappy lover," whose prisoner and rival has thus expressed his triumphant resignation, is counselled by his friend to

"go laugh and lie down," as not having slept for three nights; but answers, in words even more delicious than his supplanter's;

Alas, how can I? he that truly loves  
Burns out the day in idle fantasies;  
And when the lamb bleating doth bid good  
night

Unto the closing day, then tears begin  
To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice  
Shrieks like the bellman in the lover's ears:  
Love's eye the jewel of sleep, O, seldom wears!  
The early lark is wakened from her bed,  
Being only by love's plaints disquieted;  
And, singing in the morning's ear, she weeps,  
Being deep in love, at lovers' broken sleeps:  
But say a golden slumber chance to tie  
With silken strings the cover of love's eye,  
Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present  
Pleasures, whose fading leaves more discontent.

Perfect in music, faultless in feeling, exquisite in refined simplicity of expression, this passage is hardly more beautiful and noble than one or two in the play which follows. *The Phoenix* is a quaint and homely compound of satirical realism in social studies with utopian invention in the figure of an ideal prince, himself a compound of Harun al-Rashid and "Albert the Good," who wanders through the play as a detective in disguise, and appears in his own person at the close to discharge in full the general and particular claims of justice and philanthropy. The whole work is slight and sketchy, primitive if not puerile in parts, but easy and amusing to read; the confidence reposed by the worthy monarch in noblemen of such unequivocal nomenclature as Lord Proditor, Lussurioso, and Infesto, is one of the signs that we are here still on the debatable borderland between the old Morality and the new Comedy—a province where incarnate vices and virtues are seen figuring and posturing in what can scarcely be called masquerade. But the two fine soliloquies of Phoenix on the corruption of the purity of law (Act i. scene iv.) and the profanation of the sanctity of marriage (Act ii. scene ii.) are somewhat riper and graver in style, with less admixture of rhyme and more variety of cadence, than the lovely verses above quoted. Milton's obligation to the latter passage is less direct than his earlier obligation to a later play of Middleton's, from which he transferred one of the most beautiful as well as most

famous images in *Lycidas*: but his early and intimate acquaintance with Middleton had apparently (as Mr. Dyce seems to think\*) left in the ear of the blind old poet a more or less distinct echo from the noble opening verses of the dramatists' address to "reverend and honorable matrimony."

In *Michaelmas Term* the realism of Middleton's comic style is no longer alloyed or flavored with poetry or fancy. It is an excellent Hogarthian comedy, full of rapid and vivid incident, of pleasant or indignant humor. Its successor, *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, is by far the best play Middleton had yet written, and one of the best he ever wrote. The merit of this and his other good comedies does not indeed consist in any new or subtle study of character, any Shakespearean creation or Jonsonian invention of humors or of men: the spendthrifts and the misers, the courtesans and the dotards, are figures borrowed from the common stock of stage tradition: it is the vivid variety of incident and intrigue, the freshness and ease and vigor of the style, the clear straightforward energy and vivacity of the action, that the reader finds most praiseworthy in the best comic work of such ready writers as Middleton and Dekker. The dialogue has sometimes touches of real humor and flashes of genuine wit: but its readable and enjoyable quality is generally independent of these. Very witty writing may be very dreary reading, for want of natural animation and true dramatic movement: and in these qualities at least the rough and ready work of our

\* Mr. Dyce would no doubt have altered his opinion had he lived to see the evidence adduced by the Director of the New Meltun Society that the real author of *A Game at Chess* was none other than John Milton himself: whose earliest poems had appeared the year before the publication of that anti-papal satire. This discovery is only less curious and precious than a later revelation which we must accept on the same authority, that *Comus* was written by Sir John Suckling. *Paradise Regained* by Lord Rochester, and *Samson Agonistes* by Elkanah Settle: while on the other hand it may be affirmed with no less confidence that Milton—who never would allow his name to be spelt right on the title-page or under the dedication of any work published by him—owed his immunity from punishment after the Restoration to the admitted fact that he was the real author of Dryden's *Astrea Redux*.

old dramatists is seldom if ever deficient.

It is, however, but too probable that the reader's enjoyment may be crossed with a dash of exasperation when he finds a writer of real genius so reckless of fame and self-respect as the pressure of want or the weariness of overwork seems but too often and too naturally to have made too many of the great dramatic journeymen whose powers were half wasted or half worn out in the struggle for bare bread. No other excuse than this can be advanced for the demerit of Middleton's next comedy. Had the author wished to show how well and how ill he could write at his worst and at his best, he could have given no fairer proof than by the publication of the two plays issued under his name in the year 1608. *The Family of Love* is in my judgment unquestionably and incomparably the worst of Middleton's plays: very coarse, very dull, altogether distasteful and ineffectual. As a religious satire it is so utterly pointless as to leave no impression of any definite folly or distinctive knavery in the doctrine or the practice of the particular sect held up by name to ridicule: an obscure body of feather-headed fanatics, concerning whom we can only be certain that they were decent and inoffensive in comparison with the yelling Yahoos whom the scandalous and senseless license of our own day allows to run and roar about the country unmuzzled and unwhipped.

There is much more merit in the broad comedy of *Your Five Gallants*, a curious burlesque study of manners and morals not generally commendable for imitation. The ingenious and humorous invention which supplies a centre for the picture and a pivot for the action is most singularly identical with the device of a modern detective as recorded by the greatest English writer of his day. "The Butcher's Story," told to Dickens by the policeman who had played the part of the innocent young butcher, may be profitably compared by lovers of detective humor with the story of Fitsgrave—a "thrice worthy" gentleman who under the disguise of a young gull fresh from college succeeds in circumventing and unmasking the five associated swindlers of variously villainous professions by whom a fair and

amiable heiress is beleaguered and befuddled. The play is somewhat crude and hasty in construction, but full of life and fun and grotesque variety of humorous event.

The first of Middleton's plays to attract notice from students of a later generation, *A Mad World, my Masters*, if not quite so thoroughly good a comedy as *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, must be allowed to contain the very best comic character ever drawn or sketched by the fertile and flowing pen of its author. The prodigal grandfather, Sir Bounteous Progress, is perhaps the most lifelike figure of a good-humored and liberal old libertine that ever amused or scandalized a tolerant or intolerant reader. The chief incidents of the action are admirably humorous and ingenious: but the matrimonial part of the catastrophe is something more than repulsive, and the singular intervention of a real live succubus, less terrible in her seductions than her sister of the *Contes Drolatiques*, can hardly seem happy or seasonable to a generation which knows not King James and his Demonology.

Of the two poets occasionally associated with Middleton in the composition of a play, Dekker seems usually to have taken in hand the greater part, and Rowley the lesser part, of the composite poem engendered by their joint efforts. The style of *The Roaring Girl* is full of Dekker's peculiar mannerisms: slipshod and straggling metre, incongruous touches or flashes of fanciful or lyrical expression, reckless and awkward inversions, irrational and irrepressible outbursts of irregular and fitful rhyme. And with all these faults it is more unmistakably the style of a born poet than is the usual style of Middleton. Dekker would have taken a high place among the finest if not among the greatest of English poets if he had but had the sense of form—the instinct of composition. Whether it was modesty, indolence, indifference or incompetence, some drawback or shortcoming there was which so far impaired the quality of his strong and delicate genius that it is impossible for his most ardent and cordial admirer to say or think of his very best work that it really does him justice—that it adequately represents

the fullness of his unquestionable powers. And yet it is certain that Lamb was not less right than usual when he said that Dekker "had poetry enough for anything." But he had not constructive power enough for the trade of a playwright—the trade in which he spent so many weary years of ill-requited labor. This comedy in which we first find him associated with Middleton is well written and well contrived, and fairly diverting—especially to an idle or an uncritical reader: though even such an one may suspect that the heroine here represented as a virginal virago must have been in fact rather like Dr. Johnson's fair friend Bet Flint; of whom the Great Lexicographer "used to say that she was generally slut and drunkard; occasionally whore and thief" (Boswell, May 8, 1781). The parallel would have been more nearly complete if Moll Cutpurse "had written her own Life in verse," and brought it to Selden or Bishop Hall with a request that he would furnish her with a preface to it. But the seventeenth century was inadequate to so perfect a production of the kind; and we doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of girls are widened with the process of the suns.

The plays of Middleton are not so properly divisible into tragic and comic as into realistic and romantic—into plays of which the mainspring is essentially prosaic or photographic, and plays of which the mainspring is principally fanciful or poetical. Two only of the former class remain to be mentioned; *Anything for a Quiet Life*, and *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*. There is very good stuff in the plot or groundwork of the former, but the workmanship is hardly worthy of the material. Mr. Bullen ingeniously and plausibly suggests the partnership of Shirley in this play: but the conception of the character in which he discerns a likeness to the touch of the lesser dramatist is happier and more original than such a comparison would indicate. The young stepmother whose affectation of selfish levity and grasping craft is really designed to cure her husband of his infatuation, and to reconcile him with the son who regards her as his worst enemy, is a figure equally novel, effective and attractive. The honest

shopkeeper and his shrewish wife may remind us again of Dickens by their points of likeness to Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby; though the reformation of the mercer's jealous vixen is brought about by more humorous and less tragical means than the repentance of the law-stationer's "little woman." George the apprentice, through whose wit and energy this happy consummation becomes possible, is a very original and amusing example of the young Londoner of the period. But there is more humor, though very little chastity, in the *Chaste Maid*; a play of quite exceptional freedom and audacity, and certainly one of the drollest and liveliest that ever broke the bounds of propriety or shook the sides of merriment.

The opening of *More Dissemblers besides Women* is as full at once of comic and of romantic promise as the upshot of the whole is unsatisfactory—a most lame and impotent conclusion. But some of the dialogue is exquisite; full of flowing music and gentle grace, of ease and softness and fancy and spirit; and the part of a poetic or romantic Joseph Surface, as perfect in the praise of virtue as in the practice of vice, is one of Middleton's really fine and happy inventions. In the style of *The Widow* there is no less fluency and facility: it is throughout identical with that of Middleton's other comedies in metre; a style which has so many points in common with Fletcher's as to make the apocryphal attribution of a share in this comedy to the hand of the greater poet more plausible than many other ascriptions of the kind. I am inclined nevertheless to agree with Mr. Bullen's apparent opinion that the whole credit of this brilliant play may be reasonably assigned to Middleton; and especially with his remark that the only scene in which any resemblance to the manner of Ben Jonson can be traced by the most determined ingenuity of critical research is more like the work of a pupil than like a hasty sketch of the master's. There is no lack of energetic invention and beautiful versification in another comedy of adventure and intrigue, *No Wit, no Help like a Woman's*: the unpleasant or extravagant quality of certain incidents in the story is partially neutralized or modified by



the unfailing charm of a style worthy of Fletcher himself in his ripest and sweetest stage of poetic comedy.

But high above all the works yet mentioned there stands and will stand conspicuous while noble emotion and noble verse have honor among English readers the pathetic and heroic play so memorably appreciated by Charles Lamb, *A Fair Quarrel*. It would be the vainest and emptiest impertinence to offer a word in echo of his priceless and imperishable praise. The delicate nobility of the central conception on which the hero's character depends for its full relief and development should be enough to efface all remembrance of any defect or default in moral taste, any shortcoming on the æsthetic side of ethics, which may be detected in any slighter or hastier example of the poet's invention. A man must be dull and slow of sympathies indeed who cannot respond in spirit to that bitter cry of chivalrous and manful agony at sense of the shadow of a mother's shame :—

Quench, my spirit,  
And out with honor's flaming lights within  
thee !  
Be dark and dead to all respects of manhood !  
I never shall have use of valor more.

Middleton has no second hero like Captain Ager : but where is there another so thoroughly noble and lovable among all the characters of all the dramatists of his time but Shakespeare ?

The part taken by Rowley in this play is easy for any tiro in criticism to verify. The rough and crude genius of that perverse and powerful writer is not seen here by any means at its best. I cannot as yet lay claim to an exhaustive acquaintance with his works, but judging from what I have read of them I should say that his call was rather towards tragedy than towards comedy ; that his mastery of severe and serious emotion was more genuine and more natural than his command of satirical or grotesque realism. The tragedy in which he has grappled with the subject afterwards so differently handled in the first and greatest of Landor's tragedies is to me of far more interest and value than such comedies as that which kindled the enthusiasm of a loyal Londoner in the civic sympathies of Lamb. Disfigured as it is towards the close by indulgence in mere

horror and brutality after the fashion of Andronicus or Jeronimo, it has more beauty and power and pathos in its best scenes than a reader of his comedies—as far as I know them—would have expected. There are noticeable points of likeness—apart from the coincidence of subject—between this and Mr. Caldwell Roscoe's noble tragedy of *Violenzia*. But in the underplot of *A Fair Quarrel* Rowley's besetting faults of coarseness and quaintness, stiffness and roughness, are so flagrant and obtrusive that we cannot avoid a feeling of regret and irritation at such untimely and inharmonious evidence of his partnership with a poet of finer if not of sturdier genius. The same sense of discord and inequality will be aroused on comparison of the worse with the better parts of *The Old Law*. The clumsiness and dullness of the farcical interludes can hardly be paralleled in the rudest and hastiest scenes of Middleton's writing : while the sweet and noble dignity of the finer passages have the stamp of his ripest and tenderest genius on every line and in every cadence. But for sheer bewildering incongruity there is no play known to me which can be compared with *The Mayor of Queenborough*. Here again we find a note so dissonant and discordant in the lighter parts of the dramatic concert that we seem at once to recognize the harsher and hoarser instrument of Rowley. The farce is even more extravagantly and preposterously mistimed and misplaced than that which disfigures the play just mentioned ; but I thoroughly agree with Mr. Bullen's high estimate of the power displayed and maintained throughout the tragic and poetic part of this drama ; to which no previous critic has ever vouchsafed a word of due acknowledgment. The story is ugly and unnatural, but its repulsive effect is transfigured or neutralized by the charm of tender or passionate poetry ; and it must be admitted that the hideous villainy of Vortiger and Horsus affords an opening for subsequent scenic effects of striking and genuine tragical interest.

The difference between the genius of Middleton and the genius of Dekker could not be better illustrated than by comparison of their attempts at political and patriotic allegory. The lazy, slovenly, impatient genius of Dekker flashes

out by fits and starts on the reader of the play in which he has expressed his English hatred of Spain and Popery, his English pride in the rout of the Armada, and his English gratitude for the part played by Queen Elizabeth in the crowning struggle of the time : but his most cordial admirer can hardly consider *The Whore of Babylon* a shining or satisfactory example of dramatic art. The play which brought Middleton into prison, and earned for the actors a sum so far beyond parallel as to have seemed incredible till the fullest evidence was procured, is one of the most complete and exquisite works of artistic ingenuity and dexterity that ever excited or offended, enraptured or scandalized an audience of friends or enemies : the only work of English poetry which may properly be called Aristophanic. It has the same depth of civic seriousness, the same earnest ardor and devotion to the old cause of the old country, the same solid fervor of enthusiasm and indignation, which animated the third great poet of Athens against the corruption of art by the sophistry of Euripides and the corruption of manhood by the sophistry of Socrates. The delicate skill of the workmanship can only be appreciated by careful and thorough study ; but that the infusion of poetic fancy and feeling into the generally comic and satiric style is hardly unworthy of the comparison which I have ventured to challenge, I will take but one brief extract for evidence.

Upon those lips, the sweet fresh buds of youth,  
The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl  
Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn  
Upon a bashful rose.

Here for once even "that celestial thief" John Milton has impaired rather than improved the effect of the beautiful phrase borrowed from an earlier and inferior poet. His use of Middleton's exquisite image is not quite so apt—so perfectly picturesque and harmonious—as the use to which it was put by the inventor.

Nothing in the age of Shakespeare is so difficult for an Englishman of our own age to realize as the temper, the intelligence, the serious and refined elevation of an audience which was at once capable of enjoying and applauding the roughest and coarsest kinds of pleasant-

ry, the rude stand crudest scenes of violence, and competent to appreciate the finest and the highest reaches of poetry, the subtlest and the most sustained allusions of ethical or political symbolism. The large and long popularity of an exquisite dramatic or academic allegory such as *Lingua*, which would seem to appeal only to readers of exceptional education, exceptional delicacy of perception, and exceptional quickness of wit, is hardly more remarkable than the popular success of a play requiring such keen constancy of attention, such vivid wakefulness and promptitude of apprehension, as this even more serious than fantastic work of Middleton's. The vulgarity and puerility of all modern attempts at any comparable effect need not be cited to throw into relief the essential finish, the impassioned intelligence, the high spiritual and literary level, of these crowded and brilliant and vehement five acts. Their extreme cleverness, their indefatigable ingenuity, would in any case have been remarkable : but their fullness of active and poetic life gives them an interest far deeper and higher and more permanent than the mere sense of curiosity and wonder.

But if *A Game at Chess* is especially distinguished by its complete and thorough harmony of execution and design, the lack of any such artistic merit in another famous work of Middleton's is such as once more to excite that irritating sense of inequality, irregularity, inconstancy of genius and inconsequence of aim, which too often besets and bewilders the student of our early dramatists. There is poetry enough in *The Witch* to furnish forth a whole generation of poeticules : but the construction or composition of the play, the arrangement and evolution of event, the distinction or development of character, would do less than little credit to a boy of twelve ; who at any rate would hardly have thought of patching up so ridiculous a reconciliation between intending murderers and intended victims as here exceeds in absurdity the chaotic combination of accident and error which disposes of inconvenient or superfluous underlings. But though neither Mr. Dyce nor Mr. Bullen has been at all excessive or unjust in his animadversions

on these flagrant faults and follies, neither editor has given his author due credit for the excellence of style, of language and versification, which makes this play readable throughout with pleasure, if not always without impatience. Fletcher himself, the acknowledged master of the style here adopted by Middleton, has left no finer example of metrical fluency and melodious ease. The fashion of dialogue and composition is no doubt rather feminine than masculine: Marlowe and Jonson, Webster and Beaumont, Tourneur and Ford,—to cite none but the greatest of authorities in this kind—wrote a firmer if not a freer hand, struck a graver if not a sweeter note of verse: this rapid effluence of easy expression is liable to lapse into conventional efflux of facile improvisation: but such command of it as Middleton's is impossible to any but a genuine and a memorable poet.

As for the supposed obligations of Shakespeare to Middleton or Middleton to Shakespeare, the imaginary relations of *The Witch* to *Macbeth* or *Macbeth* to *The Witch*, I can only say that the investigation of this subject seems to me as profitable as a research into the natural history of snakes in Iceland. That the editors to whom we owe the miserably defaced and villainously garbled text which is all that has reached us of *Macbeth*, not content with the mutilation of the greater poet, had recourse to the interpolation of a few superfluous and incongruous lines or fragments from the lyric portions of the lesser poet's work—that the players who mangled Shakespeare were the pilferers who plundered Middleton—must be obvious to all but those (if any such yet exist anywhere) who are capable of believing the unspeakably impudent assertion of those mendacious malefactors that they have left us a pure and perfect edition of Shakespeare. These passages are all thoroughly in keeping with the general tone of the lesser work: it would be tautology to add that they are no less utterly out of keeping with the general tone of the other. But in their own way nothing can be finer: they have a tragic liveliness in ghastliness, a grotesque animation of horror, which no other poet has ever conceived or conveyed to us. The difference between

Michael Angelo and Goya, Tintoretto and Gustave Doré, does not quite efface the right of the minor artists to existence and remembrance.

The tragedy of *Women beware Women*, whether or not it be accepted as the masterpiece of Middleton, is at least an excellent example of the facility and fluency and equable promptitude of style which all students will duly appreciate and applaud in the riper and completer work of this admirable poet. It is full to overflowing of noble eloquence, of inventive resource and suggestive effect, of rhetorical affluence and theatrical ability. The opening or exposition of the play is quite masterly: and the scene in which the forsaken husband is seduced into consolation by the temptress of his wife is worthy of all praise for the straightforward ingenuity and the serious delicacy by which the action is rendered credible and the situation endurable. But I fear that few or none will be found to disagree with my opinion that no such approbation or tolerance can be reasonably extended so as to cover or condone the offences of either the underplot or the upshot of the play. The one is repulsive beyond redemption by elegance of style, the other is preposterous beyond extenuation on the score of logic or poetical justice. Those who object on principle to solution by massacre must object in consistency to the conclusions of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*: nor are the results of Webster's tragic invention more questionable or less inevitable than the results of Shakespeare's: but the dragnet of murder which gathers in the characters at the close of this play is as promiscuous in its sweep as that cast by Cyril Tourneur over the internecine shoal of sharks who are hauled in and ripped open at the close of *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Had Middleton been content with the admirable subject of his main action, he might have given us a simple and unimpeachable masterpiece: and even as it is he has left us a noble and a memorable work. It is true that the irredeemable infamy of the leading characters degrades and deforms the nature of the interest excited: the good and gentle old mother whose affectionate simplicity is so gracefully and attractively painted passes out of the story and drops out of

the list of actors just when some redeeming figure is most needed to assuage the dreariness of disgust with which we follow the fortunes of so meanly criminal a crew : and the splendid eloquence of the only other respectable person in the play is not of itself sufficient to make a living figure, rather than a mere mouthpiece for indignant emotion, of so subordinate and inactive a character as the Cardinal. The lower comedy of the play is identical in motive with that which defaces the master-work of Ford : more stupid and offensive it hardly could be. But the high comedy of the scene between Livia and the Widow is as fine as the best work in that kind left us by the best poets and humorists of the Shakespearean age ; it is not indeed unworthy of the comparison with Chaucer's which it suggested to the all but impeccable judgment of Charles Lamb.

The lack of moral interest and sympathetic attraction in the characters and the story, which has been noted as the principal defect in the otherwise effective composition of *Women beware Women*, is an objection which cannot be brought against the graceful tragicomedy of *The Spanish Gipsy*. Whatever is best in the tragic or in the romantic part of this play bears the stamp of Middleton's genius alike in the sentiment and the style. "The code of modern morals," to borrow a convenient phrase from Shelley, may hardly incline us to accept as plausible or as possible the repentance and the redemption of so brutal a ruffian as Roderigo : but the vivid beauty of the dialogue is equal to the vivid interest of the situation which makes the first act one of the most striking in any play of the time. The double action has some leading points in common with two of Fletcher's, which have nothing in common with each other : Merione in *The Queen of Corinth* is less interesting than Clara, but the vagabonds of *Beggars' Bush* are more amusing than Rowley's or Middleton's. The play is somewhat deficient in firmness or solidity of construction : it is, if such a phrase be permissible, one of those half-baked or underdone dishes of various and confused ingredients, in which the cook's or the baker's hurry has impaired the excellent materials of wholesome

bread and savory meat. The splendid slovens who served their audience with spiritual work in which the gods had mixed "so much of earth, so much of heaven, and such impetuous blood"—the generous and headlong purveyors who lavished on their daily provision of dramatic fare such wealth of fine material and such prodigality of superfluous grace—the foremost followers of Marlowe and of Shakespeare were too prone to follow the reckless example of the first rather than the severe example of the second. There is perhaps not one of them—and Middleton assuredly is not one—whom we can reasonably imagine capable of the patience and self-respect which induced Shakespeare to rewrite the triumphantly popular parts of Romeo, of Falstaff, and of Hamlet, with an eye to the literary perfection and permanence of work which in its first light outline had won the crowning suffrage of immediate or spectacular applause.

The rough and ready hand of Rowley may be traced, not indeed in the more high-toned passages, but in many of the most animated scenes of *The Spanish Gipsy*. In the most remarkable of the ten masques or interludes which appear among the collected works of Middleton the two names are again associated. To the freshness, liveliness, and spirited ingenuity of this little allegorical comedy Mr. Bullen has done ample justice in his excellent critical introduction. *The Inner-Temple Masque*, less elaborate than *The World Tost at Tennis*, shows no lack of homely humor and invention : and in the others there is as much waste of fine flowing verse and facile fancy as ever excited the rational regret of a modern reader at the reckless profusion of literary power which the great poets of the time were content to lavish on the decoration or exposition of an ephemeral pageant. Of Middleton's other minor works, apocryphal or genuine, I will only say that his authorship of *Microcynicon*—a dull and crabbed imitation of Marston's worst work as a satirist—seems to me utterly incredible. A lucid and melodious fluency of style is the mark of all his metrical writing : and this stupid piece of obscure and clumsy jargon could have been the work of no man endowed with more faculty of ex-

pression than informs or modulates the whine of an average pig. Nor is it rationally conceivable that the Thomas Middleton who soiled some reams of paper with what he was pleased to consider or to call a paraphrase of the *Wisdom of Solomon* can have had anything but a poet's name in common with a poet. This name is not like that of the great writer whose name is attached to *The Transformed Metamorphosis*: there can hardly have been two Cyril Tourneurs in the field, but there may well have been half a dozen Thomas Middletons. And Tournour's abortive attempt at allegoric discourse is but a preposterous freak of prolonged eccentricity: this paraphrase is simply a tideless sea of limitless and inexhaustible drivel. There are three reasons—two of them considerable, but the third conclusive—for assigning to Middleton the two satirical tracts in the style of Nash, or rather of Dekker, which appeared in the same year with his initials subscribed to their prefatory addresses. Mr. Dyce thought they were written by the poet whose ready verse and realistic humor are both well represented in their text: Mr. Bullen agrees with Mr. Dyce in thinking that they are the work of Middleton. And Mr. Carew Hazlitt thinks that they are not.

No such absolute and final evidence as this can be adduced in favor or disfavor of the theory which would saddle the reputation of Middleton with the authorship of a dull and disjointed comedy, the work (it has hitherto been supposed) of the German substitute for Shakespeare. Middleton has no doubt left us more crude and shapeless plays than *The Puritan*; none, in my opinion, —excepting always his very worst authentic example of farce or satire, *The Family of Love*—so heavy and so empty and so feeble. If it must be assigned to any author of higher rank than the new Shakspeare, I would suggest that it is much more like Rowley's than like Middleton's worst work. Of the best qualities which distinguish either of these writers as poet or as humorist, it has not the shadow or the glimmer of a vestige.

In the last and the greatest work which bears their united names—a work which should suffice to make either

name immortal if immortality were other than an accidental attribute of genius—the very highest capacity of either poet is seen at its very best. There is more of mere poetry, more splendor of style and vehemence of verbal inspiration, in the work of other poets than writing for the stage: the two masterpieces of Webster are higher in tone at their highest, more imaginative and more fascinating in their expression of terrible or of piteous wrath: there are more superb harmonies, more glorious raptures of ardent and eloquent music, in the sometimes unsurpassed and unsurpassable poetic passion of Cyril Tournour. But even Webster's men seem but splendid sketches, as Tournour's seem but shadowy or fiery outlines, beside the perfect and living figure of De Flores. The man is so horribly human, so fearfully and wonderfully natural, in his single-hearted brutality of devotion, his absolute absorption of soul and body by one consuming force of passionately cynical desire, that we must go to Shakespeare for an equally original and an equally unquestionable revelation of indubitable truth. And in no play by Beaumont and Fletcher is the concord between the two partners more singularly complete in unity of spirit and of style than throughout the tragic part of this play. The underplot from which it most unluckily and absurdly derives its title is very stupid, rather coarse, and almost vulgar: but the two great parts of Beatrice and De Flores are equally consistent, coherent and sustained, in the scenes obviously written by Middleton and in the scenes obviously written by Rowley. The subordinate part taken by Middleton in Dekker's play of *The Honest Whore* is difficult to discern from the context or to verify by inner evidence: though some likeness to his realistic or photographic method may be admitted as perceptible in the admirable picture of Bellafront's morning reception at the opening of the second act of the first part. But here we may assert with fair confidence that the first and the last scenes of the play bear the indisputable sign-manual of William Rowley. His vigorous and vivid genius, his somewhat hard and curt directness of style and manner, his clear and trenchant power of straightforward presentation

or exposition, may be traced in every line as plainly as the hand of Middleton must be recognized in the main part of the tragic action intervening. To Rowley therefore must be assigned the very high credit of introducing and of dismissing with adequate and even triumphant effect the strangely original tragic figure which owes its fullest and finest development to the genius of Middleton. To both poets alike must unqualified and equal praise be given for the subtle simplicity of skill with which they make us appreciate the fatal and foreordained affinity between the ill-favored, rough-mannered, broken-down gentleman, and the headstrong, unscrupulous, unobservant girl whose very abhorrence of him serves only to fling her down from her high station of haughty beauty into the very clutch of his ravenous and pitiless passion. Her cry of horror and astonishment at first perception of the price to be paid for a service she had thought to purchase with mere money is so wonderfully real in its artless and ingenious sincerity that Shakespeare himself could hardly have bettered it :

Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,  
And shelter such a cunning cruelty,  
To make his death the murderer of my honor !

That note of incredulous amazement that the man whom she has just instigated to the commission of murder "can be so wicked" as to have served her ends for any end of his own beyond the pay of a professional assassin is a touch worthy of the greatest dramatist that ever lived. The perfect simplicity of expression is as notable as the perfect innocence of her surprise ; the candid astonishment of a nature absolutely incapable of seeing more than one thing or holding more than one thought at a time. That she, the first criminal, should be honestly shocked as well as physically horrified by revelation of the real motive which impelled her accomplice into crime, gives a lurid streak of tragic humor to the lifelike interest of the scene ; as the pure infusion of spontaneous poetry throughout redeems the whole work from the charge of vulgar subservience to a vulgar taste for the presentation or the contemplation of criminal horror. Instances of this happy and natural nobility of instinct abound

in the casual expressions which give grace and animation always, but never any touch of rhetorical transgression or florid superfluity, to the brief and trenchant swordplay of the tragic dialogue.

That sigh would fain have utterance : take  
pity on't,  
And lend it a free word ; 'las, how it labors  
For liberty ! I hear the murmur yet  
Beat at your bosom.

The wording of this passage is sufficient to attest the presence and approve the quality of a poet : the manner and the moment of its introduction would be enough to show the instinctive and inborn insight of a natural dramatist. As much may be said of the few words which give us a ghastly glimpse of supernatural terror :—

Ha ! what art thou that tak'st away the light  
Betwixt that star and me ? I dread thee not :  
'Twas but a mist of conscience.

But the real power and genius of the work cannot be shown by extracts—not even by such extracts as these. His friend and colleague Dekker shows to better advantage by the process of selection : hardly one of his plays leaves so strong and sweet an impression of its general and complete excellence as of separate scenes or passages of tender and delicate imagination or emotion beyond the reach of Middleton : but the tragic unity and completeness of conception which distinguish this masterpiece will be sought in vain among the less firm and solid figures of his less serious and profound invention. Had *The Changeling* not been preserved, we should not have known Middleton : as it is, we are more than justified in asserting that a critic who denies him a high place among the poets of England must be not merely ignorant of the qualities which involve a right or confer a claim to this position, but incapable of curing his ignorance by any process of study. The rough and rapid work which absorbed too much of this poet's time and toil seems almost incongruous with the impression made by the noble and thoughtful face, so full of gentle dignity and earnest composure, in which we recognise the graver and loftier genius of a man worthy to hold his own beside all but the greatest of his age. And that age was the age of Shakespeare.—*Nineteenth Century*.

## GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

THE events which followed upon the Civil War have turned the attention of Europe to the United States in a manner previously unknown. The results of that war in forms which probably had entered into the imagination of very few Europeans, the immense development of material wealth, the vast and increasing westward exodus from Europe, which, if it furnishes to some countries an outlet for their surplus population, causes uneasiness to others by diminishing the supply of food for powder, and with all this, strange tales of political corruption and social disorganization, perhaps a not unwelcome ingredient in a picture otherwise not wholly agreeable—these things have aroused a consciousness of a very important factor in the world's affairs making its way to the front.

Observers of the first rank—Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, E. A. Freeman, &c.—have thought it worth while to give a little serious study to social and political phenomena, in a different spirit from the contemptuous caricaturists who in former days alone honored us with their attention. It is curious to follow the puzzled and uncertain steps of all these writers in their efforts to generalize from details, to observe their difficulty in reconciling so much of thrift, sobriety and intelligence, with such looseness, not to say offensiveness, of social and political organization, such widespread suspicion of corruption in public bodies with such apparent respectability of most of the members, in explaining why it is that, among such a mass of conservative and well-intentioned citizens, the control of politics should have everywhere fallen into the hands of a small number of organized wire-pullers and intriguers.

I have thought that a contribution to the discussion might not be unwelcome from one who has for many years studied the subject on the spot, with a strong love for and faith in the future of his country, but with freedom, as he hopes, at least from such settled prejudice as might affect the impartiality of his conclusions.

The first thing to be noted is that the political history and condition of the United States are not regulated by any exceptional laws unlike those prevailing elsewhere. They are perfectly consistent developments of principles which are visible through the whole at least of the modern history of Europe, though applied under different conditions. It will be necessary, therefore, to cast a glance at this history, not for the purpose of presenting anything new, but as showing the standpoint from which we are to regard American affairs.

Under the feudal system of the Middle Ages we see a multitude of nearly independent nobles, each with his band of armed retainers, making constant war upon each other, and oppressing the peaceful portion of the community. This became so intolerable that the people lent their aid to the strongest or most popular of these nobles in crushing his rivals or reducing them to subjection, and thus establishing a government strong enough to protect its subjects from all oppression but its own. This process took place over nearly all Europe at the same time. The Tudors in England; Louis XI., followed by Richelieu, in France; Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain; the Ivans in Russia;—all accomplished the same work within a century and a half. It was because no power arose in Germany and Italy strong enough to do this, that those countries remained divided into fractions, and have been going through, *mutatis mutandis*, in the last quarter of a century just what other parts of Europe experienced three hundred years ago. Despotism, however, backed by standing armies, produced abundant evils of its own, and modern political history may be said to consist in the struggle to limit the executive power without destroying it. For the destruction of executive power means anarchy, and anarchy, where there is anything like density of population, means a swift and sure return to despotism.

Of the three branches into which government, according to the modern view,

is divided, the executive is the only one which is absolutely essential. "Armies," says Macaulay, "have been victorious under bad generals. No army was ever victorious under a debating club." In like manner, governments have been fairly well conducted where executive, legislative, and judicial powers were all represented by one man. No government has ever been able permanently to maintain itself where a numerous legislature has taken upon itself directly the work of administration. It is a very simple proposition that a people cannot govern themselves. No matter how great may be their virtue or intelligence or education, it is impossible for millions of units to agree upon complex details of policy or administration.\* Baffled at every turn, they become discouraged and apathetic, fall a prey to demagogues and intriguers, and at length seek protection in the strong hand from insult and plunder.†

It is not at first sight so obvious, while it is yet perfectly true, that a legislature is almost as incompetent to govern as a people. Its members have a much more present sense of their private interests and those of the local constituencies, than of the interests of the whole people. The temptation to self-assertion, unaccompanied by responsibility, is very great; and, apart from these things, honest difference of opinion is enough to paralyze action. The intriguer again finds his opportunity; what was at first only helplessness becomes corruption, and the people, disgusted with their representatives, are only too ready to listen to any adventurer who has a genius for organizing strong administration.

Hence it is that the progress of popular government, in fact the political history of the nineteenth century, turns upon the efforts of the various nations to establish governments strong enough to protect their citizens, and yet compelled

by responsibility to public opinion to use their power for the best welfare of the whole nation. If the people are unable directly to govern themselves, it is equally true that they do not wish to govern. They very much prefer to attend to their private affairs and to have their governing done for them. A legislature, on the other hand, distinctly does wish to govern. To use the words of the late Mr. Bagehot, "A legislative chamber is greedy and covetous; it acquires as much, it concedes as little as possible. The passions of its members are its rulers: the law-making faculty, the most comprehensive of the imperial faculties, is its instrument; it will *take* the administration if it can take it." Though the danger is less obvious, encroachment by the legislature upon the executive is just as certain to be attempted as the contrary. If in this battle the executive wins, government is possible, though it may be bad; if the legislature wins, government becomes in the long run impossible. Popular government therefore, if it is to justify its existence in the world, will have not merely to do that at which it has hitherto chiefly aimed, the providing an effective control of the executive power, but the still more difficult task which has hardly received any attention at all, that of taking security against the ambition of legislatures.

The first, the longest, and the most successful experiment in the direction indicated has been made in Great Britain, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the world owes more to the experience thus gained than to that of all other governments together.

After the uprising against arbitrary power which ended with the execution of Charles the First, the Long Parliament tried to govern. It was probably as good a body of men as the country could produce, but through its jealousies and distractions and want of administrative unity it failed, as legislatures trying to govern always have failed, and always will fail.

Cromwell was not an accident, but a necessity, and if it had not been he, it would have been somebody else. After his death the need of a strong executive brought back the Stuarts, while on the expulsion of James II. the recurrence of

\* Compare Mr. Spencer's reply (CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, January 1883) to the inquiry, "But will not education, the diffusion of political knowledge, fit men for free institutions?"

† Perhaps it is the observation of this tendency which led to Mr. Spencer's remark, that the American people, with all their material progress, seem to be "gradually losing their freedom."



anarchy was obviated by the importation, if I may use the word, of William and Mary. Then began the development of the great principle of the modern British Constitution, that the sovereign reigns but does not govern, under which power almost despotic is entrusted to the Ministry of the day, so long as they command the confidence of Parliament and the country; while, when they lose it, they can be displaced, and a policy of government exactly contrary be entered upon, without the violent revolution involved in a change of dynasty. Through the working of this principle, all the great reforms of this century have been brought about peacefully and without bloodshed, while in no other country have they been attained, even in part, unless at the expense of disastrous wars. Those who have fully studied its operation will look forward without fear to two other victories which it has yet to achieve, in the relation to Ireland and in the tenure of land. The names of Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Peel, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, and Gladstone, represent the real government of Great Britain much more than do those of the kings and queens. By giving their adhesion to executive leaders who represent certain principles, the mass of the people are exempted from the necessity of agreement as to the details of application of these principles; while through those leaders they can compel the legislature to purity and moderation, to efficiency and progress.

The parallelism of modern English and French history illustrates the principles which underlie both. The execution of Louis XVI. corresponds to that of Charles I. The National and Legislative assemblies failed precisely as the Long Parliament failed, though in a degree more disastrous in proportion to the differing circumstances. The same cause which in England produced Cromwell, in France produced Napoleon, after an intermediate and abortive attempt by Robespierre. The fall of Napoleon involved the return of the Bourbons, just as the death of Cromwell did that of the Stuarts. The flight of Charles X. and the succession of the Orleans dynasty answer again to those of James II. and William and Mary; but here the parallel ceases. The objec-

tive point of the subsequent history has indeed been the same, the arriving at a working relation between executive and legislature, but with very different success. There was no element in France to enforce upon Louis Philippe the parliamentary control which laid under William III. the foundations of the future structure, and if Louis Philippe and Guizot were less arbitrary than Charles X. and James II. they had to do with a people who, with the memory of 1789, were much less patient than the English of the Revolution. The events of 1848 covered many important lessons, but none more so than the enforcement of the old one, that a legislature cannot govern, and that a strong executive is a political necessity for any society, but especially for a democratic society. France paid dearly enough in the next twenty years for this experience, but only a determined pessimist can say, under the Third Republic, that she has learned nothing. The English institution of a responsible ministry, which, by the way, all European countries in their constitutional experiments have been obliged to adopt, has had an honest and upon the whole a fair trial. The obstacles—and they are such as must cause the gravest anxiety to all friends of true liberty—have arisen from the old abuse, the encroachment of the chambers on the executive, and notably in the matter of finance. Parties are so broken up that no ministers can command more than a momentary majority, and the executive is thus rendered weak and fluctuating. These parties have not learned what two centuries have taught the English, that to secure success they must submit in minor details with strict discipline to the leaders whom they have chosen, demanding only that those leaders shall in general represent their principles. It is the political education of the people and their interest in public affairs, as yet in infancy in France, which must be looked to to obtain this result.\*

The course of events in Italy points in the same direction. There is the same fractional division of parties, the same instability of ministries, and the same

\* Compare in this connection the interesting article of M. Jules Dietz in the *Fortnightly* for December 1882.

fluctuation of executive administration, modified to some extent by the practical common-sense which seems to be a marked quality of the Italians.

This brief summary leads us again to affairs in the United States. It is to be noted that, unlike all European countries, there has been, either in the Federal government or in those of the States, nothing like a strong executive. The greatest difficulty felt by General Washington during the War of the Revolution was from the incoherent and discordant action of Congress and the different colonial legislatures, and it was to obviate this, which threatened the ruin of the old Confederation, that the Constitution of the United States was adopted. On paper a single executive head was provided for, and that instrument expressly declares that the three branches, executive, legislative, and judicial, should be kept independent of each other. In practice the legislature, by a steady process of absorption, has taken possession of almost all the powers of the executive, and is fast assuming those of the judiciary. An impression prevails in Europe that the President has powers almost exceeding those of any crowned head. Nothing can be farther from the truth. He has, indeed, great power if he will use it in submission to the dictates of members of the legislature. If he attempts to assert his independence, he finds himself as helpless as the lion of the fable in the meshes of the net. The recent American novel, "Democracy," has excited some attention in England, and is discussed in an article in the *Fortnightly* by Mr. Bryce. Though written in a spirit of bitter hostility and unfairness, it contains much of truth. Readers of that novel will remember what an insignificant and contemptible position the President occupies in the hands of a man like Senator Radcliffe. It is substantially true of every President, with the single exception, for reasons to be hereafter stated, of Mr. Lincoln.

The methods by which this result has been brought about are chiefly two. Every foreigner who examines our government is struck, and apparently puzzled, by the fact that the Cabinet officers are wholly excluded from appearing in Congress, and from any share in the de-

bates upon or the guidance of legislation. Mr. Bagehot, in his work on the English Constitution, after explaining that its keystone, the pivot upon which it turns, is the institution of a responsible Ministry, proceeds to assume that the presence of the Cabinet officers in Congress is prohibited by our Constitution—an impression shared by most if not all European writers—and argues that even if it were not, it would not be possible under what he calls the Presidential system. There is something triumphant in the tone with which he declares, in effect, "The Americans have many excellent things, but this they have not and cannot have." As to his second point, a responsible Ministry seems to be perfectly practicable under the Presidential system in France. The defects of its operation arise, as I have already remarked, from the fact that the executive has not yet been able to assert itself as against the legislature. If it ever does so within constitutional limits, it will be through this very institution which Mr. Bagehot rates so highly. In point of fact, the Constitution of the United States contains no such prohibition. The Cabinet is as completely unknown to it as the kindred element was unknown formerly to the British Constitution. Its organization was a subsequent administrative arrangement. At the time of the first Congress, President Washington, accompanied by the Secretary of State, Gen. Knox, appeared more than once on the floor of the Senate, and took part in the discussion. When Alexander Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, sent word to the House of Representatives that, in accordance with their direction, he had prepared a report upon the finances, he asked whether they would receive it orally or in writing. In the debate which followed it was urged that members could not understand the report unless it was explained orally; and on the other side that, if it was printed, members could take it home and study it. It seems obvious enough that both methods might have been combined with advantage. But the sure instinct, which prompts a legislature to contract as far as possible the powers of the executive, led to a vote in favor of written communication exclusively, and that vote set-

held the practice of this day. Just as a vote of Congress established the practice, a vote of Congress can reverse it at any time ; but the same motives which then prevailed, backed by confirmed tradition, make Congress unwilling to consider the subject.

The second expedient for a legislative control of the President is the requirement of confirmation of his executive appointments by the Senate. Originally this was applied to a small number of the principal officers, but the Senate has been constantly extending its claims till they now cover a considerable part of the whole executive offices, something like 100,000 in number. Almost every day, at the close of its public business, the Senate goes into what is called " executive session," in which with closed doors the party majority decides, without giving him or his advisers any hearing, upon the acceptance or rejection of the President's nominations. It is evident that to avoid the mortification of a rejection, he must make these with an eye to the favor of the Senate rather than to the public service, and without regard to the political jobbery or mutual trading which may influence that body.

A curious episode, from a political point of view, was furnished by the civil war. A legislature may for a while carry on government tolerably in time of peace, but there is one problem which it cannot manage, and that is war. Frightened by the public clamor, and utterly unable to deal with the situation, Congress virtually abdicated its powers, and voted obediently whatever the executive required. For four years the United States were governed, of course with the tacit consent of the people, by a practical military despotism. But no sooner was the war ended than Congress hastened to reassert itself by the impeachment of President Johnson and the passage of the " Tenure of Office Bill," according to which not only appointments to, but removals from, office were made dependent on the pleasure of the Senate. The fetters of the executive were riveted more strongly than ever.

In trying to make clear to English readers the consequences of this subjection of the executive to legislative domination, I shall appeal to their imagination. Let them suppose that the Min-

istry never entered or had any voice in Parliament at all, and occupied merely the positions of permanent under-secretaries ; and instead of the personal questions which are daily and publicly addressed to them, that no official inquiry could be made at all, unless upon an express resolution of a majority of the House, to which a written answer might be made after a greater or less interval of time, and giving as much or as little information as might be convenient. Let them suppose that when Parliament came together it found absolutely no preparation of public business, everything, even to the planning and course of policy on every subject, remaining to be determined ; that when the House made choice of a Speaker, it elected not merely an officer to preside over its deliberations, but one who should have absolute power in making up the standing committees, with whom would rest almost the entire control of the government. Evidently he would be the most powerful individual in the government, yet without any direct responsibility for his actions. A candidate would almost inevitably try to secure support by promising places on important committees, while private interests, both in and outside the chamber, would intrigue to set up a puppet fitted to forward their purposes. The committees so formed would be upon all sorts of subjects, and wholly independent of each other ; as, for example, a committee of ways and means for raising money, and another of appropriations for spending it, either paying very little regard to the other. This first stage in the organization of the House being passed, a deluge of bills and resolutions would pour in upon every conceivable subject, from refunding the public debt to a pension for some individual who had broken his leg in the public service. As there would be absolutely no authority to determine which of these should receive attention from the House, the whole mass must be referred to the various committees, with this important consequence, that only upon the report of a committee could anything be taken up by the House, thus furnishing the most dangerous facilities for intrigue in strangling legislation. These committees would deliberate in secret, the public knowing nothing of their motives

and reasons of action, while around them would grow up what is known in Washington as the "lobby"—that is, a set of men making a profession for hire of influencing the committees. To these men, with their wits sharpened by long practice, with unlimited command of money and absolutely free from scruple, every member of Parliament would be known as soon as elected, and his character and antecedents, his circumstances, his weaknesses, and his vulnerable points, would be noted down with a view to future operations, and every expedient known to humanity be employed to bring him into subjection. A crowd of members, fresh from the country, knowing little of each other, and finding no organization for defence, would be as helpless as sheep among wolves. While the committees were passing the winter in deliberation, the Parliament as a body would have no employment, and would probably verify another saying of Mr. Bagehot, that "if you gather together the ablest body of men and give them nothing to do, they will quarrel about that nothing." In the last few weeks of the session, the business which ought to have been discussed during the winter is just ready to come in. Reports of committees, often delayed on purpose by the lobby, pour in together. There is no time for debate. At the risk of stopping the wheels of government, the bills for revenue and expenditure must be passed, whatever provisions they may happen to contain. There is a confused rush, and those measures only become law which have had the greatest skill in intrigue applied in support of them. A farther stretch of imagination may picture the position of Ministers who should be obliged to work with legislation arrived at in this way. Much fault is found, and perhaps justly, with the slowness and procrastination of Parliament as it is. Compared with what it would become under a few years of such a régime as I have described, I believe it may be regarded as a miracle of promptness and efficiency. The purity of Parliament, in contrast with what existed a hundred years ago, is justly a source of pride to the British nation. If it were tried by only a short period of such temptations, the contrast

might very easily be reversed. That there is really so little corruption in Congress is a very high testimony to the character of that body, and of the constituencies which elect it. I believe that direct personal corruption among members hardly exists at all. With the keenness of the newspaper press and the constituencies it would be too dangerous. The government is plundered indeed, shamelessly and outrageously, but it is through outside combinations working through the lobby upon the helplessness and want of organization of Congress. In the absence of executive power the government is not strong enough to protect itself.

But the whole story is not yet told. In a Parliament wholly without official leaders, and where all the members stood on a precisely equal footing, all personality would be lost. Business, both in the committees and the Houses, being a pure matter of majorities and minorities, might, as far as the information of the public is concerned, be conducted by day laborers as well as by so many Gladstones. Individuals of the Opposition can now enforce responsibility upon individual Ministers; but the minority of a body can never call the majority to account. That majority will, in place of any other answer, vote itself to be in the right. The tyranny of a majority tolerates criticism as little as the absolute chief of a standing army. The electors have therefore nothing to guide their choice. No candidate can offer himself for their votes on the ground of what he has done or what he will do. The latter is no more under his control than the former. The election must therefore depend on other considerations. This brings me to speak of an institution which seems to be regarded by a large class in England as a pestilence imported from America—something like the Colorado beetle. Mr. Bryce has pointed out with much force the difference between the English and the American caucus, though I think without fully recognizing the causes of that difference. In England a candidate for Parliament presents himself before his constituents as the supporter of a particular set of ministers. As a Liberal or a Conservative, he represents a certain number of measures

or a certain policy which those ministers are trying to carry out, and his actions and speeches and votes are all well known. Moreover, if one constituency does not want him, he can go to another, and there is always a competition for distinguished men. The caucus can do but little therefore in dictating the choice of men. On the other hand, it can watch the course of members, warn them of a divergence of practice from profession, and keep the constituencies informed as to what is going on. In the United States exactly the reverse is the case. Nobody embodies any policy of any kind. In the elections of all degrees, from the offices of the smallest village to that of President of the United States, there are preliminary meetings called conventions to nominate the party candidates. In the larger ones there is always a committee on resolutions, which are supposed to present the policy or platform of the party. It includes some general propositions, such as that "the tariff ought to be adjusted with a view to the best interests of the country," or "the appointments in the civil service should be regulated by merit." In fact, the platforms of both parties differ but little, unless in the use of language. But no man can show for the past, or promise with any degree of truth for the future, any definite and effective action towards putting these principles into practice. In this state of things, and with a salary besides attached to the office, honorable men cannot ask for election, and it has come to be regarded, to say the least, as indelicate to do so, while the choice is further hampered by the requirement, partly dependent upon custom and partly upon law, of the residence of a candidate in the state or district or city ward for which he is nominated. The caucus or convention has little or nothing to do with measures or policy. It is given up to nominating men, and as there is nothing to guide the nominations from above, they must be built up from below. Every inducement is given to designing men to work the caucus in favor of candidates who will reward their efforts with office or money. No inducement is given to virtuous citizens either to elect or be elected, because their efforts in the public ser-

vice cannot bear fruit. It often happens that the citizens of a particular district will with energetic efforts elect a man of high character, but it is always upon his private and not his public standing. His very virtues unfit him for the intrigue which is the only way of accomplishing even good work in Washington, and so, without any gain of influence or of reputation, he returns to his constituents discouraged and depressed, while they are too apt to share his feelings.\*

I might go on to show how in all the states and cities of the Union the same process of usurpation of executive powers by the legislature has been going on till the science of administration in public affairs has almost been lost. It might also be of interest to trace in the political history of Great Britain and the United States in the last fifty years the operation of the general principles which have been laid down. To do this, however, would be beyond the limits of the present article. What I have tried to show is, that, although the character, the habits of self-government, and the material well-being of the American people, have enabled them to get on fairly well, it has been under methods of government which in any European country would produce a revolution within a year. The charges against universal suffrage, political equality, and the absence of a governing class, merely mean that democracy, in its short experience of one hundred years, has not yet worked out the principles of a government at once strong and responsible to public opinion. Mr. Spencer, with all his tendency to the *laissez faire* doctrine, is led to say, in contemplation of our affairs, "everywhere, along with the reprobation of government intrusion into various spheres where private activities should be left to themselves, I have contended that in its special sphere,—the maintenance of equitable relations among citizens,—governmental action should be extended and elaborated;" and Mr. W. E. Forster in a speech on

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\* I would endorse strongly a recent observation of the London *Spectator*: "It is not Democracy which prevents the rise of great figures in the Union, but the most craftily combined system of checks upon Democracy ever devised in this world."

some occasion has said, "The mass of the people far more than any class have need of strong government." It is just the weakness of government in the very place, a large democracy, where it needs to be strongest, that has brought upon the United States the obloquy and the dangers which threaten their future. It may be said, "But this is only another way of stating the same thing. Is there any reform or amendment possible short of that in which anarchy always ends, civil war and military despotism?" While admitting the certainty of the result in the absence of such amendment, I answer the question unhesitatingly in the affirmative. It is a matter of common remark that the world is tending with rapid strides towards democracy; and to suppose that the human intellect, which has achieved so much in every other branch of practical science, should fail in this only, is not justifiable. I believe that Great Britain is better governed under her extended suffrage than she has ever been before; that she is in fact, in virtue of the principles which she has worked out, the best governed country in the world. But in making this concession I claim for my own country the soundest average of public opinion and intelligence. The conduct of the mass of the people during the war, their enthusiasm for the

Union, the perfect absence of bitterness after the war had closed, told something of the spirit which was behind. If the South was badly governed afterwards, the fault was not in the will of the people but in the weakness of the Government. The politicians in all their intrigues knew that the only chance with the people was in nominating men of pure and high character, like Hayes and Garfield, even though they were not statesmen, for whom indeed there was no place.\* In private enterprise, notably in the great railways, we can offer examples of administration equal to any in the world. Already it begins to be discussed whether a responsible ministry cannot with advantage be included in our political arrangements, and municipalities are beginning to find out that greater concentration of power and responsibility in the executive offers the solution of their difficulties. It must be remembered that the United States have passed through one crisis which all Europe regarded as involving the certain destruction of the Union, and which yet left it stronger than ever. It may well be that before fifty years have again passed by they may offer another spectacle of political achievement not less surprising or less worthy of attention.—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### A NOVELIST'S FAVORITE THEME.

It has been said by Wendell Holmes that every man has in him one good novel, if he could but manage to write it. Most men leave their novel carefully unwritten. It has not yet been noticed, we think, that even those novelists whose variety of conception strikes us as their most remarkable quality have usually but one favorite idea, which reappears again and again, even in the texture of works otherwise most varied in structure.

For example, even Sir Walter Scott has his favorite theme, which sometimes is the chief feature of his story, at other times occupies quite a subordinate position, but is nearly always present in one form or another. Scott's favorite idea, brought in so often that but for his mar-

vellous skill in clothing it in ever-varying garb it would have become wearisome, is to present the youthful hero of his plot as a young and inexperienced man, treated by the older characters as little more than a boy, often their unconscious agent in important political plots, occasionally looked down upon by the heroine herself (who knows more of such plans and takes a more leading part in carrying them out than the hero of the story), but showing himself wor-

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\* When the Republican National Convention of 1884 nominated, as the party candidate for the Presidency, a man against whom there were serious charges of malfeasance in office, the result was the defeat of the Republican party, and the return of the Democrats to power, after an interval of twenty-five years.

thier, or at least manlier, than his elders had imagined him to be. Scott has not always, perhaps, contented us with his hero; often another character is more interesting, as Fergus than Waverley, Bois Guilbert than Ivanhoe, Eyandale than Morton; possibly because all Scott's heroes show the peculiarity we have described. In Edward Waverley we have the original of the type. In "Guy Mannering" Harry Bertram never shakes off the manner of a very young man, whether with Meg Merrilies, the Dominie, Mr. Pleydell, or Colonel Mannering. Frank Osbaldistone, in "Rob Roy," treated by his father as a mere boy, is afterwards a mere tool in the hands of older men. Even Die Vernon treats him till near the end as but an inexperienced lad. Lovell, in "The Antiquary," plays a similar part, alike with Monkbarns, with the Baronet, and with old Edie Ochiltree, and remains to the end unconscious of his real position, in regard both to his putative father and to Earl Geraldine. In "Redgauntlet"—the plot of which, by the way, is not very interesting—we have a hero similarly situated, and unconsciously taking part in a dangerous political plot. The hero of "The Black Dwarf" is still more cavalierly treated, insomuch that no one, I imagine, takes the least interest in him. Young Arthur, in "Anne of Geierstein," is a puppet in his father's hands to the end. The scenes between Quentin Durward and Louis XI. illustrate well Scott's favorite theme. But Durward is also treated as a mere boy by Le Balafre, by Earl Crawford, and by Charles of Burgundy; we note, too, that he is entirely unconscious of the part he is really playing in the journey to Liège. Ivanhoe is under Cedric's high displeasure till near the end of the story, and is as boyish a hero as Quentin Durward, despite the bravery they both show in the saddle. Henry Morton, with his uncle, with Dame Wilson, and afterwards with Balfour of Burley; Halbert Glendinning, with the monks; Julian Avenel, with Lady Avenel, and afterwards with Queen Mary and Catherine Seyton; Harry Gow (and Conachar) with Simon; Edgar Ravenswood with the elder Ashton and Caleb Balderstone; Tressilian, in "Kenilworth"; Monteith, in "The

Legend of Montrose"; Merton, in "The Pirate" (with old Mordaunt, with Norna of the Fitful Head, and even with Minna and Brenda) and their father, all these are samples of Sir Walter Scott's favorite theme. It is the same with Damian, in "The Betrothed"; with the Varangian, in "Count Robert of Paris"; with young Nigel, in "The Fortunes of Nigel"; with Julian, in "Peveril of the Peak"; and with the Knight of the Leopard, in "The Talisman." Only one exception, and that rather apparent than real, can be mentioned—the "Heart of Midlothian," perhaps the finest of all Scott's novels: but this is a novel without a hero, or, rather, Jeanie Deans is both hero and heroine (for Reuben Butler can scarcely be considered a hero). Now, strangely enough, Jeanie, thus taking a double part, womanlike in her patience and goodness, manlike in her endurance and courage, illustrates Scott's pet theme (as obviously as Edward Waverley or Frank Osbaldistone) in the scenes with Staunton and Staunton's father, with the Duke of Argyll and Queen Caroline—nay, even with Madge Wildfire.

Dickens, a writer of another type, had also his favorite theme. So far as I know, the point has not yet been noticed; but I think there can be no doubt that one special idea had more attraction for him than any other, and seemed to him the most effective leading idea for a plot.

The idea which more than any other had a fascination for Dickens, and was apparently regarded by him as likely to be most potent in its influence on others, was that of a wrong-doer watched at every turn by one of whom he has no suspicion, for whom he even entertains a feeling of contempt. This characteristic, although, as I have said, it has been generally overlooked, is so marked that, so soon as attention is directed to it, men wonder it had not been noticed at once.

Of course, in a story like "Pickwick," started originally as a comic sporting tale, and only worked into a more serious form after the death of the sporting artist who was to have illustrated it, we should not expect to find any trace of an idea which Dickens valued chiefly for its effect in exciting tragic emotions. We have only to consider

how he worked this idea to see how unsuitable it would have been in such a novel as "Pickwick" — if, indeed, "Pickwick" can be called a novel.

But in two out of the first four novels which Dickens wrote we find this idea of patient watching—even to death or doom—a marked feature of the story. In "Barnaby Rudge" Haredale steadily waits and watches for Rudge, till, after more than twenty years, "at last, at last," as he cries, he captures his brother's murderer on the very spot where the murder had been committed. In this case, too, it is to be noticed that Rudge has been supposed to be dead during all the years of Haredale's watch; and this was so important a part of Dickens's conception that he makes Haredale speak of it, even in the fierce rush in which he seizes Rudge. "Villain!" he says, "dead and buried, as all men supposed, through your infernal arts, but reserved by heaven for this." It became a favorite idea of Dickens to associate the thought of death either with the watcher or the watched; and, unless I mistake, in the final and finest development of his favorite theme, he made one "dead and buried as all men supposed" watch the very man who supposed him dead, and not only buried but destroyed.

In "Nicholas Nickleby" it is the untiring enmity of Brooker, not the work of those he chiefly dreads, which drives Ralph Nickleby to self-murder. "Ralph had no reason," we are told, "that he knew, to fear this man; he had never feared him before;" but he trembles when Brooker comes forth from the darkness in which he had been concealed, and confronts him—to tell the story which is to be as the doom of death to him.

In the other two of these first four works—"Oliver Twist" and "The Old Curiosity Shop"—we find less marked use of Dickens's favorite idea, though it is not wholly absent from either work. In "The Old Curiosity Shop," the two Brass scamps (to include that "old fellow," Miss Sally Brass, in the term) are watched by the despised Marchioness, and it is by her—their powerless victim, as they supposed—that their detection is brought about. "Oliver Twist" was written specially to attack the work-

house system in England, and other ideas gave place to that leading one.

In Dickens's next novel the idea is further developed. In passing, I note that naturally the idea could never be presented twice in the same precise form. It is indeed wonderful how many changes Dickens was able to ring on this general notion of an untiring watch kept on one not suspecting that he was watched, and least of all that he was watched by the man who was really holding his ways and doings constantly in view. In "Martin Chuzzlewit" the two chief villains of the story, Jonas Chuzzlewit, the murderer (perhaps the most shadowy murderer ever pictured by novelist), and Pecksniff, the hypocrite, are both watched in the melodramatic way that Dickens loved. Jonas has no fear of Nadgett, and, indeed, never suspects that Tom Pinch's silent landlord is watching him at all. All his thoughts are directed towards Montague Tigg. To see how Dickens delighted in the idea I am considering, we have only to notice the way in which he presents Jonas Chuzzlewit's thoughts when Nadgett denounces him. "I never watched a man so close as I have watched him," says Nadgett; and the thoughts of the frightened murderer shape themselves thus: "Another of the phantom forms of this terrific truth! Another of the many shapes in which it started up about him out of vacancy! This man, of all men in the world, a spy upon him; this man, changing his identity, casting off his shrinking, purblind, unobservant character, and springing up into a watchful enemy! *The dead man might have come out of his grave and not confounded and appalled him so.*" Later, Dickens meant to have made use of this supreme horror, a dead man watching his murderer; for note: Jonas thinks not of *some* dead men, but of the dead man whom he has murdered. We may observe also that Jonas Chuzzlewit, like the latest of Dickens's villains, is but a murderer in intent, and in the supposed achievement of his purpose, at first; he commits an actual murder to escape punishment for a supposed murder, as Jasper, in killing Neville Landless, was to be brought to death in trying to escape death; probably, too, by self-slaughter, like Jonas.

While Jonas is watched by Nadgett,



whom he despises ("Old What's-his-name," he calls him, "looking as usual as if he wanted to skulk up the chimney; of all the precious dummies in appearance that ever I saw, he's about the worst; he's afraid of me, I think"), Pecksniff is watched by one whom he regards as to all intents and purposes dead, who had lived in his house, "weak and sinking," but who suddenly shows that he has been keen and resolute, "with watchful eye, vigorous hand on staff, and triumphal purpose in his figure." "I have lived in this house, Pinch," says old Martin, "and had him fawning on me days and weeks and months; I have suffered him to treat me as his tool and instrument; I have undergone ten thousand times as much as I could have endured if I had been the miserable old man he took me for. I have had his base soul bare before me day by day, and have not betrayed myself. I never could have undergone such torture but for looking forward to this time. The time now drawing on will make amends for all, and I wouldn't have him die or hang himself for millions of golden pieces."

It is clear that the idea of patient watching to bring an evil-doer to justice must have been strong in Dickens's mind when he thus worked it into the warp of his most characteristic plots, and into both warp and woof of the work which was perhaps most characteristic of them all. That the theme is melodramatic and utterly unlike anything in real life makes this all the clearer. Probably no man that ever lived has been willing to devote months or years of his life to such a task as Dickens thus imagined; but so much the more obvious is it that the idea was specially his own.

In Dickens's next important work—"Dombey and Son"—we do not find this characteristic idea in so marked a form. Yet it is present, and in more ways than one. Thus we find Dombey watched by Carker (whom he regards as a mere business manager for his great house), all his ways noted, and the ruin of his house wrought, by the man whom he considers so little worth noticing. But Carker himself in turn is tracked by those whom he regards as utterly contemptible—old Mother Brown and her unhappy

daughter. So again, in the pursuit of Carker by the man whom he has wronged and whom he despises, we have the same idea, though in a changed form. The pursuit reminds one of a hideous dream, in which some enemy from whom we fly appears always at the moment when we imagine we have reached safety. "In the fever of his mortification and rage," we are told, "panic mastered him completely. He would gladly have encountered almost any risk rather than meet *the man of whom, two hours ago, he had been utterly regardless.* His fierce arrival, which he had never expected, the sound of his voice, their having been so near meeting face to face—he would have braved out this; but the springing of his mine upon himself seemed to have rent and shivered all his hardihood and self-reliance."

In "David Copperfield," which was in large degree autobiographical, we might have expected that the idea we are considering would not present itself. Yet here also it is seen, and more than once. The plots of Uriah Heep are defeated by the close watch kept on him by Micawber, whom Heep thoroughly despises. Littimer, the "second villain" of the story, is brought to punishment, as one of his gaolers tells Copperfield, by the devotion of little Miss Mowcher, who, once on his track, follows him till he is in the toils, and finally aids in his capture.

In "Bleak House" the interest of an important part of the story turns on a murder. Mystery is suggested, not so much by the question, "Who is the murderer?" (about which no reader of average intelligence can have any doubt), but by doubts as to the way in which the murder has been committed and suspicion thrown on two innocent persons. Here, again, Dickens adopts his favorite idea. Mademoiselle Hortense spares no pains to bring the charge of murder on another, who is her enemy—a theme which Dickens was to have wrought out more fully in his latest work. In her anxiety to throw suspicion on Lady Dedlock she loses sight of her own danger. If she has any fears, she certainly has none of the woman with whom she lodged. Yet this is where her real danger lies. This woman keeps watch upon her night and day. This woman

had undertaken ("speaking to me," says her husband, Inspector Bucket, "as well as she could on account of the sheet in her mouth") "that the murderess should do nothing without her knowledge, should be her prisoner without suspecting it, should no more escape from her than from death."

In "Little Dorrit" we find Dickens's favorite theme in a new aspect. I think the importance of this part of the rather bewildering plot of "Little Dorrit" obtained less recognition than Dickens intended. The murderous Rigaud-Blandois, or Blandois-Rigaud (as best suits his convenience), disguises himself as a much older man with white hair—an idea which in a modified form was to reappear in Dickens's last novel. He is watched closely and patiently by the despised Cavaletto, the "contraband beast," as Blandois calls him. "It is necessary," says Cavaletto, telling the story, "to have patience. I have patience . . . I wait *patientissamment*. I watch, I hide, until he walks and smokes. He is a soldier with grey hair. But! . . . he is also this man that you see." What Dickens felt (or supposed) to be the effects of the sudden discovery that a watch of this sort had been kept is shown by the way in which even Rigaud-Blandois (whose chief characteristic, outside his villainy, is his coolness) blanches when he hears how Cavaletto had watched him so *patientissamment*. "White to the lips"—yet when he knows that his story is known, he "faces it out with a bare face, as the infamous wretch he was."

The "Tale of Two Cities," of course, turns wholly on the general idea which we have thus found in more or less important parts of Dickens's chief works. It is the undying hate, handed on from generation to generation, of the despised French peasantry—a hate patiently waiting for vengeance, even on the innocent descendants of the feudal tyrants of old—which brings about the series of events leading to the catastrophe. Dickens himself called attention to this point. The objection was raised that the feudal cruelties did not come sufficiently within the date of the action to justify his use of them. "I had, of course, full knowledge," he replied, "of the formal surrender of the feudal privileges;" but he

had also sufficient knowledge of human nature, he went on to say, to know that hatreds which had been growing during twenty generations would not die out, or even perceptibly diminish, in the first few generations after their cause was removed—nay, that even the direct effects of that evil cause would not quickly cease, and assuredly had not ceased when the French Revolution began.\*

In "Great Expectations" the whole plot turns on two watchings, by men whom the watched persons despise. First, Magwitch keeps watch (and kindly ward, too, despised though he is) on Pip, whose disgust and horror when he learns who has been his unknown benefactor must be regarded as undoubtedly illustrating Dickens's favorite theme. But also the despised and thoroughly despicable Compeyson keeps patient and finally successful watch on his enemy Magwitch. The interest of the story culminates in the close of this long watch, the death of the watcher, and the mortal injury of the watched. A minor part of the action shows the same characteristic idea in the watch kept by Orlick, first on Mrs. Gargery, till he strikes her a death-blow, and then long and patiently on Pip, till finally he succeeds in inveigling him to the lonely place by the marshes, where he had intended that not only should Pip be slain, but destroyed from off the face of the earth. (Another villain was to have planned a similar end for his victim in Dickens's latest story.)

Never, surely, had any leading idea been so thoroughly worked by a novelist as this pet theme of Dickens had been worked—and overworked, one would have said—in the stories I have dealt with. It would seem as though Dickens conceived that nothing could more impress and move his readers than the idea of patient, unsuspected watch kept by some one supposed either to be indifferent or insignificant or powerless or dead, that he thus used the idea in so many forms in his chief works up to the time when "Great Expectations" had ap-

\* In the last chapter of the fourth volume of Alison's "History of Europe" (I refer to the first edition of twenty-one volumes, the form in which I read that light and elegant little work as a boy) this is very fully pointed out—perhaps even somewhat too fully.

peared. It might be imagined that now at last he could feel it to be no longer available. The thought may indeed present itself that as a man advances in years his first notions become more and more his leading themes: yet it would seem as though Dickens could not, without repeating himself, make further use of his favorite idea.

What, however, do we find? In his next novel, "Our Mutual Friend," Dickens takes "as the leading incident for his story" (I quote his own words) "the idea of a man, young and perhaps eccentric, feigning to be dead, and being dead to all intents and purposes external to himself." He presents this man as keeping patient watch on more than one character, in this the most varied in coloring of all Dickens's novels. He shows him trying to recall the manner of his own death, in order that the reader may more fully recognise how thoroughly dead is this patiently watching man to all external to himself. "I have no clue to the scene of my death," he says; "not that it matters now." "It is a sensation not experienced by many mortals," he adds, "to be looking into a churchyard on a wild, windy night, and to feel that I no more hold a place among the living than these dead do, and even to know that I lie buried as they lie buried; nothing uses me to it; a spirit that was once a man could hardly feel stranger or lonelier, going unrecognised among men, than I feel." In his latest story Dickens meant to have brought out still more prominently the idea of a man, supposed to be dead, thus looking into the place where, to all intents and purposes external to himself, he lay dead, buried, and destroyed.

Even this is not quite all, however. In "No Thoroughfare" (in the part written by Dickens) we have a man described as dead—if it means anything to say that his "heart stood still" (not momentarily, but during events that must have lasted many minutes)—coming to life, and confronting the man who supposed he had murdered him. The circumstances of this supposed murder are akin, by the way, in two striking circumstances, to the supposed murder which was the real mystery of Dickens's last story.

Again, in "Hunted Down" we have a man whom the villain of the story supposes to be dying (as surely murdered by him as if he had slain him outright) turning out to be another man, disguised, who is not dying at all, but tracks Slinkton to his own death—by self-murder, as it was to have been with the villain of Dickens's last story, and as it had been with so many of his earlier villains. "You shall know," says Meltham, speaking as Beckwith, "for I hope the knowledge will be terrible and bitter to you, why you have been pursued by one man, and why you have been tracked to death at a single individual's charge. That man, Meltham, was as absolutely certain that you could never elude him in this world, if he devoted himself to your destruction with the utmost fidelity and earnestness, and if he divided this sacred duty with no other duty in life, as he was certain that in achieving it he would be a poor instrument in the hand of Providence, and would do well before Heaven in striking you out from among living men. I am that man, and I thank God that I have done my work."

Before passing to the last work of all, I may note here that Dickens himself noted among his "subjects for stories" a form of the theme we have been considering. "Here is a fancy," Forster says, "that I remember him to have been more than once bent upon using; but the opportunity never came." "Two men to be guarded against"—the words are Dickens's own now—"one whom I openly hold in some serious animosity, whom I am at the pains to wound and defy, and whom I estimate as worth wounding and defying; the other, whom I treat as a sort of insect, and contemptuously and pleasantly flick aside with my glove. But it turns out to be the latter who is the really dangerous man; and when I expect the blow from the other—it comes from him." In a sort this idea was worked out in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Here a young man, who seemed light and wayward, has been swept aside and is supposed to be dead, as an insect might be crushed. Jasper has no further thought of him; but he plots serious measures against a man whom he holds in serious animosity, and whom

he has been at the pains to wound and defy. But the fatal blow was to have come from the man who had seemed so wanting in purpose, the "bright boy" of the opening scenes.

Every conceivable form of his favorite theme had now been tried, save that which Dickens had himself indicated as the most effective of all—that the dead should rise from the grave to confront his murderer. This idea was at length to be used, difficult though it seemed to work it out successfully. "I have a very curious and new idea for my new story," he wrote to Forster; "not a communicable idea (or the interest of the book would be gone), but a very strong one, though difficult to work." From what we know of Forster's restless inquisitiveness in regard to Dickens's plans, we learn without surprise that immediately after he had been told that the idea was not communicable he asked to have it communicated to him. Nor does it seem to have been regarded by Forster as at all strange that at once (his own words are "immediately afterwards") Dickens communicated to him the idea which had been described as "incommunicable," or that the new and curious idea should be both stale and commonplace—nothing, in fact, but the oft-told tale of a murder detected by the presence of indestructible jewelry in lime into which the body of the murdered man had been flung. Forster's vanity blinded him in such sort that the patent artifice was not detected. Yet he asked where the originality of the idea came in. Dickens explained, he naïvely adds, that it was to consist "in the review of the murderer's career by himself at the close, when its temptations were to be dwelt upon as if not he, the culprit, but some other man, were the tempted." But of course, so far as this special feature was concerned, the idea had been already worked out in the "Madman's Manuscript" in "Pickwick," and in the Clock-case Confession in "Master Humphrey's Clock."

The real idea underlying "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" was a very striking and novel form of Dickens's favorite theme. But before showing this it may be well to make a few general remarks respecting this remarkable work.

The usual idea about "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" has been that the novel was one of the dullest Dickens ever began. I remember hearing an eminent novelist say, in 1873, that, as part after part came out, he felt that "Charles Dickens was gone, positively gone"—just as the great dramatic critic in "Nicholas Nickleby" felt about the Shakespearian drama. Longfellow, however, thought differently, and I take him to have been far and away the better judge. He thought that "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" promised to be the finest work Dickens had written. That opinion, expressed within a few weeks of Dickens's death, led me to read a story which I had determined to avoid, as incomplete, and likely therefore to be tantalising in the reading; and I have always felt grateful to the poet for thus sending me to read a work which, even though incomplete, is worth, to my mind, "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" together.

I take it that "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" is disliked chiefly because the idea presents itself to many readers that the plot really is formed on the commonplace and well-worn idea mentioned to Forster, and artfully suggested at every turn of the narrative. Longfellow, as a poet, felt the real meaning of the tones in which Dickens told that seemingly commonplace story, and heard beneath them voices telling a story full of pathos and tragic force. To the ordinary reader "Edwin Drood" is merely the story of a murder, the murder of a wayward, careless young man. The very details of the murder seem clear. The reader knows, he thinks, how the murder is to be found out, whom the heroine and her friend are to marry, and how the murderer is to tell the story of his own crime as well as of his defeated attempt to bring about the death of the man he hates and fears.

In such a story there is little of interest; and the tone of the completed half of the book seems quite unsuited to the intrinsic insignificance of the narrative. Thus judged, "Edwin Drood" promised to be as worthless as many considered it.

It was not of such a story, thus ill told, that Longfellow spoke with such

enthusiasm. The real story is more mysterious, more terrible; it is at once more pathetic and more humorous.

How Dickens had proposed to explain in the *dénouement* the details of Jasper's attack on Edwin, and subsequent attempt to destroy the body of his supposed victim, we do not know. But that Edwin Drood has been in some way saved from death (through the agency of Durdles, probably, though Durdles himself, half drunk as usual at the time, knows little about it) is manifest to all who understand Dickens's ways. The very words by which he tries to convince us that Drood is dead show that Drood has not been killed. It is the "bright boy" who is never to be seen again. Drood lives; and changed by a terrible shock from boyishness to manliness, Drood's carelessness towards Rosa is turned into earnest love. Moreover, Rosa knows that Drood is living, and is full of sorrow for him that she can give him but a sister's love. Rosa's sorrow for Edwin's hopeless love is so skilfully veiled in the later chapters of the story, that it is mistaken by most readers for sorrow because Edwin is dead. But every tone shows that it is sorrow for the living. Every tone, too, of all that Drood says, when his thoughts dwell on his new-born love for Rosa, shows that he feels that love to be hopeless.

All this must seem idle to those who imagine that Edwin is dead and therefore silent. The most careless reader, said Miss Meyrick in "The Century," can see that the idea that Edwin is alive is contradicted by Dickens himself in the story. Even so: Dickens so carefully contradicts this idea, that the careless reader, as Miss Meyrick shows, rejects it as out of the question. The careful reader forms another opinion, especially when he learns that Dickens had expressed his fear lest, with all his anxiety to keep his plot concealed, it had been disclosed for the keener-sighted.

We might never have heard of the fear thus expressed were it not that a few hours afterwards Dickens was dead. Miss Hogarth naturally mentioned all that Dickens had said to her during those last few days. Forster's words are these: "Dickens had become," he says, "a little nervous about the course

of the tale, from a fear that he might have plunged too soon into the incidents leading to the catastrophe, such as 'the Datchery assumption' in the fifth number—a misgiving he had certainly expressed to his sister-in-law." Observe the words, "the Datchery assumption," and consider how much they mean. The character of the quaint, half-sad, half-humorous stranger is, then, an assumed one. That Datchery is disguised is of course obvious, even to Miss Meyrick's "careless reader." But the part is assumed, and the assumption is one which suggests the nature of the *dénouement*. This, in reality, is telling the whole secret. For, passing over, as "too cruel silly," the idea that the genial yet sad and sympathetic Datchery might be Bazzard, Grewgious's dull and self-conceited clerk, there is no one else in the story who *can* have assumed the part of Datchery, except the man whom the careless reader will be the last to think of—Edwin Drood himself.

But in reality it needs no keenness of sight, but only a good ear for tone and voice, to show that Drood and Datchery are one. I venture to say that Longfellow did not need to have any external evidence to show that this is so. I do not know if Dr. Holmes has read Dickens's half-told tale, but I am confident that if he has, *he* will not have doubted for an instant that the man who talks to Princess Puffer as Edwin Drood, just before Drood disappears, is the same man, with the same feelings at work in his heart (in particular, the same sense of all he has thrown away by his own waywardness) as he who later talks to her at the same place as Datchery, in the assumed character of Datchery, "an idle buffer living on his means." We know even, as the music of the words is heard, that, in some instinctive way, the old opium-eater feels this. But we feel still more strongly that the same thought saddens the man that saddened the boy—the thought of what Rosa has become to him now he has released her from a foolish tie—the thought how hopeless is his new-born love. The reader must be more than "careless" who does not feel that the half-sad, half-humorous Datchery of this conversation is Drood, moved by anxiety about the dangerous duty he has determined to fulfil, and by

doubts as to what will follow. Who but Edwin himself would be so moved by thoughts of the Edwin of old, so stirred by sadness at the thought of some sacrifice past, so wistful at the thought that "the haven beyond the iron-bound coast might never be reached"? Dickens had indeed lost all his old power, his music had indeed become "as sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh," if the tender refrain heard so often in that last scene but one of the half-told story has no deeper meaning than the business meditations of a detective!

Those who love Dickens (with all his faults), but have not cared to read his unfinished story, or, having read it, have failed to note the delicate clue running through it, may find in the knowledge that Drood is saved from death to be his own avenger, all that they need to make "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," incomplete though it is, one of the most interesting of Dickens's novels. All that

we know of Dickens's favorite ideas, all that the story really tells us, all that is conveyed by the music of the descriptions, assures those who really understand Dickens that his favorite theme was to have been worked into this novel in striking and masterly fashion. Jasper was to have been tracked remorselessly to his death by the man whom he supposed he had slain. Risen from the grave, Drood was to have driven Jasper to his tomb. Nay, we know from the remarkable picture which appeared on the outside of the original monthly numbers (a picture,\* be it remembered, which was designed before a line of the story was published), that Drood was to have forced Jasper to visit the very tomb where he thought that the dust of his victim lay—there to find, alive and implacable, the man whom he had doomed to a sudden and terrible death.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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### IMPRESSIONS OF A MODERN ARCADIAN.

BY MRS. E. M. NICHOLL.

IT is perhaps a somewhat rash act to commit to paper anything calculated to differ from opinions already formed, even although the former has been learnt on the spot and the latter shaped at a distance. It is only fair to remark that the following observations do not claim to be opinions, but are nothing more than the merest impressions, received almost unconsciously in the common course of daily life during a prolonged sojourn in Virginia a few years ago.

The moment the southern-bound train has carried the traveller across the Potomac, he begins to experience a sensation as of a retrograde movement in the flight of time. His surroundings, tangible and intangible, speak of life as it might have been fifty odd years ago; the mental horizon perceptibly narrows; all the inevitable consequences of much intercourse with the outside world seem to be left behind—seem, I say advisedly, for we are but dealing with impressions. The era of progress has come here, of course, as elsewhere, but the atmosphere

is still heavily weighted with the burden of antique prejudices and superstitions, and the settler in Virginia often pines for a breath of the brisk northern air. The enthusiastic Englishman, who lately wrote that there is hardly a railway guard in the States who is not familiar with Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems, is one type, and not an unpleasant one, of our countrymen. The American listens to this announcement with as much as-

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\* In this picture we see Edwin standing in the tomb as Jasper enters it, doubtless to seek for the jewelled ring, of which he would be told by Grewgious, purposely that he might be driven to that dreadful search. Grewgious obviously knew of Edwin's escape from the tomb (witness the scene with Jasper, and Grewgious's subsequent seeming carelessness about the ring—which we know to have been most precious in his eyes). It has been objected that it would have been cruel for Edwin and Grewgious to let Neville Landless remain under suspicion—but Grewgious may very well have regarded this as a discipline much needed by Neville, and likely to be very beneficial in a young man of his fiery nature. The keen and kindly old man was evidently watching that no harm should come to Neville.

tonishment, no doubt, as gratification. But setting aside certain uncolored descriptions of rural life even in the more favored North, and concentrating the attention on Virginia, the idea of Mr. Arnold in connection with any but the rare and lettered few can only provoke a smile. One swallow does not make a summer, nor a stray guard here or there a nation.

I am living now close to a county town which is itself not far removed from one of the most thriving of Virginian cities. Some sixteen or seventeen years have elapsed since the close of the war, yet the standard of education in that city appears to be pitifully low as compared with cities of the like size elsewhere. It does, indeed, boast a literary society, but judging by the published reports of its proceedings it wastes its time in frivolous readings and unprofitable discussions. This city is said to be growing in wealth with every year; it is extolled to the skies by Southern organs; and yet, in spite of all its declared advantages, it still continues strangely behindhand so far as any sort of mental culture is concerned. Schools there are, of course, and good enough no doubt up to a certain point, but that point appears to be attained with only too great facility, and beyond it there is nothing. If, as is usually conceded, one speaks of a city's desire for educational advance in proportion to the solid proofs it gives of the same, one would be inclined to say that nothing short of the trump of an archangel could arouse this city from its self-flattering ease. However, in these days one beholds far more wonderful changes, and without any such remarkable intervention. At present a very little suffices to give Miss A. the privilege of being styled "talented and accomplished" in the city and local papers, or to make it possible to inform Miss B., through the same medium, that her singular mental capacities make it not only a pleasure but a real intellectual treat to meet her; and that "when she left the city on the noon-train Tuesday she carried with her the hearts of all the beaux who had ventured within the radius of her attractions," &c., &c.

Speaking broadly, and speaking only for that section of Virginia with which

I am acquainted, there is in all classes, with a few noteworthy exceptions, a conspicuous lack of that intellectual vitality which more or less animates communities elsewhere. Here one may go from house to house and rarely see a book, except, maybe, a stray "dime" novel, or in some old family mansion the remains of what may once have been a fine library imported from England a century ago. There is more deadness on the point of self-cultivation than it is easy to imagine. The boys and girls leave school, and the knowledge supposed to be acquired there seems to drop from them like a useless cloak. As for the boys—well, if the young Englishman may be justly accused of wasting too much time in sport and athletic exercise, his Virginian contemporary may with equal justice be accused of wasting fully as much time in riding from one neighbor to another, gossiping, tea-drinking (except that his beverage is more probably coffee), and gallanting young ladies. As for the girls, the aim of their lives appears to be to have a good time; when they fail in accomplishing their object they languish, and consider themselves fairly entitled to the compassion they receive. Every rule has its exception, but in this case the exception occurs all too seldom. Notwithstanding the poverty which reigns in most Virginian households, it is rare indeed when the daughters of the house are expected to take any part in the domestic toils. Their duties are deemed all fulfilled by sitting in the parlor, attired too often in a manner altogether out of proportion to the family means and the exceeding simplicity of their surroundings, and chattering to their beaux. Into the sanctity of this parlor no married or elderly woman dares to penetrate. As much care is taken to isolate the young people as we in England take to provide them with chaperones. Southerners see nothing funny in these barefaced preparations for flirtation, and the fashion of determined isolation prevails even in the cities. It was only the other day that a Philadelphia girl, while talking with enthusiasm of a pleasant visit she had lately paid to Baltimore, alluded to her amused embarrassment when called upon to submit herself to this peculiar custom. She en-

tirely failed to see why no one should enter the parlor, in which she was entertaining her young men callers, without offering her an apology.

The Virginian girl's "escort" to church, to balls, for buggy and horse-back riding, is all part of the same elaborate plan for uninterrupted *tête-à-têtes*. Other people's convenience, the fate of the nation itself, count as nothing where the amusement of the young people is concerned. The advantages of such free intercourse between girls and young men might be great on both sides, and even as it is it serves to make the boy polite and well-mannered very early in the hobbledohoy stage. The objections to it are that it is just too elaborate—too carefully planned—that it is the consequence, on the girl's side at least, of a life so empty and unoccupied that it requires to be filled with amusement, like that of a little child, by the care of parents and elders—that it tends to an amount of self-consciousness and vanity hardly desirable, and on both sides to selfishness. A training in self-indulgence is not a wise introduction to the arduous duties of a Virginian wife and mother, as that wife and mother often discovers when her play-time is over. The excuse given by parents for this "spoiling" of daughters is invariably the same—short-sighted and imprudent in its superabundant kindness—"Let her have plenty of frolics while she is young—she will have hard enough times afterwards." Felix Holt would have dubbed the ordinary Virginian girl (or "young lady" as she still prefers to be called) a "squirrel-headed thing"; and, indeed, making allowance for the usual exceptions, he would not have been so far wide of the mark. Her capacity for idleness is unlimited: in nine cases out of ten her life seems to be altogether purposeless, except in so far as matrimony is concerned. Second and third-rate novels are her literature—dress, beaux, and "getting married" the subjects of her never-flagging talk. It is well to know, however, that this "squirrel-headed" condition is the work of circumstances rather than of nature, which more often than not has endowed her with her full share of brains. With so little encouragement from their elders—when they are in the habit of seeing

money cheerfully spent on dress the tenth part of which would be grudged for books or any other educational purposes—who could say that these girls are incapable of further development? That they are not incapable is amply proved every day; that there are some who strive, however tamely, to make of their lives something more than mere existence, who remember that time lost is gone beyond recall, who endeavor to cultivate the minds—I might almost say the souls—that have been given them, none can deny. But their environment is discouraging, their standard, low as that standard must almost inevitably be which is not elevated by the force of example.

To those born and bred beyond the Southern boundary-line it is sometimes not a little difficult to feel any sympathy with the narrow prejudices which so often affect educational progress in Virginia. Indeed, were I to retail instances of such prejudices I should probably be accused of gross exaggeration. Yet the most superficial acquaintance with the condition of the South, before and since the war, furnishes ample reason for their existence; and also for the foreboding that, though die they will in the course of nature, they will nevertheless die hard. Little feathers show which way the wind blows, and if a few of my personal experiences with regard to the above prejudices could find a place in this paper, and could be made to appear the plain, unvarnished truth they are, my prognostications might be understood and forgiven. The modicum of cultivated people is lost in the mass, and the casual visitor rarely has leisure to reflect that the prejudices which annoy him, and which seem so uncalled-for in a region where books, schools, and railways are long-established facts, are in reality to be accounted for and will disappear altogether in time. Greater wealth in the cities and a new generation springing up to enjoy it will naturally create a desire for freer communication with the outside world, and friendly personal relations with the North will annihilate that intensely prejudiced feeling which still reigns supreme in too many Virginian bosoms. Time alone, it may be supposed, can annih-



late the bigotry, the intolerance, the violent prejudices, which permeate all classes, more or less, and which can never altogether cease to surprise one who is not Virginian born, even although he may learn to comprehend to a certain extent the complication of circumstances which occasioned, and still fosters, such feelings. For generations "*befo' the wah*" the travelling Southerner held himself proudly aloof from outside acquaintances and influences, and even when journeying at the North carried his little court with him. The war lent definite, if but temporary, strength and substance to this vague tendency to isolation, and added rancor and bitterness to it as well. Ought we, then, of all people in the world, to give up without an effort the attempt to sympathise with obstinate prejudices? Our own "dogged insularity" is not so much a thing of the past as we would like to think that it is. A few weeks' trip in the Northern States, among our wandering compatriots, forms an excellent opportunity for seeing ourselves as others see us. The Englishman in America, with his grumbles and his growls, his love of uncourteous and odious comparisons, his ignorance of the country rather gloried in than concealed, is still no rare specimen. He is also unfortunately too often a member of the "cultured classes," and cannot be apologised for as can some of the disagreeable American products on the European Continent, who are in many cases raw Westerners or *nouveaux riches*. Wherever the Englishman goes he delights in making himself conspicuous; and on steamboats and railroad-cars, at least, he does not always show to advantage beside the more contented and adaptable Yankee. He has apparently yet to realise that his modes of speech and national peculiarities generally are to the full as amusing to his Transatlantic cousins as those of the latter are to himself. The first visit home, after an absence which has been long enough to invest things once familiar with a slight air of novelty, is a somewhat startling revelation to those who had felt injured at the discovery that "English affectations" were as much a subject for jest on the one side of the water as "Yankee twang" on the other. Let us, then,

not be too hard on our Virginian neighbors.

In order to realise how sorely we stand in need of a higher education, it is necessary to gain some comprehension, however imperfect, of our social conditions. With us there are three or four classes, not emphasised as they are in England, but each nevertheless possessing its own characteristics, and each taking a definite rank. That person must be blind and deaf indeed who can sojourn long in any of the older sections of the States, and fail to rank a new acquaintance at once by the air with which he wears his clothes, be they good or bad, by his manner, by his voice, by his accent—his very speech bewrayeth him! Believers in the axiom that "breed always tells" would not find their faith weakened by what they might observe, in our country districts at least. Grit, pluck, and a capacity for work, are pre-eminently to be found among the "old aristocracy," who for generations past have lived in ease and idleness; they are game to the backbone. To speak of an "aristocracy" in the States may sound absurd to those whose acquaintance with the Republic is a matter of weeks rather than years, or even of hearsay alone. The rapid summer trip gives no insight into the real life of the country, or any but a superficial knowledge of the ramifications of its society, and opinions formed at the end of one year's residence will probably have grown out of all recognition at the end of three. Perhaps in the younger communities of the West the much-talked-of "equality" may have a more solid existence, but here at least it seldom obtrudes itself, and is as seldom claimed, except in print or by orators "on the stump." In Virginia a careful consideration of that subject of "equality" is likely to result rather in astonishment at its absence than in observations on its obtrusiveness. Personal experience leads us to the conclusion that travel where we will, North or South, there do social distinctions exist; and common sense assures us that so long as human nature continues as it is, so long will these distinctions endure. No amount of stump-oratory, not the highest flights of the newspaper correspondent, can level those barriers which re-

finer society raises for itself. In the presence of strangers these barriers may for the sake of consistency be ignored, but their existence is soon discovered. Not only the daily life of the citizens of the Republic, but even their literature, seems to contradict the rhetorical statement that all men are on a social level in the States.

In this particular section of Virginia—the hill-country as it is rightly called—there is unfortunately little really good society. This is not in any way owing to the fact that money is so scarce here (as some citizens would fain have us believe), but because there are so few good old families. There is, however, plenty of sociability of a kind. Society, so-called, is split into two divisions, which may be classified as the old and the new. The “plain man” and the “mean white” can hardly be considered as being within the social pale at all. The “best people,” who comprise the first division above alluded to, hail for the most part from Eastern Virginia, and it is wonderful how easy it is to single out these “best people” from the midst of our mixed society. Generations of refinement, and social traditions superior to those of the people about them, have made them what they are; and now that they no longer possess means sufficient to travel around and visit in a more congenial sphere, or to entertain their own type of friends as lavishly as of old, existence must present a sadly changed aspect to them. But with admirable cheerfulness and patience they have settled themselves down to make the best of society as they now find it, and if they sometimes feel anxious that their children should not be restricted to such a narrow social round, who can wonder? Far be it from me to assume that a new society cannot be so good as or better than an old one, but before it can become so the standard of education must be higher and the desire for self-improvement more widely diffused.

At present the most honest attempt at social amalgamation can hardly be called a thorough success, and neither would one wish it to be so if such an amalgamation were to imply the descent of the upper society instead of the ascent of the lower. When the former change has taken place the result has been the re-

verse of edifying. In old days the “best people” held their own not merely by the accident of birth, but by their superiority in more important respects. So far as it went it was an ideal upper class. Thanks to their social gifts, and to that love of hospitality inherent in Virginians, the relations between the two societies are to outward seeming fair and smooth enough, although the lack of good breeding characteristic of the newer one does sometimes come to the surface in a disagreeably accentuated form—in the curious little jealousies, the absurd suspicions and misunderstandings peculiar to all uneasy aspirants. The self-respecting calm of an established position is, one may suppose, what is needed here. It is not the fault of the old society that it cannot as yet find much that is attractive in the new. The fact of having nothing in common with surroundings is something which is incapable of analysis or argument; it can only be keenly felt, and as keenly regretted. The traditions of the two societies are wholly different; their views, aims, and ambitions cannot well be understood the one by the other. Time alone, and the great changes it will bring with it, can alter this. Society, both old and new, receives the stranger with American warmth and kindness. But for the same reasons as those given above—the absence of subjects in common, and of that sympathy which leaves no room for the dread of unwittingly giving offence—a protracted intercourse with the larger portion of society cannot afford much mutual pleasure. Above all, let no deluded person think that by coming to settle in Virginia he can free himself from the restraints of social etiquette. “No, it ain’t a free country, nuther, not by a long shot.” But if in some quarters social amenities are attended with drawbacks, these are largely atoned for elsewhere. To do justice to the attractiveness of the “old Virginia” households, with a few of which it has been my fortunate lot to be acquainted, would be indeed difficult. Here one truly meets with the *grace* of hospitality—not merely its warmth, which is to be found even in our colder native land, but that other more alluring quality which endues it with a fascination all its own. Here, too, is the charm of

perfect breeding, perfect freedom and simplicity, the courtesy of one towards another, the tact which makes daily life run as if on oiled wheels. This atmosphere is untainted with suspicion, and, though even here there are burning questions which are better avoided, every one is at liberty to say what he or she pleases. Gossip cannot exist, and scandal has no place in this kind of "good society." These may be old-time manners, but they are fine enough for all occasions, and perhaps there are many "society people" at home who might copy them with advantage.

As for the "plain man," he no more expects to be invited to join a social gathering at the house of one of the "best people" than the carpenter at home looks for an invitation to the house of one of the "gentry." Things may be called by various names, and yet may remain intrinsically the same. Although not in society proper, this versatile individual is a conspicuous, but by no means promising, feature in the State. He is farmer, builder, carpenter, &c., more often than not, a little of everything. The farms of the "plain people" dot the country-side, and on court-days they swarm into the country town, loafing on the sidewalks, or dissipating their rare and precious cash on "whiskey straight" in the ever-recurring bar-rooms. Money in the pocket of the countryman is considerably more of an event in Virginia than in England, but it can scarcely be denied that it finds its way out in much the same way in the one country as in the other, and if drunkenness is less common with us I fear that the reason is not so far to seek as some would have us believe.

A description of the "plain man" has already been given to the world by a far abler pen than mine, but one very serious blunder was made. He was written of as if he were in truth what he likes to lay claim to being—a representative of "one of the first families in Virginia." But the person who believes him must be credulous indeed. He says that "befo' the wah" (as Mark Twain somewhere observes, everything in the South has happened "befo' the wah," or "du'in' the wah," or "since the wah") he was a man of high culture and social distinction. It is strange

indeed that in eighteen or twenty odd years he should have forgotten all the habits which go to create the gentleman, should have well-nigh forgotten how to write, and certainly how to spell. The lank, sallow, lantern-jawed individual, grimly staring as he lounges at street-corners, or guides his pacing steed along the rugged country roads; the pale and washed-out female, who glares with equal stolidity from the recesses of her telescopic sun-bonnet, or who meets the settler's humblest advances with a mixed inquisitiveness and self-assertion which are but poor equivalents for true independence and self-respect—nothing can make us believe that these people are not as they have been since time began. Even were it possible to credit their stories, there are plenty of their fellow-countrymen ready to bear witness that many of them are in a better position to-day—that is, better off as to worldly goods—than they were "befo' the wah." Apart from everything else, their dialect alone is enough to prove that they never could have mixed on terms of social equality with the first families of Virginia. The plain man has undoubtedly many virtues, but he has also shortcomings as a neighbor. His capacity for blarney is unlimited, and under cover of soft speeches he smites and spares not. We learn at length to grow wary, and to avoid unnecessary dealings with him. If our obsequious friend, the plain man, can by chance be induced to own to his various peccadilloes, he simply replies that his conduct is perfectly justifiable. Trifling depredations, endeavors to entice away his neighbor's servants (in which attempts, fortunately, he is rarely successful)—these little trifles and others of the same nature may not be lawful, but they are expedient; and we would bear them all cheerfully if the accompanying blarney were spared us. The plain man further adds that he is poor—the Englishman is mighty rich—what need to say more? Every Englishman, by-the-by, who settles in Virginia for the purpose of eking out a scanty income is, in native parlance, "mighty rich."

An anecdote thoroughly characteristic of the plain man, and one of several for which I could personally vouch, may not be out of place here. An Englishman

who on first settling in this neighborhood had to make some considerable outlay on his plantation was deemed by the country folk even wealthier than the generality of his compatriots. The most ridiculous and delightful rumors went about concerning him, furnishing boundless amusement to himself and his friends, Virginian and English alike. I have only space to relate one of the consequences of these rumors. A plain man, becoming much wrought up on the subject of the "new Englishman," went to consult the latter's lawyer in town. He began by saying that he "kinder reckoned that Mr. F. was kin to the Prince of Wales," and that he received an annual pension of ten thousand dollars from the Royal Family. He, the plain man, went on to say that he belonged to folk who used to own property in Wales, and he'd mighty like to hear something of it. Didn't the lawyer reckon that Mr F. would write to the Prince of Wales and ask him about it? I fear that our rustic friend retired from this interview not much enlightened. The temptation was great. The legal adviser, though a Virginian and a fellow-countryman, succumbed.

But woe to the luckless wight who is forced to have any building or carpentering work done on his place, for then verily is he at the mercy of the plain man. Now—when there is specified work to be done—does the much-vaunted climate display its shortcomings for the benefit of the native. It is too cold to work, but it is not too cold to sit on a fence chewing, with a "tickler" of whiskey handy. It is too wet to walk half a mile to finish an indoor job, but it is not too wet to walk six times the distance to a "buryin'" or a "weddin'," or to lounge about the streets of the neighboring town. Or we are having "a right warm spell," and our friend "has done got sick." When, after repeatedly broken appointments, the builder or carpenter actually arrives, his employer may learn that he is expected to provide all the materials, and perhaps the tools also. However, this last is an extreme case. Finally, the builder may "tar down" a chimney, leaving a vast gap in the wall of the house, and with the first cold spell retire, merely remarking by way of encouragement that he

will "sot it up right away" when the spring comes round again. The sense of the ludicrous dies in the presence of such domestic calamities. As for their own houses, farm-buildings, fences, &c., our country neighbors allow them literally to tumble to pieces for want of a little timely repair. The few nails which were required to avert the catastrophe they were too "slack" to put in. Now the hour has come for standing languidly amidst the ruins, with long and melancholy faces, chewing ceaselessly and lamenting the unlucky fate which does not allow them means sufficient to set everything to rights once more. They are great at lamentation, but it rarely seems to occur to any of them, in their several occupations, that it is possible to prevent poverty from assuming such overwhelming proportions. Work they do, it is true, but in a fitful, unmethodical manner. It must be palpable to the most casual observer that these men are not likely to contribute much towards the building up the State. Even those who believe most firmly in a prosperous future for Virginia are compelled to admit that this thriftless class must give place to one of another description before the hoped-for prosperity can become fact—in agricultural districts at all events. There are many, however, who hold the opinion that Virginia's future will owe little or nothing to her agriculture, but all, or nearly all, to the development of her mines and manufactures.

The hopeful prospect for the inhabitants of the cities has been already acknowledged: the question follows, What is the future for the masses in the country and the small country towns? Cities, which attract capital, are transformed with comparative ease. But Southern cities of any size or importance are separated by tracts of land which seem simply enormous to English ideas. The want of thrift, the careless ways, the slovenly appearance of the surroundings, the prevailing "slackness"—all, alas! only too frequent in Virginia—impress the newly-arrived Englishman or smart Yankee in much the same manner. Both are alike strangers, the latter hardly less than the former; to both almost equally everything is novel. The negro, the weather, and lack of means are the three

unfailing scapegoats here, and very useful they prove as such.

Ignorance of the outside world is, as I have elsewhere hinted, not confined to the "plain man" alone. Questions which are exceedingly difficult to answer, owing to the interrogator's total want of acquaintance with any but his own immediate surroundings, are put to one by people who, if not of the highest social standing, are at least intelligent and well-dressed. I think I have already said enough to show that the representatives of the old race of "high-class Virginians" are now too much of a minority to be fairly considered typical, and that their place is rapidly being filled by men of another stamp altogether—men who, if with a brighter future before them, are still unaccountably slow-footed in the march of progress. To not a few of them in this section the chiefest intellectual diversion appears to be an eternal round of "pow-wow-ing"—lounging in one another's offices and stores, and flocking to watch the arrival and departure of the mail-trains, remaining on the *dépôt*-platform to sit on tilted chairs, and gossip and talk politics. But little that is suggestive or interesting can be said on the latter topic by those who rarely read anything except their own narrow views expressed in their own local papers—papers which are usually reeking with violent partisan feeling, too often finding vent in terms of violent personal abuse. The prejudices of the *average* Virginian—and it must not be forgotten that I am writing of him only as he impresses one of another nation—will not permit him to read any but Southern journals, and those of a pronounced type. For other forms of literature the ordinary Virginian's gregarious habits and love of social converse disincline him. At home or abroad, at watering-places and springs, the tide of talk flows ceaselessly on without appearing to require any of that mental support which the world of letters can supply.

There is one feature which may be said to be especially characteristic of most American families of all classes, North as well as South, and which cannot fail to make an impression on the new-comer, and this is the strength of family ties. We English, who as a

nation pride ourselves on our "homes," are often forced to acknowledge that our Transatlantic neighbors—whose actual home not seldom consists of a few rooms in a boarding-house—have retained the original beautiful idea of family life more perfectly than we have. Obstacles, distance, divided interests—all these seem to count as nothing. Ultra-fashionable circles are of course pretty much the same all the world over, and can nowhere be accepted as examples of national domestic life; but it is not with the New York *crème de la crème* that we have to do, with their manners and customs imported with their Paris robes, English drags and dog-carts and liveried grooms. In the ordinary, unartificial American society, be it rich or poor, the family bond holds a very high place. And in speaking of domestic life it is impossible to deny that the element of conjugal courtesy commonly to be witnessed therein is unspeakably valuable. For the American, and particularly the Northerner, piques himself on his politeness and gallantry towards the "softer sex," and many are the unfavorable comments made by the latter on the "snubby" discourteous husband (generally elderly, let it be said) not unfrequently to be met with in English society. As for his children, even the busiest of fathers finds time to give to them, however young they may be; and Mr. Howells's young American parent, proudly wheeling his infant through the Boston streets, is a true if, to some, an amusing picture of the parental responsibility which can descend to such details. If, in his exceeding interest in his offspring, the father errs on the side of over-indulgence, he at least succeeds in making the mutual relationship a peculiarly attractive one, even to the severest of critics.

One more word for the Virginians. I have spoken of their warm-heartedness and hospitality; but there is yet another virtue in which they shine pre-eminent, and that is their kindness in cases of sorrow or sickness. There is hardly anything they will not do for any one under such circumstances, and the first rumor of trouble brings aid from the most unexpected quarters. Whether the love of a little excitement breaking in upon their uneventful lives—whether the

pleasure of congregating in a sick-room in a bustle of importance—may influence *one* class of these volunteer-nurses, matters not. Their services, their strength, their time are freely proffered. If we, accustomed to quieter nurses and more secluded sick-rooms, turn from their attentions, the fault is not with them; if we have haunting memories of more than one departing soul hurried prematurely into eternity by buggy-loads of loving neighbors of a certain class, anxious to "tell him howdy" for the last time, we can keep these memories to ourselves. Out of the numerous offers of help of various sorts that pour in when there is illness in the house there are always some forms of it which can be accepted with the gratitude they merit. Be it remembered, also, that these kind folk of all classes, who flock to lend their aid in one way or another, have no governesses or responsible nurses to whom they are able to hand over their children and household; they bring their anxieties with them, although they leave the objects of them behind. And if the merest acquaintances are thus ready with their assistance, how is it possible to do justice in words to the self-sacrificing care and attention of friends to one another in seasons of mental or physical distress? No pen could describe that rare and exquisite delicacy which confers benefits with a touch so light and a wish to spare pain so evident that not even the most sensitive of mortals could shrink from help or counsel tendered in such a manner.

Arcadia is ahead of us in some respects yet, and were it not that the like characteristics are to be found at the North in a modified degree, one might be inclined to say that the extremes of culture and education are not favorable to the growth of simple virtues. But North as well as South one meets with much of the same unselfish kindness, much of the same generous hospitality—real and true, and no mere form of speech—and in anything like refined society bestowed with a tact and thoughtfulness the absence of which too often mars the most benevolent actions of ourselves and our compatriots.

But to return to more public questions. The typical Southerner has more than once been accused of "an optimism

which often prevents the attainment of any real knowledge of existing conditions and needs;" yet it can hardly be imagined that Virginians, at any rate, could be said to cherish an excess of careless hopefulness with regard to their political condition; for this would be wide indeed of the truth. Although pride in the Republic is not absent, there exists side by side with this a certain discontent with the form and administration of the Government; and in the late troublous days I have even heard men go so far as to say that George Washington was not altogether a benefactor; that in fact a constitutional monarchy would better have suited the temper of the (Virginian) times! But from far beyond the Southern boundary line come, now and again, echoes of a dissatisfaction equally great. "We have a nominal Republic," says an Illinois Republican, in a letter to a prominent London paper, "but a real monarchy, in which the 'will of the people' is merely a rhetorical embellishment." That the swarm of ignorant voters cast loose upon the country, not only from Southern plantations, but from every quarter of the globe, is becoming a serious embarrassment in American politics, cannot be denied; and in the North the struggle to secure the Irish as in the South the Negro vote is attended with corruption and evil unspeakable. It is no wonder if in these debasing contests the real "will of the people" is often lost; or that the groans of the Yankee under the "Irish infliction" resound through the land. It is not at all unusual to read in the best American papers expressions of polite amusement that the English should still continue to be taken in by what is often "simple bunkum" on the part of "tail-twisting" Irish-American politicians, and does not in any sense represent the views of the real "American people." The truth is that in England it is either not generally known, or else overlooked, that many of the so-called American papers are conducted by Irishmen, or are perhaps strongly influenced by politicians casting about for the Irish vote. Men of high aims, be they electors or nominees, find that the straightforward course is beset with briars; and this great country, whose progress in all

senses of the word is a matter of world-wide importance, and must be watched with corresponding interest, has many a knotty problem yet to solve. We in Virginia cannot feel that the "Southern question" is settled entirely to the satisfaction of all parties, and whether or no there is any substance in the threats of "armed resistance," should political machinations give the Negro too much influence in the State, the fact that such threats can be made shows that there are still dangerous currents beneath the surface. I am conscious that I am now approaching a ticklish subject, and one most difficult to write about—particularly for one who on settling in the South had no preconceived ideas to build upon, theories to prove, projected articles to compose, but simply received impressions, all of which were novel and became yearly more interesting.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the amount of private wrong and public embarrassment brought on the Southern people by the war; and however strong our devotion to the Northern cause, it only needs to hear both sides of the question to awaken our full sympathy with the weaker. We listen to the Southerner's tragic tale of his sufferings, we are witnesses of the courage, and still more of the reasonableness, with which they have been borne; we take into consideration his time-honored prejudices, his ancient faith, and without any substantial change of principle or opinion, we can yet deeply feel for and with him. To suppose that resentment and bitterness have been altogether eradicated by the proverbial generation or two is to suppose an absurdity. I wish with all my heart that I could join my humble voice to those enthusiastic reporters and such-like who declare that the "separative feeling" in the South is wholly extinct; but neither from the Virginian papers, nor from the cuttings out of the Southern papers, nor from the every-day talk of the people around, could I conscientiously state that I had received any such encouraging impres-

sion. There is a good time coming, no doubt, but as yet it is only on its way. The mutual differences of temperament existing between Northerner and Southerner, the ignorance one of another, the diversities of needs and desires—no one can better realise these than the occasional Yankee settler in the South, or, more exactly, in Virginia. Even we, with our Northern friends and periodicals and newspapers, and our visits North, are enabled to obtain some faint idea of their reality. It seems as if the Yankee no more comprehends the various motives which impelled the Southerner to resistance, than the latter allows that the former was urged on by nobler incentives than those of mere greed and ambition; and as for the Virginian of my experience, he altogether declines to believe in the sublime enthusiasm which, in the early stages of the war at least, enrolled the North's best and bravest in the ranks of her volunteers. Taken all in all, the gist of what I have heard since I have been in Virginia could be summed up in the words of the little boy in Sunday-school, who, when asked to name his ghostly enemy, promptly replied, "The Yankee, ma'am!"

In conclusion, let it never be forgotten that the whole South, and Virginia, perhaps, in particular, is only now slowly recovering from the effects of a terrible crisis, and that if others hardly understand her, neither does she yet fully understand herself in her new and un wonted garb. The gall of bitterness, the sense of much injustice, mingled with the dregs of old-time beliefs, still poison the sweet springs of existence. But in the sunshine of that which we trust, in spite of many obstacles, will be an ever-growing prosperity, who can say what wider views, what greater toleration, what more decided longings after self-culture—encouraged by the traditions of their "best people"—may not be called into being, and bring forth glorious blossoms of their own?—*Fortnightly Review*.

## A STRANGE TEMPTATION.

## I.

I WENT to Alderthwaite for rest and change of scene. Perhaps the place was ill chosen, for I knew it to have been a favorite haunt of Wilfrid Gale's. This very knowledge attracted me to the spot, when it ought to have driven me away; for if I wanted a real mental change I should have gone to some retreat wholly unconnected with the memory of my friend.

Wilfrid Gale had died young; weary, heart-sick, and disappointed. His ambition had brought to him only humiliation, his talent had led him on to despair. He was a literary genius, undeveloped, but full of promise, and his hopes of early success had been withered by neglect, or nipped by cruel criticism. If he had been a strong man he might have faced the world's indifference until it had changed to applause; but his health was delicate and his organisation sensitive; and he may be said to have died of his last failure, a failure which a little waiting might have turned to success.

The story of his life was a sad one, and it seemed to his sister Alison a real tragedy. In her eyes his genius seemed immense, his difficulties unprecedented. He had been her hero, his talents had been her glory, and his defeat brought to her the keenest disappointment. He was one of the immortals, and she the favored being destined to minister at his side, and shine in the reflected brightness of his success. So she had dreamed in happier days, before she knew that her lot would be darker than this; that she was fated only to soothe his sorrows and to watch by him in the weary days of his passing away.

I had always believed in Wilfrid's talent and ultimate success, and I admired his sister a great deal. When he died I readily undertook the task of editing his works; this was proposed to me by his publishers, and I carried it out with zeal and enjoyment. His writing was good, though somewhat immature, and the last of his books was full of an irregular but highly original power. He had accepted its defeat too soon. The literary world was still hesi-

tating whether to forget it and let it pass by, to be stranded on a lonely shore for ever; or to take it up with enthusiasm and to waft it down the tide of the generations in a whirlwind of applause. The death of the author turned the scale; the work received immediate and general attention; my little introductory Life of Wilfrid Gale was read with interest; there was a demand for a complete edition of his writings. He was declared to be among the immortals who had died young, leaving the world only a faint indication of their undoubted powers. His neglected productions were neatly bound in volumes suitable for a library of classical literature; some of his characters were declared to be creations of such power that they could never be forgotten; they must secure to their author a permanent niche in the great temple of fame.

Nothing else could have consoled Alison Gale so much for the death of her brother. His most earnest desire had been realised—though he might not know it—and his life had not been thrown away. She chose to believe that it was mainly through my instrumentality that "justice" had at last been done to him.

"They would not listen," she said. "I knew if he could only get their attention once, all difficulty would be over. You have made them hear against their will, and now they can never forget, never be indifferent again."

Her gratitude was very pleasant to me, though I thought it overstrained. I had certainly spoken from a vantage ground which her brother had never reached. I was not a clever man myself, but I had the reputation of one, which was a more profitable thing. I belonged to a literary family. I had run in the grooves of publication all my life. I wrote for critical papers, my name carried weight, and I was credited with more judgment than I possessed. Perhaps I *had* given my poor friend's little bark the final shove that was wanted to get it off the shallows into the current of popularity; I stood at a good spot for making such pushes, and I was sometimes inclined to regret that



I had no large venture of my own to embark. On this occasion I had put more strength than usual into the effort of launching ; I had been moved by my friend's death, interested in his works, and excited by his sister's appeal to me to do my best. My nerves were overstrained, my identity seemed lost in that of Wilfrid Gale ; I lived in the world of his creations and could not get back into a wholesome atmosphere of cynical selfishness ; his enthusiasm possessed me ; I was in one of those moods in which—if the exponents of fashionable modern Buddhism are right—the wandering earthly shell, the discarded mortal will of my dead friend, might easily have taken hold of me, and bent me to its service. My poor friend's will had never been a very strong one, however, never so strong as his genius, and something happened to me wholly different from this.

I went down to Alderthwaite to have a quiet time, boating on the lake and wandering on the moors. Alison Gale bade me good-bye with tears in her eyes ; and I felt, as I pressed her hand and looked into her sad face, that she who had been the inspiration of my recent task might be willing soon to become its reward. The devotion she had lavished on her brother might be transferred at last to his best friend, as she persisted in calling me.

This thought was a pleasant one, and I hoped to fill up idle moments at Alderthwaite with happy day-dreams of my own. I intended to think of Alison and of my own future, and to have done for the present with Wilfrid and his melancholy fate.

When I got down to the place I found that the inn at which my friend had usually stayed was closed for repairs. I was obliged to take lodgings at a farmhouse on the shore of the lake. It was a tumble-down, picturesque place, which had once been the manor-house, and still held the proud name of Alderthwaite Hall. Two half ruined towers rose at its corners, smothered in ivy, and one window only looked out on the lonely waters of the lake, with the unpeopled fells rising from its further shore. The farm people occupied some buildings at the back, with a cheerful view

into their own stable-yards and pig-styes. The east side of the house was reserved for lodgers, artists, fishermen, and such eccentric creatures, who preferred scenery to comfort. It had a separate entrance, and was tolerably furnished. The great attractions of the place were the vicinity of the water and the use of the shabby boat.

I fancied that I could be very comfortable there for a couple of weeks ; so I engaged rooms, sent for my traps, and established myself in the place.

Before proceeding further I must explain that I did not believe in ghosts, and had no connection with any psychological society. I was not on the look-out for spiritual experiences, and I believed that a healthy mind in a healthy body would enable any man to laugh at suggestions of the supernatural.

Perhaps at this time my mind was *not* in a healthy condition, and I became subject to delusions, like some other unfortunate persons. In that case I have done a grievous wrong to a friend whom I loved, and wrecked my own life without any reason whatever. I am impelled to tell my story in the hope that, if it does not justify my conduct, it will at least explain the terrible temptation in which I was unexpectedly placed. It may be also that some persons will take my own view of the case, and believe that I was impelled to put an end to much unmerited and useless suffering, at the cost of trouble to myself and disappointment to the woman I loved.

My first evening at Alderthwaite Hall was a pleasant one ; the weather was fine, and I strolled out along the shore of the lake. Afterwards I returned to my room, and wrote a few letters. The room was comfortable and cheerful in the lamp-light ; the only thing that troubled me about it was a perplexing sense of familiarity, as if I had been in the place before, and had some sad association with it. This, of course, was impossible.

The quietness of the place was agreeable to me in the irritated state of my nerves. The farmyard sounds had ceased ; the farm people were out of hearing at the other side of the building. There was a glimmer of moonlight on the lake, and I had not drawn down the

blind of my window, so that I could see the still, shining water whenever I lifted my head from my paper.

It was strange that this deep silence did not produce an impression of solitude. On the contrary, I continually felt as if some one were sitting in the room watching me. More than once I looked over my shoulder with a start to see who it was. Then I smiled at my own imagination, which peopled this solitude with personages.

Nevertheless, the impression returned as soon as I had become absorbed in my work : I felt that a woman—a woman whom I knew quite well—sat in a chair behind me, watching with folded hands. The impression always grew upon me in an indirect sort of manner as my attention became more and more diverted to my work ; when it had become sufficiently intense to be disturbing, and so to rouse me to think of it seriously, it vanished.

There was nothing in the nature of terror in this unusual sensation of a familiar presence when nobody was there. I had something of the same feeling in the passages of the house, and when I went up to my bedroom, just as if the place were occupied by persons whom I knew quite well, and might expect to meet without any surprise on the landings or the stairs. The closed doors which I passed on my way did not seem to me to be shut on empty rooms—persons who were not strangers lived behind them, and might come out and speak to me at any moment.

This impression was not unpleasant, though I smiled at its unreality. I supposed that living in a crowd had made it impossible for me to realise all at once the fact of solitude, and the complete stillness of deserted rooms. My imagination peopled them with beings full of life and business, going about in a silent manner something like my own. Once I had a fancy that I met a young girl on the stairs, who smiled at me as she passed. I found myself smiling in return before I had time to consider the folly of it. Another time I thought a child's laugh disturbed the air outside, but no child was near when I went to the door to look round.

On the second evening I went for a row on the lake by moonlight. I kept

near the shore, and I was coasting a promontory, where a great tree hid from me the tiny bay on the other side, when I was startled by a faint cry beyond the darkness of the foliage. There seemed to be a shiver of the water, a shining of ripples in the moonlight, and then all was still again. When I rowed round the point, the little bay was quiet enough ; there was no sign of any movement or any presence there.

Nevertheless, as I made my way home again I was oppressed by the consciousness of something in the atmosphere more tragic and intense than usual ; my mental feelings were analogous to those physical ones described by many when there is "thunder in the air." Something remarkable was going to happen, nay, *was* happening, just outside the range of my perceptions ; I groped in the darkness, and had not the sense necessary to discover what was going on around me. To all outward appearance the world was quiet, and at rest ; to my uneasy consciousness it was full of a painful life which depressed without revealing itself to me.

When my landlady brought my supper that night I took occasion to ask if the place had ever been haunted, but she repelled the idea with indignation. Nothing had ever happened there to *make* it haunted, she said. It had always been a well-to-do place, with well-to-do and well-behaved folks living there. I came to the conclusion that my own nerves were at fault, and that a period of rest and quiet would dissipate all unpleasant fancies.

But the next night as I sat at the table writing a hand seemed to be laid on my shoulder. I turned quickly, and seemed to see a woman's eyes fixed on me in the dimness behind. There was something commanding in the look, and the hand held me as if to compel attention. I roused myself to an attitude of repellent observation, and as I looked defiantly into the shadow the sensations faded away ; there was no hand on my shoulder, there were no eyes in the dimness : yet, before they went, their look had seemed to change from passionate insisting to entreaty, reproach, despair.

I got up and walked about the room impatiently, determined to shake off my nervous weakness ; something stopped

me once, like a sob of disappointment, but when I listened, again there was silence.

I moved the furniture ; I looked into the cupboards ; finally, I took my hat and went out. But from that time forward I was haunted not only by the consciousness of a life which moved unseen around me, but also by that of a reproachful personality, which followed me sadly from hour to hour, and vainly strove to open some communication with me.

I did not want the communication, for my part. I avoided it, and repelled it. It seemed to me the beginning of madness, or of some knowledge too sad to be borne. When in my idler moments the consciousness grew upon me, and the look and the touch took more definite form, until it seemed as if they would blend at last into a voice which I must hear, then I roused myself defiantly, and said to the unknown presence, "You are not there ; I do not believe in you ; I will not see you," and stared hard into the daylight or the darkness.

With the sound of a little sigh, the breath of a hope gone out, the presence would cease to be, and I stood free for a time.

In all these strange visitations, which grew more frequent and more defined, I could not say that I ever *heard*, or *saw*, or *felt* any distinct thing ; I was only conscious through my brain, through my intelligence, as distinguished from my senses at the moment, that they were there to be heard, or felt, or seen.

I knew that some one spoke, I felt certain that some one looked at me, but it was with the consciousness with which we realise things told in clever books that I knew it. My senses had little to do with this experience ; as soon as I roused myself to have full command over them, I became convinced that my impressions had no foundation in fact ; they were woven out of my own vivid imagination and seemed real because my nerves were weak.

This feeling of being continually followed by a presence which was sometimes reproachful and sometimes beseeching was, however, very unpleasant. The vague curiosity which I occasionally felt concerning the other visionary per-

sonalities which appeared to live round me was quelled by my instinctive resistance to the one who seemed to have some claim or to make some demand upon me. I felt at times as if an effort was being made to reach me in some way and to compel my conscious attention. There was something I was to be made to know, something I was to understand.

I had no desire to understand it. The only world with which I had, so far, had any personal acquaintance, contained a great deal of unpleasantness, and a large number of responsibilities. I did not wish to be introduced to another one, and to be entangled in its troubles. I felt sure, already, that it was full of troubles. If it was a real world I wished to have nothing to do with it ; if, on the other hand, it was the creation of my ill-controlled fancy, this fancy must be resisted in the interest of my own sanity.

As my health improved and I began to eat and to sleep well, and yet the strange impressions did not pass away, I resolved to leave Alderthwaite, and so to get rid of them. I announced my resolution to my landlady, without telling her my reason, and I began to pack up my things. But from the moment when I determined to go the struggle, if I may call it so, became more intense. I never felt alone ; beseeching hands followed me, entreating voices spoke to me, angry eyes looked at me. What they asked I did not know ; I only knew that I could not be rid of them however much I absorbed myself in activity.

At last I was tired, and sat down to rest in my sitting-room. It was late in the evening ; I had only a couple of letters to write, giving my change of address. The farm people had gone to bed early as usual, and most of the haunting images of the daytime had faded away with it. I was alone, yet not alone ; for one was with me, persistent, demanding, unwearied.

I sat at the table and felt that, as before, eyes watched me and waited, eyes that I could not see, but which strove to make me *feel* their presence. Another will besides mine penetrated the gloom of the place, and a resolve, strong with the strength of despair, seemed to struggle with my resolution to go away ignorant. The strength of this resolve, and the

painfulness of it, impressed itself upon me ever more and more. It seemed to myself that, at last, with a certain outbreak of impatience, I yielded to the demand made upon me, and turned round from the window with a look of inquiry in my eyes.

At first I saw nothing unusual in the shadow of that corner where rested an apparently empty chair. But I knew that some one was there, and I felt that my momentary surrender had been accepted. A certain power from the darkness seemed to reach me and hold my attention fixed; and then without any feeling of surprise I began to see that some one sat in the chair, and to meet the gleam of eager eyes fixed on me with intentness. I knew then that—whether madness or knowledge lay before me—it was too late to escape. My former experiences had been vague impressions; my present was one of deliberate, though unwilling, observation.

The eyes grew clearer and more luminous, and the outlines of the face became more distinct. It was a dark and angry countenance, the face of a woman of thirty, handsome, but very unhappy. Her look was fixed upon me with something like command, yet it was not a command, it was rather a conscious and determined force; she did not order me to surrender to her all my thoughts, she made me do it; she held me with the strength of a desperate resolve, as if aware of a reluctance on my part, of a desire to escape.

As the features took distinctness the pale lips quivered, a flash of sombre triumph lightened the gloomy eyes.

"At last!" she said, "at last! How long you have resisted."

Her voice came to me like a new consciousness, with which my hearing had little to do; it was a human voice, but with a tone and quality which I had never heard before. I did not attempt to speak in return; I waited to hear more.

"You knew, yet you would not know," she went on; "you saw, but you would not believe. You have fought against my will and persisted in a blindness which would not be enlightened. But I could not give way. You were my only hope."

I was tormented by a sense of recog-

nition, which overcame my reluctance to acknowledge by any words this strange presence. To speak would add to the power of this mysterious being, woman or spirit, who had taken form in the gloom, and—according to her own declaration—forced herself upon my consciousness; but my wonder was stronger than my fear, and so I answered her.

"Who are you? I seem to know you. Have I ever seen you before?"

She smiled a sombre smile.

"You know me. Who better? Have you not worked me up to fuller life, given to me a more vivid personality, a distincter consciousness? Your friend, who made me, hardly knew me so well."

This was a strange answer; my head was throbbing with a heated confusion of ideas and images. The clue to the woman's identity seemed only just out of my reach; she was familiar to me as an old friend; but when, where, and how could I have seen her before?

"But for you," she went on, "I might have died an easy death, an early death. *He* had little vital force to put into me. I should hardly have known or understood before the end came and I faded out of life, how I came to be, and what I was. I could not have resisted the cruelty of him—and you."

"Of me!" I answered, in deeper wonder. "How can I have injured you—and when?"

"Do you not understand *yet*?" she said. "And there are the others, too."

"What others?" I demanded, with a feeling of growing chilliness and discomfort. Could I be in a world of ghosts, of ghosts gone mad with trouble, who mistook me for their injurer? I seemed to have wandered into a strange corner of spirit-land, and to have at last learnt to see the sights there, and hear the sounds; but the land was a dismal one indeed.

"Come with me and see," she answered; and rising from the chair in which she had seemed to sit, she walked towards the door.

I had no choice of action; the possibility of resistance did not even occur to me. Her will was stronger than mine, and, when once she had overcome the preliminary difficulty of my stupidity (a stupidity which had proved service-

able for once in delaying this unpleasant experience), when she had forced upon me the consciousness of her presence, I was compelled to follow her and to receive the end of the revelation.

She led me up the dark staircase to a little unused bedroom. It had, at least since my residence in the house, been always empty before of any human presence. As the door opened before her now, I was conscious that some one was within. The woman with the dark eyes turned and watched the effect upon me of the scene she revealed.

At first I was hardly aware what I saw; my hold on the spirit-world seemed slight, its sights and sounds reached me with difficulty; but as my guide kept her eyes fixed upon me, frowning with displeasure at my perplexity, the whole scene grew into distinctness as she had done.

A candle burnt on the little table; beside it, on a low chair, sat a lovely girl with a little baby in her arms. She could hardly be twenty years old, but her face was wan, her large eyes bright with suffering. She was watching with anxiety a young man who paced up and down the room with an angry countenance.

"I am sick of it all," he said, "sick of you and the child, and the whole lot of it. I shall be off to the colonies and begin a new life. To-morrow will see the end of this one. You may go back to your friends."

"George!" She rose to her feet with a cry of dismay. "They will not have me. I quarrelled with them all for your sake."

"More fool you!"

"George!" she repeated, as she put the baby in the cradle and went forward to catch at his hand; "if you go, take me with you. I will go—anywhere."

"Didn't I tell you I was sick of the sight of you?" he growled.

"But, George, it is for the child," she answered, with a catch of the breath. "I am sick, I am ill; I cannot work for him; if you leave us I shall die, and then—my little baby!"

She held his hand passionately, and, partly through weariness, partly in terrified entreaty, she sank on her knees beside him, arresting his impatient walk.

"You ought to be precious glad to get rid of me," he answered roughly; "you can't pretend to be fond of me yet."

"No," she said, with passionate imprudence, "I can't; I know you too well. It is because of the child!"

He snatched his hand from her in his sudden rage, and struck her a fierce blow on the forehead. With a low cry she fell to the ground, and lay there sobbing painfully.

I stood in my place dumb with horror and indignation; but my guide aroused me with an impatient word, drove me with the force of her look (I can describe it in no other way) back into the passage, and shut the door of the room again.

"Now," she said, "do you know us at last?"

"It is," I answered, in a low voice of wonder and dismay, "it is a scene out of Wilfrid Gale's novel."

It was with a smile almost of triumph that my companion led me back to the sitting-room. She pressed her wasted hands on the table there, and leaned over it towards me as she said, "Is it satisfactory to you? Would you like it to go on for ever?"

"I?" was my perplexed and troubled answer.

"Yes, *you*," she repeated, with gentle insisting, as if she could now afford to be forbearing with me. "Do you realise it all, and the weary length of it? Would you like us never to reach the end?"

"You?" I repeated again, helplessly.

"Yes, I; I and the others. It is no better for me, knowing what we are and all the thin uselessness of our existence, than for the others, who do not guess, who go through it all again and again as if it were for the first time and the last. Does it help me, do you suppose it *can* help me, in the misery of my life here, to know that I am but the shadow of a man's thought—a shadow that would have faded away if it had not been strengthened by the force of another man's will, and stamped by the recognition of so many others with the seal of a miserable continuance?"

"I do not think I understand you," I replied, although I began to fear that I did.

She smiled incredulously.

"It adds to the bitterness of my sufferings—from which I cannot escape, because they are myself and I am them—to know that they are nothing, the reflection of a man's disappointment, of his sadness, which he put into form and made alive in this way ; to know that I can never escape, never feel or think for myself, but must live over and over again the wretchedness which he mapped out for me, in order to buy for himself fame—and a fame of which he knows nothing!"

"This, at least," I said, "is not in Wilfrid Gale's story ; this scene he did not plan."

"No," she said, her brow darkening, "but it is not much ; it is the effort of despair. You can help us, and no one else. I knew that, and the knowledge gave me strength for once to break through the fetters of *his* mind, and to act for myself. I am not like the others," she went on gloomily, "who guess nothing, but feel on the lines that *he* laid down and have no thought of escape. I suppose," she said, a faint smile showing through the bitterness of her speech, "that the evolution which explains all things to you may work also in the world of fancy, where we, like the creations of other artists, are doomed to live ; and *he* had made me so self-conscious and analytical, and *you* had thrown so much reality into his sketch of me, that it is not wonderful for the self-consciousness to have deepened into a knowledge of what I am, and how I came to be. I fought and struggled towards the knowledge as soon as I dimly guessed it, in the hope that it might set me free ; for if I *knew* myself to be only the dream of a novelist, would not the dream vanish at the touch of the daylight truth ? But it was not so ; my knowledge helped me no more than yours does. Do not the Buddhists teach that consciousness is ignorance, and that knowledge will destroy it and absorb all life into the eternally Unconscious ? But who among you has reached this height, except by those gates of death which are closed to *us* ? Some of your poets have said that creation is only a breath of God, which He will inhale again and so destroy. But the man who gave life to *us* by his fancy is dead himself, and has left us to survive him. Some of you

have said again that you are only a thought of your Creator ; but do you suffer less because it is only in *His* thought that you suffer ? If you know that you are nothing, does it help you when you feel cold or hunger ? It helps me no more than that, when I go through those pangs which your friend appointed for me to suffer. And there is no more any hope of appeal to him ; he has gone away and left us to take our chance. Nay, he wanted our sufferings to have the immortality which he had not ; and, because his will was too weak to enforce his desire, you came forward to help with the strength of yours."

"Do you mean," I said, "that it is at all my fault that you suffer so much ?"

"Whose fault besides ?" she answered indignantly. "Your friend's fancy created us, but it was not strong enough to give us lasting life. We should have passed away and been forgotten, as *he* would have been ; but you have given us a place in the thoughts of men from which we cannot escape ; you have breathed new vitality into what was dying before. As long as we are real in the minds of many we must be real to ourselves too ; we must work out over and over again the problems of our existence, and love, and hate, and suffer, even though we may come to have the bitterness of knowing—as I know—that our passion is foolishness, our pain a shadow, and ourselves the mere playthings of a vain man's ambition."

"But," I said, slowly and wonderingly, "if you exist, there must be so many of you."

"And why not ?" she asked, with a bitter laugh. "Are there not so many of all created things, all things that suffer ? And to each one the problem is as terrible as if no others felt it. The fact of the consciousness of a creature does not stay the forces that create it. They go on turning the machine just as much as ever, even when the grain begins to feel and to suffer for the grinding of the wheels. Consciousness does not count in the laws of nature ; it does a little in the morality of man, but not much—not outside the region of his own interests. Did not your friend, who gave me so much knowledge and so many thoughts, did he not reveal to me also what your clever men, your most cul-

tivated men, the advanced men of your age, think about consciousness? How they tell us that when there is an end to be achieved—*any* end, whether of knowledge or of benevolence—it cannot be counted that the instruments may suffer? Do they not say that in the hands of science the throbbing nerves of an inferior creature are but as the lifeless quartz lines in the unvitalised rock, that the mere fact of *consciousness* can make no difference in the treatment of them? When you read these things, can you help knowing that the increase of suffering is regarded as no check on the multiplication of energy? Men must do things and make things, even if the things are only made to suffer."

"Some men, if they knew, would cease to make," I answered abruptly.

Her dark sad eyes fixed themselves more intently upon me with the eagerness of a great anxiety.

"Are you," she said, "one of those men?"

I felt myself flush under her searching gaze. The oppression of finding myself closed in by an unpleasant yet just demand was beginning to weigh upon me; but I answered briefly, "I am not one of the men who make."

"You have given life to the dying creations of another man. Oh," she said, clasping her hands together, and stretching them before her in an outbreak of passionate appeal, "I have fought for the strength to speak to you, for the power to burst the limits of my life, and to make an independent effort; it was not for myself only, it was for the others too, all the others who suffer and do not know. Perhaps I am the first who ever did it, but I shall not be the last. For, ever more and more, the artists, the creators, strive to give us more reality and more individual life. They are not satisfied to make us pictures or types; they want us to be real men and women like themselves. They do not make us very great, or very good, only very real—and unhappy. And no man ever tried harder to escape from the sadness of his life by putting it into the lives of his characters than Wilfrid Gale. No one knows this better than you do. Yet for a long time you would not see my appeals to you, you would not hear me when I spoke. You have

looked into my face with the cruel reality and incredulity of your eyes until you drove me back into the shadowy hopelessness of that existence from which I tried to reach you. Now, when you can doubt no longer, you are going away, away where I cannot follow you. Will you leave us then to our misery?"

The intensity of the woman's look, the reality of her speech impressed me strangely. I could not refuse to answer even as if she were all she seemed to be.

"What can I do to help you?" I asked her at last.

"Undo what you have done. You write in many papers without signing your name, write in all of them the opposite of what you have said before; speak slightly of us, say that we are nothing, encourage the world to pass us by and forget us."

"But I shall never forget *you*."

She sighed a little. "That is the danger of it; and I knew that. You will forget the others at least. It was only for your friend's sake that you thought of them so much. When you go to other work it will wipe out the memory of what you really never cared for. As for me, I must take my chance. Even if *you* don't forget, the world's hold on me will grow less and less. I shall fade out of other minds, until at length my thread of suffering will become very slight indeed; then, at last, when you die—" she smiled here faintly, and did not finish.

"I see—your troubles will be over," I answered somewhat dryly. "But does it not occur to you—capable as you seem to be of independent thought—that my position has its duties?"

"You strained your convictions for the sake of your friend; you have only to do as much in another direction and the mischief will be counteracted," she answered quickly.

"There is also the memory of my friend to consider, and his wishes," I replied, determined to argue the question out.

"A dead man, one who does not know, who has *escaped*," she said scornfully, as if indeed the gate of death was a haven of refuge denied to her.

"And his sister, whose happiness is bound up in his success?"

She looked at me keenly then, press-

ing her thin fingers heavily on the table again.

"One woman," she said, "only one. You must love her much to put her happiness against that of so many."

"She is living, and my friend."

"And we only dream that we live. Ah, but the dreaming is bitter!" She caught her breath in as if with the horror of some remembrance. "And she can go her own way, and make her own life; help those she loves, and leave those she hates; die at the end and have done with it. Would you sacrifice *us* to *her*?"

"It is a terrible thing that you ask me to do."

"And a terrible thing which I beg you to undo."

"If I did it, and told why, no one would understand me, or believe me," I said, speaking more to myself than to her.

"Has that anything to do with the rightness of it?" she asked, quite gently, and moving a little nearer to me. When I started at the movement she stopped and flushed all over her pale face, as if recognising my instinct of separation; but she resumed her speaking softly—"You do not always act for such reasons," was what she added.

I looked at her surprised..

"You are a clever woman," I said, "and have worked your way to a very individual life: you have got quite beyond my friend and me. I doubt if even I can help you to—escape."

Her eyes saddened perceptibly.

"That is what I fear. On my way to—this, I have learned many things. When we begin to help ourselves, we get, sometimes, beyond the help of others. We grope our way to death through fuller life, and if we do not quite get there it would have been better perhaps not to start. This I did not know at the beginning; but even if I had known I might have gone on for the others' sake. You know how much I mean when I say that. I have shown you very little of all the truth, but the rest you can remember. You have guessed dimly what has been going on around you before to-night, all the sorrow of it, and the pain; all the shame that some suffer undeserved, and the wretched remorse of others who were created to do the

sin, and make the trouble. You cannot let it go on as before, and go away, and forget."

There was a certain dignity in her address which lifted it above the level of an entreaty, while its gentleness kept it away from the harshness of a demand. The consciousness that the release she asked for might not include herself had purified her mood of its bitterness, and ennobled her whole attitude.

"I cannot answer you now," I said, "you must give me time to think it out and to realise that this is no dream."

"At least you will not go away without speaking to me again?" she said.

"No, I will not. If you are here to be spoken to again you shall speak: I will certainly not deny you that chance."

"Thank you," she said, smiling sweetly, and lifting her hands from the table. There was a swift look of farewell in her eyes, and then she was gone; and I was alone, more alone than I had been for many days.

## II.

WHEN the morning came I broke my promise, and ran away. It was a cowardly thing to do, but I said to myself that I had dreamt a dream which ought not to interfere with my waking moments; that I had no need to keep a promise made to a vision; and that, if I wished to preserve my sanity, I must leave at once the place where I had been subject to such a strange delusion.

As I walked to the station, a letter was put into my hand from Alison Gale—

"I am glad to hear where you are staying," she wrote. "That is the house in which my brother wrote his great book—his last book. The whole place must be haunted by his thoughts, and beautified by the memories of those creations which had their beginning there."

I crumpled the paper up in my hand with a feeling of irritation. This fact I had not known before, for I had always believed that Wilfrid Gale stayed at the inn to which I had meant to go; it was a fact which I did not feel pleased to have put before me at this moment. I desired to learn no new circumstance which would add to the vividness of my recent impressions, or confirm any haunting belief in their reality. I



wanted to forget "The Valley of Utter Darkness," and all the other books which my friend had written, and all the characters in them. I decided that fiction was a nuisance, and ambition a vulgar mistake. I bought a morning paper to divert my mind to politics.

The first person I went to see when I reached London was Alison Gale. I did not ask myself why I did it, nor try to decide whether I desired to strengthen my resolution to escape, or only to receive the reward of it.

The reward was given to me ungrudgingly. I still looked ill and worn; my residence at Alderthwaite had failed to restore me to my ordinary condition of cynical cheerfulness; the memory of what I had left behind stood between me and my personal hopes; I could get little enjoyment out of them; they were at best but a necessary consolation.

Alison perceived my melancholy mood, and was full of compassion and sympathy. These feelings gave the touch of tenderness to her gratitude which had been wanting before; and her surrender to me was very easy and simple. She promised to be my wife with a gentle humility, as if she would not refuse anything I wished, yet doubted the sufficiency of herself to be all that I deserved to have.

But then, so she was pleased to say, no one could be sufficiently paid for being good and noble and great. When people did very good things, their own generosity had to be their reward. As for herself—and here she looked down, blushing very prettily, and playing with the flowers in her belt—it would be a great happiness to her to spend her life with one who had come forward with so much perception and generosity to make the world understand what Wilfrid was, and to save his genius from being wasted. She had always thought that she would never marry, because marriage would take her from Wilfrid, and she would rather care for him most of all; but to become my wife now seemed only like going on with her life with him, and she felt sure that her brother in heaven, if he could know about it, would be happy to think of our spending the rest of our lives together.

I saw that she over-estimated my opinion of her brother's genius, and placed

me in a false position as a fellow-worshipper with herself at his shrine. I could also have wished that she had shown more personal regard for me, instead of putting me forward as a substitute for the brother she had lost. But the personal feeling would come with time, and she would also learn to understand that I had a career of my own, and talents worth considering.

In the meantime, her excess of submissive gratitude was somewhat embarrassing, and it made it all the more painful for me to oppose any wish of hers when she brought it forward. Almost the first suggestion she made on her own behalf was a painful one.

"I should like," she said, blushing brightly, "when we are married, instead of going to the places that so many go to, to stay at Alderthwaite Hall for a little while. He liked it so much, and you know it already, and could show it to me."

I answered quite abruptly that this was out of the question; the place was altogether unsuitable. Then I recovered myself, and said I was sorry not to agree to anything she would like; but the situation was melancholy, the house old-fashioned and uncomfortable. It would not do at all.

She was a little hurt and surprised at first, having evidently felt confident of my sympathy with this desire. She had a great deal of sentiment, and was sure that I had it too, in a cleverer way; but, being satisfied with the main thing, my devotion to her brother's memory, she was willing to be guided and corrected in smaller things. After a time she began to seem somewhat abashed at herself for having meddled in an arrangement which she ought to have left altogether in my hands.

Her shyness and submission troubled me, and I was sorry to have driven her back into the mood of grateful devotion. However, it could not be helped, and I did not doubt that we should learn to understand one another better in course of time.

Our marriage was to take place after an interval of a few months, and Alison went to pay a series of visits to friends meanwhile. I was left without the solace of her society, and felt disinclined to go back into my own circle, or

to accept invitations in general. Alison's suggestion about Alderthwaite Hall had come upon me with a kind of shock ; it brought back all the memories from which I was trying to escape ; for I could not help realising the impossibility of taking to that trouble-haunted place the young wife for whose sake I had shut my ears to the appeal made to me.

I could never tell her all that happened to me there, how I had nearly yielded to the strange demand forced upon me, or how I had fled in a cowardly manner from the consideration of it. After my marriage that chapter of my memory must be a closed book, and Alderthwaite a forbidden place. I could never face the reproaches possibly waiting for me, nor could I mingle my love for Alison with my sympathy for that strange vision of a woman who had appealed to me so passionately for herself and her fellow victims.

I tried to think that it had all been an illusion, a dream ; and that now, in my happier mood, it could never return. And yet the perplexity of it haunted me ; and I asked myself continually whether I had run away before the visions of a disordered fancy, or broken a promise to a creature who was capable of judgment and consciousness. I felt a great desire to settle the problem while my life was my own, before it was quite bound up with Alison's. Her absence at this time gave me an opportunity of testing my recovered nerve, and proving that Alderthwaite Hall had been haunted only by my own dreams. To convince myself of this fact seemed really necessary to my peace of mind.

I did not write to Alison to tell her where I was going, for I knew that her letters would be forwarded to me ; but I packed up my portmanteau and went down again to the old house by the lake.

I shall not tell all that happened to me after I went back to Alderthwaite Hall ; the recital of it would be painful, and would bring back too vividly the memory of all that I endured at the time.

At first indeed there was a false air of peace and quietness about the place, as if it held no secret and hid no trouble ; and yet this calm failed to satisfy me. I was not convinced that there was nothing strange to hear or see ; I only felt

that I had perhaps sacrificed my power of hearing and seeing, and with it all hope of helping those who had appealed to me.

The sunny quietness of the fells and the shining stillness of the lake were not without their sense of desolation. Somewhere, pushed out of sight by my determined action, the miserable lives might go on, with the power of prayer or reproach denied to them. I felt like one of those pitiless experimenters on living animals who content themselves with administering the cruel drug curari, which binds their victims in a hopeless stillness and silence, while it leaves them full powers of perception and pain. Of all prisons such a one must be the most horrible, because it is the narrowest ; the walls of it are the tortured flesh of the creature, within which it can make no struggle, beyond which it can cast out no cry. Had I done something like this in refusing to hear the appeal so painfully made to me ; in cutting myself off at once from sympathy and communion with those I might have helped ?

This was my first sensation when I found only a commonplace world awaiting me at Alderthwaite, the chickens cheerfully scratching in the yard, the sandpipers crying shrilly over the water. It was succeeded by one of relief and triumph. My past experiences had been delusions born of weakened nerves and solitude. I had broken no promise after all, and been guilty of no unkindness.

This happy assurance was, however, very soon dispelled, and I was to go through more than my last experience of horror. Gradually the power of knowing what was going on around me returned, at first with a painful sense of awakening to a lost consciousness and of fighting with intervening dreams. I knew that there was trouble near me, and strove vainly to understand what it was ; I was certain that voices spoke and people moved around me, but the thread seemed lost which would guide my perceptions to a clear knowledge of what they were.

This time I had to grope my way alone out of the spiritual darkness ; my old guide had abandoned me, discouraged by my unfaithfulness. And when at last I forced my way back into the shadowy

world from which I seemed shut out, no one recognised my presence there : I was a stranger even to *her*.

My experience was a remarkable one ; I doubt if any one ever went through the like before. By the force of my sympathy, communicated to me in the first instance by the strange woman who had spoken to me, I was admitted into a world which had little to do with my own, and enabled to see all that happened there.

I saw many unpleasant things, nearly everything that one would desire not to see : a gray-haired father insulted by his worthless son ; a noble woman cast off and scoffed at by an inferior lover ; a child murdered by its mother ; a wife weeping over her dead husband. Even the pleasanter scenes brought their own horror ; I knew they were but the flowery ways which lead—without any hope of a turning—straight to a wretched end. I grew sick of them at last ; sick of watching the bright beginnings of a young affection which must turn to hatred and humiliation ; the budding of hopes whose fruit would be despair. The whole thing was a horrid mockery, with the dreadful sense of reality behind it. It was I who was a phantom, my presence disregarded and even ignored, while the tragedy went on around me.

One of the most painful experiences was to see the woman who had appealed to me, who had shown herself capable of self-sacrifice and noble thoughts, lavish her fondness on a vulgar villain who laughed at her. The sight was revolting to every instinct I had. She seemed to have gone back, at least at times, to the ignorant completeness of her original life ; at other times she would half awake, look around her in a kind of horror and perplexity, and struggle to understand the second consciousness which slumbered within her.

At such times I wondered if it could be the shock of my desertion which had driven her back from the higher station, if the violence of the effort which she had made in vain had resulted in a hopeless relapse into her old helplessness.

Perhaps it was my sympathy which helped her at last to re-emerge, for she began once more to show some consecutive consciousness of the shadowiness of her life, and to revolt against the things

it compelled her to be and to do. Then she recognised my presence, and—though she did not speak to me—looked at me often with mingled humiliation and reproach ; as if ashamed that I should see the things she was forced to do, and yet indignant that I should have left her with no choice but to do them.

It was long before she attempted to speak to me again, or to take that place of leader and advocate which had been hers before. She was too proud to appeal for herself, and at first too miserable to appeal for others. Meanwhile it was my fate to watch, from hour to hour, so many creatures go helplessly on the way marked out by the caprice of a man's fancy to inevitable sorrow.

I could not interfere, I could not influence—I was entirely outside ; but a week's watching made me feel like Dante in his journey through the Inferno ; or, worse than that, like a brute who is beguiling helpless creatures into torture for some purpose of his own.

I had forgotten my own future ; I had forgotten Alison ; I struggled only with the one thought that these victims were Wilfrid Gale's, and not mine ; that I had no right to interfere and put an end to their sorrows. This was the argument with which I lulled my conscience, or fought against my temptation—which ever way you like to put it.

After many days of the struggle I felt quite broken down ; all power of resistance seemed to have gone from me ; I must yield, or once more, like a coward, find safety in flight.

"It is enough," I felt inclined to cry ; "the brightness of life is gone for ever if I must buy it at the price of this knowledge. I will have no more of it."

And then I knew that for the first time since my return my old guide waited for me, patiently, quietly ; and that, however much I might desire to refuse, I must get up and follow her.

She led me out to the lake, and there, as we stood beside the shining water, bright with gleaming moonlight, I became aware of a presence near us. It was the girl whom I had first seen the night before I fled from Alderthwaite.

She had her baby in her arms, and she bent over it, speaking to it softly.

"Little baby," she said, in her child-like voice, "he will not come back to

us any more ; and my mother is dead, and my father will never forgive. If I left you to grow up as I did, would you leave me for some one who did not care much, as I left my mother, and should I have to die alone ? Little baby, it is better to die now—now—before your heart is broken as mine is ; before you break some one else's as I did. It is not worth while living ; it is better to die. The trouble is so long, and the happiness so short." She spoke pleadingly, as if the child could understand and might reproach her for what she meant to do, rocking it gently all the while in her arms. "I am hungry, baby, and very ill. When you wake you will cry because I have so little food to give you. It is better never to wake, never to feel any more."

She stopped with a shudder, and looked round as if frightened, and I saw then how thin she was, and how wan her cheeks.

"It is dreadful to do it myself," she said in a low voice ; "if some one would only do it for me, and I never know, as I can do it for baby ! Oh ! if he would not give me the means to live he might have given me death instead ; but I must seek that for myself, even that."

She seemed to be relenting in her purpose, and looked back along the path by which she had come ; but the child stirred in her arms and uttered a faint moan, more pitiful to hear than any cry. She bent over it with passionate kisses, and said, "I will do it, baby, for your sake ; I will not be afraid."

She laid it down then, very gently and carefully, in a boat moored to the beach. With her wasted fingers she undid the fastening and put the oars into their places ; then, slowly and painfully, she began to row into the deeper water. She paused once among the water-lilies and looked at her baby, as if she thought of laying him down among their roots ; but she remembered the uncertainty of her own resolution and went further away from the shore. In the still, deep water near the centre of the lake she stood up, letting the oars fall away out of her reach. She took the baby up and remained for a moment, a dark, straight figure in the moonlight ; the boat had drifted a little, the oars were black lines some feet away. Then she held out the

child suddenly at arm's length, uttering a strange despairing cry, which was no appeal for help, but rather a protest and a last declaration of pain to the indifferent universe. The cry rang down the lake, and the fells cast it back ; it was followed by a splash. She had opened her arms and let the child fall into the water.

A strange thing followed. She had evidently meant to spring in after her baby, but now her courage failed her, and she cowered down shuddering in the boat. Then she leaned over and tried to reach the oars, but they were too far away ; after that she burst into a fit of bitter sobbing, and covered her face with her hands, longing perhaps for courage to finish what she had begun.

In another moment she stopped and looked round her, timidly and cautiously. She seemed afraid of what she might see, and her fear was not without foundation, for a dark object was apparent in the water near her. At the sight of it she rose as if she had been struck, and, without a moment's hesitation, leapt over the side of the boat towards it.

"My baby, come back to me !" was her cry, as the ruffled waters closed over her. In the gleaming moonlight only the boat was left drifting, and near it the floating oars.

I turned away with something between a shudder and a sigh of relief.

"Yes, it is over," said my guide, speaking for the first time since my return, and answering my thought. "Must it begin again and go on, through all the weary course of it, to the dreadful end ?"

I looked at her actually with something of anger and repugnance. She was like an accusing spirit from which I could not escape. I uttered no word in reply, but I went in-doors, took pen and paper, and wrote through all that night and into the following morning.

It was not one thing that I wrote, but many. There was a serious essay pointing out the intrinsic weakness of my friend's writings and the sketchiness of his characters ; there was a jesting discourse, which laughed at the public for having taken seriously what was only worth a passing thought ; there were other papers in other styles. The substance of all was the same, but the forms

were different, and each, as I wrote it, I addressed to the magazine for which it was most suited, among those to which I was an accepted contributor.

I did this work without pause or hesitation. When it was done I had my breakfast, packed up my portmanteau, and departed. I posted my productions *en route*, paid a flying visit to my lodgings, and took the earliest train to Dover. My next letter to Alison was dated from Paris. I told her that I had been suddenly obliged to go abroad on business, that I should travel from place to place, and that I could not at present give her any address to write to.

My great desire at that time was to get out of the reach of letters and magazines. If my papers were printed, it must be without any proof correction from me. I was determined to have nothing more to do with them. If they came into my hands again, it could only be to renew the old struggle, which I hoped to have concluded for ever.

When I next saw Alison more than three months had passed away. I had written to her several times, but always when on the point of changing my quarters, and I had taken care to avoid giving any instructions for the forwarding of letters. If this thing had to be done, let it be done irretrievably before I had any more knowledge of it.

I spoke to Alison in my brief letters of much business and travel in which I was involved: and I spoke truthfully, for I had chosen to absorb myself in an exhaustive study of certain districts of the Continent, on which, with their people and their history, I had been invited to write a series of papers.

"I cannot create," I wrote to her, with a ghastly effort to be playful, "but I can at least *amass*; and I am trying hard to lay the foundation of some future fame before I come back to you. This sort of travelling will be out of the question *for you*, and after we are married I shall not like to do it alone."

When I had actually started on my return journey, I telegraphed the time at which I expected to arrive at home, and on reaching my London lodgings I found a note from Alison awaiting me. It was very brief, and only stated where she was to be found; but I guessed from the tone of it that something was

wrong, and that she had some revelation to make.

When I actually stood before her, she looked very pale and sad. The mourning which she wore for her brother before I went away had not been changed for anything brighter; it had not even been modified. She listened to my greetings quietly, and then sat down, clasping her hands in the intensity of some emotion.

"I want to tell you," she said, "of something dreadful that has happened since you went away," and then I knew that the thing had been done, and that my wild shots had not missed their mark.

A heap of papers and magazines lay beside her; she took them up now, and began to finger them in an agitated manner.

"Some one," she said, "has done a wicked thing—some one who must have hated my brother, and been angry that justice had been done to him at last. See!" she went on, holding the papers towards me, "every one of them contains something written against his books."

I took them from her, and was glad to hold my head down, examining them. As I turned over the pages rapidly, I perceived that the writing in question was all mine. Some of it had been abbreviated, some a little altered, the editors having taken the responsibility of correction in my absence. One little essay, light and sarcastic in tone, had evidently fallen in altogether with the editorial mood; it had been polished to a keener intensity of mocking evil, and some very sharp strokes of severity had been added to it.

"What is so strange," said Alison, in her low, troubled voice, "is, that people believe those wicked things. I know they do. I can see it by the way they begin to look at me, as if they were a little sorry, but it did not matter much. They are not *interested* as they were before, and glad to talk of my brother; they just look at me for a moment in an observing sort of manner, and then turn away. The most they will say now is, 'What a pity your brother died so young,'—as if he did not do enough to make his fame first!"

"You must be mistaken," I answered, still turning over the leaves, and won-

dering how I could have thought of so much severe criticism in one night ; "such a change cannot take place all at once."

"Yet it has ; and oh ! how I have wished for you to come back and do something. My friends talk to me, and say that my brother's fame had not been established long enough to resist this attack ; that your praise of him had started it, and that now every one remembers that you were his particular friend. Nobody cared for his writing, really—that's what they try to tell me in other words, to make me patient, but people were ashamed of not seeming to care when they heard that he was so clever, and a real genius. Now they can please themselves, because some one has dared to write slightly of him ; and the sale of his books has stopped quite suddenly. It must be a very jealous and wicked person who has done it !"

"Why do you think it is one person ? There are six essays here, in different papers."

"They are none of them signed ; and I do not believe there are two persons in the world so cruel as that," she ended conclusively.

I put the papers down and looked at her at last.

"Alison," I said, "you know that I love you."

"I believe that you do," she answered, her face flushing, "that is why I ask you to help me."

"And that I was your brother's friend, and liked to be of service to him ?"

"You have been before, and you will be again now," she said ; but I went on without heeding her.

"How will you believe me, then, when I tell you that I wrote these papers, every one of them ?"

"You !" She rose to her feet, confronting me.

"Yes, I !" I answered, rising too, and putting the papers down.

"I do not believe you. You are mad. You are ill. You do not know what you are saying."

"I know very well. It was to get away from this trouble that I left you and went abroad."

She trembled a little, and leaned on the table to support herself, looking at me with a white face.

"You could not do it," she said. "There was no motive. It is—some cruel joke."

"It is the miserable truth ; and I will tell you the motive."

Then I sat down again, and told her, as rapidly and yet as fully as I could, the history of my temptation, how I had fled from it, returned to it, yielded to it.

She sank back in her chair as she listened, a look of perplexity, of incredulity, of pain, on her face. Once I thought there was a glimpse of fear there ; but my calm manner, my steady voice, the coherence of my discourse, in spite of its strange subject, reassured her. She could not think that I was dangerously mad ; it was easier to believe that I was, for some unknown reason, deceiving her.

When I had finished she looked at me quietly, and said, "You have had a strange delusion ; and now you will confess all, and undo it."

"No," I said, "much as I love you, I don't think I shall ever undo it."

"Do you mean," she said, "that you will let the world go on reading those papers, not knowing why they were written ?"

"Does the world know why I wrote the first ; because he was my friend, and you were his sister ?"

She paled a little at this, but answered, "It was true ; you believed it."

"With modifications. And these papers are true, and I believe them, with modifications. No, I will interfere no more. I have but undone what I did. If your brother's fame is a real thing, if his genius is a sufficient thing, his works will survive this attack. If they cannot survive it, if they owed their success entirely to what I wrote before, let them be forgotten ; it is their proper fate."

"But I," she said, her eyes beginning to flame somewhat, "I can tell the world what you will not."

"You can please yourself," I answered ; "the world will not, any more than you do, believe in my true motive. They will think my explanation a mere excuse to escape your anger. Will it then benefit your brother's fame for it to be known that the critic who praised him so highly at first repented afterwards and wrote these things ?"

She became very pale indeed, and faltered, "You are too clever for me. I did not think of that."

I was touched with pity and tenderness at the sight of her trouble.

"Alison," I said, "forgive me, and let this go by. You cannot believe or understand what I have told you, but you can at least suppose that I have some good reason, and would not grieve you without cause. I have but undone what I did; your brother's fame stands as it was before I touched it. If it fades away and he is forgotten, he is spared the trouble of knowing it. He is gone, and can suffer no more from the world's caprices; but we have years of life before us. Let this be a closed book in the future. If you can forgive me I will strive to make up in other ways for this trouble; why should we not be happy yet, since we love one another?"

"I?" she said, drawing back, and speaking with scorching emphasis. "Do you think that I can love *you*, the traitor, the wicked injurer of the dead?"

"I hoped you loved me," I answered, "since you promised to be my wife."

"I will not break my promise," she said, "if you will undo this wickedness that you have done."

"It is impossible, much as I love you."

"Then let me never have the misery of looking on your face again," she answered passionately. And so she turned and left me.

I have never seen Alison since that day, but I have heard of her marriage to a clergyman, a very second-rate sort of man, who fancies, entirely without foundation, that he has a talent for composing hymns.

I cannot say that I have ever repented what I did, though it has made my life lonely, and brought trouble to the girl I loved. If I made a mistake, the error was a cruel one, to me as well as to others; but I am to-day as convinced of the reality of what I saw and heard as when I sat down and wrote those papers.

Alison did not exaggerate the consequence of their almost simultaneous appearance. Wilfrid Gale had not the qualities necessary to ensure popularity, though he was clever enough for people

to admire him when told—with authority—that they ought to do so. When told, however, with equal authority, and more numerical force, that they might please themselves, they pleased themselves in the direction of forgetfulness and neglect.

After my parting with Alison Gale I went abroad again, and did not return to England for some years. During my absence Alison married, and many of my friends had time to forget me.

They had time also to forget the poor genius who had died too young, and for whom the mistaken zeal of a friend—as gossip said—had achieved a momentary popularity. When I came back I found that his name had slipped from people's memories, and his books had disappeared from the stalls. There was no demand for his works in the libraries, no reference to his productions in the current literature. Very few read him, and nobody quoted him. He was remembered, as a name, by one or two literary persons, but his writings had, even with them, sunk into the haze of oblivion.

I went down to Alderthwaite Hall once more, and found a great peace and silence resting on its ivied chimneys and dwelling in its ancient walls. The ghosts had gone, set free at last from the sadness of their unreal existence. None thought of them, none remembered them; that mission of reflecting in a shadowy life the intense consciousness of men and women who believed in their identities, was over and done with. All were gone, except one, whose sad face still haunted the place with its patient sweetness.

It was even as she had guessed. The effort which broke the narrow bonds of her life, and rendered her capable of original action, had set her in a higher circle of existence than those who were her companions. As their consciousness grew less intense, their joy and sorrow less real, her individuality remained the same. Gradually she became more and more separated from those for whom she had done so much, and also from the old chain of circumstances and feelings which had bound her before. She stood aloof in her solitude, and saw the old life fall away, saw the old companions die out, till they were only faint echoes, or dim visions.

Then she was left alone, with no life to live, her career ended ; her work successful for others, a failure for herself alone.

"But I do not repent," she said, speaking to me for the last time, "it was a good thing to do, and the rest are free. I would have done it for that alone. It used to seem a terrible thing to me, when first I grew to understand it, to think of all those lives marked out to live, those loves to be felt, those sins to be done, without any choice. But since then I have wondered whether if any of you get far enough to see what you are, the hopelessness and the triviality of it will drive you to despair, as it did me. But I cannot tell. Will any of you be strong enough to reach a higher knowledge, and will it also prove to be death and oblivion? Will it be the fate of one, as it has been mine, to find that greater truth which is the end of life, and, having opened the door by which the others go out, to be left alone in all eternity with no way of passing through?"

"I should never have the courage to seek such a way," I answered, shuddering.

"You cannot tell what you would do if the need proved strong enough. And now I want to ask one thing for myself : this is for myself alone. It is that you will go away from this place again, and never return to it. I think of you always with gratitude and kindness. To have known you is some compensation for having been compelled, in the existence from which you delivered me, to love"—she stopped and shuddered. "I will not go back to that evil thought, which covers me still with humiliation. Your memory is pleasant to me, but your presence fills me with too strong a life. Too strong because I have nothing to do with it, and am as purposeless as a shadow. When you are far away my thoughts are dim like a dream. I hardly

know that I go on existing ; one day perhaps I may go out altogether. For you will forget me, perhaps, and it is only in your mind that I now live—not the old life, a newer though a lonelier one."

"I fear that I shall never forget you," I answered, in a low voice.

"I must wait longer then," she answered, with a wan, sweet smile ; "when the end comes for you it will come for me too. There is some pleasure in the thought. We have never lived the same life, I have been only a vision to you ; but we may at least die together, and that will be a kind of meeting. Good-bye."

She smiled with a quivering lip, and I put out my hand to touch hers. It seemed so real to me that I felt as if I might clasp it, and draw her from her shadowy world to my real one. But she drew back, shook her head, and smiled again.

"Let me go!" she said ; "never call me to this stronger life again. It can only be an added pain to us both."

My hand dropped. I had no strength to protest, but watched her as she faded from my sight, and then put my hand over my eyes, feeling as if I had parted from a friend who was very dear to me.

I never saw her again. If she still haunts the old Hall at Alderthwaite I shall not know. Peace be with her sweet strong spirit if it has not yet found its rest !

I shall never marry. Alison was my first love ; after I lost her I never looked on another woman whom I desired to make my wife. About them all, in spite of their fairness, there was something hard, and cold, and worldly. That vision that I had had of a suffering creature, who was willing to suffer still if her companions might be set free, came between me and all the bright beauty of girls who hardly knew what trouble was. It comes between me and my old ambitions now.

What a strange thing it is to look forward to my own death, knowing that it will bring *her* freedom and therefore her reward !—*Macmillan's Magazine*.



## A THINKING MACHINE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

"THINGS marvellous there are many," says the Attic dramatist, "but among them all nought moves more truly marvellous than man." And, indeed, when one begins seriously to think it over, there is no machine in all the world one half, nay one millionth part, so extraordinary in its mode of action as the human brain. Minutely constructed, inscrutable in all its cranks and wheels, composed of numberless cells and batteries, all connected together by microscopically tiny telegraphic wires, and so designed (whether by superior intelligence or evolutionary art) that every portion of it answers sympathetically to some fact or energy of the external universe—the human brain defies the clumsy analysis of our carving-knife anatomists, and remains to this day a great unknown and almost unmapped region, the *terra incognita* of modern physiology. If you look into any one of the ordinary human machines, with its spokes and cogs, its springs and levers, you can see at once (at least, if you have a spark of native mechanical intelligence within you) how its various portions are meant to run together, and what is the result, the actual work, to be ultimately got out of it. But not the profoundest microscopist, not the acutest psychologist, not the most learned physiologist on earth could possibly say, by inspecting a given little bit of the central nervous mechanism of humanity, why the excitation of this or that fragment of grey matter should give rise to the picture of a brown umbrella or the emotion of jealousy, why it should rather be connected with the comprehension of a mathematical problem than with the consciousness of pain or the memory of a grey-haired, military-looking gentleman whom we met three years ago at an hotel at Biarritz.

Merely to state these possible alternatives of the stimulation of a portion of the brain is sufficient to bring up vividly into view the enormous and almost inconceivable complexity of that wonderful natural mechanism. Imagine for a moment a machine so delicate that it is

capable of yielding us the sensation of a strawberry ice, the æsthetic delight of a beautiful picture, the intellectual perception of the equality of the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle, the recollection of what we all said and did the day we went for that picnic to the Dolly waterfalls, the vague and inconsistent dissolving views of a disturbed dream, the pain of toothache, and the delight at meeting once more an old friend who has returned from India. The very mention of such a complicated machinery, let alone the difficulty of its possession of consciousness, is enough to make the notion thus nakedly stated seem wild and absurd. Yet there the machine actually is, to answer bodily for its own possibility. You cannot cavil at the accomplished fact. It may be inconceivable, but at any rate it exists. Logic may demolish it: ridicule may explode it: metaphysics may explain it away; but in spite of them all, it continues still imperturbably to be, and to perform the thousand and one incredible functions which argument conclusively and triumphantly demonstrates it can never compass. Call it materialism or what else you like, experimental physiology has now calmly demonstrated the irrefragable fact that on the brain, and on each of its parts, depends the whole of what we are and what we feel, what we see and what we suffer, what we believe and what we imagine. Everything that in our inmost souls we think of as *Us*, apart from that mere external burden, our body, is summed up in the functions and activity of a single marvellous and inscrutable organism, our human brain.

But though physiology can tell us very little as yet about how the brain does its work, it can nevertheless tell us something; and late researches have made such a difference in our way of looking at its mode of activity, and have so upset many current and very crudely materialistic errors, that it may perhaps be worth while briefly to state, in popular and comprehensible language, how the organ of thought envisages itself in

actual working process to the most advanced among our modern physiological psychologists.

Let us begin first with the old-fashioned and, as we now believe, essentially mistaken view—the view which found its fullest and most grotesque outcome in the spurious science of so-called phrenology, but which still lingers on, more or less carefully disguised, among the “localisations,” and “specific energies” of many respectable modern authorities.

According to this superficial view, overtly expressed or implicitly suggested in different cases, each cell and ganglion and twist of the brain had a special function and purpose of its own to subserve, and answered to a single special element of sensation or perception, intellect or emotion. In a certain little round mass of brain matter, in the part of the head devoted to language (if we push the theory to its extreme conclusion), must have been localised the one word “dog;” in the next little mass must have been localised “horse;” in the next, “camel,” in the next again, “elephant,” and so on *ad infinitum*. Here, a particular cell and fibre were entrusted with the memory of the visible orange; there, another similar little nervous element had to do with the recollection of the audible note *C* flat in the middle octave of a cottage piano. Thus reduced to its naked terms, of course, the theory sounds almost too obviously gross and ridiculous; but something like it, not quite so vividly realised or pushed so far into minute detail, was held not only by the old-fashioned phrenologists, but also by many modern and far more physiological mental philosophers.

When we come to look the question in the face, however, the mere number of cells and fibres in the human brain, immense as it undoubtedly is, would surely never suffice for the almost infinite variety of perceptions and facts with which our memory alone (not to mention any other mental faculty) is so abundantly stored. Suppose, for example, we take merely the human beings, living or extinct, with whose names or personalities we are more or less fully acquainted, and try to give a cell or a fibre or a ganglion to each; how many cells or fibres or ganglia would be left unappropriated at the end of the enumeration for

all the rest of animate or inanimate nature, and all the other facts or sensations with which we are perfectly familiar, to say nothing of emotions, volitions, pleasures, pains, and all the other minor elements of our complex being? Let us begin, by way of experiment, with Greek history alone, and try to distribute one separate nerve element apiece to Solon and Periander, to Themistocles and Aristides, to Herodotus and Thucydides, to Zeuxis and Pheidias, to Socrates and Plato, to Æschylus and Sophocles, to Aristides and Alexander, and so on straight through down to the very days of the Byzantine empire. Then let us begin afresh over again, and give a cell all round to the noble Romans of our happy school-days, Romulus and Remus (myth or reality matters little for our present purpose), the seven kings and the ten decemvirs, the Curtius who leaped into the gulf and the Scævola who burnt his hand off in the Etruscan fire, those terrible Scipios and those grim Gracchi, our enemy Horace with his friend Mæcenas, and so down through all the Cæsars to the second Romulus again, pretty much where we originally started. Once more, apply the same thing to English history, and allot a single brain element apiece to everybody we can remember from Cerdic of Wessex to Queen Victoria, from Cædmon the poet, through Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, to Tennyson, Swinburne, and Oscar Wilde—a cell each for all the statesmen, priests, fighters, writers, thinkers, doers, and miscellaneous nobodies whom we can possibly recall from the limbo of forgetfulness, from the days when Hengist and Horsa (alas! more myths) drove their symmetrical three keels ashore at Ebbsfleet, to the events recorded for our present edification in this evening’s newspaper. (And observe in passing that, out of deference to advanced Teutonic scholarship, I have simply flung away Caractacus and Boadicea, Carausius and Allectus, and all the other vague and vaguely-remembered personalities of the earlier British and Romano-British history). Why, by the time we had got through our historic personages alone, we should have but a very scanty remnant of places for the thousands and thousands of living individuals with whom each one of us must

have come in contact, and each of whom seems to occupy a separate niche or distinct pigeon-hole in the endless archives of the particular memory.

And this is only a single small department of the possibly memorable, a mere specimen category out of an innumerable collection that might equally well have been adduced in evidence. Take the animal world, for example,—the creatures themselves, and not their names—and look at the diversity of cats and dogs, goats and sheep, beetles and butterflies, soles and shrimps, that even the ordinary unlearned man knows and recognises, and mostly remembers. Narrow the question down to dogs alone, and still you get the same result. Consider the St. Bernards and the mastiffs, the pugs and the bull-dogs, the black-and-tans and the King Charlies, the sheep-dogs and the deer-hounds, the shivering little Italian greyhounds and the long dachshunds that you buy by the yard. Every one of these and countless others has got to have its cell all to itself in the classificatory department of the human brain, and I suppose another cell for its name in the portion specially devoted to language also. Add to these the plants, flowers, fruits, roots, and other well-known vegetable products whose names are familiar to almost everybody, and what a total you have got at once! A good botanist, to take a more specific case, knows (in addition to a stock of general knowledge about equivalent on the average to anybody else's) the names and natures of hundreds and thousands of distinct plants, to say nothing about innumerable small peculiarities of stem, and leaf, and flower, and seed in every species and variety among them all. No, the mere bare weight of dead fact with which everybody's memory is stored and laden defies the possibility of reckoning and pigeon-holing. Make your separate docketts ever so tiny, reduce them all to their smallest dimensions, and yet there will not be room for all of them in the human brain. The more we think on it, the more will the wonder grow that one small head can carry all that the merest infant knows.

And now observe once more in turn a still greater and more fatal difficulty. I have spoken throughout, after the manner of men, as though each separate ob-

ject, or word, or idea had a clearly defined and limited individuality, and that it could be distinctly located and circumscribed by itself in a single solitary isolated cell of the nervous mechanism. But in reality the very terms I have been obliged to use in describing the matter have themselves contained the implicit condemnation of this crude, hard, and impossible materialistic conception. For no idea and no word is, as a matter of fact, so rigidly one and indivisible, like the French Republic. Take for example once more our old friend "dog," and let us confine our attention just now to the word alone, not to the ideas connoted by it. Dog is not one word: it is a whole group and set of words. There is, first of all, the audible sound, dog, as it falls upon our ears when spoken by another. That is to say, there is, *imprimis*, dog auditory. Secondly, there is the muscular effort, dog, as it frames itself upon our own lips and vocal organs when we say it aloud to another person. That is to say, there is, *secundo*, dog pronounceable. Thirdly, there is the written or printed word, dog, DOG, in capitals or minuscules, script, or Roman, or italic, as we recognise it visibly when seen with our eyes in book or letter. That is to say, there is, *tertio*, dog legible. Now, it is quite clear that each of these three distinct dogs is made up of separate elements, and cannot possibly be regarded as being located in a single cell or fibre alone. Dog auditory is made up of the audible consonantal sound D, the audible vowel sound aũ or õ (unhappily we have no universally recognised phonetic system), and the other audible consonantal sound G hard; in that precise order of sequence and no other. Dog pronounceable is made up of an effort of breath against tongue and teeth, producing the soft dental sound D, followed by an unimpeded vocalised breath, producing the audible vowel sound aũ or õ, and closed by a stoppage of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, producing the soft palatal G. Finally, dog legible, in print at least, is composed of the separate symbols D and O and G, or d and o and g, or *d* and *o* and *g*. Yet all these distinct and unlike dogs would be unhesitatingly classed by most people under the head of language, and be located by

phrenologists, with their clumsy lumping glibness, in the imaginary "bump" thereto assigned, or by more modern physiologists (whose excellent scientific work I should be the last to undervalue) in the particular convolution of the left hemisphere found to be diseased in many cases of "atactic aphasia," or loss of speech.

How infinitely more complex and varied then is the idea of dog, for which all these heard, spoken, written, or printed dogs are but so many rough and incomplete symbols. For the idea of dog comprises the head thereof, and the tail, the four legs, the eyes, the mouth, the nose, the neck, the body, the toes, the hair, the bark, the bite, the canine teeth that inflict it, and all the other known and remembered peculiarities of perfect doghood as ideally realisable. If we are to assign peradventure a special tract in the brain to the concept dog, it must be clear at once that that tract will be itself a very large and much subdivided region. For it must include all the separate visible attributes of the dog in general; and also it must contain as sub-species in subordination to it every kind of known dog, not only those already enumerated, but also the Eskimo dog, the Pomeranian, the French poodle, the turnspit, the Australian dingo, the Cuban bloodhound, the Gordon setter, and so forth through every other form of dog the particular possessor of that individual brain has ever seen, cognised, or heard of. Is it not clear that on the hypothesis of such definite and distinct localisation, dog-tract alone ought to monopolise a region about one sixth as big every way as our whole assignable provision of brain surface?

Moreover, about this point we seem to be getting ourselves into a sad mud-dle. For we have next to remember our own private dog, Grip, let us call him, or if you prefer it, Prince or Ponto. Now, I suppose, his name, viewed as a name, will be localised in the language department of our particular brain, and will there be arranged under the general heading of proper names, division dog-names. But there must be some intimate cross-connection between the cell or cells representing the audible and pronounceable name Grip, or the letters G, R, I, P, and the cell or cells which

have to do with the idea dog, and also, I imagine, with the name dog: for both the word Grip is intimately connected in my mind with the words "my dog," and the idea Grip is intimately connected in that same humble empirical subjectivity with the idea of dog in general. In fact, I can't think of Grip without thinking at once of his visible appearance, his personal name, and his essential dogginess of name and nature. Grip is to me a symbol, primarily, of some dog or other, and secondarily or more particularly of my dog. But whether Grip and Ponto are arranged and pigeon-holed in cells next door to one another, as being both by name dogs; or whether one is arranged under G, as in a dictionary, and the other under P (just after Pontius, for example, and just before Pontus Euxinus, both of which form distinct component elements of my verbal memory), I cannot imagine. At each step in the effort to realise this wooden sort of localisation, is it not clear that we are sinking deeper and deeper into a bottomless slough of utter inconceivability?

Once more (and this shall be my last attempt to point out the absurdity of the extreme cell-theory), what are we to make of the case of a man who knows more than one language? Take for example the word *chien*. Here, in one direction, all the associations and connections of idea are exactly the same as in the word *dog*. If I happen to be speaking English, I say, "It's a dog:" if I happen to be speaking French, I say, "C'est un chien," and in both cases with just about the same idea in my mind. The picture called up by the one word is exactly the same, in most respects, as the picture called up by the other. Yet not precisely. If I write Paris, so, the notion immediately aroused in the reader's mind is that of a white and glaring brand-new city across the Channel where we all go to waste our hard-earned money at periodical intervals. But if in the preceding line I had happened to talk of Priam and Helen, the idea called up by that self-same combination of one capital letter and four small ones would have been a wholly different one, of an idyllic shepherd, as in Tennyson's *Enone*, or of a handsome scamp as in (Homer's) *Iliad*. If I write "baker," everybody knows I mean the

man who supplies hot rolls for breakfast : but if I write "Baker," everybody is aware that I allude to Sir Samuel or to his brother the Pacha. Now this alternative possibility is even worse in the case of *chien*. For if I am talking French, the sight of a particular animal which usually calls up to my lips the word "dog," calls up instead the totally different word *chien*. And if the subject in hand is philology, while dog immediately suggests to me the curious practical falling out of our language of the primitive word *hund*, hound, now only applied to a special class of dogs, and the substitution for it of a Scandinavian and Dutch root not found in Anglo-Saxon, *chien* immediately suggests to me its ultimate derivation from its original *canis*, and the habitual change of *c* before *a* into *ch* in the passage of words into French from Latin. By this time, I think, the reader (with his usual acuteness) will begin to perceive into what a hopeless network of cross connections and crooked combinations we have managed to get ourselves in our search after the definitely localisable.

How, then, does the mechanism of the brain really act? I believe the true answer to this question is the one most fully given by M. Ribot and never yet completely accepted by English psychologists. It acts, for the most part, as a whole : or at least, even the simplest idea or mental act of any sort is a complex of processes involving the most enormously varied brain elements. Instead of dog being located somewhere in one particular cell of the brain, dog is an idea, audible, visible, legible, pronounceable, requiring for different modes of its perception or production the co-operation of an enormous number of separate cells, fibres, and ganglia.

Let us take an illustration from a kindred case. How clumsy and awkward a supposition it would be if we were to imagine there was a muscle of dancing, and a muscle of walking, and a muscle of rowing, and a muscle of cricketing, and a muscle for the special practice of the noble art of lawn-tennis. Dancing is not a single act ; it is a complex series of coördinated movements, implying for its proper performance the action of almost all the muscles of the body in different proportions, and in

relatively fixed amounts and manners. Even a waltz is complicated enough ; but when we come to a quadrille or a set of lancers everybody can see at once that the figure consists of so many steps forward and so many back ; of a bow here, and a twirl there ; of hands now extended both together, and now held out one at a time in rapid succession ; and so forth throughout all the long and complicated series. A quadrille, in short, is not a name for one act, for a single movement of a single muscle, but for many acts of the whole organism, all arranged in a fixed sequence.

It is just the same with the simplest act of mental perception. Orange, for example, is not the name of a single impression ; it is the name of a vast complex of impressions, all or most of which are present to consciousness in the actuality whenever we see an orange, and a great many of which are present in the *idæ* whenever we remember or think of an orange. It is the name of a rather soft yellow fruit, round in shape, with a thick rind, white inside, and possessing a characteristic taste and odor ; a fruit divisible into several angular juicy segments, with cells inside, and with pips of a recognised size and shape—and so forth, *ad infinitum*. In the act of perceiving an orange we exercise a number of separate nerves of sight, smell, taste, and feeling, and their connected organs in the brain as well. In the act of thinking about or remembering an orange we exercise more faintly a considerable number of these nerves and central organs, though not, of course, all distinctly or all together ; otherwise, our mental picture of an orange would be as vivid and all-embracing as the sight of the actual orange itself.

Now, the name of orange calls up more or less definitely the picture of several among these separate qualities. But it doesn't call them all up ; indeed, the word in itself may not perhaps call up any of them. For instance, in the phrase, the Prince of Orange, where identical symbols meet the eye, I don't think of the fruit at all ; I think, according to circumstances and context, either of William III. of blessed memory, or of the eldest son of the present King of the Netherlands, whose memory (in

Paris especially) is somewhat more doubtful. An orangeman and an orange-woman are not, as one might innocently imagine, correlative terms. Even without this accidental ambiguity, derived from the name of the town of Orange on the Rhone, the word orange need not necessarily connote anything more than the color by itself; as when we say that Miss Terry's dress was a deep yellow or almost orange. Nay, when we actually mean the fruit in person, not the tree, flower, or color, the picture called up will be very different according to the nature of the phrase in which the word occurs. For if I am talking about ordering dessert, the picture in my mind is that of five yellow fruits, piled up pyramid-wise on a tall centre-dish; whereas, if I am talking to a botanical friend, my impression is rather that of a cross section through a succulent fruit (known technically as a hesperidium), and displaying a certain familiar arrangement of cells, dissepiments, placentas, and seeds. In short, the word orange, instead of being a single unity, localisable in a single ganglion, represents a vast complex, of which now these elements are uppermost in consciousness and now those, but which seems to demand for its full realisation an immense co-operation of very diverse and numerous brain organs.

Every thought, even the simplest, involves for its production the united or associated action of a vast mass of separate brain cells and separate brain fibres. One thought differs from another dynamically rather than statically. It differs as running differs from dancing—not because different muscles are employed, but because the same muscles are employed in a different manner.

Trains of thought are therefore like a quadrille. One set of exercises is followed by another, which it at once suggests or sets in motion.

Of course I do not mean to deny that every cell and fibre in the brain has its own particular use and function, any more than I would deny that each particular muscle in the body is intended to pull a particular bone or to move a particular definite organ. But what I do mean is that each such separate function is really elementary or analytical: its object is to assist in forming a concep-

tion or idea, not to contain, as it were, a whole conception ready made. Chinese symbols stand each for an entire word, and it takes thousands of them to make up a language; alphabetical letters stand each, not for a word, but for an elementary sound or component of a word, and twenty-six of them do (very badly, it is true) for all the needs of our mother English. Just so, each cell or fibre in the brain does not stand for a particular word or a particular idea, but for some element of sensation or memory or feeling that goes to make up the special word or idea in question. Horse is made up of five letters, or of four phonetic sounds; it is made up also of a certain form and size and color and mode of motion; and when we speak of it all these elements are more or less vaguely present to our consciousness, coalescing into a sort of indefinite picture, and calling up one another more or less symbolically.

This theory at first sight seems to make the explanation of memory far more difficult and abstruse than formerly. For on the old hypothesis (never perhaps fully pushed to its extreme in realisable thought by any sensible person) it seemed easy enough to say that every act of perception and every fact learnt was the establishment of a line of communication between two or more distinct cells or ganglia in the brain, and that the communication, once fairly established, persisted pretty constantly ever afterwards. I am told "Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon;" and forthwith, cell Shakespeare (or Shakspeare, or Shakspear, &c.) has a line run from it to cell birth and cell Stratford-on-Avon (a pretty complex one indeed, this last), which line remains from that day forward permeable to any similar exercise of nervous energy. This method is undeniably simple, neat, and effective. But, setting aside the difficulty of realising that any one tract of the brain can possibly hold our whole vast mental picture of Shakespeare or of Stratford-on-Avon (especially if we have ever read the one or visited the other) there is the grotesque difficulty of the innumerable lines and cross-connections of association. A central telephone station would be the merest child's play to it. For even so simple a word and idea as gooseberry

is capable of arousing an infinite number of ideas and emotions. It may lead us at once to the old garden in the home of our childhood, or to the gooseberry-fool we ate yesterday : it may suggest the notion of playing gooseberry, or the big gooseberry of the newspaper paragraph : it may lead to etymological dissertation on its derivation from gooseberry, allied to north country grosers and French groseille, or it may summon up visions of bad champagne, incidentally leading to the Vicar of Wakefield, and the famous wine manufactured only by Mrs. Primrose. In fact, I have no hesitation at all in expressing my private opinion that if the chart of the brain were at all like what most people imagine it to be, the associations of the word gooseberry alone would suffice to give good and solid employment to every fibre, cell, and convolution it anywhere possesses.

On the other hand, if we regard the brain as mainly dynamical, as an organism capable of very varied combinations of action, we can easily see, not only how memory becomes possible, but also how such infinite variations of association are rendered conceivable. For if every thought or perception is, as it were, an organised tremor in a vast group of diverse nerve-elements, often indeed in almost all together, it is simple enough to understand how these tremors may fall into regular rhythms, may excite one another in regular successions, may get habitual, just as the steps do in dancing, or the movements of the hand in writing a familiar and well-remembered formula—for example, in signing one's name. Here, in this immense and minutely organised workshop, we have a constant succession of motions in wheels and gearing, so arranged that each motion may be communicated in a thousand directions, and what is apparently a single impetus may call up the most diverse and extraordinary results. But in reality, the impetus is not single : for when we are thinking of horse in one way, we have a certain fixed form of movement

called up ; while if we are thinking of it in another way, the form called up, though analogous in many respects, is far indeed from being identical. When I write " nice " you think of something or other vaguely pleasant ; but when I write " Nice " the very pronunciation is altered into something very like " nièce," and the picture that rises before your mind is the very definite one of the Promenade des Anglais, with its long line of white villas and stunted palm-trees, bounded by the blue horizon of the Mediterranean and the beautiful slopes of the coast towards Villefranche. It is just the same with the apples and the oranges. The elements of the picture vary incessantly ; and while one combination now suggests one association, another combination another time suggests a second. The elements join together in an infinite variety of ways, and so a finite number of cells and fibres enable us to build up all the wealth of thought, just as twenty-six tiny symbols allow us to express all the wonderful conceptions of Milton and all the beautiful ideas of Shelley. There are only fifty-two cards in a pack, it is true, but no two games of whist ever yet played, in all probability, were absolutely identical.

To sum it all up : it is the brain as a whole that thinks, and feels, and desires, and imagines, just as it is the body as a whole that walks, and swims, and digs, and dances. To locate, say, the faculty of language in a particular convolution of a particular hemisphere is almost as absurd, it seems to me, as to locate, say, the faculty of writing in the last joint of the right forefinger. Convolution and forefinger may be absolutely essential or indispensable for the proper performance of speech or writing ; but to say that is not to say that the function in question is there localised. The brain as a whole is the organ of mind, but there is no organ for the word Canonbury or for the proper perception of a Mrs. Pollock geranium.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## ÆSCHYLUS AND SHAKESPEARE—THE "EUMENIDES" AND "HAMLET."

BY JULIA WEDGWOOD.

"It is a dull play" was the criticism which more than once met the ear of the spectator of the "Eumenides" as given at Cambridge this December, 1885. The music, the *mise-en-scène*, the spirit, grace, and beauty of the actors, all had their full meed of praise, but it was somewhat at the expense of the poet, who was felt to have kept his audience a long time listening to a story which contained very little incident, character painting, or fine poetry. The remark, together with the reminiscence which the play suggests of one which has never been thought dull, must have set more than one spectator pondering on the different kind of interest demanded by an Athenian and an English audience; and the question, how it is that human nature changes its demand for particular kinds of interest with the progress of the ages is a problem of perennial interest.

Perhaps we may imagine the difference between the kind of attention given to dramatic representation by Athenians and by modern Englishmen, if we conceive a child thinking he is to be taken to see Madame Tussaud's, and finding himself among the Elgin marbles. The demand for a story, as we understand the words, in connection with the drama, would probably impress a Greek much as the demand for the accessories of waxwork among sculpture would impress us. It was not that they were wholly without any conception of this kind of interest, there is a great deal of it in the "Iliad." The conversation between Helen and Priam on the walls of Troy, for instance, has much of the vivid expression of individual character which a modern playwright seeks to produce. But this kind of interest must have been deliberately renounced by the great dramatists. They chose that austere simplicity which is, to our taste, so undramatic. The play of various human character is present in the poem which was to them at once their Bible and their Shakespeare, as least as unquestionably as it is in any modern poem, but the sharers in Homer's immortality reject his method, and if we look for that kind

of interest in their work, we shall find none at all. The paradox involves the whole difference between the ancient and the modern view of this our human life, with all its issues of right and wrong, sweet and bitter, true and false. Much light is thrown on this difference by carrying out the comparison suggested above, and setting the "Eumenides" beside a play of Shakespeare's so similar to it in plot that we should certainly have credited the English poet with copying it, if he could have read Greek. The similarity of position between Orestes in the Greek and Hamlet in the English play brings out strikingly the radical divergence between the spirit of the two writers and the two nations.

The common elements are indeed remarkable.\* Orestes and Hamlet have both to avenge a beloved father, who has fallen a victim to the guilty passion of an unfaithful wife; in each case the adulterer has ascended the throne; and a claim of higher than mere mortal authority demands his punishment; for the permitted return of Hamlet's father from the world beyond the grave may be set beside the command of Apollo to Orestes to become the executioner of the wrath of Heaven. These similarities—though they are probably quite accidental—are sufficiently important and specific to bring out in all its marked contrast the opposite feeling with which the two pictures, in their main outlines so similar, have been filled in. Observe, first, that Hamlet is complete in itself. We do not want to investigate the murderer of Hamlet's father—unlawful passion is the adequate and declared temptation which has caused his murder; we have not to get behind that motive, or to have its genesis in any other. But the "Eumenides" is a manifest fragment. We begin in the middle, the first part of the play implies a past. Orestes appears flying from the Furies, the shade of his mother arises to quicken their wrath—a curious

\* A French translator of "Hamlet" (Ducis) puts in the mouth of the Prince what is almost a description of the murder of Clytemnestra, as something from which he recoils.



combination of the resemblance of the play to "Hamlet" with its extreme divergence of spirit. It may be answered that this is a mere question of nomenclature, and that the "Eumenides" should in fact be regarded as the last act of the "House of Atreus" (as a graceful translator has named the whole trilogy). It is true that we must take the "Eumenides" not as a play, but as the last act of a play, and the remarks which follow so treat it; but if we go back to the first act—the return of Agamemnon from the siege of Troy, and his murder by Clytemnestra—the story still implies and needs a past. Guilty passion is the theme of the "Agamemnon" just as it is of "Hamlet," but it is not merely by the singular purity of the tragic muse that the reader's attention is directed elsewhere; the guilty lovers have their wrongs to avenge; the daughter of Clytemnestra, the father of Ægisthus, each seem to call from their tombs for vengeance, as Clytemnestra herself does in her turn. We start with a record of sin, the *damnosa hereditas* is there from the first. The vicissitudes of an individual conscience and will are too slender a theme to bear the stress of the poet's genius, he must deal with a larger whole.

Here we have the modern point of view and the ancient in their most distinct contrast. To the Greek, the individual man is a fragment. To concentrate attention on *his* destiny was to shiver the snowy Parian block that the sculptor might have convenient material for carving isolated hands and feet. The ultimate object of all Greek attention was not an individual, but a group. Whereas we conceive the State as a collection of individuals, they conceived the individual as a fragment of the State. Our sympathies seek no larger resting-place than the desires and aspirations of an individual soul, theirs craved some corporate unity of which the individual was a mere member. We are accustomed to recognize this difference on the field of Politics; we feel that the ancient city was a more deeply felt reality than the modern nation, that patriotism was, in classical ages, available at a lower temperature than it is with us. But we do not recognize that the difference is

as potent in art and in morals as in politics, that it created a different ideal of individual life,—that it set artistic attention in a different groove. And nothing ought so much to help us to realize this as a comparison of the two great dramatists severally of Greece and of England.

The Greek and the Englishman had something in common beside genius. The roseate glow that comes in the dawn of a nation's life was around them both. Æschylus lived in that brief gleam of splendor between the war which made Greeks discover that Greece was a unity, and the war in which they forgot it. Shakespeare lived in that steady, increasing radiance when England first awoke to feel her power and delight in her freedom. Both were animated by an awakening national life, both sung the glories of their country. But how strikingly the resemblance brings out the difference! We may take Henry V. as a sort of symbol of Shakespeare's pride in England; the hero king shines forth as a type of all that should gather up the loyalty, the patriotism of a subject of Elizabeth; his portrait is painted in Shakespeare's richest hues, and set in his clearest light. The whole play is full of a glowing pride in England, and defiance to her enemies, and this feeling finds its focus in the conqueror of Agincourt; the glory of England is summed up in the glory of an Englishman. But, when we turn to the play in which the like sense of a nation's triumph bursts forth in the verse of Æschylus—like, but infinitely greater, for even the new sense of freedom, when the black thundercloud of the Armada rolled away, must have been feeble in comparison with the raptures that succeeded Salamis—when we turn to the play in which that rapture of relief is commemorated, we remark with surprise, that while it is filled with the names of Persians, real or invented, Æschylus has studiously avoided the name of a single Greek. That concrete embodiment of national pride, which was indispensable to the Englishman, was abhorrent to the Athenian. He is absorbed by a religious sense of the invisible bond which made his people one, of the Divine power which had fought on their side.

"Who is their shepherd and their master?" who leads them to the fight?" asks the mother of Xerxes, and we can imagine what an overpowering thrill of emotion went through the crowd of spectators as they heard the answer given by the humbled foes of Greece, "They are subjects of no man." Loyalty was a feeling which would have roused nothing but dread in an Athenian. The subject of reverence was the city, the invisible would endure no rivalry on the part of the visible. Æschylus was recounting the events in which he had borne a part: and doubtless the honor of the warrior was dearer to him than the honor of the poet. Yet all the more he felt that the interest of the drama of the deliverance of Greece must centre in a throne filled by no visible form. Shakespeare makes the most of Henry V.; Æschylus does not take cognizance of the very existence of Miltiades or Themistocles.

The different ideals which come out in these two national dramas are visible whenever we contrast the life of the modern and the ancient world. In some sense we are forced to realize this difference whenever we look backwards. We see not merely that the Greek was a different kind of being from the Englishman, but that he was trying to be something different. The ideal state of the wisest Greek would have revolted the practical moral standard of the least virtuous Englishman. Men are separated, not by their ideal of what is good, but by their ideal of what is best; for by the correlation of moral force the whole of life is altered when we alter its hierarchy of reverence. It is of no avail that two men should agree that individual life is sacred, and that membership in a State is sacred, if they differ as to which is to come first. From the ancient point of view goodness was invisible in the individual, the group was the smallest organism in which it could be discerned. Hence all that belonged to individual relation was comparatively uninteresting. The one strong emotion which forms almost the theme of modern art, which every one thinks he can draw from imagination and most people have known by experience, had a subordinate

place on the Athenian stage. The love of man for woman, so far as it ever appears there, is something quite secondary, something more or less to be kept out of sight. In the guilty love of Clytemnestra for Ægisthus there is indeed something pathetic and tender, but it is hardly allowed to appear at all; we are made to feel that she hates her husband much more than that she loves her paramour; the sense of destiny is a much stronger element in the murder than the sense of choice. In the classical ideal man's love for woman is almost nothing. In the chivalric idea it is almost everything. In Hamlet we see the chivalric ideal stamped by the individuality of a great original genius. Hamlet thinks, on the tomb of the drowned Ophelia, that he loved her more than twenty thousand brothers. Ah, how like human nature! We seemed to have loved so passionately when we have lost. We *do* so love what is gone out of reach. While Ophelia was living, to be chilled or warmed by Hamlet's love, he took very little thought of her. Other feelings were not stronger than his love of her, perhaps, but quite as strong, and there were many of them. What a wonderful knowledge of the human heart lies in that combination of the cool lover and the passionate mourner! We know no other delineation of man's love that can be put by its side. An inferior artist would have painted so slight a love as Hamlet's for Ophelia only in the portrait of a slight character. Shakespeare knew that a love may be indestructible, and rooted in a deep nature, and yet in itself may be a small thing; for he knew the heart of man. We fancy that those words are the mere equivalent of the statement that he was a great poet. But we are now comparing Shakespeare with a poet as great as he was, and surely more original, who did not know the heart of man, and did not care to know it. He was not studying the springs of individual character. He cared only for that which was universal.

What Æschylus was studying was not the heart of man, but the mind of God. What is the Power that rules the world? What is the law by which He rules it? How may man approach Him? These were the problems that filled the mind of the poet. Whatever were those les-

\* "Persæ," 246.

sons which he learnt at Eleusis of the hopes of immortality, we may see that they had deeply impressed him, that in imagination he was constantly piercing the dread barrier of the tomb. Whatever deeply interested him must be supernatural. And the ordinary course of history, in his day, may almost be called supernatural. He had fought at Marathon. He had seen the whole might of Asia shattered on the rock of Greek freedom. He had seen his country defended from arrogant power as by a miracle. Hence in his desire to comprehend the law by which the world was ruled, and which he knew as destiny, there was a profound faith in ultimate righteousness, though the faith was not wholly dominant, and much that was there also was inconsistent with it. The Mysteries give the key-note to his music; we compare him with Shakespeare to discover difference, for resemblance we must turn to Dante. He saw that quality in sin which to the imagination of Dante created an endless hell, as an inheritance of guilt; or from another point of view, as the passing over of guilt to fate. Surely in this vision he is not less true to reality than Shakespeare is. Who does not know how the errors of life hover to the eyes of memory in some dim region between sin and calamity, and change with the parallax of life's movement from the one position to the other? We never seem to have begun at the beginning! Always there was a past that domineered over our present! And then, at last, we feel that our life is moulded by the lives that have gone before, and thus that the seeming separateness of life is in part delusive. This idea seems to have haunted the Greek mind with a recurrent insistence of perplexity. When the object of attention changed from the group to the individual, that which lies at the very core of the individual life—the will—came into a new distinctness. A new interest in human character is a new belief in human will, and we recover the old point of view only with a certain effort. We imagine that will is denied where it is hardly conceived. Till each man became a whole in himself Will was only dimly conceived as a moving force in human affairs; that law of moral evolution which they knew as *Fate* was a much

more distinct element in human experience. Hence Guilt was something different to them and to us, and throughout all their grandest poetry they seem always seeking to answer the problem of what it really meant. Orestes is vindicated by Apollo, but the Furies have much to say for themselves. We do not feel that the last word rests either with the God of Day or the Daughters of Night. The Goddess of Wisdom harmonizes both views. But though there is balance here, there is no variety. The drama, and all his dramas, is full of a sombre, awful monotony. Divine Law leaves no room for human character.

Turn to the other side of the contrast and mark the change. What a wondrous gallery of rainbow-hued variety rises up before the mind's eye at the name of Shakespeare. When we make his name into an epithet we give a picturesque synonym for *various*. No one type of character, feeling, or belief occurs as *Shakespearean*; the word suggests what is vivid and many-sided, and nothing else. This efflorescence of a wealth of various beauty for all the ages chronicles the first awakening of modern Europe to the sanctities, the interests, the ideals of individual life. It is an expression, on the field of art, of the spirit which on the field of theology gave us the Reformation, setting the human spirit face to face with the Divine, and bidding it trust to no intervening entity—no external citizenship in the City of God—but as the sole creature alone with the Creator learn what mystic channels are opened between the finite and the infinite within the "abysmal depths of Personality." It would not appear that Shakespeare had any special sympathy with the Reformation, it would even seem that so far as any religion had a hold upon his mind it was that of the ancient Church. At least, he, addressing the England of Elizabeth, the England which was ready to fight against all that was involved, for the men of that time, in the doctrine of Purgatory, makes a spirit from beyond the grave announce that he is

"Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,  
And for the day, condemned to fast in fires  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away."

But however little of a Protestant was

Shakespeare the poet, his was the artistic expression of the same spirit that made Protestantism. The City had passed away, and for a thousand years the Church had taken her place. Now the Church, too, was called upon to yield, and the *home* was lighted up with a new life. Man was interesting not only as a member of the State, called upon to serve her with his life or his counsels; not only as a son of the Church, called upon to partake in her rites and submit to her decisions, but as a son, a father, a lover, a husband—as a *man*. As a learned bishop was describing the earth as a *new star*; as men were learning to regard this dark centre of the universe as a radiant wanderer in the heavens, so human life was clothing itself in a new brightness, and taking its place in that clear, open realm of Nature to the study of which the intellectual world was awakening with a passionate activity. And the expression of this truly named Renaissance, in the world of Art, may be summed up in the name of Shakespeare.

If Shakespeare be the best representative of this new spirit, Hamlet may be taken as its best specimen among his works. It is perhaps the most various of Shakespeare's plays. A little biographical incident gives us a double reason for claiming it as the most Shakespearian of Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's only son was named Hamlet (or Hamnet—only a varied form of the same name). Nine years he experienced the wonderful fortune of having for a parent one who, if his works express his nature, must have been the most sympathetic of mankind, and then he went elsewhere and left, perhaps, a terrible spasm of longing in the heart of the poet forever associated with a play consecrated to the love of a lost father. This surely is the dormant feeling in the play. Hamlet is much besides—the friend of Horatio, the lover of Ophelia, the patron of the theatre, the heir expectant of the kingdom. Something individual, something characteristic, comes out in all these characters. But he is above all a son. What a profound filial tribute is there in his correction of the courtly eulogy of Horatio: "He was a goodly king." "He was a *man*." We fancy a double emphasis there.

"He was a *man*, what matter whether he dwelt in a palace or a cottage?" "He was a man, unlike me his wretched irresolute son." The self-scorn marks, perhaps, the furthest point of Shakespeare from Æschylus. The elder self is too simple, too small to leave any space for any conflict of opposing principles. Between the two poets *Self* has taken a development which makes room for a dualism within, such as was undreamt of in the ancient world. There is none of that swerving—none of that sudden glimpse of the self from some mysterious point that seems at once beyond and within it, of which we have some examples from every modern writer who paints the heart, and so many in Shakespeare. Here the moral attitudes are entirely monotonous. The Æschylean version of the theme of Hamlet unfolds the problem of inherited guilt, and never turns aside to mark a single trait of individual character. There is a certain grandeur in Clytemnestra and weakness in Ægisthus, but we cannot say that Orestes bears the mark of any quality whatever, good or bad. There seems a sort of curious carelessness in all that relates to him, except so far as he is the engine of Heaven's wrath to the guilty queen. For instance, how impatient must the poet have been of all that paints individuality when he lights upon the trivial and impossible test by which Electra assures herself of the presence of her brother after his long banishment. She sees a footprint near the altar, she puts her own foot into it, and discovering that the mark just fits her, she comes to the conclusion that her brother is near. So her foot must have been just the size of a full-grown man's, for the deeds of Orestes attest that he could not have been less than full-grown. The incident, it may be said, is not the work of a more careless imagination than that which describes two duellists exchanging their weapons unawares. No, but the carelessness of Shakespeare is the mere indifference to a particular kind of probability which has nothing to do with human relations, and the carelessness of Æschylus is a want of interest in human relations. No one who realized the anxiety of a sister to know that a long-lost brother was near could imagine her drawing any inferences

from the probability that their feet should be the same size.\* But the meeting of the brother and sister demanded a kind of attention which the poet was not prepared to supply. It is not the characters of Orestes, of Ægisthus, of Agamemnon which interested him; his creations, if they are to be impressive, must be colossal. All the swaying of various impulse that occupies the play of "Hamlet" is by him condensed into a few lines where Orestes tells how the oracles of Apollo have denounced the most awful curses against him if he leave his father's death unavenged, and again in the one line where, for a moment shaken by the entreaties of his mother, he asks Pylades if he shall

"Through filial reverence spare a mother's life."†

This ideal conflict, which we know on the page of Shakespeare in association with all that is most human, most vividly imbued with personal idiosyncrasy, is set forth, in the Greek drama, in its purely abstract form. It appears not as a double consciousness, but as a changing Deity. The Furies absorb all interest to themselves; they are the embodied conscience, but also they might seem, from some points of view, the Greek equivalent to Satan. They are "daughters of night," they enter into conflict with the god of day, who shelters from them the object of their pursuit, banishes them from his temple with fierce invective, and forces them to surrender their victim to his protection. We are reminded of Satan by them more than by any other representation known to classic thought—sometimes even of the vulgar Satan with horns and hoofs, of Mephistopheles clamorous for his prey, for they inspire horror by their mere aspect, and their haunting presence is the worst torment they can inflict on their victim. And then, again, even in their more spiritual aspect, they take the same place as Satan, when he appears among the sons of God to bear witness against Job, or when he revealed

\* The device impressed even the contemporaries of Æschylus as somewhat absurd, and Euripides wrote one scene as an elaborate caricature of it ("Electra," 511-540). It is curious as almost the only specimen of parody in Greek art.

† "Eumenides," 899.

himself to the Saviour as seeking to have Peter, that he might sift him as wheat. But we know these goddesses *both* as the Furies and the Gracious Ones; and it is surely an error to suppose that the latter expression is a mere euphemism, as we call a person "well-meaning" whom we find intolerable, or as they called the Black Sea "the hospitable." One felt at Cambridge that if such a thing had been possible, and not too suggestive of Harlequin or Pantaloon, there should have been some sort of transformation in the scene in which they become reconciled to the Goddess of Wisdom—that some hideous mask should have been laid aside, something that expressed a total change of aspect, and recalled the lines,

"Stern Lawgiver!

Yet thou dost bear the Godhead's most benignant grace."

The Goddess of Wisdom appeases the pitiless beings, she even induces them to take up their abode in the city which has dared to shelter from them their victim. The daughters of night are to have a place in the elect city, the night-ingales are to fill their grove with music, and though here the passer-by may not set foot without impiety,\* yet no Greek landscape is associated with images more remote from horror, nor is any Greek poetry fuller of solemn beauty than her vindication of the claim to reverence of that severe influence which to the bright Sun-god is visible only as hopeless remorse. The city which makes no room for this influence, which pays no homage to a righteous severity, misses, she declares, half of that which makes life blessed. To the light and lively Greek the sense of sin was almost as repugnant as sin itself, the two were often confused; Apollo, in face of the Furies, seems to express the spirit of art in face of the spirit of holiness—the bright, pleasure-loving genius denouncing the stern voice that does but give expression to the conscience. But the Goddess of Wisdom shows us that even for the Greek this was not the ultimate truth. She gives a warning to all time—perhaps more especially for our times—when she bids the Athenians remember,†

\* See the "Edipus at Colonus" of Sophocles.

† "Eumenides," 1005-1013. Morshead's Translation.

in words which we give, as they recall in  
their rhythm Wordsworth's well-known  
lines to Duty, and which in their feeling  
and moral truly sum up the spirit of the  
whole drama—

"Yea, even from these, who, grim and stern,  
Glared anger upon you of old,

Oh citizens, ye now shall earn  
A recompense right manifold.  
Deck them aright, extol them high,  
Be loyal to their loyalty ;  
And ye shall make your town and land  
Sure, propped on Justice' saving hand  
And Fame's eternity."

—*Contemporary Review.*

## THE FIRST OF THREE.

BY THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

### I.

THE hour that stands so still, then starts  
As sudden as the lark departs !  
That hour was death-time, and could stay  
To mourn by Osman on its way,  
To leave—ere to blest realms it stole—  
His last-day likeness on my soul.  
So slow was his descent to death,  
It still seemed sleep without the breath.  
His smile, the same that asked my kiss,  
Remained, in all its sweetness, his,  
Prompting his words to me again—  
My loved Physician !

In his pain  
He drew me near, and, as we met,  
Left at my heart this Amulet.  
'Tis mine ! To do with it aright  
Can I depend on my own might ?  
Death owns it for its only cure !  
Such were his words, and they are sure—  
True as the blood for mortals shed,  
Whereby the graves gave up their dead.  
He told me wonders he had seen,  
That many say could not have been ;  
But, loved by Osman to his end,  
Could I mistrust so dear a friend ?  
Well was my heart assured that lies  
Had never passed those open eyes !

### II.

Alone in mind, long did I try  
To solve this fitting mystery  
That now upon my senses lay,  
And now put out the light of day.  
An alchemist, whose taunt and sneer  
I learned in former days to fear,  
Was my strange hope, despite the thought  
That he set holy things at naught.  
Rare was the art that he possessed,  
And he might put all doubt to rest.  
Such was his depth, where others saw  
A wonder, he discerned a law :  
Better to seek his aid than fret  
O'er this life-giving Amulet.

That alchemist was lame and sick ;  
 His lamp had nigh consumed its wick :  
 Pain was his lot, but unperturbed  
 His own free thought went on uncurbed.  
 So did I seek him face to face :  
 He smelt the charm with tired grimace,  
 And cried, " The odor of the tomb,  
 The sweepings of some catacomb !"

Then, scarce content, with ready wit  
 One grain he took, and tasted it.  
 " Blood !" said he with convulsive start ;  
 " Blood curdled by some damnèd art !"

I quailed, I trembled every limb,  
 And yet took not my eyes from him,  
 Though in a seeming guilt I stood,  
 Like one whose hand had shed the blood ;  
 And when he saw I could not stir  
 He scowled as at a murderer !

He held all occult things in scorn,  
 Yet now surpassed he reason's bourn  
 In those four thrilling lines that brought  
 All Osman told me back to thought.

Before the ending of the day  
 That man had cast his crutch away.  
 What saw I now ? A giant frame !  
 Yet spitefully he called my name,  
 One tone in laughter, one in rage,  
 As though he fretted on the stage.  
 But ever must the lame and halt  
 Find all except themselves at fault,  
 So, as of old, resenting good,  
 Thus spoke he in his mocking mood :  
 " Have you a conscience clad in mail ?  
 Yet do I come not here to rail  
 Against the blood you gave ;  
 The blood I took that eased my pain  
 To raise me from the dead again  
 Or speed me to the grave !  
 You watched my lips as they partook  
 That blood ; your limbs in terror shook ;  
 And, as the balance swayed,  
 You thought, will now his misery end  
 Or will his cure my power extend  
 That almost death obeyed ?  
 What have you mingled in the blood  
 That it has worked this wondrous good  
 And loosed my tied-up flesh ?  
 That it my wounded soul hath healed,  
 And this new sense of life revealed  
 As though 'twere born afresh ?"

I dared not then control my awe ;  
 It was a miracle I saw.  
 When my breath came, I only said,  
 Osman, who doeth this, is dead ;  
 The things he told are proved in you ;  
 Now know I all he said is true !  
 From when our day of grace had birth  
 Till now, he lingered on the earth,

Foredoomed, as all in one, to see  
 The course of its new destiny.  
 With me his dying words remain ;  
 Hear them, poor scoffer, for your lasting gain !

## III.

Be the words few, the things whereof you hear  
 No book can hold, no shelves of iron bear !  
 " This token," said he, " that I put away  
 Wear on your breast, dear friend, by night and day,  
 That it be near unto another's heart  
 To whom 'twas given to choose the better part.  
 Return it not, although aloud I cry !  
 Without this aid of yours I cannot die.  
 My days are of the cedar that uprears  
 Its mighty boughs into a thousand years,  
 So, tenfold are the pangs that bide my fall.  
 Hold back the token when on you I call !  
 If in my trial I implore a grain  
 Leave me to die ; be my entreaty vain !  
 'Twould not alone my final anguish quell,  
 But death itself, that I so crave, repel.  
 Cling to it ; if through doubts your reason drift  
 Set only greater store upon the gift.  
 And now, while truths about your heart entwine,  
 List as to music at its source divine !  
 . " I was that Magian, steeped in starry lore,  
 The First of Three the Infant to adore  
 Who Death surprised, and, dying, overcame,  
 Who now to countless nations gives His name.  
 The First of Three was I, whose gaze discerned  
 His star, impelled to travel where it burned ;  
 And, oh ! the glorious thought ! these ears have heard,  
 When it was new, his old, familiar Word.  
 Long had I tasked this beauteous earth to yield  
 Its life immortal ; vainly I appealed :  
 This the reluctant ages still denied,  
 Though from its search I never turned aside.  
 " 'Twas at this time a kindred youth who bore  
 A foremost name renowned in magic lore,  
 Joined in my labor, but the more we toiled,  
 The more the mighty stars our efforts foiled.  
 We knew the Saviour's teachings, and they rushed  
 Upon us, and our human knowledge crushed.  
 We saw the mockers mute, the skeptic scared,  
 And then our hearts we to each other bared :  
 Alike we deemed all earthly knowledge frail,  
 And followed, awe-struck, in the holy trail.  
 " At length the day but little dreamed of dawned,  
 They who knew best seemed, like ourselves, unwarned.  
 That evening came ; amid the eager crowd,  
 My friend, above the voices, cried aloud,  
 Rescue the Saviour ! when a soldier near  
 Struck him to earth and pierced him with a spear.  
 I buried him within my homely ground,  
 His little world, henceforth, that bitter mound,  
 Where at the midnight hour I lay in tears



That shed reproaches on the barren years.  
 As my hand plucked a cypress-spray to make  
 The swardless earth look green for his dear sake,  
 I heard a voice that as in whispers said,  
 "Osman! the graves are giving up their dead!"  
 My flesh was stiffened; bold in my surprise  
 I looked and gazed into those loving eyes.  
 I saw that face again in its own light,  
 That shone on me as never shines the night.  
 "Fear not," he said; "the many who arise  
 At this great hour whilst Christ entombèd lies,  
 Walk only in their sleep, though sent to spread  
 Glad tidings to the living from the dead.  
 It is my voice alone; I must not feel  
 The holy message that my lips reveal.  
 Not yet awhile shall you the earth depart:  
 I bear the life-elixir in my heart  
 Changed through the blood that trickled down his side  
 Who in your stead within this day hath died!"  
 He pointed to his breast!

"Through depths of awe  
 I shuddered,—there the bleeding heart I saw.  
 I cried in choking words, 'No longer stay!  
 Must I for this my more than brother slay?  
 Must I for this return you to the grave,  
 Robbed of your life afresh, myself to save?  
 Better to leave my spirit unrenewed  
 Than lift this hand to take a brother's blood!'"  
 He slowly said, 'I know not mortal pain:  
 Its pangs can never pierce this heart again.'  
 As so he spoke, the precious blood he drew,  
 One drop whereof gives life to all anew."

—*Merry England.*

## MY FIRST IMPRISONMENT.

BY WILLIAM T. STEAD.

SENTENCE was pronounced, a buzz of eager conversation filled the crowded court. Friends were passing round the dock, where we had spent so many exciting days, to say good-bye. All was movement, a feverish murmur of many voices. The long tension had given way, last words were being hurriedly exchanged—"Good-bye, good-bye, God bless you!" "I'd rather be in your place than in that of your judge"—it was Mr. Waugh who said that, although I did not know it at the time from other voices rising from below. "Once more, good-bye." And waving my hand to the excited throng I descended the steps, with a confused vision of horse-hair wigs, eager faces, and a patch of scarlet still lingering on my retina. Down we went,

Jacques and I—Rebecca and Mme. Mourez had preceded us—and we were prisoners. We had been below for a few minutes every day of the trial, but now we went further afield. Newgate is a deserted gaol. The long corridors, like combs of empty cells, stand silent as the grave. As we were marched down passages and through one iron gate after another, I experienced my first feel of a gaol. Those who have not been in prison will understand it when they in their turn receive sentence of imprisonment. It is a feel of stone and iron, hard and cold, and, as in Newgate where the prison is empty, there is added the chill and silence of the grave. The first thing that strikes you is the number of iron gates that are to be locked and unlocked,

and the word turnkey seems real to you. Overhead the tiers of cells, with their iron balustrades and iron stairs, rose story after story. It was as if you were walking at the bottom of the hold of some great petrified ship, looking up at the deserted decks. What a sepulchre of hopes it once was, and how many ghosts of the unhallowed dead must walk these aisles and corridors, where rings now but the echo of the clank of the iron gate, the spring of the lock as the warder passes his prisoners along the *via dolorosa* that leads to the condemned cells. When we reached these grim chambers we turned to the left and entered the warder's office. It was bright and cheerful, and the fire glowed from the grate like a live thing, after the deadly, chilly mirk of the prison. There we sat and waited, and as the minutes passed, and we waited and waited, some faint sense of the change came over me. At last, after years of incessant stress and strain, and after six months in which every hour had to get through the work of two, I had come to a place where time was a drug in the market—where time was to hang heavy on my hands, where, after being long bankrupt in minutes, I was to be a millionaire of hours. It was a sudden transition from the busy, crowded stirring excitement of an existence exceptionally full of life and interest to the dull monotony of a gaol. Suddenly I was summoned out. Our manager had got an order to see me, and I was marched back through the unending passages to a small room, where the interview was permitted. He told me that the sentence began from the first day of the trial, and that consequently I should be out on January 18, and Jacques on November 18. That was good news for Jacques. As for me, my first and only thought was one of satisfaction that after all my presentiment had been correct. From the day that Rebecca was in the witness-box I had declared positively that I was certain to go to gaol for two months. Nearly everybody laughed at me, but I was certain I was right. When I was sentenced to three months' imprisonment I did not understand it. Now, however, it was clear. I was only to be in prison two months and a week. I would rather have had my presentiment verified and had an extra month than to

have it falsified for a month's earlier release.

My visitor left. I was re-conducted to the warder's room. At last the prison van was ready. We were ushered out into the yard. "Look there," said the warder to Jacques; "see that door, that is where you will be next time you come here." "What is that?" said Jacques. "The condemned cell," said the warder, with a grim laugh, and we marched off to the prison van. There we met poor Rebecca, who was in high spirits, and Mme. Mourez, whose indignation on being removed after sentence was almost ungovernable. We climbed into the van—not for the first time. We had ridden out from Bow Street in it before, but then all the compartments were full of prisoners. Now we were alone locked in with the warders. A lamp at one end shed a dim light down the centre. At last we started. As we drove through the prison gates we heard the hoarse roar of the crowd which had waited to give us a parting yell of execration as we left the scene in which for so many days we had been the central figures. It was a poor howl, the crowd apparently being small; but like Don Silva in the "Spanish Gypsy," when Father Isidor was hanged, we

Knew the shout  
For wonted exultation of the crowd  
When malefactors die—or saints, or heroes.

It was the last sound from the outside world which we heard—a curious contrast to the cheering crowd which little more than two months before had followed us from Hyde Park to Northumberland Street. After ten minutes' drive we arrive at Coldbath-in-the-Fields. Jacques and I alighted, and the van drove on to Millbank—the woman's prison, where Rebecca and Mme. Mourez are still awaiting the expiry of their sentences; Rebecca in good spirits, taking all things patiently, knowing, as she says, that she deserves the punishment for the many bad deeds she had done in her life, although it is rather odd it should be given her the only time she ever tried to do anything good. Mme. Mourez, they say, is dangerously ill of erysipelas in the hospital at Millbank.

Jacques and I were made to stand in line, and then marched off through echoing corridors and the usual endless series

of grated gates to the reception-room, where some dozen or more fellow-prisoners were already assembled waiting till the dregs had drained into this human cesspool from all the contributory police-stations. We were seated on forms fronting an officer, who entered our names, emptied our pockets, labelled us, and sent us across the room to select caps and shoes. The night was raw and cold. There was a glorious fire close to the officer, but so far from us as to make us only colder for its sight. The officer was smart, somewhat rough, although not with me; but as we sat waiting an hour in the great empty room with our fellow-criminals he became drowsy, and, contrary to regulations, the criminal crew began to exchange notes. A wild-looking larrikin whispered to me, "Do you know how much them wot was in the Armstrong case has got?" I had the pleasure of announcing my sentence, and explaining that we were "them wot was in it," and noting the sensation that followed. "You've got off cheap," said my left-hand neighbor. Then came in a broken-down old gentleman who had evidently seen better days. He had been drinking, and smelt it, although he was sober enough to walk with a stick. When his pockets were searched no fewer than nine pocket-knives were discovered hidden in about as many different pockets. The unearthing of each fresh pocket-knife produced a titter of merriment. "Now, old Dicky Nine Knives," said the officer, "what is your name?" And the poor dilapidated, red-nosed creature said his name was Mr. —, Journalist! Poor fellow, his journalistic days had been over some time. "Coster-mongers," a prisoner in Clerkenwell once remarked, "when times are bad, turn journalists"—a fact which explains many things. Most of the prisoners were drunk. Several might have avoided imprisonment by paying a few shillings' fine; but when you have not got a sixpence a few shillings' fine is as hopeless as a king's ransom. Prisoners are allowed to select their own hats and shoes out of a miscellaneous assortment of all sizes. Whether the ordinary criminal head is abnormally small, or whether the persons that had preceded us that day were abnormally big-headed men, I do not know; but I found nearly all the

hats—dun-yellow glengarries without buttons or tails—too small for me. At last, after trying some twenty hats which had been going in succession round the score of my fellow-prisoners, I found one which was luckily split open a little, so that by wearing it with the back to the front, I could get a tolerable fit. The shoes were another difficulty. They were fearfully and wonderfully patched. Some of them were monuments of careful industry. By careful selection I got two misfellowed ones which I thought would fit. When I came to lace them, however, I found them nip my feet so badly that, after trying them two days, I had to get them changed. My new pair were so large I had to fill them up with oakum when I went for exercise, and then stumbled along as best I could. When we had all been entered up, we marched in single file downstairs along passages until we came to the bath and dressing-room. Here we were halted, and sent to bath in detachments. I squirmed a little at the thought of the bath from the description of the Amateur Casual, but I was agreeably surprised. The bath was filled fresh for each prisoner; the water was clean, and although it might have been pleasanter if a little more of the chill had been taken off, for it was nearly nine at night in mid-November, there was nothing to complain of. Your own clothes are then taken away, and a prison suit given you. The suits are allotted in sizes. Jacques, being large and stout, was ill to fit, and his toilette took him a long time. As we had come in with drawers and flannels, we were allotted underclothing—fairly comfortable, although the drawers are short in the leg. Braces are superfluities of civilization. So are cuffs, collars, and neckties. The prisoners' complete outfit is as follows:—Cap and shoes, selected in the reception-room; a pair of worsted stockings, even more monumental specimens of industry and ingenuity than the boots—which was darn and which was original stocking no one could tell, and in the darning one of the heels had somehow managed to stray half down the foot towards the toe; flannel shirt and drawers; a blue-striped cotton shirt; trousers, waistcoat, coat, pocket-handkerchief, and stock. The stock is a narrow strip of cloth, which buttons

round the neck and over which the shirt collar folds. There is only one pocket in the suit, into which the large, coarse pocket-handkerchief is thrust. The trousers are held *in situ* by the waistband. At Coldbath the band had only one buckle, and a hole pierced to receive it. If I might make a suggestion to benevolent governors, it is that wherever the single-pronged waistband is used they will pierce more than one hole in the thong of the buckle. The girth of prisoners differs so much that if there were three holes an inch apart it would conduce much both to comfort and seamliness. Where there is only one hole, and the prisoner is slim, he has continually to be hitching up his breeches. It is a small reform, and it could easily be carried out. At Holloway the waistband has the ordinary double sharp-pronged buckle, which makes its own holes, and this, of course, is the best. But somebody no doubt is wearing my old breeches to-day, and although they were of a most lovely hue—a fine shade of rich creamy-colored yellow, plentifully bespattered with the broad arrow—he will, if he be thin and of an impatient disposition, be often tempted to swear at the absence of means for girthing himself up tight. When dressed complete a small pocket-comb is given you and a pair of leather bootlaces, an article I never possessed since I gave up wearing a leather bootlace as a watchguard. When the last loiterer had finished his toilette we tramped back to the reception-room, where, after a time, we were taken off to our cells. Before we went, however, a tin looking like an old American beef tin with something like paste at the bottom of it and a small loaf of hard whole-meal brown bread were handed to each of us. I thought of the waiter at the London club where I had dined the night before, and valorously put the tin to my lips, following the example of my neighbors. The viscous fluid crawled slowly down the tin and touched my lips. And there it stopped. Gruel at the best is an abomination. But prison gruel without any salt is about as savory a beverage as the contents of the editorial paste-pot. There was salt in my cell, I was told, and carrying our skilly and our bread in our hands, we were marched off to the reception wing,

where we were to sleep that night. The warder who conducted us was a decent fellow. "You had better say good-bye," said he; "you will not see each other again." In this, however, he was wrong. We went to the doctor's together next morning and also to the governor.

It was when trudging to our cells that the warder told us that the distinction between hard labor and not hard labor prisoners was a distinction without a difference. "If I had to do a turn," said he, "I should prefer hard labor, for you don't do any more work, and you do get a bit more food." As there are very few of the judges who know this, and as Lord Justice Lopes in particular seemed to imagine that by sentencing us to imprisonment without hard labor he was giving us a lighter sentence than he awarded to Mme. Mquez, I will quote here an extract from Sir E. Du Cane's book on convict prisons, the contents of which seem to be unknown to at least one judge on the bench:—

(Extract from Sir E. Du Cane's Notes on Penal Servitude.)

The distinction made by the use of the term "imprisonment" to denote sentences of two years and under, and penal servitude to denote sentences of five years and upwards, no longer has any significance, now that they are both carried out in the United Kingdom; and it is misleading, for both classes of prisoners are undergoing "imprisonment," and are equally in a condition of penal servitude. The use of the term "hard labor" in imposing the sentence of imprisonment, which is not used in passing one of penal servitude, might also well be omitted, for any prisoner sentenced to imprisonment should be and is by law required to labor under specified conditions suitable to his health and his capacity; and, in fact, except the specific kind of labor called first-class hard labor, defined in the Prisons Act, 1865, as crank, treadwheel, and other like kind of labor, the term "hard" has no particular meaning, and its employment in the sentence makes no practical difference.

Judges ought to serve experimentally for a short term all the varieties of sentences which they inflict. At present they are often scandalously ignorant of the nature of the penalties which they deal out right and left, often in the most reckless fashion. Lord Justice Lopes, I have subsequently heard, expressed his surprise that a sentence of "simple imprisonment" carried with it all the penalties and indignities of hard labor, minus the

non-existent crank and the rarely used treadmill. He is not the only judge on the bench whose general information on the subject of the treatment of criminal convict prisoners stands sadly in need of a little personal investigation and experience.

Here was my cell. As I entered it my first sensation was one of pleasant satisfaction. There was the plank bed. I had heard so much about it from Irish members, and had so often alluded to it in my campaign in the north, that it seemed almost like an old acquaintance standing up there against the wall. The gaoler explained the whereabouts of the various articles, handed me the bed-clothes and a mattress about an inch thick, and then left me to my meditations. The cell was better than I expected—that is to say, it was larger, loftier, and not a bad kind of a retreat, immeasurably superior to all the hermit's cells I had seen or heard of. There was a jet of gas, turned off and on by a tap outside the cells, the clean scrubbed wooden table and stool, and there also was the wooden salt cellar. Prison salt cellars are of wood, and there is no stinting of quantity. I salted my skilly, and broke the bread into it to soften it, fished it out with my wooden spoon, and tried to eat a piece or two. I unrolled my bedclothes, laid my plank bed down, stretched the mattress, and felt thoroughly glad to be alone after all the turmoil. Here was quiet at least. After a little time I laid down and slept. I woke once or twice and heard the chimes of a clock in some distant spire, and dozed again, with a strange kind of consciousness of the presence of an immense multitude of friendly faces all around me. The enthusiastic audiences that I had addressed in the north were visible as you see things in a camera obscura, on this side and on that, and I heard the din and ghostly echoes of their cheers in the otherwise unbroken silence of the prison. At a quarter to six the bell rang, and every one was on the alert. A warder opened the door and gave me instructions. I was only in a reception cell—that is to say, in the seventh cell on the second floor of the reception wing. I would have to be taken to my destined abiding-place in the course of the day. I need not, therefore, clean out my cell, or attend chapel, until I got into my regular cell. A prisoner swept out my cell. Then one of the principal warders came round. He was a big, kindly man. "You may have made a mistake," he said, "but you have done a good work." An hour afterwards I heard another voice engaged in conversation with Jacques. Our cells were opposite, and you could hear a voice from across the corridor. I could not catch all that was said, but there was some sneering allusion to the Salvation Army, some words about criminal vice, and Mme. Mourez. Then it ceased, and in a few moments my door was unlocked, and a man with a high hat on, in appearance not unlike a "gent with a sporting turn," looked in. "Well," he said, as he scanned me from head to foot, "don't you think you've got off very cheap?" "To whom have I the honor of speaking?" I replied. "I am the chaplain," said he. "No," said I, "It is the sentence I anticipated, for the three months I am told will be up in two months and eight days." "I don't know that," said he. "You were out on bail. Your sentence will probably count from date of conviction, not from that of the opening of the court." "That is hard for Jacques," said I, "for his punishment will be thrice as long as he expected. To me it does not matter so much." "Well," he said, "I don't suppose you will have much need of me. If you have you can send for me." He turned on his heel and disappeared. I never saw him again save in the distance at chapel when he went through the services in a way unintelligible to me where I sat, but I was told he had a remarkably good voice. His name was Stocken. He had admonished Jacques for mixing himself up with the Salvation Army—poor Jacques was certainly guiltless of that crime—how a man of education could have anything to do with such people he, the chaplain, could not understand. Not that he was at any loss, he said, to understand why Jacques and I had gone in for this kind of investigation. "You fellows like to carry on to women and all that sort of thing, but as for criminal vice we know all about that here. There is plenty, but it is not committed by the rich, but

by the poor." I am particular in mentioning this incident, because this was the only creature whom I met among all those to whose care, spiritual and temporal, I was entrusted who ever said an unkind word. Governors, chief warders, principal warders, and ordinary turnkeys and gaolers, together with the other chaplains, assistant chaplains, scripture readers, &c., were all most courteous and humane, not merely to me, but, as far as I could see, to all my fellow prisoners. No doubt there was no animus, or no intention to do anything but his duty, on the part of Chaplain Stocken. Personally I make no complaint. I was, fortunately, not dependent upon that official for the ministration of sympathy. But for my fellow prisoners, to whom he is the sole official human representative of the Divine passion of love and pity, even for the chief of sinners, I am sorry if he speaks to them in the tone and spirit in which he addressed Jacques and me.

After he departed, I was left alone for some hours. The breakfast of bread and skilly had been served out, my bed-clothes had been rolled up, and I sat alone in the darkness. A dense fog lay heavy upon the outside world. In the cell nothing but darkness was visible. It was a strange and somewhat weird experience. Yesterday the crowded court, with letters, telegrams, enthusiastic friends; to-day, darkness as of Egypt, in a solitary cell. There was nothing to do. It was too dark to read. And as the hours stole on the cold made itself felt, and I shivered in the cell. Might I wrap myself in the blankets? Yes, if I liked, although it was contrary to regulations. After a while we were marched to the doctor; he weighed us. In prison costume I weighed 9 st. 11 lb. I complained of the cold. "The cells," said he, in the usual dry official way, "are heated to a temperature of 60 deg.;" and there was an end of that. No doubt they ought to be, but as a matter of fact the reception cells were not heated to 60 deg., or anything like 60 deg. When transferred to B wing, where the cells were heated properly, the change was as if November had given place to May. The warders admitted it readily, and excused it by assuring us that our permanent cells would be much

warmer. The doctor, however, took no trouble about the matter; but I would like to know whether, as it is the law that cells must be heated to 60 deg., some one ought not to be punished when prisoners are allowed to shiver with cold at a temperature of 45 or 50 deg.?

Before we saw the doctor we were inspected by the governor. Captain Helby is a retired naval officer, pleasant and sympathetic. Just twelve months ago I was down at Portsmouth interviewing the Admirals and rejoicing with the authorities in her Majesty's dockyard over the unexpected success of the "Truth about the Navy," and now here I was in the custody of a retired captain in one of her Majesty's prisons. Captain Helby addressed me very kindly. "Whatever sympathy I may have," he said, "with you and your work (and in my private capacity I sympathize very much with you), I can only treat you as an ordinary criminal convict prisoner, who must be subject to the ordinary rules and regulations laid down for the treatment of criminal convict prisoners. I hope, therefore, that you will conform yourselves thereto, and that you will not subject me to the painful necessity of subjecting you to discipline." "Sir," I replied, "I think I understand the position in which I am placed, and to the best of my ability I will conform to the regulations laid down for my guidance." I have often wondered since then what on earth he thought I was likely to do that might necessitate the infliction of discipline, which, being interpreted, I suppose meant crank, tread-wheel, "cells," bread and water, and I know not what else. Editors no doubt are somewhat rare birds in Coldbath-in-the-Fields, but even editors could hardly be expected to assault their warders, or refuse to pick oakum or to wash out their cells.

At twelve o'clock the door of the cell was opened, and a tin pot and the usual brown loaf handed inside. At the bottom of the tin was a tough, gluey composition, which on reference to the dietary scale I found was called a suet pudding. I pecked a little hole in it, tasted it as a kind of sample, and then desisted. More hours passed, and then I was asked whether I would like to see a gentleman of the name of "Waugh"?

"Wouldn't I just?" although I confess the kindness of it upset me not a little. It was so like him, and so unexpected. And as I shuffled along the echoing corridors, and was locked in and out of great barred gates, I felt sadder at the thought of his kindness than at all the rest. We sat at the opposite ends of a long table. We were not allowed to shake hands. He read me some kind telegrams and letters. Mr. Waugh wished to present me in gaol with a copy of his "Gaol Cradle," an excellent book which he has allowed to go out of print; but that was forbidden. Nothing must pass from the outer world to a prisoner. He must read nothing but that which is provided in the gaol library, and only as much of that as is doled out to him by the chaplain. So Mr. Waugh had sor-

rowfully to carry his "Gaol Cradle" back again. Then came another surprise: Dr. Clifford, armed with a Home Office order, succeeded Mr. Waugh, and we had a pleasant little talk. After he went away I was tramped back to my cell, which, however, I had to vacate almost immediately. I was taken away to the B wing, and there placed in cell No. 8 in the second floor. I got a new label, B<sub>2</sub>, and had a brass number sewed upon the other side of my coat. Jacques was taken off to another wing, and I saw him to speak to no more. I was placed under the charge of a warder whose name I think was Smithers, a kindly, courteous official, whom I regretted not being able to thank when I was so unexpectedly carried off to Holloway.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

#### THE SOCIAL EXPERIMENT AT GUISE.

THE remarkable account in the *Times* of Tuesday of M. Godin's *familistère* at Guise, near Paris, will not excite the attention that fifty, or even thirty, years ago it would have received in this country. The question of the poor is as pressing as before; there is at least as much philanthropy as in any former period; while the group of vague ideas commonly classed as "Socialism" exercise, perhaps, more influence than ever. There has, however, been a change in the public mind. Co-operative Societies have succeeded and failed in such numbers, that practical men have come to regard them as mere co-partnerships, often beneficial to the partners, and usually beneficial to society, but not likely to act as a universal solvent for all industrial woes. Competition is not dead, or dying; altruism is still a counsel of perfection rather than a universal belief; and though the great army of paupers slowly diminishes, its existence is still the most terrible of English social facts. At the same time, the belief in *phalanstères* of any kind, which was once widely diffused in this country, has visibly died away. Not one is now the subject of any public comment. That belief ought to have revived during the agitation on the housing of the poor; and the fact that it did not is evidence

that there is a change, not, perhaps, so much in opinion, as in the form which hopeful opinion takes. Hundreds of persons still believe that the people must be rehoused; but they look to better buildings, more scientific apparatus, and lighter rents, or occasionally to experiments in the way of workmen's villages, rather than to any plan of living in common. The old ideas of common halls, common dining-rooms, common recreation-rooms, have lost their force; and new projects of the kind are dismissed with the remark that the English wish for individual comfort, and not for comfort attainable only through community. The Englishman, say philanthropists, prefers a poor room in a cottage of his own, to a better room in a palace which he must share with a thousand others.

It is curious, therefore, to read evidence that the plan, nearly abandoned in England, has been made in at least one place in France a complete success. M. Godin, a journeyman iron founder, rose to fortune by the discovery of a way to make cheap stoves, and being full of the Fourierist ideas so rampant fifty years ago, he resolved to turn his works into a "social palace." Being a man of the true organising temperament, passionately industrious, very able, and as full as John Wesley of unconscious des-

potism, he succeeded in organising a nearly complete industrial community. He admitted all his workmen to share profits according to capacity, and induced them to accumulate these profits with a view of buying him out. He then appointed himself for life managing-director of the new firm, and set himself to build a palace which should make workmen's lives comparatively comfortable, yet should pay. Aided by the workmen, who slowly came into his schemes, he so thoroughly succeeded, that he built buildings in which four hundred families are comfortably housed in apartments as independent as houses, with common nurseries, common recreation-grounds, common schoolrooms—where the education is exceptionally good—co-operative stores, library, reading-room, *café*, theatre, and gardens, all open to the whole community, at rates which the workman can easily pay; the entire establishment, with its endless advantages, having been finished at a cost of about £220 per family, and being let to pay, after repairs are provided for, an interest of 3 per cent. Every department is made self-supporting, and a common restaurant which was tried was given up the moment it was discovered that it did not pay. In this palace the whole of the workmen and their families live, and, under M. Godin's superintendence, manage the affairs of the great foundry together. They elect a governing committee of eighty-three; they send out the best-made stoves in France by the thousand; and after paying wages, allowances for the old, pensions for the maimed, and all expenses of the palace, including a small army of cleaners, the average return amounts to 8 per cent., with 5 per cent. of which M. Godin's interest is paid, while the remaining 3 accumulates to buy him out. The writer who describes the palace says the children do not suffer, the usual drawback to all public nurseries; while the workmen and their wives are obviously pleased, for they stay on to old age. To all appearance, pauperism is extinguished, and an industrial community enjoys in peace, out of its own earnings, all the advantages of the middle class, including a fair amount of recreation, and a hope,

when M. Godin is bought out, of larger profits still.

Is not the question solved, then? Unfortunately, it is hardly approached. M. Godin has not touched the very fringe of the grand social difficulty. Nobody has ever doubted that a barrack, or a public school, or a monastery, or any other place in which large numbers of picked persons are collected under stringent discipline, could be well and cheaply managed, experience having solved that question a thousand years ago. The doubt is whether a society in which idleness is tolerated, and drinking is possible, and the human drift gradually accumulates, and there is no direct discipline from above, can be made comfortable also; and that question is still unanswered. In the *Famillistère* 'de Guise every man who enters is a workman, and therefore healthy; every man must work, and therefore adds to the collective wealth; and every man must abstain at least from visible crime, including drunkenness, under penalty of banishment. The management of a great factory on those conditions is no more difficult than the management of a great hospital or a great college, if the necessary force is provided; and it is provided here. M. Godin is clearly despotic, and can give the needed "sanction" to any law passed by the governing committee, which it is understood he influences at all points, great and small. He is "managing director" for life; he is sole creditor; he can break up the community at will by enforcing his property rights; and he possesses in the highest degree not only the capacity for governing, but the admission from his subjects that he ought to govern. Between him and the committee, any "inhabitant" of the palace can be dismissed, and dismissal, especially after long service, means even more to him than to the ordinary workmen. Opinion, too, in a community so closely packed must operate with tremendous force, "the cold shoulder" being almost equivalent to the old Catholic excommunication. The "inhabitant" is, therefore, compelled to be industrious, to be moral, to be clubbable, and to obey sanitary rules, by a force as direct and as external as the force which, in a



free community, compels him to pay taxes, to maintain his children, and to abstain from breaches of the criminal law. The same force applied to any factory would obtain the same results; but where, in England at all events, is the force to be obtained? The workmen will not elect such a dictator as M. Godin, and it is in the dictatorship that the essential strength of such a community resides. Without it every rule would gradually be broken, the great instinct of idleness would be obeyed; the work would deteriorate in quality, and before long the unfailing market, upon which the prosperity of the place depends, would pass away to other hands. It is possible, as the inhabitants of the "Palace" are Frenchmen, that on M. Godin's death they may elect a dictator; but it is most improbable, and if they do not, the factory will either tumble to pieces, or will become an ordinary industrial undertaking. M. Godin has shown that the immense power of a factory or foundry owner can be well and wisely used; but that is all he has shown. He has not made the social question one whit easier of solution.

We wish the *Times'* correspondent

had taken more trouble to ascertain the net result of the secularism prevailing in the *familistère*. M. Godin interferes with no man's creed, but he dislikes religion in all shapes, allows only civil interment to be paid for by the factory, and so discourages "forms" that a considerable proportion of the children are unbaptised, and all, of course, are left untaught, so far as the schools are concerned, in any religious faith. There may be piety in the rooms, but worship in any public form is practically prohibited. The French workman is not religious, and probably the establishment at Guise is not more entirely secularist than many ordinary factories in France; but we should have liked to have heard the result of this formal negation upon the wives and mothers, and more especially upon the children, of whom a large proportion must have grown up under the pagan *régime*. The difference in them must be considerable, and in what way does it show itself? Has a "religion of utility" grown up, or is the community in reality still obedient to the general tradition obeyed by all outside the factory establishments?—*The Spectator*.

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#### LOUIS PASTEUR.

On the façade of a little house in the Rue des Tanneurs at Dôle may be seen a plate bearing, in letters of gold, the following inscription: "Here was born LOUIS PASTEUR, December 27, 1822." It was placed there in the presence of the living man, as he was borne in a triumphal procession along the streets of the old town where he had spent his early days. "England has ceased to stone and burn her prophets," says Froude in his *Life of Carlyle*; "she is contented to pay them some moderate homage, and leaves the final decorating work to future generations." In Germany and France, the final decorating work is less grudgingly awarded. The crowns with oak leaves are not only given to actors and prima donnas, and still less to politicians, but they are worn by men of science, to whom the word "success" bears a different meaning from that which is commonly given to it amongst ourselves:

with them, success does not mean money or fame; it means the attainment of that knowledge which shall be of lasting benefit to humanity.

Pasteur's parents were of humble origin, and poor. His father, an old soldier, decorated on the field of battle, took up the trade of a tanner when, the war over, he returned to France, and was obliged to work very hard to keep the wolf from the door. Nevertheless, he found time every evening to superintend the lessons of his son, who at an early age was sent to college, and of whom he was determined to make an educated man. The boy, however, was no infant prodigy; and it is reported of him that he did not always take the shortest road either to or from school. He was fonder of drawing than anything else, and whenever he could escape from his books, would amuse himself by taking portraits of his neighbors. An old

lady at Arbois was heard to regret, as time went on, this wasted talent, and to say: "What a pity he should have buried himself in chemistry, for he might have made his fortune as a painter!" In due time, however, the passion for work, afterwards so imperative, was born within him. He left Arbois for Besançon, and there received the degree of *bachelier des lettres*. He was immediately appointed tutor in the same college; and in the intervals of his duties he followed the course of mathematics necessary to prepare him for the scientific examinations of the *Ecole Normale*. There, at the first examination, he passed fourteenth on the list. But this did not satisfy him: he began a new year of preparation, settling himself to work in a silent corner of Paris. He then came out fourth; and in 1843, he was enabled, in the great school where he was destined to take so distinguished a place, to follow out to his heart's content his passion for chemistry.

At this time, two professors as different as possible both in manner and system of teaching, exercised an equal influence over their pupils. Dumas, at the Sorbonne, polished and grave, was accustomed to dwell on general principles; Balard, at the *Ecole Normale*, vivacious and enthusiastic, overwhelmed his audience with the multitude of facts, and did not always give his words time to follow his thoughts. One day, as he was showing potash in the lecture-room to the students, he exclaimed with fervor: "Potash—which—potash then—potash in short—which I now present to you."

The rules of the *Ecole Normale* might well be copied in many other educational institutions; they leave much to the student himself, who has free access to the laboratories and the library, where he may consult all the scientific journals and reviews. Presupposing the earnest purpose of the individual, this system greatly develops the spirit of research; but to Pasteur were lacking many of the advantages enjoyed by the present day students, for, although he was made "dean" at an incredibly early age, and intrusted with the scientific studies at the *Ecole Normale Supérieure*, he had no laboratory; and when he petitioned the Minister of Public Instruction for

one, the reply was worthy of the period when science was at a discount, when Claude Bernard lived in a small damp garret, and Berthelot was nothing more than an assistant in the *Collège de France*. The reply was this: "There is no clause in the budget to grant you fifteen hundred francs a year to defray the expense of experiments."

Pasteur, whose only thought was to learn, to question, and to study, did not hesitate to establish a laboratory—a very modest one, however—at his own expense; and there was probably born within him that scientific imagination which has been lately somewhat mistily described as a preconceived idea. He was too simple to arrogate to himself any unusual or peculiar method of discovery; but he used to say that nothing could be done without preconceived ideas; and Professor Tyndall, commenting on the words, insists that they are far from meaning ideas without antecedents: using his own poetic vein, he remarks that the days are gone for ever when angels whispered into the hearkening human ear secrets which had no root in man's previous knowledge or experience; and that the only revelation now open to the wise arises from "intending the mind" on acquired knowledge. At the time when Pasteur undertook his investigations on the diseases of silkworms, he had never seen a silkworm; but the preconceived ideas he brought to bear upon the subject were the vintage of garnered facts.

Remaining as Balard's assistant at the *Ecole Normale*, although he had been offered the professorship of Physics in the Lycée of Tournon, Pasteur began the study of crystals; and the manner in which he—still so young a student—explained away the difficulties which had appeared insurmountable to the great investigator Mitscherlich, immediately attracted the attention of the Academy. When, some time later, Biot brought the inquirers together, Mitscherlich said: "I had studied with so much care and perseverance, in their smallest details, the two salts which formed the subject of my note to the Academy, that if you have established what I was unable to discover, you must have been guided to your result by a preconceived idea." And this was absolutely the case, for the

result was reached by simple common-sense ; and the wonder is, not that a searcher of such penetration as Pasteur should have discovered a difference in the facets of otherwise analogous crystals, but that an investigator so powerful and so experienced as Mitscherlich should have missed it. But besides the discovery that certain crystals supposed to be identical are not really so, Pasteur went on to further and exceedingly curious conclusions. He satisfied himself of the distinction between minerals or artificial products and the products which are extracted from vegetables. Such conclusions—supported, it is needless to say, by the most careful experiments—are sure to arrest the attention of a large class of people, who, dreading materialism, are ready to welcome any generalisation which separates the living from the inanimate world ; and even should they be considered somewhat insecure, the studies from which they were drawn are known to be sound, and must endure for ever, however theory may change and inference fade away.

Pasteur was now led by force of circumstances to relinquish a line of research which still possesses for him an invincible attraction. By a sudden turn, he was thrown unexpectedly upon the subject of fermentation ; and fermentation led to the study of diseases ; but he still laments that he never had time to retrace his steps. At the time when Pasteur was nominated dean of the Faculty of Sciences at Lille, fermentation was but little understood. The yeast-plant had been discovered ; and a German manufacturer of chemicals had noticed that common commercial tartrate of lime fermented on being dissolved and exposed to a moderate heat. His solution, he described, which was at first limpid and pure, became turbid, and this was owing to the multiplication of a microscopic organism. Pasteur recognised in this little organism a living ferment, and became assured that ferments are in all cases living things ; the substances formerly regarded as ferments being in reality the food of ferments. But whence come these minute organisms ? It was impossible for Pasteur to accept the theory of spontaneous generation, so enthusiastically supported by Ponchet and others. One by one he ex-

plained the fallible nature of their experiments, and proved, by his own, that not a single circumstance had yet appeared to justify the assertion that microscopic organisms come into the world without germs or without parents like themselves. He speedily brought the most scientific men to his own conclusions. M. Fleurens, permanent secretary of the Academy of Sciences, delivered his opinion before the whole Academy in the following words : " As long as my opinion was not formed, I had nothing to say ; now it is formed, and I can speak. The experiments are decisive. If spontaneous generation be a fact, what is necessary for the production of animalcula ? Air and putrescible liquids. Now, Pasteur puts air and putrescible liquids together, and nothing is produced. Spontaneous generation, then, has no existence. Those who still doubt have failed to grasp the question."

Pasteur had now the key to many problems. He traced all the maladies of wine to a specific organism which acted as a ferment, and could be destroyed at a temperature of one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit without injury to the wine. It was the same thing with beer : the causes of deterioration are identically the same ; and the heating of bottled beer as a means of preservation is now largely practised, especially in Europe and in America.

Pasteur's next investigations were directed to the diseases of silkworms. In the year 1849, an epidemic threatened to destroy the whole silkworm commerce of France. The symptoms were variable, and would break out sometimes in the eggs, sometimes in the " worms," sometimes during the processes of moulting. Innumerable remedies were tried without success, and the cultivators were in despair. Pasteur was persuaded to leave for a time the experiments which had been so fruitful, and to advance with hesitation on an unknown road ; but the misery of the population of certain departments in the south of France decided him to accept the offer made him by his old master Dumas, who had been nominated Reporter of the Commission set on foot to determine the best means of combating the epidemic. Pasteur started for Alais, where the plague

was raging, and had not been there many hours when he was able to show to several members of the Agricultural Committee some infinitely small bodies in certain worms. He found them in the eggs, the worms, and the moths; but, curiously enough, not always in those which showed signs of disease. Other observers had already suggested a possible connection between the malady and these little bodies, but had failed to follow out the investigation. Pasteur affirmed that here was the disease, and—twenty days after his arrival—that it was only in the moths that search should be made for them; that the germ of the malady might be present in the eggs and escape detection; in the worm also it might elude microscopic examination; but that in the moth it reached a development so distinct as to render the recognition immediate. From healthy moths, healthy eggs were sure to spring; from healthy eggs, healthy worms; from healthy worms, fine cocoons; so that the problem of restoration to France of its silk husbandry reduced itself to the separation of the healthy from the unhealthy moths, the rejection of the latter, and the exclusive employment of the eggs of the former. This was the substance of the note which Pasteur presented to the Committee of Alais. He soon settled the question of contagion, upon which opinions were much divided. He gave healthy worms leaves over which infected worms had passed, and found, by this means, he could communicate the disease to as many worms as he chose. It therefore became no longer possible to doubt that pébrine was a contagious disease. The simple method by which Pasteur insured the cultivator against a recurrence of the epidemic is now universally adopted. As soon as her eggs are laid, the moth is crushed in a mortar and mixed with a little water; the mixture is examined by the microscope, and should a germ of the disease be found, the eggs are immediately destroyed, with everything belonging to them. Workshops are met with everywhere at the time of the cultivation, in which women and young girls are steadily employed, under strict supervision, in pounding and examining the moths, setting aside those eggs which are perfectly healthy, and destroying the rest.

Pasteur returned to Paris crowned with success; but he had overtaxed his strength, and was seized with paralysis. Seeing, as he thought, the near approach of death, he insisted upon dictating a last note on his important studies; but the end was not yet, and there were many more triumphs in store for him.

Advancing in his discoveries on living ferments, he drew nearer and nearer to a knowledge of the causes of contagious diseases; but he rather drew back from this special inquiry. The ancient medical theory of parasites and living contagia was revived, and Pasteur's own researches on fermentation had much to do with it. He could no longer maintain the part of mere spectator, and taking up the investigations of Davaine, Rayer, and Roch, he approached the study of the terrible cattle-plague, which for so many years had eluded all research. No doubt could be entertained of the parasitic nature of the disease, to which all animals were subject excepting birds. And here Pasteur stepped in with what Tyndall calls a "hand specimen" of his genius. The temperature which prohibits the multiplication of the poisonous parasite is forty-four degrees; the temperature of the blood of birds is forty-two degrees—it is therefore close upon that which destroys infection, and might well be the cause of their immunity. Pasteur then made the following experiment. He placed the feet of a fowl in cold water, thereby considerably lowering the temperature. He then inoculated it, and in four-and-twenty hours it was dead. The argument was clinched by inoculating a chilled fowl, allowing the fever to come to a head, and then removing the patient, wrapped in cotton-wool, to a warm chamber, where it rapidly recovered; proving that the career of the parasite was brought to an end. The experiment is conclusive, and is full of suggestiveness as regards the treatment of fever in man. The next step was the consequence of long dwelling on the mystery of vaccination. Since most diseases are in their nature non-recurrent, why should there not, he argued, be found for each of them a preventive disease, which, being similar, but not so virulent, should act as a safeguard? Pasteur found that lengthened contact with free air weakens the con-

tagion, or the microscopic parasites ; they are living things, demanding certain elements of life, as do other living things, and they may so use up that which the body contains as essential to their growth, that it may be impossible to produce a second crop. Even a less vigorous parasite may suffice to exhaust the soil, and then a highly virulent one may be introduced, and will prove powerless. This is the whole secret of Jenner's discovery ; but he employed it only in a single disease, leaving the field to Pasteur, who grasped at once the nature and extent of the discovery, and applied it with results which have appeared almost miraculous.

In 1881, Pasteur communicated to the Academy his discovery, that by repeated "cultivations" of a poisonous parasite, much of its virulence could be destroyed—that, in fact, it might be rendered benign ; and though much applause followed his exposition, some of his colleagues could not help suggesting that there was a little romance in the theory. The President of the Society of Agriculture at Melun invited Pasteur to make a public experiment of splenic fever vaccination. He accepted ; and on May 5,

1881, an immense concourse of interested spectators assembled to watch the result. A flock of sheep was divided into two groups ; those in the one were vaccinated, those in the other were left alone. A number of cows were similarly treated. After fourteen days, all the animals were inoculated with a virulent kind of cattle-disease ; and three days subsequently, twenty-one sheep which had not been protected by vaccination were dead, and the remaining ones were dying. The vaccinated sheep had hardly suffered at all. It was the same thing with the cows. A burst of enthusiasm followed these marvellous results ; and although every new discovery is sure to be opposed, the significant fact remains that Pasteur is overwhelmed with applications for vaccine.

Pasteur is now over sixty years of age, but he still continues his researches with unabated energy ; the last have reference to the most terrible malady of all—to hydrophobia, concerning which we may have something to say by-and-by. The immense possibilities which his discoveries are constantly revealing leave hardly any prospect too wide for fulfilment.—*Chambers's Journal*.

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## ON THE VERGE OF A TRAGEDY.

### A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY GEORGE AUSTIN.

"Lefroy's account of the events that preceded the assassination of Mr. Gold, has perhaps never been surpassed in the thrilling history of murder. He says that the whole of the day on which the crime was perpetrated, from the time he left Wallington, the Devil was with him. While he was in the station before the train started, he put the question to the Devil which it was to be—Poverty and Honor, or Wealth and Dishonor—and while he was debating this choice, the Devil suggested the latter ; whereupon he walked up the platform and got into a carriage in which there happened to be a passenger, alone. It was into this Lefroy entered, and not, as stated by the railway witness, that in which Mr. Gold was sitting. When he entered, the passenger apparently not caring that Lefroy should see him eating strawberries, put the fruit on the hat-rail, and taking out his newspaper began to read. As he did so, Lefroy also took out his own paper, still however keeping an eye upon his fellow-passenger. Meanwhile he cautiously drew his revolver out of his pocket, concealing

it under his paper to discover whether it was properly loaded, and this being ascertained, he then 'full cocked' it. He actually intended to take this gentleman's life ; but every time Lefroy looked up from his paper, he found his companion—to use his own words—staring at him as much as to say, 'I know what you are about.' So near was this traveller to being a victim in the place of Mr. Gold !"—*Daily Telegraph*, November 28, 1882.

[If any apology were required for introducing to the reader the following true narrative, I think it would be found in the fact of some of the incidents related being of an extremely unusual and remarkable character. I may also add that I have been strongly urged, both by friends and strangers to whom I have related the story, to place it before the public.]

IT was on a hot summer day, some few years ago, that, after a fatiguing morning's work in the City, I was about to travel from London, by an early afternoon express train, to Brighton. Being somewhat exhausted by the heat of the weather, and with a parched throat, I had, before starting, purchased a basket of strawberries as a substitute for lunch. I had arrived at the station early, and having rather a desire to be alone, with a view to the enjoyment of a quiet siesta, I entered a first-class compartment otherwise unoccupied. At the last moment before the train was set in motion, the carriage-door was suddenly opened, and a tallish, slight, young man sprang rapidly in, and placed himself in the corner seat on the opposite side of the carriage and farthest from me.

According to my casual observation, he was a man of not ungentlemanly mien, but conveyed the impression of one who was accustomed to late hours spent in a vitiated atmosphere.

I had just begun to eat my strawberries. My first impulse was to invite my fellow-passenger to partake of the fruit, but for some undefined reason I abstained from doing so.

I have often since endeavored to account for the origin of my second impulse, and have been compelled to arrive at the humiliating conclusion that it must have been attributable to nothing more nor less than greediness. If I had been half-way through the strawberries, I should in all probability have obeyed the impulse of hospitality, but I was not self-sacrificing enough to let a stranger "revel free" amongst the larger specimens of fruit with which our fruiterers with commendable liberality invariably bait the top of the basket.

I was however so far sensitive on the subject, that I could not continue to enjoy the strawberries alone, and therefore placed the basket in the rack above my head, intending to resume my feast at a later period. It is important to mention this incident of the strawberries, because, as will be seen hereafter, it has a very significant bearing upon my narrative.

I then occupied myself with my newspaper, my fellow-traveller being apparently similarly engaged. It is necessary to state here that I am short-sighted, so

that beyond a certain distance, say about eight or ten feet, according to the amount of light, I do not clearly recognise features, unless aided by glasses, which I do not always use.

My readers may doubtless be aware that persons afflicted with short-sight have often apparently a habit of staring or gazing intently at the object which they are endeavoring to see. This is pre-eminently the case with me; so much so indeed that acquaintances have often indignantly exclaimed, "Why, I met you the other day in the street, you stared me out of countenance, and then passed on as if you did not know me!" — the real state of the case being that I had not recognised them at all. To resume my narrative, I recollect that I occasionally glanced at the stranger, who was just within the range of my vision, and that he appeared to be looking at me with a glittering eye; a fact to which I did not attach any importance at the time, and which would not have left any impression on my mind but for subsequent events.

The train stopped at Croydon Station (about ten miles from London), and there my fellow-passenger abruptly quitted the carriage, no conversation whatever having passed between us. I proceeded on my journey, and in due time arrived at Brighton, some fifty odd miles from London, and did not, during that day, hear of anything unusual having happened.

On the following morning I was again in the train accompanied by some friends travelling to London. On opening our newspapers we were much startled at reading:

"DREADFUL MURDER OF A GENTLEMAN YESTERDAY AFTERNOON ON THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY. BODY FOUND IN BALCOMBE TUNNEL."

Then followed an account of a passenger alighting at Preston Station (which is within a short distance of Brighton) in a terribly shattered and forlorn condition; whose clothes were smeared with blood, whose general appearance indicated that he had been engaged in a struggle of a very severe and sanguinary nature, and who stated that he had been brutally attacked and robbed by a man in the carriage, who

had then escaped while the train was still in motion.

His story being believed by the railway officials, although there were many circumstances which should have made them suspicious as to the truth of it, he was allowed to take his departure.

A few hours later, however, a report was received of the body of a gentleman having been found in Balcombe Tunnel, who, judging from his general appearance, had evidently been murdered.

The real state of the case appears then to have dawned upon the acute minds of the railway officials, who arrived at the intelligent conclusion, that instead of having been attacked, the dilapidated man who alighted at Preston Station, and whom they had so innocently allowed to depart, was, in fact, the murderer of the unfortunate gentleman whose body had been found in Balcombe Tunnel.

The newspaper report then proceeded to give a description of his personal appearance, height, dress, &c., and other particulars, to facilitate the endeavors of the police to effect his capture.

When I read this statement I was struck with amazement, and exclaimed, "Why, that is the exact description of the passenger in whose company I travelled yesterday afternoon, and by the train named, as far as Croydon Station!" I then related to my friends the incident of the strawberries, and my greediness in connection therewith.

The murder naturally became the all-engrossing topic of conversation for several days, especially amongst those who were accustomed to travel on the Brighton Railway, and their friends; and a panic with regard to railway travelling with one other passenger only in the same carriage, took, for some time, possession of the mind of the public; and there arose considerable discussion, as to whether it would not be advantageous, for the general safety, to adopt the American system, and to abolish compartments, thus throwing open all the carriages from one end of the train to the other. This idea however was soon abandoned, as the majority were of opinion that the luxury of our present system of comparative privacy is preferable. Moreover it must be remembered that no murder in a railway carriage had taken place for the previous seventeen

years, and therefore that the chances against such an occurrence are many millions to one.

The story of my having travelled, as I believed, as far as Croydon Station with the suspected man, whose name turned out to be Lefroy, was not unnaturally often repeated in my family circle, and amongst my club, and other friends.

After the lapse of many days, Lefroy was traced to, and arrested in, an obscure lodging in the east of London, and in a very abject and dejected condition. He was then charged with the murder of the gentleman whose body had been found in Balcombe Tunnel, and evidence was taken in the usual way before a magistrate.

The ticket inspector at the London terminus swore that he knew the person of the prisoner very well, and that he put him into a carriage at that station with the gentleman whom he was charged with having murdered, and with whose personal appearance he was also perfectly well acquainted, as he was a constant traveller on the line. He likewise stated that the prisoner had on a "bowler hat."

When I read that piece of evidence, I was compelled to come to the conclusion that the belief that I had travelled with the accused as far as Croydon Station was incorrect, as *my* fellow-passenger wore a "tall silk hat," and that the similarity of dress and appearance in other respects was simply a coincidence, which however in any case would have been somewhat singular, as there were very few first-class passengers on that day in the train by which we travelled. On reading further, however, I observed that the officials at Preston Station, where the prisoner alighted, swore that he wore a "tall silk hat."

This evidence forcibly brought back my original impressions as to the identity of the man, and I was so much interested in the matter, that I took the trouble to seek out the ticket inspector at the London terminus, and asked him how he accounted for the discrepancy between his evidence, and that of the officials at Preston Station, with regard to the hat.

"Well, sir," he said, "I may have possibly made a mistake about the hat, but I am *positive* that I put the accused

into the carriage with the murdered gentleman at this station."

Although, of course, somewhat shaken in my conviction by this renewed and unequivocal assertion of the ticket inspector, I nevertheless continued to entertain a strong instinctive feeling, almost amounting to certainty, of the correctness of my first impression.

I was never, however, sufficiently interested in the matter—and this may appear strange to many of my readers—to be induced to make a personal inspection of the prisoner, which fact was probably in a great degree attributable to the doubts which had been raised in my mind by the very positive assertions of the ticket inspector; moreover he would have been attired in such very different clothing to that in which my fellow-passenger was dressed, that it would most likely have been difficult to recognise him with any degree of certainty; and furthermore, any evidence which I could give would have been of no practical value, in addition to which police and criminal courts of law have never had any great attraction for me.

The result of the evidence was that the accused man Lefroy was committed for trial, which did not take place for some months afterwards, and in the crowd of events which are always so rapidly following each other, the matter was temporarily forgotten.

When, however, the time arrived for the trial to take place, the subject again occupied the attention of the public in a very intense degree. The trial lasted for some days, and terminated by the prisoner being found guilty, and sentence of death being passed upon him.

A day or two before that appointed for the execution, I was relating to my children the story of the murder, in the summer of 1864, and also in a railway carriage, of a gentleman named Briggs, the chief clerk in the bank of Messrs. Roberts, by a German called Müller. This murder created intense excitement at the time, as the murderer evaded the pursuit of the police, and actually escaped to America, where, however, he was arrested on arrival, and given up under the extradition treaty, brought back to this country, tried, condemned, and hanged. It is somewhat singular that a hat also played a prominent part

in that tragedy. Up till the last moment, Müller asserted his innocence, even until the rope was actually round his neck, when, in answer to the last appeal of the German clergyman who was in attendance upon him, and who earnestly implored him not to rush into the presence of his Maker with a lie upon his lips, the unhappy man exclaimed, "*Ich habe es gethan!*" (I did it.)

"Now," said I, "the condemned man Lefroy may be equally obstinate; but should he make a detailed confession, I shall be very curious to see the particulars, as the conviction is still as strong as ever on my mind that I did travel in the same carriage with him on the day of the murder as far as Croydon Station, notwithstanding the evidence of the railway officials to the contrary."

On the following afternoon, the day preceding that on which Lefroy was appointed to be hanged, on entering my club, the first man I saw was our cheery messmate, Captain Aquinas, distinguished for the dulcet tones in which he mastheads us when we revoke or trump his best card, or fail to see his "Peter" at whist.

Said he, "Do you remember the story you told us on the day after the murder, expressing your belief that you had been a fellow-passenger with the murderer as far as Croydon Station, and your greediness about the strawberries?"

(Alas, nobody ever seems to forget that unhappy admission of mine!)

"Certainly," replied I. "Perfectly well."

"Well," said he, "if you read the *Daily Telegraph*, you will see that Lefroy has made a statement in which he fully confirms your story."

I accordingly sought out the statement in the *Daily Telegraph*, and there, sure enough, the prisoner made particular mention of the fact of his fellow-passenger having a basket of strawberries, and of his evident disinclination to continue eating them in his presence, and how he therefore placed them in the rack at the back of the carriage; how he then devoted himself to the perusal of his newspaper; how he, the prisoner, also had a newspaper, behind which he had a loaded revolver, cocked and ready for use; how he had been more or less under the influence of the *Evil Fiend* from the time



he arose from his bed that morning, and how he had resolved to murder his fellow-passenger; but somehow, whenever he looked at him, the gentleman always appeared to be staring at him most intently, as much as to say, "I know what you are about," and that he, in consequence, became so unnerved that he felt quite incapable of carrying out his intention; and, on the arrival of the train at Croydon Station, he rushed from the carriage, and got into another, in which there was only one other passenger, whom he eventually murdered, casting the body into Balcombe Tunnel.

Poor unhappy wretch! Here was a man looking at him only occasionally, with indistinct and imperfect vision, and not having the most remote idea that he had any sinister intention in his mind; whilst the intending murderer in his distracted and guilty conscience, actually becomes impressed with the idea that the eye of that man is piercing him to the very soul! Why, if it were not a matter of such solemnity it would be almost ludicrous. But I will not attempt to solve this enigma. It affords at least an additional illustration that

"Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

I cannot quit this part of my narrative without dwelling for a moment on an episode in it which to my mind affords another singular subject for reflection; as indicating how in this world of anomalies, tragedy and farce may be in close proximity to each other, and even be mistaken one for the other.

Lefroy leaves me in the railway carriage perfectly unconscious of the peril which had been hanging over me, and while I am calmly and placidly, and slumberingly proceeding on my journey, he in the course of a few minutes, and within a few compartments from me, becomes engaged in a frightful struggle with the unfortunate gentleman whom he finally murders. This death struggle is observed by a woman and her daughter from the window of a cottage standing close to the railway; and they seeing the figures moving rapidly about in the carriage, are amused at what they believed to be two passengers engaged in skylarking. They looked upon a *tragedy* and absolutely believed it to be a *farce*!

The perusal of this statement of the

condemned man in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, naturally created much excitement amongst those of my relations and friends who had become acquainted with my original story, and it was the unanimously expressed opinion that my preservation was attributable to my being short-sighted.

I certainly do not claim to possess a greater amount of physical courage, or indifference to danger than most men, and I suppose I may not be an imaginative man, for the terrible fate I so narrowly escaped has never given me any shock, or prevented a night's rest, whilst another person, though only a slight acquaintance, on hearing of my fortunate escape from a cruel death, was so agitated as to be unable to sleep the whole night after hearing my narrative.

One of the most remarkable incidents connected with my narrative, is the fact that I had nearly forty pounds in my purse, of which the murderer might have possessed himself with very little difficulty had he remained in the carriage with me, as I should undoubtedly have slumbered during the journey between Croydon and Brighton; whereas he did not obtain as much as twenty shillings from the unfortunate gentleman whom he so cruelly slaughtered; and the fact of his being so short of money was the immediate cause of his being traced and arrested.

There is still another singular incident to relate, remarkable on account of the way in which it presented itself being purely accidental, and which would almost seem to be furnished for the purpose of supplying the final link in the chain of evidence which proves the truth and completeness of my story.

About a week after the unfortunate man was executed, a friend came to me and said, "A curious thing has happened this morning. I was walking in East Street, when I met my old friend, the Reverend Mr. Cole,\* who is the

\* Since writing this narrative I have seen the chaplain, and in course of conversation he mentioned, as a noteworthy circumstance, that until meeting our mutual friend in East Street, he had not seen him for some years, and he had not met him since. So that if one or other had passed a certain point a minute sooner or later, I should, in all probability, never have been brought into communication with the reverend gentleman, and should thus have been

chaplain of Lewes Gaol, in which Lefroy was imprisoned and hanged. We naturally spoke of the recent event, and of the wretched man with whom the reverend gentleman had had the misfortune to be in such close association. I casually remarked, 'By-the-way, there is a man in my club who was the passenger who travelled with Lefroy on the day of the murder as far as Croydon Station.' 'Indeed,' exclaimed the chaplain, 'that is very extraordinary! What is the name of that gentleman? I must ask you to place me in communication with him, as I have something very important to say to him.' In reply to a letter of mine to Mr. Cole, I received the following communication:

"H. M. Prison, Lewes,  
Dec. 15, 1881.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am very glad to receive your letter, which corroborates most remarkably a statement made to me by the criminal Percy Lefroy Mapleton, after his sentence, that he entered at London Bridge, on the 27th of June last, a carriage occupied by a gentleman who was eating strawberries at the time, and who placed them in the rack above his head as he entered.

"He described the gentleman to me as apparently about forty years of age, slight, with dark hair, and with eyes which appeared to him so searching in their character that he felt obliged to abandon his intention of robbery and violence, and to change carriages at Croydon. The evidence of the ticket collector, Franks, was so positive that Lefroy entered the carriage with Mr. Gold at London Bridge, that the prisoner's unsupported declaration to the contrary could only be accepted by me with reservation, but your testimony now offered, and corresponding as it does in minute particulars with his account, leaves no doubt in my mind as to his actually having been your fellow-passenger as far as Croydon, and I am also now aware that previous to his trial and long before the newspaper report appeared, he had given the same information for purposes of his defence whilst he was in close custody here, and therefore unable to hear, without the cognisance of the authorities, either directly or indirectly from yourself on the subject.

"It is a great satisfaction to me to be able by your aid thus to test the truthfulness of one of the statements of the dying man, as it leads me to hope that his account to me generally of the details of his terrible crime may have been equally truthful.

"I offer you my earnest congratulations on

deprived of his most important testimony, which has contributed so largely to prove the truth of my narrative, and he would not have been afforded the opportunity of complying with the injunction of the dying man.

what I now fully believe to have been a providential escape, and I think it is only due to you that I should afford you the information which you request.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"(Signed) T. H. COLE

"(Chaplain).

"GEORGE AUSTIN, Esq.,

"Brighton."

My friend then arranged that he and I should pay a visit to the reverend gentleman, and we accordingly went over to Lewes on the following day.

The chaplain requested me first to relate my version of the story, having heard which, he was able, from written statements of the condemned man, to confirm fully each detail of the occurrences which I had described, and especially the fact that the fixed and piercing manner in which he imagined his fellow-traveller was looking at him utterly unnerved him, and compelled him to abandon the intention which he had formed to assassinate and rob him.

The chaplain also possessed so accurate a description of my personal appearance, that my identity as the fellow-traveller of the murderer was established beyond question, and he moreover confided to me the following information.

"Shortly before the unhappy man was hanged, when he had abandoned all hope of his life being spared, and he was, in fact, making his confession, he was very anxious to convince me that he was not utterly incapable of speaking the truth. He was moreover very angry (although acknowledging the justice of the sentence passed upon him) at the inaccurate evidence of the ticket inspector, who so positively swore that he put him into the carriage with Mr. Gold at the London terminus. He then told me the story of riding with the passenger who was eating strawberries, as far as Croydon Station, and how, under the influence of his searching gaze, as he said, he rushed from the carriage in a state of distraction and panic, perfectly incapable of carrying out the crime which he had contemplated. He implored me, if ever I should meet that gentleman, to ascertain from him the truth of these assertions made by him, the condemned man."

There is therefore no doubt that my short-sight was, under the providence of

God, to whom I offer my most thankful acknowledgments, the means of my preservation from a horrible fate.

It will be remembered that I have stated, that so long as the sworn evidence of the railway official was opposed to, and apparently disproved, my theory of having ridden with the murderer, I was never induced to make a journey for the purpose of seeing him. But as soon as the announcement was made of the confession which confirmed my version of the matter, I conceived a strong wish to have a personal view of him; it was however too late, as he was to be hanged on the following morning.

Within a few days it was advertised that the effigy of the criminal was being exhibited at Madame Tussaud's.

Knowing how lifelike are the representations at that establishment, I was

seized with an irresistible desire to see in *wax* the figure which I had not had the curiosity to inspect in the flesh.

I accordingly took the earliest opportunity of visiting Madame Tussaud's, and there, in gazing on the features of the waxen image, I had additional confirmation of the correctness of my original belief. There, beyond a doubt, was the likeness of the man who had looked at me with a glittering eye!

As I stood in that grim chamber of horrors amongst the crowd of spectators, none of whom probably were more interested in the figure of Lefroy than in any of the other surrounding effigies of murderers, I could not help speculating on the reflections regarding him which might be passing through their minds, as compared with those which occupied my own!—*Temple Bar.*

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

ECCLESIASTICAL INSTITUTIONS. BEING PART VI. OF THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

After a period of three years and a half the present volume follows "Political Institutions" previously published. It is to be followed by two other parts, "Professional Institutions" and "Industrial Institutions," and it is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Spencer's health, which is by no means good, may permit him to complete this great work, which more than any other will sum up the most valuable results of his life of philosophical research. The inductive principle of reasoning which lies at the root of the Spencerian system of philosophy never had a more magnificent vindication than in these important contributions to the world's thought and knowledge. It has been the fashion, even in this age, on the part of a certain class of thinkers to decry the *a-posteriori* method of investigation as suited only to science, that is to say natural science, and liable to lead to the most dangerous errors when used in the so-called higher branches of thought. Doctrinarism or idealism, as the *a-priori* conception of philosophy in its different branches from ontology down to political economy may be called, has, however, had its day, and the world is fast coming to the conviction, that only facts, phenomena, experiences can furnish

the safe material out of which trustworthy conclusions can be drawn; that every other method leads only to intellectual quagmires, where the only light is that of the will-o'-the-wisp. The system of investigation by which Herbert Spencer has forged his great philosophy, is purely that of scientific induction or reasoning from results back to causes.

In the study of "Religious Institutions" before us we find an admirable example of the author's method. He begins with an examination of the religious ideas as found in the lowest stages of man's intellectual history, and finds that in general it has its origin in ancestor worship. He cites a great mass of authorities to establish this view; and shows that even in so elaborate and complicated a religious system as that of Pharaonic Egypt, the most artificial and symbolical of all the older theological cults, it is easy to find that it rests on the same foundation. Even the Jewish belief is not exempt from this implication according to Mr. Spencer, though we do not think he makes his case quite as clear here.

In finding parallelisms between various religions he reveals many curious facts. He discovers in many places observances corresponding to the Christian Eucharist. "All such observances," he says, "originate from the primitive notion that the natures of men, inhering in all their parts, inhere also in whatever

may become incorporated with them ; so that a bond is established between those who eat the same food. As furnishing one out of many instances, I may mention the Padans, who 'hold inviolate any engagement cemented by meat or food.' Believing that the ghosts of the dead, retaining their appetites, feed either on the material food offered or on the spirit of it, this conception is extended to them. Hence arise in various parts of the world feasts, at which living and dead are supposed to join ; and thus to renew the relation of subordination on one side and friendliness on the other. And this eating with the ghost or the God, which by the Mexicans was transformed into 'Eating the God' (symbolized by a cake made up with the blood of the victim), was associated with a bond of service to the God for a specified period."

"Briefly stringing together minor likenesses we may note that the Christian Crusades to get possession of the holy sepulchre had their prototype in the sacred war of the Greeks to get possession of Delphi ; that as among Christians part of the worship consists in reciting the doings of the Hebrew God, prophets, and kings, so worship among the Greeks consisted partly in reciting the great deeds of the Homeric gods and heroes ; that Greek temples were made rich by precious gifts from kings and wealthy men to obtain Divine favor or forgiveness as Christian cathedrals have been ; that St. Peter's at Rome was built by funds raised from various Catholic countries, as the temple of Delphi was rebuilt by contributions from various Grecian states ; that the doctrine of special providences, general over the world, was as dominant among the Greeks as it has been among the Christians, so that in the words of Grote, 'the lives of the Saints bring us even back to the simple and ever operative theology of the Homeric age' ; and, lastly, that various religions, alike in the New and Old World, show us, in common with Christianity, baptism, confession, canonization, celibacy, the saying of grace, and other minor observances."

Mr. Spencer then takes up the distinct organization of ecclesiastical institutions, and finds in medicine men the earliest mediators between ignorance and the sense of the supernaturalism, the rudimentary type of the priest. The function of priesthood in the older civilizations gradually became hereditary, and it was only when religious power became at odds with the other social and political forces struggling for dominance that celibacy was insti-

tuted in the priesthood to weld together a body of men who, free from all human ties, could be consolidated into a power fanatically devoted to a single purpose. Mr. Spencer goes on to discuss those communities where priestly power was exercised by the king or chief, and traces the steps by which a priestly hierarchy, in the sense we now attach to the phrase, was gradually crystallized. One of the most interesting chapters is that which treats of ecclesiasticism as a social bond. Mr. Spencer goes as far as the most ardent defender of religious institutions could wish. He says : "Looking at it generally, we may say that ecclesiasticism stands for the principle of social continuity. Above all other agencies it is that which conduces to cohesion ; not only between the co-existing parts of a nation, but also between its present generation and past generations. In both ways it helps to maintain the individuality of the society. . . . Evidently this organized product of past experiences is not without credentials. The life of society has, up to the time being, been maintained by it ; and hence a perennial reason for resistance to deviation." The chapters on Church and State and that entitled "Religious Retrospect and Prospect" will be the ones to excite the keenest comment and controversy. We are shown how in many cases ecclesiastical organization became irresistible and tyrannized over civic power ; then the author proceeds to analyze the causes, which, in the eternal efflux and reflux of human affairs, finally tended to break down the power of priestly domination and to limit that within its special function, even as it limited the powers of royalty and caste. Foremost among these causes were the awakening of individualism and the growing conception that state and church were designed for man, not man for the state and church. The sense of personal right and liberty grew powerfully with each intellectual renaissance or awakening, and *pari passu* the development and diversification of commercial and industrial pursuits ably co-operated with the stimulus of purely intellectual culture. In his final chapter, summing up the religious prospect, he asserts that while thinking men are continually forced into agnosticism, yet they are constantly forced into "some solution of the Great Enigma, which he knows cannot be solved. Especially must this be so when he remembers that the very notions, origin, cause, and purpose are relative notions belonging to human thought, which are probably irrelevant to the ultimate Reality transcending human thought ; and

when, though suspecting that explanation is a word without meaning when applied to this ultimate Reality, he yet feels compelled to think there must be an explanation.

"But one truth must grow ever clearer, the truth that there is an inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested, to which he can neither find nor conceive beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in presence of an infinite and eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

POPULAR GOVERNMENT. FOUR ESSAYS. By Sir Henry Sumner Maine. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

These essays, originally published in the *Quarterly Review*, contain the views on Democratic Government by one of the most learned and profound jurists of the age. His conclusions are opposed to what may be called a strictly popular government. Like most great lawyers and judges, his training has made him conservative, and he asserts—partly, one would think, in self-defence—that the majority of intelligent and orderly men are also conservative. Sir Henry Maine has the courage of his convictions, but, like most men, wishes to feel that he has the majority behind him.

The development of government, like all other human institutions, is experimental and tentative, and, whatever its vagaries, permanent changes only occur as they are based on thoroughly tested values. Our essayist asserts truly that it is only within a very modern period that the democratic theory has met any careful and satisfactory trial. His conclusion is that it has proved extremely unstable, this in the teeth of the French republic, which has grown stronger and stronger for fifteen years, and in spite of the fact that the United States has grown under republican auspices, during a little more than a century, to be fifty millions in number, and one of the most powerful nations in the world; and not only this, but to show more evidences in her present of stability than can be furnished by any other nation in the world. His conclusion that the theories of democratic government as illustrated in France and the United States have done more to unsettle the world's government than any other cause is true, and true for a reason so manifest that it needs no comment. But this, so far from being an argument against, is strong in favor of republicanism; as it proves conclusively that the ferment of republican agitation

or the demand on the part of peoples now ruled by monarchs for a larger share of power in determining their own laws, is an inevitable evolution from existing conditions, the absence of which would show intellectual and moral stagnation. The conservatism that sets its face against needed reform successfully can only be found in a nation which is dying at the roots. Sir Henry contends that democracy, thereby meaning of course all governments which spring from the will of the people, whether representative or not, is by far the most difficult form of government and liable to the most evils and excesses. The argument, though ingenious and skilful, is that of the advocate rather than that of the judge. He is right of course in assuming that practically the multitude only exercises volition by following the opinion of one man or of a limited number of men, or, in other words, that it follows the lines of party. But he ignores the fact, practically shown in the history of all attempts at representative government, that those men who have led and crystallized governmental results are they who are the mouth-pieces rather than the dictators of opinion, whose function is to put into a clear, practicable, and intelligent form the wishes, needs, and aspirations which struggle crudely in the minds of the masses. No other statesman or politician than one of this type can achieve permanent fame or keep his hold in the race for public distinction. The English situation of to-day is a most striking illustration of this fact.

Our limits preclude one following Sir Henry Maine through the various lines of his argument, and we can only here and there give some indication of his main drift. In the essay entitled "The Age of Progress," he argues that the perpetual change demanded by democracy is not in harmony with the normal forces ruling human nature, and only leads to disappointment and disaster. He inquires for the reason for the enthusiasm for innovation in politics, and finds it in the following cause:

"Legislation is one of the activities of popular government; and the keenest interest in these activities is felt by all the popularly governed communities. It is one great advantage of popular government over government of the older type, that it is so intensely interesting. For twenty years we had close to our shores a striking example of this point of inferiority in absolute monarchies during the continuance of the Second Bonapartist Empire in France. It never overcame the disadvantage it suffered

through the dulness of its home politics. The scandal, the personalities, the gossip, and the trifling which occupied its newspapers proved no substitute for the political discussions which had filled them while the republic and the constitutional monarchy lasted. The men who ruled it were acutely conscious of the danger involved in this decline of excitement and amusement suitable to cultivated and masculine minds; and their efforts to meet it led directly to their overthrow, by tempting them to provide the French public with distractions of a higher order, through adventurous diplomacy and war. There are, again, good observers who trace the political insecurity of Russia, the aggressiveness of her government abroad, and the wild attempts on it at home, to the general dulness of Russian life during peace. Englishmen would find it almost impossible to conceive what would compensate them for the withdrawal of the enthralling drama which is enacted before them every morning and evening. A ceaseless flow of public discussion, a throng of public events, a crowd of public men, make up the spectacle. Nevertheless, in our country at all events, over-indulgence in what has no doubt become a passion with elevated minds is growing to be dangerous. For the plot of the performance which attracts such multitudes turns, nowadays, almost always on the fortunes of some legislative measure. The English Parliament, as has been said, legislated very little until fifty years since, when it fell under the influence of Bentham and his disciples. Ever since the first Reform Act, however, the volume of legislation has been increasing, and this has been very much owing to the unlooked-for operation of a venerable constitutional form, the royal speech at the beginning of each session. Once it was the king who spoke, now it is the cabinet as the organ of the party who supports it; and it is rapidly becoming the practice for parties to outbid one another in the length of the tale of legislation to which they pledge themselves in successive royal speeches."

A distinction is very acutely pointed out by the author, but we think that he fails to see its significance. While the British Constitution is gradually transforming itself into a popular government with infinite travail and encompassed by the most serious obstacles, promising convulsions of the gravest kind before the problems are finally solved, on the other hand, the American Constitution, which started with the most fundamental declarations and pro-

visions for the freedom of the individual will, has tended to become more and more conservative, and to curb popular impulse rather than to stimulate it. It is on this fact, equally potent in individual or organized human nature, that the growth of orderly and sure reform is based. A principle once permitted to assume its full proportions in action inevitably becomes conservative and cautious in its methods and system of adjustment. It is only repression and tyranny which convert human impulse into an energy of anarchy and chaos.

**HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED. BEING A HANDBOOK TO MARRIAGE.** By a Graduate in the University of Matrimony. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Punch's* advice to people contemplating matrimony, "Don't," is practically re-echoed by the author of this book, with certain saving qualifications. He doesn't say "Don't," but substitutes for it, "Look well before you leap, and having made the leap, mind your P's and Q's afterward. We have used the masculine pronoun in designating the author, but have a shrewd notion that it should be feminine. There is too much keen insight into woman's heart to be practicable for any rude, blundering male of the human species. The "eternal feminine" has been united with the "eternal masculine," to use Carlyle's nomenclature, in a few men, notably such as Shakespeare and Goethe, but they are only a few. Let us, then, rectify our term and say "she."

The book is written with a keen sense of the practical needs of the situation and a gentle sense of humor which casts a playfulness over the topic, relieving its serious sides, for the author feels it has many, very many serious sides. The different chapters are very short, full of anecdote, and, we need hardly say, keen observation. There is but little of the didactic, or rather the didactic is so covered up with anecdote, illustration, and humor, that no one is conscious that the author is speaking *ex-cathedra*. Let us give some of these titles, for we know no way better adapted to give a notion of the character of the book: "The Choice of a Husband"; "Making the best of a bad Matrimonial Bargain"; "Honeymooning"; "Drive Gently over Stones"; "Married People's Money"; "Preparations for Parenthood"; "What is the Use of a Child"? "The Education of Parents"; "They Had a Few Words"; "Nursing Fathers"; "Pulling Together"; "Nets and Cages"; "Love Surviving Marriage." The lessons inculcated are

none the less valuable for being so pleasantly put, and either those intending marriage or those who have already made the plunge may find some suggestions well worth remembering. The author evidently believes that while marriage can be very felicitous it can also be the exact reverse; but that, on the whole, the connubial state offers to a sensible man or woman far more pleasure, growth, and happiness than single-blessedness. The book can be safely endorsed as being pleasant reading as well as profitable.

FOR MAIMIE'S SAKE. A TALE OF LOVE AND DYNAMITE. By Grant Allen. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Allen, who has made a reputation as a bright essayist, recently took a new departure as a novelist. This we believe is his third attempt, and the success achieved will be affirmed or denied accordingly as we seize and accept the purpose of the author. Of course we mean his intellectual not his pecuniary success. Judged by the standard which Mr. Howells affirms in theory and exemplifies in practice, that the every-day, the familiar, the probable affairs and characters of life are those on which the writer of fiction can alone legitimately exercise his powers, such a person as Maimie Llewelyn, and such conditions as those under which she develops the story of her life, are simply absurd and unthinkable. The conflict between the realistic and ideal schools is eternal, though each modifies the other. The theory of the idealist is that it is legitimate to conceive a picture of life in which certain prominent impulses and tendencies shall be pushed to their extreme logic, thus producing types or generalizations of character, which, however unlikely to be met with in actual life, are still possible and eminently human. Dickens did this in his way with unsurpassable art, and even Balzac, the so-called apostle of the realistic school, of which Zola and Howells on different planes of moral purpose are equally disciples, has used this method of embodying his conceptions of life with almost Shakespearian breadth and freedom. "To return to our muttoms," Mr. Allen has seen fit to delineate a woman whom few if any would ever meet. This nineteenth century Lamia, however, is only a logical and complete development of certain phases of feminine character, which we do meet not unfrequently. Maimie, the heroine, is a beautiful, perfectly healthy, kittenish woman, absolutely feminine in her constitution, except that she is literally without soul or con-

science. She is spiritually incapable of recognizing the difference between right and wrong, and therefore, in the ordinary sense of the term, has no morality. She does evil as freely and easily as she breathes the air of heaven, and as unconsciously. The powerful propensities of a singularly flawless physique, of a splendid material womanhood she yields to with absolute innocence, and marvels that others regard her acts with horror or disgust. Yet so strong is the spell which her loveliness and simplicity cast over others that it is with difficulty that they yield to repulsion even when it has been discovered that she had murdered her husband, or at least attempted the murder, to gain another man as her lover.

In one scene in the earlier part of the book we see her sitting as the model of an impressionable painter, whose wife was Maimie's dearest friend. The beautiful woman tempts him to kiss her, a long-drawn, passionate, maddening kiss. This is described as the kiss of the artist. Maimie then demands his kiss as a man.

Says Cipriani the painter, "Now this time I shall kiss you simply in my capacity as a man and a brother. So—there—that was even better, wasn't it, Maimie?"

Maimie closed her eyes dreamily for a moment.

"That was better," said she slowly, as from a distance. "That was delicious. That was perfect. You kiss even more beautifully than Adrian, Mr. Cipriani."

He puts his arm about her waist and they play the part of the idyllic lovers, "talking nonsense to each other to our hearts' content, beside the murmuring brooklet in some shadowy meadow. Call me by my name, call me so, Maimie," he whispered softly now, with a tender pressure. "The fifteen years are gone now, you know, and we are boy and girl playing in dreamland together. Isn't it so?"

"Yes, Jocelyn."

She said it slow and low with her eyes shut, and her head thrown back in a deliciously dreamy, voluptuous attitude.

The painter covered her upturned throat at once with a quick shower of eager kisses, and caressed her face with his hands tenderly.

"That's right, little one," he said, "that makes my heart beat," etc., etc.

Fortunately the painter's wife entered at this moment and interrupted this idyllic performance. We simply cite this passage in connection with the fact that Maimie does the same thing with others in the most unconscious and

natural way, without the slightest notion that she is doing anything wrong or unwomanly, to emphasize the view we have taken of Mr. Grant's purpose in delineating her.

Maimie marries a scientific person of wealth who adores her. Sydney, her husband, has discovered a species of dynamite which makes a noiseless explosion, and his wife murders him in obedience to an impulse. The dying husband, to save her, signs a statement that he has committed suicide. He does not die, though Maimie believes him dead, and after a while, having inherited his wealth, she marries the man for whom she had killed her husband.

At the last, suspicion having directed to Maimie as the cause of her husband's supposed death, he reappears to her to assure her that he is still alive. To insure her happiness and to make her new connection an honorable one, he leaves her with the avowed intention of suicide. As he goes, Maimie stands "confronting him with a scarlet face, and a strange look of wounded pride upon her baby features."

"'Sydney, Sydney,' she cried reproachfully, 'you're not going away for ever and ever without even so much as once kissing me?'"

The conception is a strange one, yet one not at all inconsistent or even unnatural in its character. It is by no means impossible that the soul and conscience, which lift men and women into nobility, may be so far absent in some cases as to leave woman a beautiful purring tigress, as soft and delicate as the velvet which sheathes her claws. In other words, a woman, or for that matter a man, may be very near to being merely a highly refined, perfectly organized animal with powerful propensities, against which no attempt at repression is ever made, and yet in whom brutal or gross excess is checked by that very perfection and delicacy of organization. Such a conception is that of Maimie, the heroine of Grant Allen's story.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

DR. JESSOPP, of England, is preparing to edit for the Camden Society a series of episcopal visitations of monasteries in the diocese of Norwich. The work, it is hoped, will shed light on the condition of the religious houses of the period. Whatever revelations may be made will not be under suspicion as coming from the officials of Henry-VIII.

MR. RUSKIN, in his autobiography, says of Byron's letters that they "contain the utmost number that will come together into the space of absolutely just, wise and kind thoughts,"

and which are "perfect because the quantity they hold is not artificially or intricately concentrated, but with the serene swiftness of a smith's hammer-strikes on hot iron."

THE idea of erecting a monument to Horace Benedict Saussure, the first climber and describer of Mont Blanc, is being taken up with energy. The President of the Swiss Geological Commission, M. Alphonse Favre, of Geneva, will be glad to receive and acknowledge subscriptions from Alpinists and others. The monument is to stand at the foot of the mountain, and not far from the Col du Géant, where Saussure camped for sixteen days in the midst of ice and snow in the service of science. It is hoped that the monument may be unveiled on August 8, 1887, which will be the hundredth anniversary of Saussure's ascent of Mont Blanc. The editors of the *Basler Nachrichten* are also receiving subscriptions, and undertake to forward them to the Saussure Committee in Geneva. Not a few Englishmen will be glad to acknowledge their debt to the distinguished physicist, meteorologist, and geologist who devoted more than thirty years of his life to the study and description of the Alps.

THE Premio Bressa of 12,000 lire (£480) has been awarded by the Royal Scientific Academy of Turin to Prof. Pasquale Villari, of Florence, for his "Life and Times of Machiavelli." This prize is adjudged every four years to the author of the most important work in natural science, history, geography, or mathematics, that has appeared within that period. Occasionally it has been given to a foreigner, as to Darwin several years ago.

THE learned gipsy Franz Sztojka, who lives in Uszod, has just completed a dictionary of the language of the Hungarian gipsies. The Archduke Joseph has undertaken to print the work, and also a volume of Sztojka's dialect poems, at his own cost.

PROF. RUDOLF GNEIST, of Berlin, is going to publish shortly a work on "Das Englische Parlament vom 9<sup>ten</sup> bis Ende des 19<sup>ten</sup> Jahrhunderts." The learned professor closes with a "Prognose," in which he takes a gloomy view of the future of the country. He thinks that the old constitution of England has broken up under the pressure of democracy, and that the new constituencies will bring about a catastrophe. Party government is, he thinks, no longer possible, attachment to individual leaders having taken the place of the bonds of party, and socialism will soon obtain a power to which there will be no adequate check.



THE *Pall Mall Gazette* advises book-collectors whenever they purchase a book to "write plainly on the first page the name of the person from whom it was bought and the price." In order to enforce this excellent hint the *Gazette* adds: "This habit, carefully followed out, has added considerably to the interest and value of the library sold this week. In some cases the rise in value of a volume has been enormous. For example, a thin folio of Scotch Acts of Parliament, printed in black letter on vellum about the middle of the sixteenth century, was bought in 1779 by Mr. Woodhull for one guinea, and by Mr. Bain in 1886 for 151 guineas. Mr. Bain, however, denies that he has paid an extravagant price. One guinea left at compound interest in 1779 would, at 5 per cent. in 1886, as may be ascertained by a very rapid calculation, amount to just about 150 guineas, and if during the next century the same process of accretion of value be continued, some Mr. Bain of the future will have to give about £20,000 for this unpretending and by no means attractive volume."

THE autograph or dictated letters which passed between Goethe and Schiller will before long be added to the Goethe archives. They are now in the possession of Baron Carl von Cotta, of Stuttgart, who purchased them in 1875, but he has agreed to sell his treasures to the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, the owner of the archives, for the price originally given. There is one condition, however, attached to the transaction, and it is that Baron von Cotta shall retain the MSS. during his lifetime, and use them without restraint for literary purposes.

MR. WILLIAM CUSHING, in his "Dictionary of Pseudonyms and Literary Disguises," issued by Messrs. Low & Co., states that the "Junius" letters were attributed to no fewer than fifty-one writers of repute, and a list of their names is given.

THE Italian Government has offered a reward of 10,000 lire to any one giving certain information of where a codex of Cicero's "De Officiis," stolen from the Municipal Library of Perugia, is to be found. A report is current in Rome that the stolen manuscript has been sold for 600 lire to an English or German collector. The Italian Embassies in foreign countries are authorized to pay the reward. Roman papers announce that another manuscript parchment codex has been stolen from the Casanatensian Library in Rome. It consisted of four parchment leaves, and was the "Mun-

dus Novus" written by Amerigo Vespucci himself.

THE current number of the *Publishers' Circular* (Sampson Low) contains its usual statistics of books issued during the year that has just closed. The total number is: new books, 4,307; new editions, 1,333; grand total, 5,640; showing a decrease of 733, or more than eleven per cent. as compared with the previous year. Such a decrease is not to be wondered at, considering the general emptiness of pockets. But it must be borne in mind that the figures for last year were unusually high. In 1882 the grand total was only 5,124. As regards the several divisions, it is to be noted that theology and "juveniles" run practically a dead heat for the first place; while educational books and novels run another dead heat for the second place. On a comparison with the previous year, theology, art books, history, travel, law, and medicine have all declined greatly; while "juveniles" and novels are almost the only classes that show an increase. Nearly one-fifth of the total number of books are published in December, and just one-half in the last quarter of the year. It may also be mentioned that the proportion of new editions is largest in law books, where it amounts to almost one-half; next largest in novels, where it amounts to more than one-third; and lowest of all in the case of political books, of which less than one-sixth reach a second edition.

ANDREW LANG is to make a book of his "Letters to Dead Authors."

THE *Academy* reports that Wilson & McCormack, the Glasgow publishers, will bring out in cheap form selections from the prose and verse of Walt Whitman.

IT is said that Père Didon, the well-known Dominican priest, is writing an elaborate reply to M. Renan, to be called "Réfutation de 'la Vie de Jésus.'"

IT is announced that a public demonstration will take place at Kilmarnock in August next, under the auspices of the federated Burns clubs, on the occasion of the centenary of the publication of the first edition of the poems of Burns.

CIRCUMSTANCES seem to point to Mr. Le Page Renouf being the late Dr. Birch's successor at the Museum. Mr. Renouf would lose in income if he were to give up his inspectorship of schools for the Keepership of the Oriental Antiquities, but a scholar of his reputation would be a great gain to Bloomsbury.

THE first volume of the posthumous works of Victor Hugo will be published shortly. It is entitled "Théâtre en liberté."

ADOLF HANSEN, the translator of poems of Shelley, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne, into Danish, has published (F. Hegel & Son, Copenhagen) a complete translation—the first in Danish—of Shakespeare's sonnets. The translation is accompanied by an introduction and notes. The metre of the original is preserved.

### MISCELLANY.

LIFE-DURATION OF MICROBES.—M. Duclaux has written a paper on the duration of life of the germs of microbes. He has studied some organisms preserved since the first researches of M. Pasteur, in 1859, under the most varied conditions—in various liquids, sheltered from or in contact with the air, also dry, in darkness or in light. The germs sheltered from the air and in liquids slightly alkaline show the greatest vitality. Out of sixteen flasks in these conditions, fifteen have shown fertile germs after twenty-three or twenty-four years. The limit of life under these conditions is not known; but it must be added that they are rarely realized in nature. In all the flasks wherein the liquid had an acid or a strongly alkaline reaction the germs had perished. The species which showed most resistance are: Among the mucidines, *aspergillus niger*; among the micrococci, *urococcus vivax*; among the bacilli, *tyrothrix tenuis*, *tenuior*, *tenuissimus*, and *filiformis*. These species, at the same time, resist most the action of heat. The spores of many can support a temperature of 110° to 115° C. without perishing. In the adult state these same species are less resisting, both as to time and heat. In a liquid exposed to the air the resistance is observably inferior. Bacilli and yeast are still more resisting than micrococci. Further, the germs weaken rapidly in these conditions. It is known that M. Pasteur utilized this action of the air in order to obtain the attenuation and transformation in vaccine of many formidable, pathogenic microbes. But it is when dry in the air, and especially exposed to the sun, that the life of germs is much shorter. The *aspergillus niger* of M. Raulin was alive (in the spore condition) after being twenty-two years in a liquid sheltered from the air, but has always been found dead after being kept three years in a closed tube, dry, and in the dark. The *tyrothrix filiformis*, whose resistance in a liquid sheltered from air is not less, per-

ishes after thirty-five days' exposure to the sun. "This testifies," says M. Duclaux, "to the special action of sunlight; . . . and the old physicians had ground for regarding the rays of the sun as powerful hygienic agents."

CUSTOMS IN BRITTANY.—I happened to be at Guingamp on May 1—the *jour de Marie*—and in the evening was present at a most impressive service held in the church of Notre Dame de bon Secours—an edifice of cathedral-like proportions. The lighting of the building was of the scantiest character, consisting only of the candles on the altar and two or three little oil lamps attached to the columns; the effect thus produced was far more imposing than if there had been such a glare of light as is with us usually considered desirable. The service was held in the middle of the nave, in front of a large temporary altar draped with blue and white and profusely decked with flowers. The choir was grouped in front of the altar, while one of the officiating priests led off the music with a large trumpet. The place was crowded, the congregation consisting almost entirely of white-capped women and children. Perhaps the most beautiful part of the service was a simple hymn set to a grand air, which was sung in unison by the whole congregation. In this church is a statue of the Virgin, which is one of those that have been honored by the presentation of a gold crown from the Pope. This distinction is only accorded to those images which fulfil, in the words of the official announcement, the three conditions of "antiquity, miracles, and popularity." The sacred spring, which attracts so many pilgrims to this Pardon, is situated in a corner of the churchyard. It is in the form of a shallow well, and has two troughs attached to it, both of which had been filled with water from the sacred source. The ecclesiastical element held aloof—the quasi-priestesses of the shrine being three old hags who might have served well for the witches in Macbeth. On the edge of the well they had ready several small basins and tumblers filled with water, also some small phials. The tumblers were for any of the faithful to drink from, while the contents of the basins were emptied on the withers and croups of the horses. The water from the phials was poured into the ears of the horses, and this is considered the essential point, the tumblers and basins being often dispensed with. As many horses are sensitive to interference with their ears, there is occa-

sionally, some lively plunging about on the part of the animals, and always a good deal of shaking of the head after the opération. At one of the troughs a curious ceremony took place while we were looking on. An anxious mother had brought with her a little chemise belonging to her infant, who was dangerously ill. This was gravely laid on the water of one of the troughs by the old woman, who piously ejaculated in Breton, "May God bless your little one!" while the careworn parent watched with painful anxiety the gradual soaking and sinking of the little garment. The point of interest is this: if, after the immersion, the body of the garment should sink before the sleeves, the child will recover, but if the sleeves sink first, it will die. In the case we witnessed the attendant assured the mother that the augury was good, and that the child would undoubtedly recover, which we will hope it has done. However, the old hag told us confidentially that there was not much in it, for a case had just happened in which the sleeves had floated unmistakably, and yet when the hopeful father reached his home it was only to find his child already dead.—*English Illustrated Magazine*.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.—Two or three years ago some peasants digging near the banks of the Danube, on the Hungarian side, opposite to Belgrade, turned up a most beautiful and finely preserved iron helmet, which it will interest archæologists to learn is neither more nor less than a *chef d'œuvre* of antique Greek work, of probably three or four centuries before Christ. It is scarcely necessary to say that works in iron of antique Greek or Roman origin other than corroded and scarcely recognizable fragments are of the utmost rarity. The specimen in question is in a wonderfully perfect state, scarcely indeed less so than that of a finely patinated bronze. It seems that it was found in the midst of wind-blown hillocks or dunes of dry shifting sand: hence probably in some unexplained way its exceptional state of conservation. Whether or not the skull of the wearer was found within it does not appear, but the helmet is in the shape of a complete head, the face, hair, and beard admirably modelled in *repoussé* or hammered work, finished with the chasing or graving tools in the most exquisite style. It represents a young warrior of about twenty-five or thirty, with an incipient beard and moustache—a Paris rather

than a Hector or Achilles; the eyes are open for the wearer to see through, and the lips are parted, leaving in like manner an aperture for respiration. Contrary to the arrangement of Mediæval helmets, the upper part or scalp, forming a skull cap—not the mask or visor—is hinged and movable, and it oversets the face. It was made to fit rather close to the head, probably leaving room only for a lining or padding of some soft substance, and it represents the natural hair of the wearer in finely disposed, crisped locks. There is, however, at the summit a small socket, evidently intended for a plume or some other ornament. The lower margin at the back of this scalp or skull-cap is pierced with small holes, whence probably chain mail, to protect the back of the neck, was originally attached. There are, however, no remains of ringed mail remaining. The substance of the iron or steel is comparatively light and thin, but by no means flimsy or unsubstantial. In this respect, and also in some others, the helmet is not unlike certain steel Japanese helmets which have been brought to England of late years. These last also have visors in the form of human faces or masks, but they are always of wild, grotesque, and forbidding types. The Belgrade helmet, on the contrary, embodies a perfect ideal of classical Greek beauty.—*Brick and Tile Gazette*.

A CLEVER SWINDLER.—In the spring of 1847 Edward Youl made our acquaintance. He was about thirty, with abundant black hair, and, being very short-sighted, wore spectacles. He mentioned that he was a Cambridge graduate, and a classical tutor, but having just finished the education of his late pupil, he resolved to seek no other engagement, but devote himself to literature. Later he added—in confidence—that he was struggling with poverty for conscience's sake. . . . We believed the romantic story, which was in keeping with the spirit of his clever writings, permitted him to come to our house, introduced him to several of our friends, and procured him, amongst other literary employment, a permanent engagement with John Cassell, who gave him a salary of £200 per annum for what amounted to about three days' work a week, on the *Standard of Freedom*. In this situation he displayed remarkable efficiency; but when he had been about a year with Mr. Cassell he became very lazy, and consequently, after repeated warnings, was discharged in the

summer of 1849. Still we did not wish to abandon Mr. Youl, and as his wife (who had never attracted us) manifested an insatiable desire to go on the stage, our friend Charles Kean very obligingly obtained her an engagement with a manager at Hull; and Mr. Linwood, a Unitarian minister, who had become a Congregationalist and the purchaser of the *Eclectic Review*, consented to meet Youl at our house—we were then living in Avenue Road, Regent's Park—on Sunday evening, November 11, to secure him as a regular contributor. How great, then, was my surprise to receive a call the previous Friday from a respectable woman, who introducing herself as Mrs. Copeland, of 11 Upper Stamford Street, Blackfriars, demanded the rent due to her from September. How still greater my consternation when she, with equal amazement at my ignorance, exclaimed, "A gentleman named Youl had taken her rooms for poor Mrs. Howitt, who was in such destitution that she was compelled to make private application for relief to the nobility," adding, "I was very sorry for you, ma'am, I am sure, but when letters, evidently containing money, and sealed with coronets, kept coming, and I never got my rent, I made so bold as to learn your address at the British Museum, and was surprised to find you living in so good a house." The next day my husband, after obtaining a warrant for Youl's apprehension, and a detective to put on his track, proceeding along Stamford Street, recognized him approaching at a great distance, when suddenly, although without spectacles, Youl dived down a by-lane and entirely disappeared. . . . The ensuing day Youl, from York, wrote a begging letter in my name to Macaulay, and received £10 by return of post. The detective traced him to Leeds, where he seemed to sink into the ground, for, impatient of the stigma lying upon me in many unknown quarters, I insisted, in spite of the entreaties of our legal adviser, on sending a statement of the fraud to the daily papers. We had immediately instituted an extensive inquiry, and found that amongst other persons of rank and influence, he had forged my name to Lords John Russell, Lansdowne, Denman, Mahone, and Brougham. The latter, writing in explanation from Cannes, stated that on receiving an application from me, speaking of great pecuniary difficulties and requiring immediate assistance, he had instantly sent it to Lord John Russell, with a strong recommendation to

settle a pension on me, applied on my behalf to Miss Burdett Coutts, and himself forwarded £20. Sir Robert Peel had generously remitted £50. . . . In December Mr. Justice Talfourd sent us word that an individual, who in the previous summer had extracted £20 from him under the assumed name of Thomas Cooper, author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," had written to him from Liverpool, and was certainly our man. The same evening our eldest son and the detective went to Liverpool, put themselves into communication with the police, the post-office, and the owners of the American packets; but Youl eluded their vigilance. Some years afterwards, John Cassell encountered Youl sitting opposite him in a New York eating-house. Although differently disguised he recognized the voice and features, and accosted him by name. Youl, however, most coolly denied ever having been in England. In March, 1870, one Robert Spring, alias Sprague, alias Redfern Hawley, and a host of other aliases, was tried and convicted in the Court of Quarter Sessions in Philadelphia for false pretences; and experts believed this man and Youl were identical. He had been in America, "The distracted father of a large family," "A poor widow with a few autographs of the distinguished dead," "The orphan daughter of Stonewall Jackson," "Maggie Ramsey under religious convictions," "The kind Dr. Hawley," etc. We were assured by a gentleman in the Department of the Interior that "the various dodges he was discovered to have originated and successfully played, the versatility of the characters he had assumed, the systematic mode of keeping his accounts (for his ledger had been captured), the very extraordinary manner in which he had shaped his frauds to avoid the penalties of the law if caught, and the success with which he had for years foiled all efforts to trace him out, would, if given in a narrative form to the public, present them with the picture of the Prince of Swindlers." — *Good Words*.

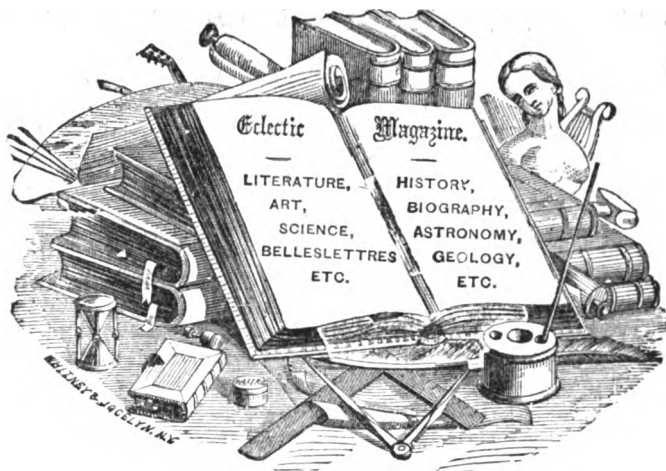
"GANGING" IN THE FENS.—Probably the most characteristic custom of fen peasant life is that of "ganging." Until Mr. Macbeth painted his now well-known picture of a Lincolnshire gang, we suspect that hardly one in a hundred had ever heard of the word; and yet ganging is as common to-day as it was fifty years ago. . . . In nearly every other part of Great Britain the farmer has first his own

house and yard in the centre of his farm, with perhaps a cottage or two alongside, and one or two more scattered on the outskirts of his domain; but here it is possible to see quite large farms without any house or yard on them at all, and the farmer himself living miles away in some little town. . . . Therefore when weeding has to be done, or potatoes have to be gathered up, the farmer goes to some gang-master and makes a contract for so many hands for such and such a time, and for so much. . . . The gang-master has on his books a large number of hands, and from these he selects a number according to the work to be done. There is a decisive code of rules as to the age of those he employs, and the manner in which they are to be divided, the young being excluded and men not allowed to work with women. The women wear for this field-work clothes of an ancient and picturesquely diversified character—leggings, short petticoats, and a handkerchief tied over the head or bonnet make up the costume. Most frequently their work lies too far off for them to walk, and they are therefore driven over, in early morning, in one big party in light wagons, which are kept for the purpose, returning in them again at the close of the day. The gang-master goes with them to tell them what to do and to see that they do it. The farmer deals direct with him, and makes him responsible in every way. He therefore is interested in seeing that it is done both well and quickly, and he may therefore be seen, stick in hand, walking from group to group, pointing out oversights, and keeping them up generally to the mark. Formerly the ganger carried a whip, which was not alone for ornament; and even now, were he to discover laziness in some of his lads, we are not sure that he would not apply his stick.

**NOISELESS COAL FIRES.**—The sick, and those who watch by their bedsides, know how terribly disturbing is the noise of "putting coals" on the fire, whether they be violently thrown on in the manner generally adopted by servants and nurses (skilled or otherwise), or placed more carefully with the tongs, as kind relatives or friends will sometimes "make up the fire" in their sympathy with a sufferer. Even under the most careful manipulation loose pieces of coal are almost sure to fall, and a disturbing rattle is the result. This may appear to be a very small matter to look back upon, but at the time it is by no means unimportant, and in some cases very great distress and even injury may be produced by it. A

very simple precaution will suffice to prevent the annoyance altogether. If a few paper bags be supplied to the servant who replenishes the coal-box, and these are filled with pieces of coal, nothing can be easier than to lift one or more of these packages on to the fire noiselessly, and so settle them that when the paper burns the coals may not fall out of the grate. By this obvious method a noiseless coal fire may be secured.—*Lancet*.

**OPIUM EATING IN THE FENS.**—No picture is complete without its shadows, and this slight sketch of fen people would be false if it were to ignore the spots and blemishes that are even in them. We find that along with the robust and fiery nature of their Scandinavian forefathers they have a tendency to excess in exciting stimulants and soothing opiates. Regarding the latter, one of the best authorities, Mr. S. H. Miller, says that "Opium eating is the special vice of the fen men," and that "it is the laboring classes who are the most addicted to the practice. Under the influence of this drug men and women exist in a state of inanity, and their persons betray their habits; they look wan and emaciated, and the amount of money spent in this way is almost incredible—a poor family will spend from eight-pence to one shilling per day for opium alone." . . . But it will be asked, whence came this habit? "Perhaps the old apothecaries administered opium for ague long before the use of quinine was known; perhaps the drug was used for rheumatism as well; both the ailments were very painful, and the patient sought a present relief in opiates." "But the modern opium-eaters of the fens belong, in the main, to that class of people who would be toppers elsewhere, a people to whom stupor or excitation has become a second nature. In fine, to attribute the practice in the present time to climatal causes is entirely fallacious." This, as the opinion of a known authority, is not to be lightly treated, but for ourselves we must own that we have never come across cases of such an extreme nature as he quotes; and after considerable and careful inquiry, we believe we are justified in hoping that, though the hateful custom still exists, it is nevertheless most certainly decreasing. . . . The local chemists assure us that where they sold pounds and pounds they now sell but a solitary ounce once and again. It still, however, remains a probable fact, that there is more opium consumed in the fen land than in any other rural district.—*Good Words*.



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MR. GLADSTONE AND GENESIS.

I.

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

IN controversy, as in courtship, the good old rule to be off with the old before one is on with the new greatly commends itself to my sense of expediency. And therefore it appears to me desirable that I should preface such observations as I may have to offer upon the cloud of arguments (the relevancy of which to the issue which I had ventured to raise is not always obvious) put forth by Mr. Gladstone in the January number of this Review, by an endeavor to make clear to such of our readers as have not had the advantage of a forensic education, the present net result of the discussion.

I am quite aware that, in undertaking this task, I run all the risks to which the man who presumes to deal judicially with his own cause is liable. But it is exactly because I do not shun that risk, but, rather, earnestly desire to be judged by him who cometh after me, provided that

he has the knowledge and impartiality appropriate to a judge, that I adopt my present course.

In the article on "The Dawn of Creation and Worship," it will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone unservedly commits himself to three propositions. The first is that, according to the writer of the Pentateuch, the "water population," the "air population," and the "land population" of the globe were created successively, in the order named. In the second place, Mr. Gladstone authoritatively asserts that this (as part of his "fourfold order") has been "so affirmed in our time by natural science, that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact." In the third place, Mr. Gladstone argues that the fact of this coincidence of the Pentateuchal story with the results of modern investigation makes

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it "impossible to avoid the conclusion, first, that either this writer was gifted with faculties passing all human experience, or else his knowledge was divine." And, having settled to his own satisfaction that the first "branch of the alternative is truly nominal and unreal," Mr. Gladstone continues, "So stands the plea for a revelation of truth from God, a plea only to be met by questioning its possibility" (p. 697).

I am a simple-minded person, wholly devoid of subtlety of intellect, so that I willingly admit that there may be depths of alternative meaning in these propositions out of all soundings attainable by my poor plummet. Still there are a good many people who suffer under a like intellectual limitation; and, for once in my life, I feel that I have the chance of attaining that position of a representative of average opinion, which appears to be the modern ideal of a leader of men, when I make free confession that, after turning the matter over in my mind with all the aid derived from a careful consideration of Mr. Gladstone's reply, I cannot get away from my original conviction that, if Mr. Gladstone's second proposition can be shown to be not merely inaccurate, but directly contradictory of facts known to every one who is acquainted with the elements of natural science, the third proposition collapses of itself.

And it was this conviction which led me to enter upon the present discussion. I fancied that if my respected clients, the people of average opinion and capacity, could once be got distinctly to conceive that Mr. Gladstone's views as to the proper method of dealing with grave and difficult scientific and religious problems had permitted him to base a solemn "plea for a revelation of truth from God" upon an error as to a matter of fact, from which the intelligent perusal of a manual of palæontology would have saved him, I need not trouble myself to occupy their time and attention with further comments upon his contribution to apologetic literature. It is for others to judge whether I have efficiently carried out my project or not. It certainly does not count for much that I should be unable to find any flaw in my own case, but I think it counts for a good deal that Mr. Gladstone appears to

have been equally unable to do so. He does, indeed, make a great parade of authorities, and I have the greatest respect for those authorities whom Mr. Gladstone mentions. If he will get them to sign a joint memorial to the effect that our present palæontological evidence proves that birds appeared before the "land population" of terrestrial reptiles, I shall think it my duty to reconsider my position—but not till then.

It will be observed that I have cautiously used the word "appears" in referring to what seems to me to be absence of any real answer to my criticisms in Mr. Gladstone's reply. For I must honestly confess that, notwithstanding long and painful strivings after clear insight, I am still uncertain whether Mr. Gladstone's "Defence" means that the great "plea for a revelation from God" is to be left to perish in the dialectic desert, or whether it is to be withdrawn under the protection of such skirmishers as are available for covering retreat.

In particular the remarkable disquisition which covers pages 11 to 14 of Mr. Gladstone's last contribution has greatly exercised my mind. Socrates is reported to have said of the works of Heraclitus that he who attempted to comprehend them should be a "Delian swimmer," but that, for his part, what he could understand was so good that he was disposed to believe in the excellence of that which he found unintelligible. In endeavoring to make myself master of Mr. Gladstone's meaning in these pages, I have often been overcome by a feeling analogous to that of Socrates, but not quite the same. That which I do understand, in fact, has appeared to me so very much the reverse of good, that I have sometimes permitted myself to doubt the value of that which I do not understand.

In this part of Mr. Gladstone's reply, in fact, I find nothing of which the bearing upon my arguments is clear to me, except that which relates to the question whether reptiles, so far as they are represented by tortoises and the great majority of lizards and snakes, which are land animals, are creeping things in the sense of the Pentateuchal writer or not.

I have every respect for the singer of the Song of the Three Children (who-

ever he may have been); 'I desire to cast no shadow of doubt upon, but, on the contrary, marvel at, the exactness of Mr. Gladstone's information as to the considerations which "affected the method of the Mosaic writer"; nor do I venture to doubt that the inconvenient intrusion of these contemptible reptiles—"a family fallen from greatness" (p. 14), a miserable decayed aristocracy reduced to mere "skulkers about the earth" (*ibid.*)—in consequence apparently of difficulties about the occupation of land arising out of the earth-hunger of their former serfs, the mammals—into an apologetic argument, which otherwise would run quite smoothly, is in every way to be deprecated. Still, the wretched creatures stand there, importunately demanding notice; and, however different may be the practice in that contentious atmosphere with which Mr. Gladstone expresses and laments his familiarity, in the atmosphere of science it really is of no avail whatever to shut one's eyes to facts, or to try to bury them out of sight under a tumult of rhetoric. That is my experience of "the Elysian regions of Science," wherein it is a pleasure to me to think that a man of Mr. Gladstone's intimate knowledge of English life during the last quarter of a century believes my philosophical existence to have been rounded off in unbroken equanimity.

However reprehensible, and indeed contemptible, terrestrial reptiles may be, the only question which appears to me to be relevant to my argument is whether these creatures are or are not comprised under the denomination of "everything that creepeth upon the ground."

Mr. Gladstone speaks of the author of the first chapter of Genesis as "the Mosaic writer"; I suppose, therefore, that he will admit that it is equally proper to speak of the author of Leviticus as the "Mosaic writer." Whether such a phrase would be used by any one who had an adequate conception of the assured results of modern Biblical criticism is another matter; but, at any rate, it cannot be denied that Leviticus has as much claim to Mosaic authorship as Genesis. Therefore, if one wants to know the sense of the phrase used in Genesis, it will be well to see what Leviticus has to say on the matter.

Hence, I commend the following extract from the eleventh chapter of Leviticus to Mr. Gladstone's serious attention:

And these are they which are unclean unto you among the creeping things that creep upon the earth: the weasel, and the mouse, and the great lizard after its kind, and the gecko, and the land-crocodile, and the sand-lizard, and the chameleon. These are they which are unclean to you among all that creep (v. 29-31).

The merest Sunday-school exegesis therefore suffices to prove that when the "Mosaic writer" in Genesis i. 24 speaks of "creeping things" he means to include lizards among them.

This being so, it is agreed on all hands that terrestrial lizards, and other reptiles allied to lizards, occur in the Permian strata. It is further agreed that the Triassic strata were deposited after these. Moreover, it is well known that, even if certain footprints are to be taken as unquestionable evidence of the existence of birds, they are not known to occur in rocks earlier than the Trias, while indubitable remains of birds are to be met with only much later. Hence it follows that natural science does not "affirm" the statement that birds were made on the fifth day, and "everything that creepeth on the ground" on the sixth, on which Mr. Gladstone rests his order; for, as is shown by Leviticus, the "Mosaic writer" includes lizards among his "creeping things."

Perhaps I have given myself superfluous trouble in the preceding argument, for I find that Mr. Gladstone is willing to assume (he does not say to admit) that the statement in the text of Genesis as to reptiles cannot "in all points be sustained" (p. 16). But my position is that it cannot be sustained in any point, so that, after all, it has perhaps been as well to go over the evidence again. And then Mr. Gladstone proceeds, as if nothing had happened, to tell us that—

There remain great unshaken facts to be weighed. First, the fact that such a record should have been made at all.

As most peoples have their cosmogonies, this "fact" does not strike me as having much value.

Secondly, the fact that, instead of dwelling in generalities, it has placed itself under the severe conditions of a chronological order reaching from the first *nîsus* of chaotic matter to the consummated production of a fair and goodly, a furnished and a peopled world.



This "fact" can be regarded as of value only by ignoring the fact demonstrated in my previous paper, that natural science does not confirm the order asserted so far as living things are concerned; and by upsetting a fact to be brought to light presently, to wit, that, in regard to the rest of the Pentateuchal cosmogony, prudent science has very little to say one way or the other.

Thirdly, the fact that its cosmogony seems, in the light of the nineteenth century, to draw more and more of countenance from the best natural philosophy.

I have already questioned the accuracy of this statement, and I do not observe that mere repetition adds to its value.

And, fourthly, that it has described the successive origins of the five great categories of present life with which human experience was and is conversant, in that order which geological authority confirms.

By comparison with a sentence on page 14, in which a fivefold order is substituted for the "fourfold order," on which the "plea for Revelation" was originally founded, it appears that these five categories are "plants, fishes, birds, mammals, and man," which, Mr. Gladstone affirms, "are given to us in Genesis in the order of succession in which they are also given by the latest geological authorities."

I must venture to demur to this statement. I showed, in my previous paper, that there is no reason to doubt that the term "great sea monster" (used in Genesis i. 21) includes the most conspicuous of great sea animals—namely, whales, dolphins, porpoises, manatees, and dugongs;\* and as these are indubitable mammals, it is impossible to affirm that mammals come after birds, which are said to have been created on the same day. Moreover, I pointed out that as these Cetacea and Sirenia are certainly modified land animals, their existence implies the antecedent existence of land mammals.

Furthermore, I have to remark that the term "fishes," as used technically in zoölogy, by no means covers all the moving creatures that have life, which are bidden to "fill the waters in the

seas" (Genesis i. 20-22). Marine mollusks and crustacea, echinoderms, corals, and foraminifera are not technically fishes. But they are abundant in the palæozoic rocks, ages upon ages older than those in which the first evidences of true fishes appear. And if, in a geological book, Mr. Gladstone finds the quite true statement that plants appeared before fishes, it is only by a complete misunderstanding that he can be led to imagine it serves his purpose. As a matter of fact, at the present moment, it is a question whether, on the bare evidence afforded by fossils, the marine creeping thing or the marine plant has the seniority. No cautious palæontologist would express a decided opinion on the matter. But, if we are to read the Pentateuchal statement as a scientific document (and, in spite of all protests to the contrary, those who bring it into comparison with science do seek to make a scientific document of it), then, as it is quite clear that only terrestrial plants of high organisation are spoken of in verses 11 and 12, no palæontologist would hesitate to say that, at present, the records of sea animal life are vastly older than those of any land plant describable as "grass, herb yielding seed, or fruit-tree."

Thus, although, in Mr. Gladstone's "Defence," the "old order passeth into new," his case is not improved. The fivefold order is no more "affirmed in our time by natural science" to be "a demonstrated conclusion and established fact" than the fourfold order was. Natural science appears to me to decline to have anything to do with either; they are as wrong in detail as they are mistaken in principle.

There is another change of position, the value of which is not so apparent to me as it may well seem to be to those who are unfamiliar with the subject under discussion. Mr. Gladstone discards his three groups of "water population," "air population," and "land population," and substitutes for them (1) fishes, (2) birds, (3) mammals, (4) man. Moreover, it is assumed in a note that "the higher or ordinary mammals" alone were known to the "Mosaic writer" (p. 6). No doubt it looks, at first, as if something were gained by this alteration; for, as I have just pointed

\* Both dolphins and dugongs occur in the Red Sea, porpoises and dolphins in the Mediterranean; so that the "Mosaic writer" may well have been acquainted with them.

out, the word "fishes" can be used in two senses, one of which has a deceptive appearance of adjustability to the "Mosaic" account. Then the inconvenient reptiles are banished out of sight; and, finally, the question of the exact meaning of "higher" and "ordinary" in the case of mammals opens up the prospect of a hopeful logomachy. But what is the good of it all in the face of Leviticus on the one hand and of palæontology on the other?

As, in my apprehension, there is not a shadow of justification for the suggestion that when the Pentateuchal writer says "fowl" he excludes bats (which, as we shall see directly, are expressly included under "fowl" in Leviticus), and as I have already shown that he demonstrably includes reptiles, as well as mammals, among the creeping things of the land, I may be permitted to spare my readers further discussion of the "five-fold order." On the whole, it is seen to be rather more inconsistent with Genesis than its fourfold predecessor.

But I have yet a fresh order to face. Mr. Gladstone (p. 11) understands "the main statements of Genesis, in successive order of time, but without any measurement of its divisions, to be as follows:

1. A period of land, anterior to all life (v. 9 and 10).
2. A period of vegetable life, anterior to animal life (v. 11 and 12).
3. A period of animal life, in the order of fishes (v. 20).
4. Another stage of animal life, in the order of birds.
5. Another, in the order of beasts (v. 24 and 25).
6. Last of all, man (v. 26 and 27)."

Mr. Gladstone then tries to find the proof of the occurrence of a similar succession in sundry excellent works on geology.

I am really grieved to be obliged to say that this third (or is it fourth?) modification of the foundation of the "plea for Revelation" originally set forth, satisfies me as little as any of its predecessors.

For, in the first place, I cannot accept the assertion that this order is to be found in Genesis. With respect to No. 3, for example, I hold, as I have already said, that "great sea monsters" includes the Cetacea, in which case mam-

mals (which is what, I suppose, Mr. Gladstone means by "beasts") come in under head No. 3, and not under No. 5. Again, "fowl" are said in Genesis to be created on the same day as fishes; therefore I cannot accept an order which makes birds succeed fishes. Once more, as it is quite certain that the term "fowl" includes the bats—for in Leviticus xi. 13-19 we read, "And these shall ye have in abomination among the fowls . . . the heron after its kind, and the hoopoe, and the bat"—it is obvious that bats are also said to have been created at stage No. 3. And as bats are mammals, and their existence obviously presupposes that of terrestrial "beasts," it is quite clear that the latter could not have first appeared as No. 5. I need not repeat my reasons for doubting whether man came "last of all."

As the latter half of Mr. Gladstone's sixfold order thus shows itself to be wholly unauthorized by, and inconsistent with, the plain language of the Pentateuch, I might decline to discuss the admissibility of its former half.

But I will add one or two remarks on this point also. Does Mr. Gladstone mean to say that in any of the works he has cited, or indeed anywhere else, he can find scientific warranty for the assertion that there was a period of land—by which I suppose he means dry land (for submerged land must needs be as old as the separate existence of the sea)—"anterior to all life"?

It may be so, or it may not be so; but where is the evidence which would justify any one in making a positive assertion on the subject? What competent palæontologist will affirm, at this present moment, that he knows anything about the period at which life originated, or will assert more than the extreme probability that such origin was a long way antecedent to any traces of life at present known? What physical geologist will affirm that he knows when dry land began to exist, or will say more than that it was probably very much earlier than any extant direct evidence of terrestrial conditions indicates?

I think I know pretty well the answers which the authorities quoted by Mr. Gladstone would give to these questions; but I leave it to them to give them if they think fit.

If I ventured to speculate on the matter at all, I should say it is by no means certain that the sea is older than dry land, inasmuch as a solid terrestrial surface may very well have existed before the earth was cool enough to allow of the existence of fluid water. And in this case dry land may have existed before the sea. As to the first appearance of life, the whole argument of analogy, whatever it may be worth in such a case, is in favor of the absence of living beings until long after the hot water seas had constituted themselves; and of the subsequent appearance of aquatic before terrestrial forms of life. But whether these "protoplasts" would, if we could examine them, be reckoned among the lowest microscopic algæ, or fungi, or among those doubtful organisms which lie in the debatable land between animals and plants, is, in my judgment, a question on which a prudent biologist will reserve his opinion.

I think that I have now disposed of those parts of Mr. Gladstone's defence in which I seem to discover a design to rescue his solemn "plea for Revelation." But a great deal of the "Proem to Genesis" remains which I would gladly pass over in silence, were such a course consistent with the respect due to so distinguished a champion of the "reconcilers."

I hope that my clients—the people of average opinions—have by this time some confidence in me; for when I tell them that, after all, Mr. Gladstone is of opinion that the "Mosaic record" was meant to give moral and not scientific instruction to those for whom it was written, they may be disposed to think that I must be misleading them. But let them listen further to what Mr. Gladstone says in a compendious but not exactly correct statement respecting my opinions:

He holds the writer responsible for scientific precision: I look for nothing of the kind, but assign to him a statement general, which admits exceptions; popular, which aims mainly at producing moral impression; summary, which cannot but be open to more or less of criticism of detail. He thinks it is a lecture. I think it is a sermon (p. 5).

I note, incidentally, that Mr. Gladstone appears to consider that the *difference* between a lecture and a sermon

is, that the former, so far as it deals with matters of fact, may be taken seriously, as meaning exactly what it says, while a sermon may not. I have quite enough on my hands without taking up the cudgels for the clergy, who will probably find Mr. Gladstone's definition unflattering.

But I am diverging from my proper business, which is to say that I have given no ground for the ascription of these opinions, and that, as a matter of fact, I do not hold them and never have held them. It is Mr. Gladstone, and not I, who will have it that the Pentateuchal cosmogony is to be taken as science.

My belief, on the contrary, is, and long has been, that the Pentateuchal story of the creation is simply a myth. I suppose it to be an hypothesis respecting the origin of the universe which some ancient thinker found himself able to reconcile with his knowledge, or what he thought was knowledge, of the nature of things, and therefore assumed to be true. As such, I hold it to be not merely an interesting but a venerable monument of a stage in the mental progress of mankind, and I find it difficult to suppose that any one who is acquainted with the cosmogonies of other nations—and especially with those of the Egyptians and the Babylonians, with whom the Israelites were in such frequent and intimate communication—should consider it to possess either more or less scientific importance than may be allotted to these.

Mr. Gladstone's definition of a sermon permits me to suspect that he may not see much difference between that form of discourse and what I call a myth; and I hope it may be something more than the slowness of apprehension, to which I have confessed, which leads me to imagine that a statement which is "general" but "admits exceptions," which is "popular" and "aims mainly at producing moral impression," "summary" and therefore open to "criticism of detail," amounts to a myth, or perhaps less than a myth. Put algebraically, it comes to this,  $x = a + b + c$ ; always remembering that there is nothing to show the exact value of either  $a$ , or  $b$ , or  $c$ . It is true that  $a$  is commonly supposed to equal 10, but there are

exceptions, and these may reduce it to 8, or 3, or 0; *b* also popularly means 10, but being chiefly used by the algebraist as a "moral" value, you cannot do much with it in the addition or subtraction of mathematical values; *c* also is quite "summary," and if you go into the details of which it is made up, many of them may be wrong, and their sum total equal to 0, or even to a minus quantity.

Mr. Gladstone appears to wish that I should (1) enter upon a sort of essay competition with the author of the *Pentateuchal cosmogony*; (2) that I should make a further statement about some elementary facts in the history of Indian and Greek philosophy; and (3) that I should show cause for my hesitation in accepting the assertion that Genesis is supported, at any rate to the extent of the first two verses, by the nebular hypothesis.

A certain sense of humor prevents me from accepting the first invitation. I would as soon attempt to put Hamlet's soliloquy into a more scientific shape. But if I supposed the "Mosaic writer" to be inspired, as Mr. Gladstone does, it would not be consistent with my notions of respect for the Supreme Being to imagine Him unable to frame a form of words which should accurately, or at least not inaccurately, express His own meaning. It is sometimes said that, had the statements contained in the first chapter of Genesis been scientifically true, they would have been unintelligible to ignorant people; but how is the matter mended if, being scientifically untrue, they must needs be rejected by instructed people?

With respect to the second suggestion, it would be presumptuous in me to pretend to instruct Mr. Gladstone in matters which lie as much within the province of Literature and History, as in that of Science; but if any one desirous of further knowledge will be so good as to turn to that most excellent and by no means recondite source of information, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he will find, under the letter E, the word "Evolution," and a long article on that subject. Now, I do not recommend him to read the first half of the article; but the second half, by my friend Mr. Sully, is really very good.

He will there find it said that in some of the philosophies of ancient India, the idea of evolution is clearly expressed: "Brahma is conceived as the eternal self-existent being, which, on its material side, unfolds itself to the world by gradually condensing itself to material objects through the gradations of ether, fire, water, earth, and other elements." And again: "In the later system of emanation of Sankhya there is a more marked approach to a materialistic doctrine of evolution." What little knowledge I have of the matter—chiefly derived from that very instructive book *Die Religion des Buddha*, by C. F. Koeppen, supplemented by Hardy's interesting works—leads me to think that Mr. Sully might have spoken much more strongly as to the evolutionary character of Indian philosophy, and especially of that of the Buddhists. But the question is too large to be dealt with incidentally.

And with respect to early Greek philosophy\* the seeker after additional enlightenment need go no further than the same excellent storehouse of information:—

The early Ionian physicists, including Thales, Anaximander, and Anaximenes, seek to explain the world as generated out of a primordial matter which is at the same time the universal support of things. This substance is endowed with a generative or transmutative force by virtue of which it passes into a succession of forms. They thus resemble modern evolutionists, since they regard the world, with its infinite variety of forms, as issuing from a simple mode of matter.

Further on, Mr. Sully remarks that "Heraclitus deserves a prominent place in the history of the idea of evolution," and he states, with perfect justice, that Heraclitus has foreshadowed some of the special peculiarities of Mr. Darwin's views. It is indeed a very strange circumstance that the philosophy of the great Ephesian more than adumbrates the two doctrines which have played leading parts, the one in the development of Christian dogma, the other in that of natural science. The former is the conception of the Word (*Λόγος*) which took its Jewish shape in Alexandria, and

\* I said nothing about "the greater number of schools of Greek philosophy," as Mr. Gladstone implies that I did, but expressly spoke of the "founders of Greek philosophy."

its Christian form\* in that Gospel which is usually referred to an Ephesian source of some five centuries later date; and the latter is that of the struggle for existence. The saying that "strife is father and king of all" (πόλεμος πάντων μὲν πατήρ ἐστι, πάντων δὲ βασιλεὺς), ascribed to Heraclitus, would be a not inappropriate motto for the "Origin of Species."

I have referred only to Mr. Sully's article, because his authority is quite sufficient for my purpose. But the consultation of any of the more elaborate histories of Greek philosophy, such as the great work of Zeller, for example, will only bring out the same fact into still more striking prominence. I have confessed no "minute acquaintance" with either Indian or Greek philosophy, but I have taken a great deal of pains to secure that such knowledge as I do possess shall be accurate and trustworthy.

In the third place, Mr. Gladstone appears to wish that I should discuss with him the question whether the nebular hypothesis is or is not confirmatory of the Pentateuchal account of the origin of things. Mr. Gladstone appears to be prepared to enter upon this campaign with a light heart. I confess I am not, and my reason for this backwardness will doubtless surprise Mr. Gladstone. It is that, rather more than a quarter of a century ago (namely, in February, 1859), when it was my duty, as President of the Geological Society, to deliver the Anniversary Address,† I chose a topic which involved a very careful study of the remarkable cosmogonical speculation originally promulgated by Immanuel Kant, and subsequently by Laplace, which is now known as the nebular hypothesis. With the help of such little acquaintance with the principles of physics and astronomy as I had gained, I endeavored to obtain a clear understanding of this speculation in all its bearings. I am not sure that I succeeded; but of this I am certain, that the problems involved are very difficult, even for those who possess the intellectual discipline requisite for dealing with them. And it

was this conviction that led me to express my desire to leave the discussion of the question of the asserted harmony between Genesis and the nebular hypothesis to experts in the appropriate branches of knowledge. And I think my course was a wise one; but as Mr. Gladstone evidently does not understand how there can be any hesitation on my part, unless it arises from a conviction that he is in the right, I may go so far as to set out my difficulties.

They are of two kinds—exegetical and scientific. It appears to me that it is vain to discuss a supposed coincidence between Genesis and science, unless we have first settled, on the one hand, what Genesis says, and, on the other hand, what science says.

In the first place, I cannot find any consensus among Biblical scholars as to the meaning of the words "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Some say that the Hebrew word *bara*, which is translated "create," means "made out of nothing." I venture to object to that rendering, not on the ground of scholarship, but of common sense. Omnipotence itself can surely no more make something "out of" nothing than it can make a triangular circle. What is intended by "made out of nothing" appears to be "caused to come into existence," with the implication that nothing of the same kind previously existed. It is further usually assumed that "the heaven and the earth" means the material substance of the universe. Hence the "Mosaic writer" is taken to imply that where nothing of a material nature previously existed, this substance appeared. That is perfectly conceivable, and therefore no one can deny that it may have happened. But there are other very authoritative critics who say that the ancient Israelite\* who wrote the passage was not likely to have been capable of such abstract thinking, and that, as a matter of philology, *bara* is commonly used to signify the "fashioning," or "forming," of that which already exists. Now it appears to me that the scientific investi-

\* See Heinze, *Die Lehre vom Logos*, p. 9, *et seq.*

† Reprinted in *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews*, 1870.

\* "Ancient," doubtless, but his antiquity must not be exaggerated. For example, there is no proof that the "Mosaic" cosmogony was known to the Israelites of Solomon's time.

gator is wholly incompetent to say anything at all about the first origin of the material universe. The whole power of his organon vanishes when he has to step beyond the chain of natural causes and effects. No form of the nebular hypothesis that I know of is necessarily connected with any view of the origination of the nebular substance. Kant's form of it expressly supposes that the nebular material from which one stellar system starts may be nothing but the disintegrated substance of a stellar and planetary system which has just come to an end. Therefore, so far as I can see, one who believes that matter has existed from all eternity has just as much right to hold the nebular hypothesis as one who believes that matter came into existence at a specified epoch. In other words, the nebular hypothesis and the creation hypothesis, up to this point, neither confirm nor oppose one another.

Next, we read in the revisers' version, in which I suppose the ultimate results of critical scholarship to be embodied: "And the earth was waste [without form, in the authorised version] and void." Most people seem to think that this phraseology intends to imply that the matter out of which the world was to be formed was a veritable "chaos" devoid of law and order. If this interpretation is correct, the nebular hypothesis can have nothing to say to it. The scientific thinker cannot admit the absence of law and order, anywhere or any when, in nature. Sometimes law and order are patent and visible to our limited vision; sometimes they are hidden. But every particle of the matter of the most fantastic-looking nebula in the heavens is a realm of law and order in itself, and that it is so is the essential condition of the possibility of solar and planetary evolution from the apparent chaos.\*

"Waste" is too vague a term to be worth consideration. "Without form," intelligible enough as a metaphor, if taken literally, is absurd; for a material thing existing in space must have a super-

ficies, and if it has a superficies it has a form. The wildest streaks of mare's tail clouds in the sky, or the most irregular heavenly nebulae, have surely just as much form as a geometrical tetrahedron; and as for "void," how can that be void which is full of matter? As poetry, these lines are vivid and admirable; as a scientific statement, which they must be taken to be if any one is justified in comparing them with another scientific statement, they fail to convey any intelligible conception to my mind.

The account proceeds: "And darkness was upon the face of the deep." So be it; but where, then, is the likeness to the celestial nebulae, of the existence of which we should know nothing unless they shone with a light of their own? "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." I have met with no form of the nebular hypothesis which involves anything analogous to this process.

I have said enough to explain some of the difficulties which arise in my mind, when I try to ascertain whether there is any foundation for the contention that the statements contained in the first two verses of Genesis are supported by the nebular hypothesis. The result does not appear to me to be exactly favorable to that contention. The nebular hypothesis assumes the existence of matter having definite properties as its foundation. Whether such matter was created a few thousand years ago, or whether it has existed through an eternal series of metamorphoses of which our present universe is only the last stage, are alternatives, neither of which is scientifically untenable, and neither scientifically demonstrable. But science knows nothing of any stage in which the universe could be said, in other than a metaphorical and popular sense, to be formless or empty, or in any respect less the seat of law and order than it is now. One might as well talk of a fresh-laid hen's egg being "without form and void," because the chick therein is potential and not actual, as apply such terms to the nebulous mass which contains a potential solar system.

Until some further enlightenment comes to me, then, I confess myself wholly unable to understand the way in which the nebular hypothesis is to be

\* When Jeremiah (iv. 23) says, "I beheld the earth, and, lo, it was waste and void," he certainly does not mean to imply that the form of the earth was less definite, or its substance less solid, than before.

converted into an ally of the "Mosaic writer."\*

But Mr. Gladstone informs us that Professor Dana and Professor Guyot are prepared to prove that the "first or cosmogonical portion of the Proem not only accords with, but teaches, the nebular hypothesis." There is no one to whose authority on geological questions I am more readily disposed to bow than that of my eminent friend Professor Dana. But I am familiar with what he has previously said on this topic in his well-known and standard work, into which, strangely enough, it does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Gladstone to look before he set out upon his present undertaking; and unless Professor Dana's latest contribution (which I have not yet met with) takes up altogether new ground, I am afraid I shall not be able to extricate myself, by its help, from my present difficulties.

It is a very long time since I began to think about the relations between modern scientifically ascertained truths and the cosmogonical speculations of the writer of Genesis; and, as I think that Mr. Gladstone might have been able to put his case with a good deal more force if he had thought it worth while to consult the last chapter of Professor Dana's admirable *Manual of Geology*, so I think he might have been made aware that he was undertaking an enterprise of which he had not counted the cost, if he had

chanced upon a discussion of the subject which I published in 1877.\*

Finally, I should like to draw the attention of those who take interest in these topics to the weighty words of one of the most learned and moderate of Biblical critics:—

A propos de cette première page de la Bible, on a coutume de nos jours de disserter, à perte de vue, sur l'accord du récit mosaïque avec les sciences naturelles; et comme celles-ci, tout éloignées qu'elles sont encore de la perfection absolue, ont rendu populaires et en quelque sorte irréfragables un certain nombre de faits généraux ou de thèses fondamentales de la cosmologie et de la géologie, c'est le texte sacré qu'on s'évertue à torturer pour le faire concorder avec ces données.†

In my paper on the "Interpreters of Nature and the Interpreters of Genesis," while freely availing myself of the rights of a scientific critic, I endeavored to keep the expression of my views well within those bounds of courtesy which are set by self-respect and consideration for others. I am therefore glad to be favored with Mr. Gladstone's acknowledgment of the success of my efforts. I only wish that I could accept all the products of Mr. Gladstone's gracious appreciation, but there is one about which, as a matter of honesty, I hesitate. In fact, if I had expressed my meaning better than I seem to have done, I doubt if this particular proffer of Mr. Gladstone's thanks would have been made.

To my mind, whatever doctrine professes to be the result of the application of the accepted rules of inductive and deductive logic to its subject-matter, and accepts, within the limits which it sets to itself, the supremacy of reason, is Science. Whether the subject-matter consists of realities or unrealities, truths or falsehoods, is quite another question. I conceive that ordinary geometry is science, by reason of its method, and I also believe that its axioms, definitions, and conclusions are all true. However, there is a geometry of four dimensions, which I also believe to be science, because its method professes to be strictly scientific. It is true that I cannot conceive four dimensions in space, and

\* In looking through the delightful volume recently published by the Astronomer Royal for Ireland, a day or two ago, I find the following remarks on the nebular hypothesis, which I should have been glad to quote in my text if I had known them sooner:—

"Nor can it be ever more than a speculation; it cannot be established by observation, nor can it be proved by calculation. It is merely a conjecture, more or less plausible, but perhaps, in some degree, necessarily true, if our present laws of heat, as we understand them, admit of the extreme application here required, and if the present order of things has reigned for sufficient time without the intervention of any influence at present known to us."—*The Story of the Heavens*, p. 506.

Would any prudent advocate base a plea, either for or against Revelation, upon the coincidence, or want of coincidence, of the declarations of the latter with the requirements of an hypothesis thus guardedly dealt with by an astronomical expert?

\* Lectures on Evolution delivered in New York. (American Addresses.)

† Reuss, *L'Histoire Sainte et la Loi*, i. 275.

therefore, for me, the whole affair is unreal. But I have known men of great intellectual powers who seemed to have no difficulty either in conceiving them, or at any rate in imagining how they could conceive them, and therefore four-dimensioned geometry comes under my notion of science. So I think astrology is a science, in so far as it professes to reason logically from principles established by just inductive methods. To prevent misunderstanding, perhaps I had better add that I do not believe one whit in astrology; but no more do I believe in Ptolemaic astronomy, or in the catastrophic geology of my youth, although these, in their day, claimed—and, to my mind, rightly claimed—the name of science. If nothing is to be called science but that which is exactly true from beginning to end, I am afraid there is very little science in the world outside of mathematics. Among the physical sciences I do not know that any could claim more than that each is true within certain limits, so narrow that, for the present at any rate, they may be neglected. If such is the case, I do not see where the line is to be drawn between exactly true, partially true, and mainly untrue forms of science. And what I have said about the current theology at the end of my paper leaves, I think, no doubt as to the category in which I rank it. For all that, I think it would be not only unjust, but almost impertinent, to

refuse the name of science to the *Summa* of St. Thomas or to the *Institutes* of Calvin.

In conclusion, I confess that my supposed "unjaded appetite" for the sort of controversy in which it needed not Mr. Gladstone's express declaration to tell us he is far better practised than I am (though probably, without another express declaration, no one would have suspected that his controversial fires are burning low) is already satiated.

In "Elysium" we conduct scientific discussions in a different medium, and we are liable to threatenings of asphyxia in that "atmosphere of contention" in which Mr. Gladstone has been able to live, alert and vigorous beyond the common race of men, as if it were purest mountain air. I trust that he may long continue to seek truth, under the difficult conditions he has chosen for the search, with unabated energy—I had almost said, fire:

May age not wither him, nor custom stale  
His infinite variety.

But Elysium suits my less robust constitution better, and I beg leave to retire thither, not sorry for my experience of the other region—no one should regret experience—but determined not to repeat it, at any rate in reference to the "plea for Revelation."

## II.

BY HENRY DRUMMOND.

SCIENCE, Religion, Philology, and History have now unsheathed their most richly chased blades in this famous tournament. So goodly a fight has not been seen for many a day; and whether one regards the dignity of the combatants, or the gravity and delicacy of the cause, it is not possible to await the issue without the keenest interest. Meanwhile, a voice may be permitted on behalf of a group among the spectators who have not yet been heard in this controversy, but whose modest reluctance to interfere seems only equalled by their right. In arenas more obscure, but not less worthy, they too have fought this fight; and as a humble camp-follower,

and from conviction that the thing must now be done, rather than as one possessing the right to do it, I would venture to state the case on their account.

Mr. Huxley interposes in this question because he is moved by the violence being done in high places to natural science. This third party is constrained to speak because of a similar violence done to theological science. Were the reconcilers of Geology and Genesis equal in insight to their last and most distinguished champion, and did Mr. Gladstone himself realise the full meaning of his own conceptions, little further contribution to this controversy might perhaps be called for. And were the op-



ponents of this ancient fraternity as calm in spirit, as respectful to beliefs, and as discriminating as to the real question at issue as Mr. Huxley, no other word need be spoken. But with a phalanx of reconcilers on the one hand, who will continue to shelter untenable positions under the carefully qualified argument of Mr. Gladstone; and with quasi-scientific men on the other, who will exaggerate and misinterpret the triumph of Mr. Huxley, a further clearing of the ground is necessary. The breadth of view, the sagacity, and inimitable charity of Mr. Gladstone's second article certainly go far with many minds to remove the forebodings with which they received the first. Nevertheless, so powerful a championship of a position which many earnest students of modern religious questions have seen reason wholly to abandon cannot but excite misgivings of a serious kind. And though these are now in part removed by the large concessions and ampler statement of the second paper, Mr. Gladstone still deliberately involves himself with the fortunes of the reconcilers. So far, however, is he in advance of most of them that much that may be reluctantly said here against the standpoint from which they work in no sense applies to him. This much fairness not less than courtesy makes it a pleasure to premise.

It will be recognised by every one that the true parties in this case are, as the title of Mr. Huxley's article suggests, the Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature. Now, who are the interpreters of Genesis? We answer by asking, who are the interpreters of Nature?

We respectfully point out to Mr. Huxley that his paper contains no single reference to the interpreters of Genesis in the sense in which he uses the term "the interpreters" in the case of science. Who are "the interpreters" of Nature? Mr. Huxley answers, and rightly, himself. And who are "the interpreters" of Genesis? Certainly Mr. Gladstone would be the last to claim this for himself. Does not the legitimate question lie between *modern theology* and modern science? And in perfect fairness should not the title of Mr. Huxley's paper have read "*Some interpreters of Genesis, and the scientific*

interpreters of Nature"? This may be a verbal matter, and we do not press it. But in view of the fact that many will see in Mr. Huxley's article, and in spite of all protestation, a direct and damaging assault upon the Biblical records, would it not have been right to have pointed out the real terms of the antithesis? It may be replied, and justly, that Mr. Huxley is not responsible for the inferences of the uneducated. And in ordinary circumstances it would be gratuitous to define so carefully the real limitations of the question at issue. But the circumstances here are quite exceptional. For although the widely general knowledge of science makes the aberrations of individual theorists in that department harmless, it is not so in the case of theology. Theology, in this relation, has long suffered under quite unusual treatment. Any visionary is taken, and that notoriously by men of science, as the representative of the system. And it is time for theology to be relieved of the irresponsible favors of a hundred sciolists, whose guerilla warfare has so long alienated thinking men in all departments of knowledge. That there is a "science of theology" Mr. Huxley himself admits. It has exponents in Britain and Germany as well-equipped in learning, in sobriety, in balance of mind, and in the possession of the scientific spirit, as the best of the interpreters of Nature. When these men speak of science, it is with respectful reliance upon the best and most recent authorities. They complain that when science speaks of them it accepts positions and statements from any quarter, from books which have been for years or centuries outgrown; or from popular teachers whom scientific theology unweariedly repudiates. To theological science the whole underlying theory of the reconcilers is as exploded as Bathybius. And Mr. Huxley's interference, however much they welcome it in the interest of popular theology, is to them the amusing performance of a layman, the value of which to scientific theology is about the same as would be a refutation of the Ptolemaic astronomy to modern physics.\*

This, however, to some minds may

\* Of course, in commentaries written by experts for popular uses, the condemnatory evi-

have to be made plain, and we may briefly devote ourselves to a statement of the case.

The progress of opinion on this whole subject is marked by three phases : First, until the present century the first chapter of Genesis was accepted as a veritable cosmogony. This, in the circumstances, was inevitable. The hypothesis of Laplace was not yet in the field ; palæontology, Fracastoro notwithstanding, had produced nothing except what every one knew was the remains of the Noachian Deluge ; and geology, even with Buffon behind it, had so little to say for itself that a hint from the Sorbonne was sufficient to quench what feeble light it had. The genesis of the world, therefore, was left to Moses, and the most mechanical theory of creation—a purely anthropomorphic thing and not really the sacred page at all—was everywhere accepted.

Presently, as the sciences gathered volume and focussed their rays on the past, a new version of creation was

dence from natural science is sometimes formally cited in stating the case against the reconcilers generally. From one of the most recent, as well as most able, of these we quote the following passage, in which Mr. Huxley is anticipated in so many words. It is here seen, not only that theology "knew all this before," but how completely it has abandoned the position against which Mr. Huxley's counter-statements are directed : "This narrative is not careful to follow the actual order in which life appeared on the globe : it affirms, *e.g.*, that fruit-trees existed before the sun was made ; science can tell us of no such vegetation. It tells us that the birds were created in the fifth day, the reptiles in the sixth ; Nature herself tells a different tale, and assures us that creeping things appeared before the flying fowl. But the most convincing proof of the regardlessness of scientific accuracy shown by this writer is found in the fact that in the second chapter he gives a different account from that which he has given in the first, and an account irreconcilable with physical facts. . . . He represents the creation of man as preceding the creation of the lower animals—an order which both the first chapter and physical science assure us was not the actual order observed. . . . It seems to me, therefore, a mistaken and dangerous attempt which is often made to reconcile the account of physical facts given here with that given in Nature herself. These accounts disagree in the date or distance from the present time to which the work of creation is assigned, in the length of time which the preparation of the world for man is said to have occupied, and in the order in which life is introduced into the world."—*Genesis*, by Marcus Dods, D.D. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 1882.

spelled out from earth and sea and stars. Accepted at first tentatively, even by men of science, it is not to be wondered at that theologians were for a time unwilling to give up the reading which had held the ground so long. They therefore adopted the policy which is always followed in similar circumstances—compromise and adjustment. Thus intervened the interregnum of the reconcilers, De Luc, Kurtz, Pye-Smith, Hugh Miller, Chalmers, and a hundred others whom we need not name. The man who speaks of the labors of these workers without respect has no acquaintance with the methods by which truth, or error, is ascertained. It was necessary that that mine should be worked, and worked out. Whatever fundamental error underlay it, it was done with reverence, with courage, often with learning and with eloquence. A whole literature sprang up around the reconstruction, and one good end was at least secured—science was ardently studied by the Church. But the failure of the new method was a foregone conclusion, and those who sailed on this shallow sea one by one ran aground. This was a moment of peril—one of those moments which always come when truth is in the making, and which, honestly accepted, lead to new departures in the direction where the true light is ultimately found. The wise among the harmonists accepted the situation, though some of them did not know where next to turn. But deliverance swiftly came, and from an unlooked-for quarter.

For meantime in Germany and England, in a wholly different department of theology, another science was at work. Apart from any questions of doctrinal detail, the young science of Biblical Criticism was beginning to inquire into the composition, meaning, method, and aims of the sacred books. It dealt with these books, in the first instance, simply as literature. Questions of age, authorship, and literary form were for the first time investigated by qualified experts. And the result of these labors—labors in the truest sense scientific—is that these sacred writings are now regarded by theology from a wholly changed standpoint. Now from this standpoint the problem of the reconciliation of Genesis with geology simply disappears. The

probable scientific solution, the possibility or impossibility of a harmony—the very statement becomes an absurdity. The question, in fact, is as irrelevant as that of the senior wrangler who asked what Milton's *Paradise Lost* was meant to prove. This is of course the true method of dealing with old theories. Beaten in argument, they will surely rise again; outgrown, they are forever dead. And this is the hall-mark of all true science, that it destroys by fulfilling.

However it may have escaped recognition, it is certain that theology has been at work for some time now with methods of inquiry similar to those employed by natural science. And it has already partially succeeded in working out a reconstruction of some important departments from the standpoint of development. If the student of science will now apply to theology for its Bible, two very different books will be laid before him.

The one is the Bible as it was accepted by our forefathers; the other is the Bible of modern theology. The books, the chapters, the verses, and the words are the same in each, yet in the meaning, the interpretation, and the way in which they are looked at, they are two entirely distinct Bibles. The distinction between them is one which science will appreciate the moment it is stated. In point of fact, the one is constructed like the world according to the old cosmogonies; the other is an evolution. The one represents revelation as having been produced on the creative hypothesis, the Divine-fiat hypothesis, the ready-made hypothesis; the other on the slow-growth or evolution theory. This last—the Bible of development—is the Bible of modern scientific theology. It is not less authoritative than the first, but it is differently authoritative; not less inspired, it is yet differently inspired.

From its standpoint the Bible has not been made in a day, any more than the earth; nor have its parts been introduced mechanically into the minds of certain men, any more than the cells of their brain. In uttering it they have not spoken as mere automata—the men, though inspired, were *authors*. This Bible has not been given independently of time, of place, or of circumstance. It is not to be read without the philo-

sophic sense which distinguishes the provisional from the eternal; the historic sense, which separates the local from the universal; or the literary sense which recognises prose from poetry, imagery from science. The modern Bible is a book whose parts, though not of unequal value, are seen to be of different kinds of value; where the casual is distinguished from the essential, the subordinate from the primal end. This Bible is not an oracle which has been erected; it has grown. Hence it is no longer a mere word-book, nor a compendium of doctrines, but a nursery of growing truths. It is not an even plane of proof-texts without proportion or emphasis, or light and shade, but a revelation varied as Nature, with the divine in its hidden parts, in its spirit, its tendencies, its obscurities, and its omissions. Like Nature, it has successive strata, and valley and hill-top, and mist and atmosphere, and rivers which are flowing still, and hidden ores, and here and there a place which is desert, and fossils too, whose crude forms are the stepping-stones to higher things. In a word this Bible is like the world in which it is found, natural, human, intelligible in form; mysterious, inscrutable, divine in origin and essence.

With so living a book, theology has again become living. A whole cloud of problems, perplexities, anomalies, and doubts fall before it. No formal indictment is drawn against older views; difficulties are not examined and answered in detail. Before the new standpoint they disappear of themselves. Men who are in revolt against many creeds breathe again in this larger atmosphere and believe afresh, satisfying their reason and keeping their self-respect. For scientific theology no more pledges itself to-day to the interpretations of the Bible of a thousand years ago than does science to the interpretations of Nature in the time of Pythagoras. Nature is the same to-day as in the time of Pythagoras, and the Bible is the same to-day as a thousand years ago. But the Pythagorean interpretation of Nature is not more impossible to the modern mind than are many ancient interpretations—those of Genesis among others—to the scientific theologian.

This is no forced attempt, observe, to

evade a scientific difficulty by concessions so vital as to make the loss or gain of the position of no importance. This change is not the product of any destructive criticism, nor is this transformed book in any sense a mutilated Bible. It is the natural result of the application of ordinary critical methods to documents which sooner or later must have submitted to the process and from which they have never claimed exemption.

But to return to Genesis. Those modern critics, believing or unbelieving, who have studied the Biblical books as literature—studied them, for instance, as Professor Dowden has studied Shakespeare—concur in pronouncing the Bible absolutely free from natural science. They find there history, poetry, moral philosophy, theology, lives and letters, mystical, devotional, and didactic pieces; but science there is none. Natural objects are, of course, repeatedly referred to, and with unsurpassed sympathy and accuracy of observation; but neither in the intention of any of the innumerable authors nor in the execution of their work is there any direct trace of scientific teaching. Could any one with any historic imagination for a moment expect that there would have been? There was no science then. Scientific questions were not even asked then. To have given men science would not only have been an anachronism, but a source of mystification and confusion all along the line. The almost painful silence—indeed, the absolute sterility—of the Bible with regard to science is so marked as to have led men to question the very beneficence of God. Why was not the use of the stars explained to navigators, or chloroform to surgeons? Why is a man left to die on the hillside when the medicinal plant which could save him, did he but know it, lies at his feet? What is it to early man to know how the moon was made? What he wants to know is how bread is made. How fish are to be caught, fowls snared, beasts trapped and their skins tanned—these are his problems. Doubtless there are valid reasons why the Bible does not contain a technological dictionary and a pharmacopœia, or anticipate the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But that it does not inform us on these practical matters is surely a valid argument why we should

not expect it to instruct the world in geology. Mr. Huxley is particular to point out to us that the bat and the pterodactyle must be classified under the "winged fowl" of Genesis, while at a stretch he believes the cockroach might also be included. But we should not wonder if the narrator did not think of this.

Scientific men, apparently, need this warning, not less than those whom they punish for neglecting it. How ignorantly, often, the genius of the Bible is comprehended by those who are loudest in their denunciations of its positions otherwise, is typically illustrated in the following passage from Haeckel. Having in an earlier paragraph shown a general harmony between the Mosaic cosmogony and his own theory of creation, he proceeds to extract out of Genesis nothing less than the evolution theory, and that in its last and highest developments:—

Two great and fundamental ideas, common also to the non-miraculous theory of development, meet us in this Mosaic hypothesis of creation with surprising clearness and simplicity—the idea of separation or differentiation, and the idea of progressive development or perfecting. Although Moses looks upon the results of the great laws of organic development . . . as the direct actions of a constructing Creator, yet in his theory there lies hidden the ruling idea of a progressive development and a differentiation of the originally simple matter.\*

With the next breath this interpreter of Genesis exposes "two great fundamental errors" in the same chapter of the book in which he has just discovered the most scientific phases of the evolution hypothesis, and which lead him to express for Moses "just wonder and admiration." What can be the matter with this singular book? Why is it science to Haeckel one minute and error the next? Why are Haeckel and Mr. Huxley not agreed, if it is science? Why are Haeckel and Mr. Gladstone agreed, if it is religion? If Mr. Huxley does not agree with Haeckel why does he not agree with Mr. Gladstone?

George Macdonald has an exquisite little poem called "Baby's Catechism." It occurs among his children's pieces.

Where did you come from, baby dear?  
Out of the everywhere into here.

\* Haeckel, *History of Creation*, vol. i., p. 38.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?  
Out of the sky as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?  
I found it waiting when I got here.

Where did you get that pearly ear?  
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

How did they all just come to be you?  
God thought about me and so I grew.

For its purpose what could be a finer, or even a more true, account of the matter than this? Without a word of literal truth in it, it would convey to the child's mind exactly the right impression. Now conceive of the head nurse banishing it from the nursery as calculated to mislead the children as to the origin of blue eyes. Or imagine the nursery governess who has passed the South Kensington examination in Mr. Huxley's "Physiology," informing her pupils that ears never "came out" at all, and that hearing was really done inside, by the fibres of Corti and the epithelial arrangements of the maculæ acusticæ. Is it conceivable, on the other hand, that the parish clergyman could defend the record on the ground that "the everywhere" was a philosophical presentation of the Almighty, or that "God thought about me" contained the Hegelian Idea? And yet this is precisely what interpreters of Genesis and interpreters of science do with the Bible. Genesis is a presentation of one or two great elementary truths to the childhood of the world. It can only be read aright in the spirit in which it was written, with its original purpose in view, and its original audience. What did it mean to them? What would they understand by it? What did they need to know and not to know?

To expand the constructive answers to these questions in detail does not fall within our province here. What we have to note is that a scientific theory of the universe formed no part of the original writer's intention. Dating from the childhood of the world, written for children, and for that child-spirit in man which remains unchanged by time, it takes color and shape accordingly. Its object is purely religious, the point being, not how certain things were made, but that God made them. It is not dedicated to science, but to the soul. It is a sublime theology, given in view

of ignorance or idolatry or polytheism, telling the worshipful youth of the world that the heavens and the earth and every creeping and flying thing were made by God. What world-spirit teaches men to finger its fluid numbers like a science catalogue, and discuss its days in terms of geological formations? What blindness pursues them, that they mark the things He made only with their museum-labels, and think they have exhausted its contribution when they have never even been within sight of it? This is not even atheism. It is simple illiterateness.

The first principle which must rule our reading of this book is the elementary canon of all literary criticism, which decides that any interpretation of a part of a book or of a literature must be controlled by the dominant purpose or *motif* of the whole. And when one investigates that dominant purpose in the case of the Bible, he finds it reducing itself to one thing—religion. No matter what view is taken of the composition or authorship of the several books, this feature secures immediate and universal recognition.

*Mais s'il en est ainsi (says Lenormant), me demandera-t-on peut-être, Où donc voyez-vous l'inspiration divine des écrivains qui ont fait cette archéologie, le secours surnaturel dont, comme chrétien, vous devez les croire guidés? Où? Dans l'esprit absolument nouveau qui anime leur narration, bien que la forme en soit restée presque de tout point la même que chez les peuples voisins.\**

A second principle is expressed with such appositeness to the present purpose, by an English commentator, that his words may be given at length:—

There is a principle frequently insisted on, scarcely denied by any, yet recognized with sufficient clearness by few of the advocates of revelation, which, if fully and practically recognized, would have saved themselves much perplexity and vexation, and the cause they have at heart the disgrace with which it has been covered by the futile attempts that have been made, through provisional and shifting interpretations, to reconcile the Mosaic Genesis with the rapidly advancing strides of physical science. The principle referred to is this: matters which are discoverable by human reason, and the means of investigation which God has put within the reach of man's faculties, are not the proper subjects of Divine revelation; and matters which do not concern morals, or bear on man's spiritual relations towards God,

\* *Les Origines de l'Histoire*, Préf., xviii.

are not within the province of revealed religion.\*

Here lies the whole matter. It is involved in the mere meaning of revelation, and proved by its whole expression, that its subject-matter is that which men could not find out for themselves. Men could find out the order in which the world was made. What they could not find out was, that God made it. To this day they have not found that out. Even some of the wisest of our contemporaries, after trying to find that out for half a lifetime, have been forced to give it up. Hence the true function of revelation. Nature in Genesis has no link with geology, seeks none and needs

none : man has no link with biology, and misses none. What he really needs and really misses—for he can get it nowhere else—Genesis gives him ; it links nature and man with their Maker. And this is the one high sense in which Genesis can be said to be scientific. The scientific man must go there to complete his science, or it remains forever incomplete. Let him no longer resort thither to attack what is not really there. What is really there he cannot attack, for he cannot do without it. Nor let religion plant positions there which can only keep science out. Then only can the interpreters of Nature and the interpreters of Genesis understand each other.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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MILLAIS.

BY WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE present fame of Sir John Everett Millais exhibits a curious phenomenon. It is at once greater than that of any other living artist, with one possible exception, and more disputed, perhaps, than that of any painter who enjoys what may be called fame at all. Every one knows Millais' pictures ; every one delights in some, at least, among them ; and yet most people seem to find blame come easier to their lips than praise when they talk of them. By one he is abused for his desertion, which is no desertion, of the pre-Raphaelite principles of his youth ; by another, for the echoes from the famous revolt which may still be traced in his work. At one time he is told that he cares too much for technique ; at another, that technically he is no painter. And the odd thing is that in all those fault-findings there is a basis of truth. The versatility which first showed itself in the ease with which the young painter of twenty threw off the yoke of convention, and followed up such a picture as the "William Hugh Fenn, Esq.," of 1848, with the "Isabella" of twelve months later, has pursued him through life, and while it has given extraordinary variety to his work, has too often disturbed its unity. From

the one hundred and sixty pictures, drawings, and sketches, now gathered together in the Grosvenor Gallery, it is difficult, until we come down to his latest things, to pick more than two or three in which his aim has been single. This fact, no doubt, adds enormously to the interest of the show as a whole, for it ensures the presence of something that will attract in almost everything there. But it also puts an alloy into the admiration of each one of us. On one canvas we find uppermost the bent which made him a pre-Raphaelite ; on another, that which led him apart from the Brotherhood ; here he is mainly a painter, there mainly a dramatist in paint. In nearly every one of his pictures all these tendencies are to be traced together ; their proportion only varies. Consequently we cannot often resign ourselves to pure enjoyment. Before the "Huguenot," we are distracted by the aggressive color ; before the "Hook," by the pains taken to give the texture, the weight, and the age of the coat ; before the "Knight Errant," by the dragging of the story up into the sky corners. The distraction is small and in the long run will not affect the judgment to be passed, but meanwhile it serves in some degree to account for the strange contradiction between the universal fame of the painter and

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\* Quarry, *Genesis*, pp. 12, 13.

what is every day written and said about his art.

The real career of Sir John Millais may be divided, I think, into three parts. The first part includes the years between 1849 and 1860; it begins with "Isabella," and ends with the "Black Brunswicker." One or two dropping shots from it blend it with the next campaign, but the break at the picture I have named is fairly marked. These eleven years are characterized by more or less complete obedience to the doctrines of the P-R. B. I do not in the least mean to say that those doctrines are lived up to. In more than one picture we can see grounds for Mr. Ruskin's jeremiads of 1857; but there is no clear sign as yet of conscious revolt. The strain of the new system is beginning to tell, but neither in conception nor execution have we evidence that the artist deliberately meant to modify its strictness. But after the "Black Brunswicker," there is such evidence, and it rapidly gathers. In the Grosvenor collection the years from 1860 to 1863 are not very well exemplified, but from 1864 to 1872 there is plenty of material. Of these twelve years the distinctive features are, I think, a pretty constant fidelity to pre-Raphaelism in the conception of a picture and in the choice of accessories to put into it, combined with a new freedom in rendering and a new concern for prettiness. The third period begins fairly with 1872, after having sent out two feelers in 1868, the "Stella" and "Vanessa." It shows Sir John Millais back on the road beaten by the crowd of painters who have reached fame before him. I proposed to note what seem to me the best examples of each period, and then to attempt some conclusion as to what Sir John Millais' distinctive achievement in art may be.

To his first two years as a pre-Raphaelite belong three pictures which are full of the highest interest as records of thought, and as examples of the manual dexterity reached by their painter while he was yet little more than a boy. These are "Isabella," "Ferdinand saved by Ariel," and "Christ in the House of His Parents," better known as the "Carpenter's Shop." All three are painted with a union of pictorial and technical skill to which we can find no

parallel without harking back to John Van Eyck. They are well drawn and completely modelled; they are as clear and brilliant in color, and as solid in surface, as it is possible for pictures to be; but they are not creations. They have no unity beyond that given by the story they tell. To my mind the first of Millais' productions to be in all things a picture is the "Return of the Dove to the Ark," painted for the Academy of 1857. The conception is as simple as a Van Eyck, and as forceful. Two young women—wives, we may guess, of Shem and Japhet—stand upon straw in the gloom of the Ark, and caress the dove which has flown in weary from a world still covered with a waste of water. The bird cowers with ruffled plumes against the breast of one woman, while the other stoops to kiss it. Their robes are draperies, long gaberdines with neither plait nor crinkle. One wears, besides, a curious sort of pinafore which hangs straight from her neck to her feet, and supplies the required mass of white. In color the "Return of the Dove" is perfect in its transparent harmony, while it displays a rhythm of line and a coherence of light and shadow which Millais has never surpassed. The "Huguenot," of a year later, is so familiar in black and white that I need here say only that it gains little by color. In obedience to the principles under which he worked, Millais selected such tints as should heighten the look of truth and accident, rather than such as would most thoroughly satisfy a painter's eye. The red of the brick wall, the cold green of the ivy upon it and of the nasturtium which crawls about the ground, the warm black, brilliant violet, and cool yellow of the lovers' costumes, make up a set of notes which can hardly be called a chord. In the composition, too, the signs of effort are unmistakable; and it is not until we fix our eyes upon those of the Huguenot and his mistress that we realise how great a picture we are looking at. In these two faces we get the first hint of what, as we shall see presently, was to be the great distinctive feature of Millais' art. By depth and truth of expression, and by the reciprocity which almost blends two souls into one, the "Huguenot" stands out from all other painted dramas. "Ophelia" belongs to the

same year as the "Huguenot." The two have been hung together at the Grosvenor. Like all but one of its author's early things, the "Ophelia" is as solid and brilliant as on the day it left the easel. A tendency often shown by Millais to exaggerate the eyes and the ruddy lips in his female heads is here to be strongly traced; but on the whole the picture is the most uncompromisingly real he has done. What I may call its action, the gliding of the water, and the steady though almost imperceptible change from floating to sinking of the girl's figure and inflated draperies, is so true that as we look we wonder how it was studied. The head of Ophelia was painted from that of Miss Siddall, afterwards the wife of Dante Rossetti; the background, we are told, from a turn on the river Ewell, near Kingston. A third portrait from this same year has been hung at the Grosvenor since the exhibition opened. It is the small head, painted in a round, of the first Mrs. Coventry Patmore, the "Angel in the House." To a modern eye, accustomed to see women with their hair laid close to the sides of their heads, and dragged down to their eyes, there is something grotesque in these great wing-like masses, so divided as to show the whole height of the forehead; but the sweetness of the face and the jewel-like color which glows over the whole small surface of the picture give it a power to please beyond the reach of fashion. The background has failed, has torn itself into wide cracks all over—the only instance of such an accident, I believe, in the whole of Millais' early work.

In 1853 Millais painted the "Proscribed Royalist" and the "Order of Release." The first is at the Grosvenor, the second not. As one of that series of painted dramas of which the "Huguenot" was the first, the "Proscribed Royalist" is important; while in parts it has painting to show which may be compared to anything its author has done; but it is too much of a *tour de force* to be satisfactory in color. The brown of the girl's dress is just one of those tints that no painter would choose at all, unless in obedience to a theory, and here it is practically the only color. The "Order of Release," on the other hand, is the first thing after the "Return

of the Dove" with which it is impossible to find any serious fault. Its composition is a little *serré* and complex, like that of the "Huguenot," but it is quite natural, and the whole story is there. The picture does not even want a name. The scrap of paper, the gaoler's keys, the contrasting scarlet and tartan of the two men, tell the history of the group of figures as completely and lucidly as the greatest master of prose could tell it. However long the picture may live, there is no fear of its being misunderstood. And it has another surpassing merit, the merit of expression. As in the "Huguenot," the general drift of it all can be fully read in the woman's face. Love, and the remains of terror, triumph, distrust, and contempt, can all be traced in this helpful northern countenance. The lady who was to become Mrs. Millais a year later sat for it. A water-color portrait, painted in the same year, and now No. 159 at the Grosvenor, shows how closely her features were followed.

The next thing before which we need pause is the "Rescue," of 1855, one of the many pictures of its author over which a hot discussion was raised. It required some temerity to call Millais' natural history in question during his pre-Raphaelite years. But people did it over the nasturtium in the "Huguenot," and they did it again over the fire-light in the "Rescue." Here the problem was to paint the effect of fire-light falling upon such strongly contrasting things as black cloth, a parti-colored stair-carpet, and white night-gown; and a painter who had shown himself so determined to cling to fact as the young pre-Raphaelite, might have been trusted to take measures for its right solution. And so, in fact, he did. Mr. F. G. Stephens tells us that he lighted his models from a brazier, interposing, moreover, a sheet of red glass between them and the fire. But no evidence of care will prevent those fault-finders, who do not hesitate to pit their vague impressions against the careful study of a serious artist, from refusing the merit of truth to any effect which strikes them as new. They cavilled at the "Rescue," and their cavillings brought Mr. Ruskin on the scene, who, in a few lucid sentences in his Notes to the Academy of 1855, describes the contrasts of black



and red among burning coals, and sends objectors to their kitchen fires for proof of what he says.

The same year as the "Rescue," Mr. Millais painted a portrait in water-color, of John Leech. It was at the Academy, but was stolen after its return to the painter's studio, and could never be traced.

"Peace Concluded" and "Autumn Leaves" are the chief things from the next two years, and then, if we may take the dithyrambs of Mr. Ruskin *au sérieux*, we reach the picture in which the principles of '49 were abandoned. His words have often been quoted, but they will bear quoting again, because, read by the light of "Sir Isumbras," they let us see deeply into the great writer's notions as to what a picture should be. "I see with consternation," says Mr. Ruskin, "that it was not the Parnassian rock Mr. Millais was ascending, but the Tarpeian. The change in his manner from the year of 'Ophelia' and 'Marina' to 1857 is not merely fall—it is catastrophe; not merely loss of power, but reversal of principle. . . . His excellence has been effaced," he said, "'as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down!'" And what is the justification for all this? That the "yellow and vermilion" of the foreground figures are inconsistent with the evening shadows which are spreading over the lovely landscape beyond; and that there is more light in the water than in the sky. Even granting that Mr. Ruskin is correct in his facts, he has here said nothing to which many a parallel could not be found among pictures that all the world agrees to count among its priceless treasures. Nothing is commoner, even with those masters whom he would be readiest to call great—Titian, Tintoretto, Velasquez—than to reinforce their main subject by spreading an inconsistent twilight over the distance beyond. But, bold as it sounds to say so, I doubt Mr. Ruskin's facts, and I doubt them partly because of my faith in the painter's care, partly from my own observation.

Since my special attention was called to the strictures I have quoted, I have taken many opportunities to watch the effect of gathering twilight upon near and brightly-colored objects; and I have

found that while strongly absorbent colors, such as black, dark blue, and dark crimson, very soon become merely breadths of gloom, bright yellows, reds, and other high tones, keep their full resonance when close at hand, long after such things as distant trees and buildings have begun to herald the approach of night; and this is just what we find in "Sir Isumbras." So far as it goes, the landscape is, perhaps, the finest Millais has painted. It is full of mystery, and yet it has all the sense of reality we feel before such things as "Chill October" and "Over the Hills and Far Away"; and in conception the figures are worthy of the landscape. The old knight—a knight so aged that his gilded armor must by this have been marked by about its last dint—bends tenderly over the awe-struck girl on his saddle-bow, while the boy behind clings on to him sturdily, and with no more thought of his patrician grandeur than the horse which carries them all. As we look at the group, the echoes from a life that has passed away stir most strongly in us. The painter gives us a new link with the days of chivalry, by the touch of familiar nature in the head of the knight and by the broad Saxon rusticity of the children, until we feel as though we, too, had lived when rivers were forded, and men went cased in iron, and nuns walked out, as the sun set, to say their "Aves" in the summer fields. But Sir Isumbras has gone home, and, with the new day, the peasants whom he carried on his broad-backed Norman charger have entered upon the birthright that was his.

In 1859 Mr. Millais' chief picture was the "Vale of Rest." From a literary standpoint, there is more poetry in it than in aught else he has done, but in execution it betrays the heaviness of hand which is so evident in the details of "Sir Isumbras." At the Grosvenor, the "Vale of Rest" is present only in a pen study. The picture itself belonged to the late Mr. William Graham. With a number of Rossetti's, it will come to the hammer at Christie's a few weeks hence, and its fate will be watched with interest. "Spring"—also known as "Apple Blossoms"—and "The Love of James I. of Scotland" also belonged to this year. With neither of these have I sufficient acquaintance to say what

place they should take in Millais' *œuvre* ; but, among those who know it well, the first-named is included among his best things.

The last picture in this first period is the "Black Brunswicker." As a black and white, it deserves a place beside the "Proscribed Royalist," even beside the "Order of Release" and the "Huguenot," but as a work in color it falls far short of the worst of those. The green wall-paper, the mahogany door, the girl's white dress with its scarlet ribbons, and the man's sombre uniform, make up a color arrangement in which no eye can take pleasure ; while they are open to another objection, in that they are quite out of keeping with the scene of the incident. This, I imagine, is Brussels, on the night of the famous ball. The girl has come early from the Duchess of Richmond's to see the last of her lover before he rides off to join Brunswick at Quatre Bras. But the room is a typical English one, from a middle-class London house. Carpet, paper, door, and furniture are all alike tasteless, and all alike impossible beyond the Straits of Dover.

These, then, are the chief results of Millais' pre-Raphaelite years. Among them are to be found the best things the movement produced ; for the few Rossettis in which the signs of a prolonged vitality are to be traced are, in truth, not pre-Raphaelite at all. And what evidence do we get from them as to the value of the notions insisted on in the *Germ* ? I think they prove that the doctrine of non-selection was altogether pernicious ; that, in fact, it ruined as creations all those works in which it was faithfully applied, while it was so logically absurd that, even from the abstract standpoint, it deserved no allegiance. I think, too, they show what so many deny, that the insistence on a moral aim, which implies an indirect appeal by association and experience rather than a direct one to sense, weakens a picture by destroying its unity. There remains only the precept of fidelity to nature, which can hardly be claimed, in its sensible, not to say possible, form, as distinctly pre-Raphaelite. No one now is likely to dispute its value. In all the more important pictures painted by Millais up to this

time there are signs of hard thinking. We must not forget Ruskin's dictum, that great things are only done by great men, by whom they are done easily. But in such things as the "Huguenot" and the "Order of Release" the mere interweaving of the lines must have taken much pains to bring to the complex simplicity we see. After 1860 we get no more of this. The large picture of 1862, the "Ransom," is hardly composed at all. The painter seems to have reverted to the naturalism which governed the arrangement of his first important work, the "Isabella," and henceforth we find no more of the almost painfully condensed narratives of the years between 1850 and 1860.

And now as to the result of these first ten years of activity. If we listened to much that is said and written, we should believe that in his youth Millais reached a height to which he has never since attained or cared to attain, and that his work for the last quarter of a century has been a fast decline. One writer has told us that "Millais is one of the rare artists who have made other people feel in his pictures what he has never felt himself. According to all theories of art in the world worth listening to, this is impossible ; but he did it. It is impossible to look at these early works without seeing that they are absolutely transfused, first with the spirit of Rossetti, second with the spirit of Ruskin ; and that as that influence fades, so also fades the poetry of the work." The writer goes on to compare a fine thing from the first period with a poor one from the last, and to declare that the "comparison would hold equally good of any of the pictures of similar periods," of the "Mr. Wyatt" and the "Mr. Hook" for instance, or the "Pot Pourri" and the first "Mr. Gladstone." "In the old days he had to help him," he says again, "not only his hands and his plenitude of time, but Ruskin's brains and Rossetti's spirit." All this is improbable on the face of it. To declare that an artist who was afterwards to produce such works as the portraits I have named, was in his youth a mere shuttlecock beaten backwards and forwards between two poets, is to make a draft upon our credulity, which we may well refuse to honor. We must go a little deeper

into the question, and see whether we cannot find some explanation of the change that shall be more consistent with the strong individuality he has over and over again proved himself to possess.

The distinctive mark of all true artists is sympathy with the material in which they work. Whether it be stone, or paint, or words, they do their utmost to bring out its peculiar powers, to give it that kind of expression of which it alone is capable, and to confine it within those limits in which it is most itself. He to whom nature has given an infinite imagination, takes words for his instrument. They are at once wider in scope, more definite in value, and more fully understood by an audience than any other. Like Ruskin, such a man may elect to use his words upon a theme in which he can be greatly helped by some art speaking directly to the senses; he will then attempt, in all honesty, to enlist that art in his service, and to get its professors to devote themselves to the more perfect setting forth of his doctrines. And when the potential poet and the potential painter are combined in one man, the poet, as the first comer and the more in touch with humanity at large, is pretty sure to impress the painter and to make him do his bidding. So it was with Rossetti. He was a dreamer of dreams with a power of peculiar expression in words. But in spite of the splendid, ill-regulated color faculty which now and then landed him in a masterpiece, he never became a painter; he never learnt to use paint easily for his own, still less to use it for its right, purpose. The time he might have spent in making himself as perfect an artist to the eye as he was to the mind, he lost in trying for an impossible union between the abstract and the concrete. In him we have to lament a great painter spoilt by complication with a poet, and in Ruskin a great poet spoilt by complication with a critic. Let us not grieve because they failed to keep a third gifted nature off the broad road that lay before it.

We are too apt to forget that the one art in which all educated people are more or less proficient is the use of words. Language is learnt by familiarity; and from the days before our memory begins

we are all of us familiar with the language of the tongue. In the chaos of modern society, the language of art can only be learnt in special places and at an age which gives the rival language of words a long start, a start so long that it requires unusual powers on our sensuous side to catch it up at all. If we look at the work of almost any young artist, we find an implicit belief that the strength of a work of art must lie in the story it has to tell. A good name and a good subject is his great idea. He has learnt how to imitate, but he has not yet learnt that paint can be made to speak. He has learnt how a picture can echo a poem, but he has not learnt what poetic possibilities there are in the very pigment he has to use. But in time, if the artistic gift be the strongest in him, he will learn all this; he will learn that his art can do without the novelist, without the historian, without the poet; he will learn that the more self-contained his works are, the better will be their chances of life; he will learn that to all who can read the language of art—and to them is the permanent fame of a painter committed—the value of his work will depend, not on that part of its message which could be given in words, but on that which can be given no way else than in paint. He will learn that the great painters of the world were Titian, and Tintoretto, and Velasquez, and Rembrandt, and Rubens; and that they were great through their reliance on their own art, through their determination that, if their pictures had poetry, the poetry should be on the canvas, and not in some written book of which it might catch the reflection. He will learn, in short, that in the universal and everlasting language which speaks through form and light and color, hearts may be stirred as deeply, although they cannot be so widely informed, as by the conventional language of words.

During the years from 1850 to 1860 this knowledge was gradually gathering in Millais' mind, and in the pictures painted during his second period we find it contending with the literary propensities inculcated by the Brotherhood. Over these works I do not need to dwell, as the lesson of his career is contained in its beginning and in its maturity. I

may stop, however, to point out how one of its characteristics is the variety which always attends a period of transition and indecision. In the "Minuet" of 1866, and even in the "Miss Nina Lehmann" of 1869, we have what are essentially pre-Raphaelite pictures; while in "Charlie is my Darling," the freely-handled "Sisters," the "Gambler's Wife," and, above all, in the "Vanessa," we have things governed from start to finish by purely pictorial notions. In some respects the "Gambler's Wife" may be said to be Millais' masterpiece. The story told is exactly suited to a picture. It is momentary, but it is all there; it is absolutely definite so far as it goes; but it leaves us to divine what we please. It suggests simplicity of line, it allows grace of pose, it leads naturally to picturesque accessories, and it demands pregnant expression. All this we find in the picture; and we find, besides, a delicacy of manipulation and a rich, subdued transparency of color which are not always at its author's command.

And now we come to the last phase of Sir John Millais' art—the phase which shows him in full possession of his powers, and in full determination as to what to do with them. From 1872 onwards every picture he paints is conceived and carried out entirely on pictorial lines. Everything is put in or left out in accordance with its value to the final impression. The aim is no longer to lead the eye outside the canvas and to suggest, but to keep it within and to satisfy. With such a development of creed portraits naturally become more and more numerous, and as their number grows so does their excellence. I have called "Vanessa" a feeler thrown out by this period into the one which went before it; it finds an echo in a picture of 1873, which will do as well as another to show the ideas which were now to govern the artist's production. This is the portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim. Like the "Vanessa," it is largely a study of costume. The splendors of old lace, of Venetian brocade, and of the countless textures which make up the *grande tenue* of a lady in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, are put in with a skill which never slurs and never tires, but which never forgets that, after all, they are nothing but the setting to a head

which has to keep its place and its individual force in spite of them. The centre of the picture is the face, with its quiet, alert, modern intelligence, and we never for an instant feel that it is encumbered with the finery about it. The group of portraits known as "Hearts are Trumps," the "Miss Eveleen Tennant," the "Yeoman of the Guard," the "Effie Deans," the "Cuckoo," the "Sir Gilbert Greenall," the "Lord Tennyson," the "Cardinal Newman," the "Dorothy Thorpe," even such comparative failures as the "Grey Lady" and the "Princes in the Tower," are one and all built on this, the only right plan for a picture. The idea which governs them is essentially pictorial. It is always single, it appeals to our senses, and it requires no special literary preparation to be understood, and every detail of execution is directed to increasing the force of the impression it makes upon us. Here and there a few traces of the early notions peep out, and sometimes the pre-Raphaelite love for finish for its own sake does something to weaken the expression of a head, as, for instance, in the "Dorothy Thorpe." But at last the painter has come into his own, and has elected to do his peculiar part in recording the life of his time, instead of helping the historian and the poet to do theirs.

And as a painter, pure and simple, what is to be said of Sir John Millais? Will he win a niche of his own in the small temple which holds all the world's great artists? and, if so, with what will he win it? Will he win it as a colorist, as a chiaroscuroist, as a designer, as a master of air, or as a master of light? I think he will win his niche, but not as any of these. Not that he fails to rise far above mediocrity as any of them, but in none does he reach the easy splendor of the great masters of Venice, of Florence, of homely Amsterdam. But there is something in his work in which no painter that ever lived has been his master, and that is expression. Rembrandt is not more surely the master of shadow, nor De Hooche of sunlight, than Millais of the human features. Into them he has a power of insight and divination which seems to approach the miraculous. Over and over again he has overcast a face with a complexity of feelings we



a few exceptions, provided with tram-cars and elevated railways, the streets with cross-town tramcars running from side to side. You see very few private carriages or cabs ; almost everybody uses the public conveyances, and from morning until night the air is filled with the clatter of traffic over the huge paving-stones, with the incessant tinkling of the horse-car bells, and with the rush and roar of the trains, which literally fly overhead in mid air at the height of the second, and in some parts even of the fourth-story windows. At first this rushing to and fro seems as amusing as it is novel, but very soon it becomes irritating. You feel that you are no better than a shuttle in a loom, forced to go straight up or straight down, backwards or forwards ; and if you do attempt a little lateral movement you find that the trajectory is just as monotonously straight, only not so long. Certainly you are transported rapidly from point to point, but with how little comfort. The tramcars and the elevated railroad cars are alike provided with quantities of little straps dangling from the ceiling. There is no limit to the number of passengers that may be carried. In an American tramcar there is always room for one more, and those who cannot find sitting room "hang on by a strap." The business man, the lady who is going down town to shop, the odorous negro, the mechanic, the burly policeman who rides gratis, the Irish laborer, the girls and boys on their way to school—in fact, all sorts and conditions of men and women — pack themselves into these cars and trains with most disagreeable promiscuity. They travel in surly silence, reading newspapers, or gazing hardly into space, and generally imitating the conduct of the stolid conductor, who receives your five-cent fare without a word of thanks and treads upon your corns without a word of apology. The foreigner cannot fail to be struck by the surly indifference of the people with whom one comes necessarily into contact in daily life in New York ; such people, I mean, as shopkeepers, railway ticket clerks, hotel waiters, car conductors, bootblacks. No effort seems to be made to render the commonplace relations of life agreeable, and the most elementary *formula* of politeness have apparently

disappeared from everyday language. The waiters rarely thank you for a fee, the railway clerk flings down your ticket and change as if he were angry with you ; the bootblack, who charges ten cents for "a shine," has the air of thinking himself above his business. The shopkeeper's first desire seems to be to assert his equality and not to sell his goods.

The exterior aspect of New York is very varied. In the old quarter of the town you find whole streets and squares that remind you of Holland or of parts of London. Up town and in the cross streets the predominating type of house is a graceless single-fronted brown stone structure, with a flight of eight or ten steps leading up to the front door, and a general look of dingy respectability. I know nothing more depressing than a walk through one of these cross streets, lined on each side with brown stone houses identically similar in every detail, and looking as if each piece of them, from the door-knob to the chimney-pots, had been made according to contract by machinery and by the gross. In the avenues, excepting Broadway, Madison, and the aristocratic Fifth Avenue, you find a most heterogeneous congeries of buildings, shops with cast-iron fronts, business blocks with no architectural pretensions, shanties and shabby houses of all kinds, the whole bristling with hanging signs, flat signs, gilded and painted figureheads, forming in 'perspective a veritable forest, which seems to be rendered all the thicker and more impenetrable by the iron pillars of the elevated railroad, the vistas of lamp-posts, electric-light masts, and telegraph poles with their close network of wires crossing and recrossing and literally obscuring the sun. This is doubtless a painful spectacle to the "æsthetic" eye, but we must remember that New York is mainly a business city ; in its streets and avenues commerce reigns with undisputed sway, and we ought perhaps to feel astonished that so much heed is given to mere ornament. The elevated railroad, for instance, is ugly enough in itself, but the stations perched in the air and approached by covered stairways are really pretty features in the street scenery of the city, amusing in silhouette and pleasing in color and ornament. The Produce Exchange, in the heart of

the business quarter, is an imposing building of grand and simple proportions, and it has the great merit of appropriateness. Jefferson Market is a neat structure, and many of the new red-brick and terra-cotta buildings down town are admirable specimens of architecture and of intelligent decoration. The woodwork, the panelling in native hard woods, and the very original and effective colored glass so universally employed throughout the eastern cities, are all good. Here the native artists have been left to their own resources, and they have certainly made excellent use of their abundant and varied native materials. The Americans have evidently "gone in for" architecture and decorative art within the past few years with that same zeal and determination which they habitually show in their business enterprises. But the development has perhaps been rather forced; much of the work bears the stamp of having been produced to fulfil an order for the finest and dearest things of the kind that could be had, and not the most tasteful or the most appropriate. It is evident also that what was in fashion one year was not always in fashion the next; indeed, I have been told that fashion in architecture in America changes about every two years. Fifth Avenue and the environs of Central Park form the great trial-ground of the American architects for town houses, just as Newport does for summer villas. In the course of an hour's walk you may see what is and what has been considered most modish, not only in domestic but also in ecclesiastical architecture. Fifth Avenue is lined with churches; there are Gothic, Romanesque, Tudor, Italian, Byzantine, and also barn-like churches; there are spires and towers in every form; but I discovered only one church which has architectural merit throughout, one church which, so to speak, holds together and bears analysis from the points of view of art, usefulness, and tradition, and that is the new Catholic Cathedral. I discovered likewise but one house in Fifth Avenue which seemed to be above criticism—perfect in proportions, in architectural decoration, and in appropriateness. America has yet to learn the meaning of charm of line and sobriety of ornament. The same tendency tow-

ards excess which causes many New Yorkers to paint red bricks redder, leads them also to the erroneous conviction that mere quantity of precious materials and mere profusion of ornamentation will of itself produce a fine effect. This tendency accounts for bath-rooms with walls entirely covered with enormous slabs of Mexican onyx, for plain brown stone houses adorned—O incongruity!—with Corinthian pillars of marble so delicately carved that the capitals have to be enveloped permanently in wire netting to protect them from flies or sparrows. It accounts also for the phenomenon of a Gothic cathedral portal serving as the entrance of a Renaissance dwelling-house, and for many other queer combinations that may be seen on either side of Fifth Avenue. The famous house of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, which is more or less typical of the style of house inhabited by the American merchant princes, is a good specimen of over-decoration and lavish profusion of rich material—I speak of the inside only. The entrance-hall is wholly of marble: the floor is marble mosaic, the walls are of precious polished marble, the seats and tables are of massive marble. The covered atrium of the house has also a mosaic pavement, and is surrounded by red marble pillars capped and bound with bronze; the walls are partly of marble, partly of fine woodwork, partly hung with Flemish tapestry, and partly panelled with gilded and painted papier-maché work. The staircase is of richly carved wood, and the walls are wainscoted, while above the wainscoting comes more gilded and painted papier-maché panelling. In the midst of all this splendor of material and workmanship the pressed papier-maché looks cheap and paltry. How can the designer have conceived such a combination? The drawing-room in this house is dazzlingly brilliant. It seems to be full of pillars and tables and pedestals of Mexican onyx with gilt mounts; the lamps are studded with opalescent and colored glass *cabochons*; the chairs are upholstered in the most showy Japanese embroidered silks; the walls are hung with red Japanese velvet, studded with metal ornaments, stones, and brilliants, which by their dazzling scintillation naturally destroy the effect of a beauti-

ful ceiling painted by Galland. The splendor of this room is barbaric ; it reminds one of the scenery of a fairy piece at the Châtelet Theatre. Throughout this costly house one might continue criticism in the same strain ; everything is too ostentatiously precious ; the magnificence is too lavish ; there is no repose, no dignity, no quiet beauty, the effect of which grows upon you gradually and charms you instead of merely striking you brusquely and imperiously with a shock that lasts but a moment.

In Eastern America one sees so much over-decoration, so much bigness, so much excess, that one is forced to conclude that it is what people here like. The Americans do frankly glory in their ten-story houses, their big ferry-boats and river-steamers like floating palaces, their big fortunes and big failures, their big newspapers, and, indeed, in big things of every kind. The ordinary house-furniture is unnecessarily large and heavy, and the language of the average American is full of exaggerations and superlatives, and Titanic metaphors couched in familiar language. I imagine there must be a peculiar magnetic quality in the air of America which stirs up Aryan blood into a state of perpetual ebullition, and augments energy in every way. Hence the unrest of American life, the unremitting driving, and pushing, and struggling. The American man, as we all know, is fond of trotting horses, and in the afternoon he delights to air his team in the beautiful avenues of Central Park. You may imagine that it is a pleasant relaxation to ride in a light buggy behind a pair of swift horses, and to enjoy the air, the scenery, and the animation of the park. No ; it is really hard work. In his insatiable thirst for activity, the American man has trained his trotting horses to pull by the reins and not by the traces, and so he sits in his buggy with outstretched arms, holding the ribbons taut, pushing against the dashboard with his feet ; and thus the horses pull the driver, who simply forms an animated connecting-link between them and the vehicle.

With this love of intensity and excess, imagine what the stage must be ! In this as in all other matters of public concern, the *élite* of the American nation forms only a powerless minority. The

average audience appreciates apparently low comedy, burlesque, melodrama, ranting, high notes in singing, short skirts, and brilliant scenery. When Mme. Judic first appeared in New York, many of the newspaper critics found that that exquisitely feminine comédienne did not dance about, did not show her legs, did not sing loud enough, did not know how to make telling effects—all which, being interpreted, means that Mme. Judic's action, diction, and singing were of a more delicate and finer character than those estimable critics could appreciate. One night I went to see the *Comedy of Errors* at the Star Theatre. This, I was told, was one of the finest spectacles ever put on the New York stage. Certainly the scenery and the costumes were very pretty, but the effect of both was much impaired by the want of contrast. In the scenery the prevailing masses of color were very pale rose and green and blue, under a dazzling white light ; the costumes also were of those delicate and luminous shades, and there was not a square foot of reposeful shadow in the whole spectacle. The parts of the two Dromios were played by two popular favorites who excel in low comedy effects, but the rest of the actors and actresses had but very rudimentary notions either of elocution or deportment ; the ladies aspirated their h's with an affectation which showed that they had not always been accustomed to that effort ; the ballet-girls had not learned one of the first lessons in choregraphy, which is to look pleasant and smiling ; their faces were dull and expressionless, and their feet not so nimble as they might have been. This spectacle was not a complete success from the artistic point of view, but an effort had been made ; and therein lies one of the charms of America, that efforts are being made all the time, and in the course of years these efforts will doubtless produce wonderful results. "All we want is a few more years," is an expression frequently on the lips of the patriotic American.

A few more years ! Yes, and perhaps the establishment of professors of civilisation and of the science of life in the chief cities of the Union—professors who would teach the beauty of elegance of life and manners, and expound Aris-



tote's doctrine of moderation and the mean by reference to modern instances. I can imagine the objection that some American reader will raise. "You are forming conclusions too exclusively from observations of New York," he will say. "But New York is not a political centre, nor a literary centre, nor a centre of fashion. It is simply a commercial centre. The stamp of New York cannot give currency to a book, a picture, a stage-play, or a man or a woman." It is indisputable that at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Chicago, people form their own judgment of men and things independently of New York; but in spite of that, the *prestige* of New York remains. No other city in the United States impresses the foreigner in the same way; no other city has that unmistakable air of being one of the great capitals of the world which New York has. Washington, which the foreigner is frequently requested to admire as being, potentially at least, the prettiest city in America, is the State capital, and, thanks to the diplomatists, the statesmen, and the many people of means and leisure who have chosen the city of broad streets for their home, Washington is also a social and intellectual centre, just as Versailles was in the olden times. But when did the opinion of Versailles venture to pit itself against the opinion of Paris? Who would attempt to persuade the foreigner that the sporadic nudity of Washington had the aspect of a capital? The Capitol is, indeed, a grand and majestic building exteriorly, but in the interior of the monument the feature that perhaps impresses itself most indelibly on the visitor's memory is the grandiose proportions of the spittoons. The other Government buildings and the Smithsonian Institute have also a certain chilling vastness in their proportions. But Pennsylvania Avenue, lined with fine trees and mean houses, will suggest the Champs Elysées only to a very unretentive memory. Of all the Eastern cities Boston is the most suggestive of stable civilisation and more widely spread refinement; for no one could mistake that hospitable and agreeable city for a national capital. The equalitarian American—proud of his city, proud of his State, devoted to local interests, as a good citizen should be—

protests, as one can readily understand, against the supremacy of New York. The Boston blue-stocking will slyly remark that she is in the habit of going to New York when she needs intellectual repose. Such protestations of independence and local self-sufficiency form a healthy element in the national life; but the fact, nevertheless, remains that New York does impose its influence on the other cities of America. New York, it may be urged, is a cosmopolitan centre; but, in American civilisation, is not the predominating influence cosmopolitan? And does not this influence radiate mainly from New York? New York society exists by itself, says an American authority, Mrs. Gail Hamilton, and outside that city "there exists a great wide independent world, which not only receives no law from New York, but never thinks of New York, does not know that there is any New York. It is in the city and in the country. It has all the conveniences, all the refinements, and many of the luxuries of modern material life. It has as much intelligence as New York; it reads more, thinks more, and deals with more things. It speaks as gently and it stands more firm." Making allowance for a little feminine exaggeration, this statement of the case is doubtless correct, so far as it goes. The prestige attached to New York in the eyes of the world at large must not be traced to the influence merely of its social life; it is rather the prestige of the greatest, the richest, and the most brilliant of American cities, the prestige of the city which sums up in its varied life and interests the most characteristic and original aspects of American civilisation. The refinements and luxuries of material life are to be found all over the country; intellectual life in all its phases is spread widely throughout the different States, and the traveller who is accustomed to the broad division of European society into that of the capitals and that of the provinces, cannot fail to be struck by the universality of a certain kind of social life in America. Wherever he goes he is sure to find intelligent, well-informed, sociable people, with whom it is interesting to talk, and whose wide sympathies and varied curiosity renders their commerce agreeable. One might also go so far as to say that

a narrow-minded man or woman is a rarity in America, while equality and democracy, and a general habit of self-reliance and independent judgment render it impossible for any single citizen or any group of citizens to put himself or themselves above the others. Criticism is everybody's right, and a right which is very freely exercised. And so the term society in America comes to have a very vague signification; and, indeed, how can it be otherwise in a democratic republic? Look at modern France. What is meant by French society? Is it the old *noblesse*, whose members are often richer in titles than in money, and who live dismally in their country houses because they can no longer afford to make a figure at Paris? Is it the aristocracy of finance, that spends its money freely on fêtes and luxury? Is it the rich *bourgeoisie*? Is it Madame X.'s set, or the set of the Baronne Z.? There is absolutely no arbiter to decide. Each set has the right to consider its company the most select and elegant, or the most amusing, or the most intellectual, although of course great prestige attaches to an ancient and historical name. In America society has a still vaguer signification than it has in France. There is no autocrat, no dispenser of social reputation, no supreme authority—like the Prince of Wales in England, for instance—who is cognisant of the entire area of American society. London society, it has been said, is nowadays a chaotic congeries of sets, more or less exclusive, living a monotonous, unintellectual, and wearisome life, the object of which is ostensibly amusement, while really it is the satisfaction of social vanity, the doing of "the correct thing," the strict observance of all the conventional rules and customs of life, conduct, morality, and manners which have received the approbation of the Prince of Wales. American society is likewise composed of an infinity of sets, but these sets can claim letters patent from no supreme voucher. In each city social relations are based mainly on congeniality; and in certain cities, like New York and Boston, more or less prestige is attached to birth, but so little that it would hardly count at all in comparison with intelligence and eminent social qualities un-

supported by birth. Even in English society the principle of aristocracy has been largely superseded by the principle of plutocracy; and then again, after all, birth in America is a matter of so few years. In New York the descendants of the old Dutch settlers may look down upon the parvenus who can only trace their descent three generations backwards, much more so upon the upstarts of only two generations. But practically this family pride offers no obstacle to real merit and intelligence. The prestige of old and stable fortunes is naturally greater than that of fortunes recently acquired, whose owners have generally been so wholly occupied in the pursuit of riches that they have neglected to acquire that degree of culture without which social intercourse, as distinguished from friendship or mere good-fellowship, cannot exist. In New York then, as in London, but with far less precision in the lines of demarcation, society is composed of many sets, some more fashionable, more stylish, and more select than others. There have been, and there still are, in that city hostesses who have had the manners and bearing of duchesses of the old *régime*, and whose qualities have naturally made them prominent figures in social life, but they have always held their position in virtue of their personality, and not merely of their birth or of their wealth. The Americans would never submit to be bored by dull formalism; their object, so far as society is concerned, is amusement, and, with the exception of a few Anglo-maniacs, they are not satisfied with mere conformity to convention; they demand real amusement. At a ball, a reception, a dinner party, or any other social meeting, and above all in life at the seaside and at the inland watering-places, there is an absence of restraint and an easy familiarity which simply astounds the European. The most complete liberty of flirtation seems to be the privilege of both sexes; you make friends with great facility, and you find that everybody is bent simply upon "having a lovely time" and helping his or her neighbor to do the same. There is far less regard for appearances and far less ostentatious respectability than there is in England; but there is less hypocritical virtue and more real morality. Considering the

very great freedom of intercourse allowed to the young men and women, and the rarity of any mishaps resulting therefrom, one can only conclude that the sense of honor is very highly developed in both boys and girls. There are, too, many evidences which go to show that the cultivated American man has got rid of much of that underlay of coarse fibre which renders his English cousins somewhat stiff and constrained in their manners, as if they were perpetually afraid of cracking their thin veneer of refinement.

We Europeans have heard much talk about the superiority of the railway and hotel systems of America. Thanks to the competition of rival lines, travelling in the Eastern States is very cheap. The different companies seem to be perpetually trying to ruin each other by underselling, and in every town you will find a number of agencies where you can buy "cut-rate" tickets for almost any part of the United States, and according to the condition of the struggle between such and such companies, the price of the ticket varies. For instance, a ticket for the thousand-mile ride between New York and Chicago has been as low as five dollars, and last year it oscillated between twelve and seventeen dollars. The railway stations, with few exceptions, are miserable places, where information is a rare commodity and politeness still rarer. In America you are supposed to know, and if you do not know, woe betide you. That great blessing of English life, the obliging railway porter, is unknown in America. The trains are made up of carriages all of the same class and of the same model, with the exception of the Pullman sleeping and "chair-cars," or as we should call them, drawing-room cars. The ordinary car has a passage down the middle, and seats on either side for some fifty persons in all: at one end is a stove, and at the other a lavabo and a receptacle for iced water: each seat holds two passengers, with very little room for knees and elbows, and none whatever for bag or portmanteau; overhead are little narrow shelves of netting about large enough to hold a bag of bonbons or a roll of music. These cars are often prettily decorated with native hard woods, and they have two advantages:

they are well ventilated, and you can walk from car to car the whole length of the train. But for comfort they cannot be compared with the European carriages; and the promiscuity which the system involves is far from agreeable, especially if you happen to be travelling in parts where noisy or inebriated negroes are frequent passengers. An American train is to a certain extent a hotel on wheels. Restaurant and sleeping-cars are taken on and off as circumstances require; and the newsboys who travel on the trains offer you the journals of the last town you have traversed, and try to tempt you alternately with cigars, fruit, fans, pirated editions of novels, travelling caps—"protects from draughts, keeps the 'ead cool"—and other trifles. *Apropos* of pirated books, I was amused one day when the train in which I was travelling happened to pass over a stretch of Canadian territory. The moment we had crossed the frontier, at the first station, a boy boarded the train with a new stock of novels published by some Montreal house. "Better paper," cried the boy, "better print, better authors! Howells's new novel! Yes, sir, that's the beauty of it. We get the American authors in cheap editions here, sir, because there ain't no copyright. On the United States side o' the frontier they can only reprint the English authors." And off he went, offering the newest American novels for twenty-five cents each, "better paper, better authors!" The beauty of it is, to use the newsboy's phrase, that negotiations for a copyright treaty between the United States and Canada have now been going on for some forty years without any marked progress having been made.

When you arrive at your destination on one of these trains, your troubles begin again. Your trunk has been taken charge of by the baggage expressman, who gives you a check, and at a charge of fifty cents undertakes to deliver it to any hotel you choose. But you and your hand-bags and wraps and overcoats, what becomes of you? Hotel omnibuses are not universal, cabs are rare, landaus—the commonest public carriage in New York—are very dear, and often you have no alternative but to walk or to jump into the tramcar. But which tramcar passes near the hotel you have

chosen? Where is the obliging porter who helps you with your baggage, and guides your steps in a strange town? However, we will suppose that you have arrived at an hotel and that your baggage has followed you. What a strange place! Imagine a great hall glaring with electric light and bristling with Corinthian capitals, or bronze griffins, or something equally horrible. The floor is of marble, dotted over with flaunting red cuspadores (*Anglicè*, spittoons), strewn with cigar stumps, and maculated with tobacco juice and half-chewed quids. Amidst this glare and foulness are scores of easy-chairs, rocking-chairs, and men sitting and standing, all smoking, or talking, or chewing. At one end of the hall is the desk of the laconic clerk, who flings your key upon the marble counter with a clatter; then to the right and left are a cigar-shop, a bar-room, a news-stand, a barber's shop—sometimes called a "tonsorial parlor"—an outfitter's shop, a bootblack's stand, and a telegraph office, generally presided over by a pretty maiden who speaks through her nose and is looking out for a husband. At the news-stall you often see a little boy of nine or ten in charge; he has to stand on a stool and reach up to hand your change, but he already chews a wooden toothpick like his elders, and looks as disappointed and embittered as a man of fifty. Furthermore, all the lower part of the hotel is apparently a public thoroughfare, and anybody may walk in and make use of its conveniences, without any questions being asked, a fact which enables the municipalities to dispense with the erection of those necessary structures which prudish Boston calls "sanitariums."

I failed to discover any semblance of comfort in any of the ordinary American hotels. The bedrooms are furnished in a paltry manner; the toilet utensils are of the commonest description; the gas bracket is invariably placed inconveniently with regard to the looking-glass, and the service is indifferent. One of the great problems of American life is domestic service. In the private houses you never see a retinue of servants such as we have in England. An American citizen cannot wear another man's livery; an American woman would sooner "go out West" than go into service. The

servants and waiters throughout the country are, therefore, almost exclusively Irish or other foreigners, and negroes or people of color, who almost always seem discontented and above their work. In vain the innocent traveller places his boots outside his bedroom door when he retires to rest; no notice will be taken of them, unless a thief should happen to fancy them. When you rise in the morning you must put your dirty boots on and take them to be cleaned on your feet, and you may congratulate yourself if the bootblack's stand is not stationed down in the cellar amongst the cockroaches and the water-closets.

The eating arrangements in an American hotel are peculiar. Supposing that you elect to live on the American plan, you pay three, four, or five dollars a day or more, according to your bedroom, and you eat as much as you please and as often as you please. Four meals a day are prepared, and the cloth is practically laid all day long for breakfast, midday dinner or lunch, late dinner, tea or supper. You walk into the dining-room, which is generally of immense size, and the moment you cross the threshold a gigantic colored man, in dress coat and white cravat, snaps his fingers at you, waves his arms commandingly, and assigns you a place at one of the tables. This negro is a "walker," and fulfils the same duties as a *maitre d'hôtel* in a French restaurant. He is ornamental, fussy, and of very little use. The place assigned to you, without your having been consulted as to whether you have any preference in the matter, will be at a table where some six to a dozen people can sit—a large broad table, with an enormous cruet-stand in the centre containing all the condiments and sauces under the sun, and two small flagons full of oil and vinegar. The moment you have taken your seat a negro rushes up and pours you out a glass of iced water, which forms the universal drink of the Americans at meals. You cannot escape from this glass of iced water from the day you set foot on American soil to the day you leave it; it pursues you even into your bedroom, for if by chance you ring your bell there follows a few seconds later a furious dash at the door, and the inevitable pitcher of iced water is borne in and deposited on the table.

The waiter asks no questions. Any man in the United States who rings his bedroom bell, whether late at night or early in the morning, can want only one thing—iced water. The glass of water having been placed at your elbow at the dinner-table, we will say, a negro waiter bends serenely over you, and waits in silence for your orders. The whole dinner must be ordered at once, and it is all served at once. Thus you say, of course without any of the formula of politeness, "Bring me some oysters on the half-shell, green turtle soup, some clam chowder, some halibut steak, green goose and apple sauce, lambs' fries, sweet potatoes, egg-plant, succotash, stewed tomatoes, Roquefort cheese, lemon pudding, cranberry pie, cakes, watermelon, and French bread." And the negro departs without a word, and returns with as many of these dishes as he has succeeded in remembering, and then he arranges them like a rampart before you. And if you wish to do at Rome as do the Romans, you dip into this dish and that dish, tasting of several simultaneously; you mix up as many flavors as you can, and leave half of each dish unconsumed. The wastefulness of this American system is terrible to think of. And what a disgusting sight it is to see a table-full of people, each one behind his semicircular barricade of dishes, all of them getting cold and all of them more or less in a mess! How one does long to have the choice of a dozen dishes carefully prepared and decently served, instead of having, to select from the hundred dishes, lukewarm and poorly cooked, that figure on the bill of fare of an average American hotel! And the crockery and the knives! Dishes and cups and saucers of the coarsest white pottery, very thick and heavy, and knives that have no cutting edge, but are silver-plated, in order that no citizen may have to demean himself by polishing them. The very best coffee in the world will taste poor when drunk out of a cup a quarter of an inch thick; and reed birds on toast, one of the most indisputably delicate of American specialties, would taste all the sweeter if served on a porcelain dish. Immediate and thorough reform is needed in American household crockery. There are, I know, exceptions, and

there are some first-class residential and family hotels in New York and elsewhere where the service is good and the crockery delicate porcelain. Here I am speaking of the average caravansary, with from two to eight hundred bedrooms—"one of our great American hotels"—where the majority of Americans lodge and seem contented. These caravansaries are simply dens of barbarism. Their gaudy architecture and showy decoration, their furniture, their cooking are all barbarous and abominable.

These and many other details strike the traveller strongly at first, and his serenity is being constantly ruffled by the stolid indifference of waiters and the brusqueness and familiarity of the servants of the public in general. Gradually, however, you discover that there is no positive intention on their part of being unobliging or rude. It is simply a want of delicacy, a want of appreciation of the amenities of life and manners, a habit of self-help and self-reliance, practicality carried to its utmost limits. And you know, too, above all, that, however rough and brusque an American man may appear, he has complete respect for womanhood, which is by no means a barbarous characteristic. A woman, whether she be spinster or wife, or a mere girl, may travel from one end of the United States to the other unattended without fear of meeting with insult or harm, and with the certainty, on the contrary of finding ready and willing help from all the men whose services she may need, and that, too, whatever their station in life may be. In the minutiae of civilization the Americans have much to learn; but their hearts are in the right place, and one of these days perhaps the masses will come to recognize the fact that qualities of heart gain by gracefulness in their manifestation.

If the lone traveller, condemned to hotel life and solitary wanderings in strange cities, finds America a comfortable place, the stranger who arrives with a few good letters of introduction will have as pleasant a time as he could desire. The Americans have a delightful way of passing you on from friend to friend. Everywhere your letters of introduction will procure you obliging cicerones; you will be shown the sights

and curiosities in the most agreeable conditions ; and the privileges of the best clubs in the city will be yours while you stay. And very splendid and comfortable places these clubs are, peculiarly rich in easy chairs, and provided with fine libraries and excellent cooks. In New York you will be handsomely entertained at the Union, the University, the Union League, the Bohemian Lotos, or the artistic and old-fashioned Century, and in none of these establishments will the fastidious traveller have to complain of the cooking, of the service, or of lack of comfort. The Union League club-house is larger and more luxurious than any club in London. Exteriorly the building may not perhaps command unmixed admiration, and parts of the interior decoration might be criticised, but on the whole there is a completeness of comfort to be found there which surpasses anything I have seen in London or Paris. The staircase, with its fine decoration of colored glass ; the hardwood wall-panelling ; the variety of ornamentation in the smaller rooms ; the magnificent dining-room at the top of the house, with its windows commanding a view of half New York ; the fine open Gothic roof, painted in a rich and original manner ; all this is most convenient, roomy, and novel in aspect. In Baltimore, Philadelphia, or Chicago you will be taken to club-houses as monumental as those of New York. In Boston you will find the quintessence of New England refinement at the Somerset Club, which occupies two charming old red-brick houses, with broad low windows looking out on Beacon Street and over the Common. The Somerset is select and fashionable, and its members speak of the *Mayflower* and of Plymouth Rock with respect and veneration. Then there is the Union Club, sedate, profoundly respectable, and thoroughly comfortable, and the Country Club, out in the suburbs, beyond Brookline, a delightful old country house, surrounded by forty acres of park. The Country Club tends rather towards sport, and in the grounds are private tracks for flat racing and hurdle racing. In all these clubs the English traveller will be made perfectly at home, and the company will prove as genial, talkative, and cosmopolitan as he could desire, for the Americans are, if possi-

ble, greater club-lovers than we English.

The hospitality that the properly recommended traveller will receive in private houses is of the most cordial and charming kind. If you happen to be in America early in the autumn you will have a chance of seeing some beautiful country houses, and of judging somewhat of American home life in its least ceremonious form. Your Chicago friend, for instance, who passes his days in solving colossal arithmetical problems and in superintending gigantic business operations, will entertain you at a house a few miles out of town, perched on a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan, and will probably ask you to admire his lawn first of all. A good lawn cannot be created in a few months ; it is one of the features of rural England which the Americans most admire and envy, and the possession of a country house with a fine lawn that has a past of several years is almost equivalent to descent from a Pilgrim Father, particularly in a young city like Chicago. The house inside will doubtless be adorned with pictures and Japanese bibelots and fine draperies, everything a little too showy, perhaps, and a little too big. But that is inevitable, for everything in Chicago is big : the streets are the longest and broadest in the Union, the grain elevators are the biggest in the country, and so, too, are the women. Your host, however, although he may not have been able to escape entirely the contagion of that craze for bigness which is peculiarly rampant in Chicago, will be a most interesting man to talk with—well read, full of strange experiences of life, and probably a zealous collector of books withal, or of engravings. As for your hostess, she will extend to you that smooth and caressing hospitality of which the American women have the secret. And when you reflect that Chicago has risen from ashes to its present splendor of granite palaces and imposing avenues in the brief space of some twelve years, your astonishment is not without a mingled feeling of respect for the men and women who have been the makers of this prosperity, and who all seem so very young to have achieved so much.

In speaking of Chicago I have chosen an extreme instance, but still one of

the most interesting of the many specimens of civilization in process of evolution which America offers to the observer. In aristocratic and Catholic Baltimore one is not astonished to find the elegancies and refinements of life commonly appreciated by the wealthy classes. In New York, on the banks of the Hudson River, or in the quiet old villages of Long Island, with their two centuries of history, one is not altogether surprised to find delightful country mansions surrounded by parks and gardens, rich in all the comforts and luxuries of life, including even French cooks and perfectly trained European servants. In Quaker Philadelphia, around Independence Hall and Washington Square, respectability and dignified self-satisfaction are evidently appropriate. In Boston, the Athens of America, long famous for its culture and refinement, one naturally expects to find an improved and revised edition of all that is best in English civilization, and none but a profane observer or a renegade native would dare to accuse the Bostonians either of priggishness or provincialism. But refinement and elegance in Chicago are certainly a surprise, and yet they exist in a large degree, and where the realization leaves much to be desired the intention is always good. One might perhaps say that the intention is just a little exuberant in the great "Gateway of the West." The shops in State Street are rather too gorgeous; the plate-glass windows are, I suppose, the biggest in the world, and behind them you see in splendid array the latest Parisian novelties in dresses and millinery, the newest porcelain ornaments from the Palais Royal, the largest faience or glass vases that have ever been made, the most showy bronzes from the Marais, the most elaborate productions of native and foreign silversmiths. You feel that the people of the city are all the time making vigorous efforts to become civilized. But on what a stupendous scale! Look at those immense eight-story business blocks with their façades supported by cast-iron pillars, and decorated with indestructible mammoth cement ornaments, combined with the largest terracotta plaques ever baked! Look at the huge post-office; the wide streets; the lofty telegraph poles, taller than any

other telegraph poles in the United States; the electric lights strung up at dizzy heights; the immense turning bridges that swing round to give passage to great ships, and make parts of Chicago resemble Rotterdam seen through a gigantic magnifying glass! Listen to the big names given to those avenues that seem to have neither beginning nor end—Madison Avenue, Van Buren, Michigan, Washington. Even the dirtiness and smokiness of Chicago is on a grand scale, but in spite of the muddy black streets littered with refuse, its plank footpaths, its yellow lake and canals, its whirl and rush, its jangle of tramway bells, its howling newspaper boys, and the very mixed swarm of its inhabitants, comprising members of all the families of the earth, Chicago is a most interesting place for the European to visit; and towards sunset, when the fading light softens the sharp angles and lessens the immensity of the perspective effects, it becomes picturesque and weirdly fantastic. The net-work of telegraph-wires and the tall, irregular silhouette of the street architecture stand out against the brilliant red and golden sky, rendered all the deeper in tone by the obscuring clouds of smoke that canopy the whole city, waiting to be wafted away by the never-failing night breeze that sweeps over the vast plain in the midst of which Chicago stands.

Of course, at Chicago, as elsewhere in America, the cultivated minority is lost in the swarming multitude of coarse and vulgar people, and at night you find the streets, and bar-rooms, and liquor-saloons, full of dull-eyed men and boys who whistle, spit, smoke, drink, and talk about sport,—muscular, long-limbed fellows who wear their hats tilted back on the crown of their head, who find time hanging heavily on their hands when business is over, who are too uncivilized to do nothing and to do it with grace, and who pass their evenings in chewing quids or toothpicks, or in lolling round a billiard-table with an underhand look on their countenances and movements indicative of habits of suspicion and a readiness for a fight at any moment.

Why did I leave my American friends so often to seek adventures on my own account? Such solitary wanderings can only lead to evil. Buffeted by the vulgar

crowd, jostled by tobacco-chewing stock operators, irritated by badly-paved and dirty streets, where the dust-bins stand unmolested at all hours of the day, constantly shocked by the want of finish and elegance that pervades all the exterior life of the cities, the lone traveller is tempted to concentrate his observation on the shortcomings of America. He forgets while in this carping mood that the country is very young, and that it is not so much the imperfection of its civilization which ought to astonish him, but rather the universality of that degree of material civilization which he actually finds. He forgets the libraries and museums and splendid educational institutions that private munificence is creating all over the Union. He forgets the extent, the wealth, the magnificence of the country, the determination of its people, and their unparalleled working capacity, which makes twenty years in America worth more for progress than forty years in Europe. Above

all, he forgets that leaven of refined people, those hospitable and charming friends whose sympathies and interests he has found to be so wide and whose social qualities have often struck him as being peculiarly complete. But, however violent the fault-finding fit may be, no observant and thinking man can remain in the mood for long together; he will remember Herbert Spencer's remark that the mixture of the varieties of the Aryan race forming the population of America will eventually produce a type of man finer than has hitherto existed—a type of man more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needful for complete social life; and reflecting upon what has already been achieved, he will be tempted to adopt Herbert Spencer's conviction that the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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FRÉDÉRIC LEMAÎTRE.

BY J. W. SHERER.

I.

ONE day in the year 1805, at the port of Havre-de-Grâce, the pupils of an architect named Lemaître were collected in the class-room situated in his own house, in the rue de la Gaffe. This school of design was gratuitous, and had pleased the First Consul, Napoléon, so much, on one of his visits to Havre, that he had intrusted the construction of a new basin to its founder. The building where the pupils were sitting was almost in the shadow of the great church of Notre-Dame, and this conspicuous object in the centre of the town formed an excellent mark for the guns of the English ships which, when the tide was in, came up the estuary of the Seine sufficiently high to cause the inhabitants great distress and annoyance. The lecture was almost over, and amongst the students looking forward to departure was a little lad five years old who attended for amusement, but was probably pretty well tired of sitting still when suddenly a

shell broke into the building and exploded amongst them, though, as it turned out, without injuring a single person! Alarmed at the frightful noise, a woman rushed in, caught up the boy, wrapt his head in a shawl, and made off for the citadel. The boy was called Antoine Louis Prosper, and he was son of the lecturer; and afterwards adopting the christian name of Frédéric, became so famous and popular an actor that he was generally mentioned, even in the play-bills, by this christian name alone. "I was reared in one bombardment and seem likely to die in a second," he wrote sorrowfully enough in January, 1871, when the Prussian shells were humming over the streets of Paris. This was not to be. He lived five years longer, the same period which had elapsed since his birth, before the realities of war were so strikingly brought home to him.

One of Napoléon's great gifts was the discernment of capacity. Assured of the talent of the elder Lemaître, he kept



his eye on him, and in 1811 summoned him to Boulogne-sur-Mer, where a camp was kept up, long after all idea of invasion had passed away. Being conservator of the theatre, Lemaître went thither to inspect it before his departure. The dusk had set in, and the carpenters had neglected to fasten the trap concealing the aperture where at that time the prompter was usually located. Lemaître, in stepping backward on the stage, fell into this hole, and was so injured that a tumor formed in his knee, under the results of which he sank. His death was a fearful loss to the family. Madame Lemaître, the daughter of the music-master named Mercheidt, had a married sister living in Paris, with whom, too, her widowed mother resided, and to their house Frédéric was taken. M. L'Amiral Hamelin had interested himself in the boy, and had promised to obtain for him a scholarship at the Collège Sainte-Barbe. Under these circumstances the metropolis was entered by one who, after a rough novitiate, was to gain a hold on its attention which it required long years to relax. Full of dreams as to what the great city would be,—a place, he thought, of fair palaces and fountains, where the air was lighter and the sunshine more constant than such as he had known, the men gay and the women beautiful; and, intermingled with all this, where the theatre was a fairyland of scenery, wit, and adventure (for his curiosity about things dramatic was congenital),—he arrived on a wet day at a tall sallow house in the rue Guénégaud, hard by the Quai Conti, and behind La Monnaie. The gutters were full, the light deficient, the boy's bedroom looked out on the roof of the gray and sombre pavilion of the Mint. No wonder that his heart sank. And when he got into the regular routine of Sainte-Barbe, and his daily exercise was restricted to walking to and from his task—a trip which, as the college is near the Panthéon, lay entirely through crowded streets—he soon began to mope and lose his spirits. His discontent took at first the form of truancy, and he would go and sit under the chestnut trees in the Tuileries garden for hours together and mourn over his misfortunes. At length his health failed, and the doctor who was called in sug-

gested, with what might well have seemed to the patient considerable naïveté, that it would be a good plan to divert the thoughts and amuse the mind: he might with great propriety be taken to the — theatre! It was like suggesting to a sick botanist that a Brazilian forest might possibly prove a beneficial change. Frédéric's heart leaped for joy. He was taken to the Ambigu Comique: the play was "Madame Angot," even then a stock piece, and destined about half a century later to be revived with astonishing success. That night settled his fate. He returned with a fixed determination to become a comedian. With great trepidation of heart he unfolded his wishes to his mother, who, as was not unnatural, was warmly opposed to the idea, and for a length of time resisted all steps towards its realization. Meantime the boy's health continued to decline, and at last M. Coussin, his mother's brother-in-law, perceiving how deep-seated and persistent the passion was, recommended that no further obstacles should be raised. The mother yielded. And penetrated with gratitude, Frédéric promised not to neglect some ordinary avocation for support, but to find extra time for his theatrical studies.

With much trouble and perseverance, he got himself admitted as what was called an *élève auditeur* into the Conservatoire, and was enrolled in the class of the tragedian Lafon, a player who had at one time enjoyed a remarkable vogue, and had even been pitted by injudicious friends against Talma himself. The first report on Frédéric was, that he had a certain intelligence about him, but that his pronunciation was thick and indistinct, and his Norman accent pronounced. Till further orders he was to listen, to mark, and learn.

Far from discouraged, he again sought his favorite chestnuts in the Tuileries garden, and, like a new Demosthenes, spouted his tirades in the roofless hall of open space. His school-time had ended, and, faithful to his promise of supporting himself, he took work first in the office of a *procureur*, and next appeared in the *étude* of a notary as junior clerk, that functionary who, in recognition, doubtless, of his many errands, has had assigned to him the name of gutter-skipper (*saute-ruisseau*). Soon

tired of this post, he set up as a retail merchant on the smallest of scales,—rice, sugar, coffee, and what not,—and was living in this avocation when there broke upon Paris the strange interval known as the Hundred Days.

When on March 20, 1815, Napoléon entered Paris, and it was spread far and wide the next morning that the Emperor had passed the night in the Tuileries, a perfect delirium raged through the city. And this enthusiasm, when it became known that the allies would at once take the field, assumed the form of a passion for enlistment. Frédéric forgot his artistic predilections—marched to the military authorities, and was enrolled in the 2nd regiment of the line. His career in arms was inglorious, and his only feat, desertion, must rank with the lost shield of Horace and the other performances of such as have a decided preferential capacity for the arts of peace. He actually started on the campaign which ended at Waterloo, but the cruelty of an officer and the hardships of the road took him so aback that he seized an opportunity of escape on the line of march, and ran off to his mother's house. She, poor lady, was terrified at the possible consequences of his behavior, and cried, as well she might, "*Malheureux ! Tu vas être fusillé !*" Yielding to her sensible advice, Frédéric returned without delay to the barracks at which he had been formerly posted, and reported himself as injured by a fall into a ditch, and now unable to catch up his regiment. He was arrested and shut up on bread and water. Days passed and brought no alleviation in his lot, till at length the rumor of a great disaster became so universal that it penetrated into his seclusion. And the sergeant-major, entering one morning, said, "You must want air, my boy ; there is a pipkin of soup to be taken to the soldiers at the fortifications up in Montmartre, and you shall have the job." These were the fugitives from Waterloo, who had been at once put to dig on works of defence. He carried the pipkin some distance, but the weather was hot and the ascent fatiguing. He stopped to rest, he eyed the soup. Half he consumed, and the rest he upset into the roadway : away to his mother's house once more, and his military career was ended !

Three months afterwards an engagement, to be gained by competition, was offered at the Odéon for students of the Conservatoire. Frédéric entered the lists and was defeated. He gained only a single vote. It was that of Talma. The kind and appreciative Picard told him this some years afterwards.

Stung with disappointment, he offered his services to the director of the Variétés Amusantes, and they were accepted. In a few days he appeared as the lion in "*Pyrame et Thisbé*." He could scarcely be said to walk the stage for the first time, because he had to retain the position of all-fours.

But at last he was a comedian.

## II.

The name of the theatre where Frédéric made his first appearance might lead to the supposition that little but what was gay and volatile would be exhibited there. This was not so. The Variétés Amusantes was really the home of heroic pantomimes such as "*La Jérusalem Délivrée*," "*Le Siège de Grenade*," etc. And from these boards he passed to those of the Funambules, at that time associated with the successes of Gougibus in the old Italian comedy line, where gesture took so large a part in the representation. Gougibus, it was said, was seldom without a litter of kittens on the carpet of his apartment, whose graceful, lithesome, and suddenly changing attitudes he was never tired of studying. At this theatre, in company with Debureau, Frédéric made a great name amongst an audience, little critical perhaps, but who thoroughly enjoyed a good laugh when such pieces were played as "*Arlequin Robinson*" or the "*Faux Hermite*." The serious lessons with Lafon continued in the mornings, whilst the evenings were devoted to the Funambules. And to this mixed education may, doubtless, be attributed in some measure the versatility which was such a remarkable characteristic in the art of Lemaitre, as well as that command of feature and significance of gesture, picked up perhaps from Gougibus, he afterwards turned to such good account.

He was at this time exceedingly good-looking : his figure graceful and supple, his face handsome, with its nobly cut features and expressive eyes ; and yet,

though his fine gentlemen had an unmistakable air of distinction about them, his vagabonds were terribly realistic, stamped with unscrupulous tricks and mean shifts, and redolent of the *guinguette* and the *pot à fumier*. In his search for notoriety Frédéric had got as far from the higher dramatic walks as Franconi's circus even, when another competition occurring at the Odéon, he was this time successful, and was admitted as a *pensionnaire*. But he was not at home yet. It was of course a great privilege to associate with such men as Picard—who entirely foresaw his future powers,—the painter David, Talma, and Lafon; but he tells us that as he stood in the sombre tunic of Arcas or of Pylade to listen to the long tirades of Agamemnon and Orestes the blood boiled in his veins. He found that the hand of the king of kings lay heavy on his shoulder—felt it compress his wings and check the flight he knew he was capable of sustaining. Such was his position when he received a proposition from the directors of the Ambigu-Comique to play at their theatre. And in March, 1823, he appeared for the first time at the house with which his name was afterwards to be closely connected. It had been the first theatre he had visited in Paris, and a kind of instinct told him he had now found his groove. “*L'Ambigu, me dis-je, voilà le véritable terrain, sur lequel il me sera réellement donné de pouvoir essayer mes forces.*”

He made his bow in a revival of the “*L'Homme à Trois Visages*” of Pixérécourt, a writer never quite to be forgotten whilst the Dog of Montargis retains its proverbial celebrity. It was not, however, till the management determined to produce the melodrama entitled “*L'Auberge des Adrets*” that Frédéric had an opportunity, of which he did not neglect to avail himself, of once for all securing an original and commanding position on the Parisian stage. This celebrated play, as is well known, turns on a murder committed at a wayside inn, by the adventurer Robert Macaire, the blame of which is thrown on a poor woman passing the night there, who turns out to be the murderer's neglected wife. It was the work of Benjamin Antier and Saint-Amand

(the latter only died last year), and was not intended by them to be comically treated. But Lemaître saw that the piece would admit of being offered as what we now call an extravaganza, and with the acquiescence of Firmin, who was cast for Bertrand, this idea was carried out with the greatest success. It may be necessary to point out that the satirical comedy founded on this melodrama, in writing which comedy Frédéric associated himself with the original authors, was entitled simply “*Robert Macaire*,” and embraced objects in the denouncing of political and commercial chicanery which were, of course, never contemplated in the old “*L'Auberge*,” and had a success of a different character in the exposure of passing vices and follies. The drama, however, called “*Robert Macaire*,” produced in this country by Mr. Charles Selby, and played for the first time at the Victoria Theatre in December, 1834, and afterwards at Covent Garden, with Wallack as Macaire, and Vale as Bertrand (Jacques Strop), was a version of “*L'Auberge des Adrets*,” with none of the extravagance toned down, the creaking snuff-box retained, and Strop's “*Oh, my poor nerves!*” added, and does not represent the later drama. Although the treatment introduced by Lemaître was purely farcical, he found opportunities for emitting real flashes of tragical genius, so striking—so terrifying indeed, it may be said—that his capacity for simulating the deepest emotions and throwing himself with overwhelming force into a situation was completely established.

The present writer never saw Lemaître, but from the accounts given by contemporaries he supposes Robson to have come nearer him than any other English actor. A friend who witnessed the performance of “*L'Auberge des Adrets*” at Brussels informs him that the expression on Frédéric's face when he came out of the chamber where the murder had been committed was something so horrible—such a mixture of outward bravado with a consciousness of the baseness of the crime, and the brag and fear again shot, as it were, with a pathetic look of helplessness, as if he were fulfilling a destiny from which he could not escape—that some of the

female spectators were unable to stand it, and screamed aloud.

Many other less effective parts were played by Frédéric at L'Ambigu, and in most of these he had for a partner Mlle. Sophie Halignier, the sister of Madame Boulanger—Julie Halignier—who was *première dugazon* at the Opéra-Comique. The nature of things seemed to suggest the fitness of a match between the handsome pair—for Mlle. Sophie was also very good-looking—and it came off with every prospect of happiness on October 9, 1826. One cloud only overshadowed the nuptial day. The ceremony had taken place at the church of the *Petits Pères*, and the ball later on was about to commence, when the news spread through Paris that Talma was dead. So beloved was this distinguished man that no idea of continuing the festivities could be entertained, and the party broke up abruptly.

After a four years' engagement at the Ambigu, Frédéric passed over to the boards of the Porte Saint-Martin, where Victor Ducange was about to produce a drama called "*Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur*." This play is assigned on the title page to MM. Ducange et Dinaux, but the latter name was the joint pseudonym of two young men called Goubaux and Beudin, who were indeed the actual authors; but Ducange had adapted the piece for the stage. The alterations were so considerable that the two young friends, being present at a rehearsal, modestly disclaimed any share in its merits; but Ducange, a highly honorable man, would not admit that his own labors had been more than supplemental; the original idea, he declared, was, after all, the main thing.

Nothing could be more essentially melodramatic than this play, which follows the career of a man who, in the earlier scenes quite young, is successively represented as of maturer age and in advanced life, and yielding more and more to a passion for gambling, which leads him, through every degradation, to forgery, and last of all to—murder.

Warner (played originally by M. Mesnier) is his Mephisto, an abandoned companion, who attempts to seduce his wife, induces him to shoot a benefactor, and in the end recommends him to murder a stranger, who is really his own—

the gambler's—son. The plot concludes on a mountain, where Georges Germany—the hero—during a frightful storm, and when pursued by the avengers of a murder he had committed on a traveller, drags his evil friend into the flames of a hut which Warner himself had ignited to hide the attempted assassination of a second traveller, who is really Germany's son Albert. This small sheaf of incidents may give an idea of the extravagance; but there are, notwithstanding, many striking situations in the piece—many instances, in fact, of the great French gift of invention—and these were emphasized by Lemaître's versatile powers, whilst the sufferings of the gambler's wife were so represented by Madame Dorval as to form one of her finest creations. This lady was an actress with whom Frédéric delighted to act. He has recorded regarding her these words: "What made Dorval the supreme comedian she proved herself was, that whether she had to smile or weep, whether to implore or to menace, she was always true woman throughout."

The great success of "*Trente Ans*" led to many plays being written to suit the two, and they acted together, at one time at the Porte Saint-Martin, at another at the new Ambigu, built after the fire in 1827, till the year of revolution, 1830. The political events of the period caused the failure of the Ambigu, and Frédéric accepted an engagement from the well-known M. Harel, who was then director of the Odéon. But Harel, though himself a man of considerable gifts, was very much under the thumb of Mlle. Georges, and with her Lemaître never quite hit it off—though he acknowledged willingly enough her commanding personal gifts and the large manner of her acting. However, he had some successes at this house, especially in the creation of the part of Duresnet in the comedy of "*La Mère et la Fille*," and afterwards by his great impersonation of Napoléon in the drama of Alexandre Dumas. The romantic fever was, however, now at its height.

Mademoiselle Mars had appeared in "*Hernani*" and Madame Dorval in "*Marion Delorme*," and Mlle. Georges was so bitten with the desire of trying the same line that she persuaded Harel to buy the Porte Saint-Martin house for

sixteen thousand pounds, which, at that time, was deemed a fabulous price. At Frédéric's suggestion the new proprietor determined to open with "Richard Darlington," a drama sketched out by the two young designers of the "Trente Ans," MM. Goubaux and Beudin, but written principally by Dumas. This play, though containing some considerable absurdities and simply preposterous in one of its leading incidents—namely, that of an English girl of birth running away with an attractive stranger who turned out to be the common hangman—still in its development of ambition is extremely powerful, and in many parts admirably written. Richard Darlington marries the daughter of a country doctor to give himself sufficient local influence to get into Parliament, but he never loves her, and the gradations of coldness, weariness, repugnance, and at last hatred—urging him in the end to get rid of her as standing in the way of his ambitious schemes—with the corresponding gradations from disappointment to despair in the poor girl, are worked out with wonderful effect. Lemaître was, of course, Richard; it became one of his most admired parts. The rôle of Jenny was filled by Mlle. Noblet.

But Mlle. Georges was not content to patronize romance through her manager and from her box: she very soon determined to astonish her rivals by assuming the part of Marguerite de Burgogne in the "Tour de Nesle," a drama Harel had engaged to produce. Frédéric was to have been Buridan, but he was seized with the prevailing epidemic of cholera, and during his enforced absence Harel assigned the part to Bocage. The first representations of the piece were, however, few in number. It was 1832. There was a serious outbreak in Paris: the theatres were closed, and the city declared in a state of siege.

When matters calmed down a little and Lemaître had recovered his health, he cancelled his engagement with Harel and started on a provincial tour, commencing with Havre, which he revisited, after so many years' absence, with great emotion. He was received with genuine enthusiasm, and a similar reception awaited him at Rouen. But at this latter place, after playing some of his favorite characters with extraordinary

success, he received an intimation from Paris that Victor Hugo had offered his "Lucrèce Borgia" to Harel, on the condition that the rôle of Lucrèce should be created by Mlle. Georges and that of Gennaro by Frédéric. He hesitated. He had not been treated well by Harel and Georges in the matter of the "Tour de Nesle," but to appear in a drama by Hugo was too seductive. He put his pride in his pocket and started for Paris. The "Lucrèce," as every one knows, was a great success, though some opposition was for a time kept up by the enemies Hugo's literary and political sentiments had raised around him. The author himself declared that M. Frédéric had realized with true genius the Gennaro of his dream. After this there was an attempt to bring back Madame Dorval to the Porte Saint-Martin in the "Beatrice Cenci" of the Marquis de Custine, but three representations only were given and the piece was withdrawn—whether owing to the influence of Mlle. Georges cannot be stated, but Lemaître evidently thought his old friend badly treated.

A proposal arising to revive the "Tour de Nesle," Lemaître agreed, after some natural reluctance, to appear as Buridan, and from the date of his doing so commenced that long popularity of the play which years have failed wholly to extinguish. Harel running short of new things, it occurred to Frédéric to propose a revival of "L'Auberge des Adrets," and this was carried out with a new Bertrand in Sèvres, and a new and farcical termination where Macaire throws a gendarme out of a box into the theatre, and Bertram gets into the orchestra and escapes through the aperture used by the prompter. This revival was very successful, and it suggested to Frédéric a notion that a comedy of manners might be constructed out of the old materials, which should make Robert Macaire the vehicle for pungent satire on the state of society under the bourgeois system of Louis Philippe. With the aid of Antier and Saint Amand, he wrote the play to which allusion has already been made. Harel was willing to receive it, but critical friends tried to persuade him that the conjuring power of the name was gone, and Jules Janin declared that no matter what expedients

might be resorted to, "Robert Macaire" was dead. Piqued with this discouragement, Lemaître threw up his engagement at the Porte Saint-Martin. Six months afterwards, Mourier, manager of the Folies Dramatiques, proposed to Frédéric that the new "Robert Macaire" should be brought out at his house. It was put at once into rehearsal, and in June, 1834, was produced for the first time. Success of a phenomenal kind attended the experiment. It became the rage of Paris, and the grand world,—ladies; diplomates, financiers, fops and fribbles—deserted the opéra for the stifling atmosphere of a third-class theatre, attracted thither simply by the spell of genius. Add to this that the despised piece, which, in allusion to Jules Janin's sarcasm, Frédéric had himself nicknamed the "Burial of Robert Macaire," ran for a hundred and fifty nights without a check, and laid the foundation of Mourier's ample fortune. Indeed, the run was only arrested by an engagement for Lemaître to visit England, which could not be cancelled. In the souvenirs which Frédéric left behind him, and on which this paper is chiefly founded, but few particulars of this first visit to London are given. His "Othello" was coldly received—but then it was the "Othello" of Ducis. The "L'Auberge" and the later "Robert Macaire" became popular, but the "Tour de Nesle" and "Richard Darlington" were prohibited, as Frédéric declares, by the Lord Chancellor. An attempt was made, according to him, to square the Woolsack through Count D'Orsay, but our visitors had to be told that they manage these things differently in Great Britain. On his return to Paris, Frédéric was engaged at the Variétés, where eighteen months passed without any very distinctive event, except the production of "Kean, ou Désordre et Génie." This play, though roughly designed by Théaulon and De Courcy, was written, and admirably written, by Alexandre Dumas. It has no reference to the real history of Kean, further than that the hero is represented as an actor of high genius, waylaid by dissolute habits, though always accessible to noble sentiments.

The plot is very good, and one of the

characters, Miss Anna Damby, whom Kean saves from a forced marriage, and ultimately himself espouses, having a great taste for the stage, some brilliant passages occur on the position of the actor, which might well have been introduced into the recent discussion on that subject. One incident where Kean, in acting Romen, 'breaks away from the text and makes personal allusions to the Prince of Wales and a certain Lord Mervil, then present in the theatre, is very original and powerful. The scene is laid in England, and some striking events occur in a tavern called the "Trou-du-Charbon" (Coal-hole), which is kept by Peter Patt, and where John Cooks, *le boxeur, avec sa société de buveurs*, is wont to disport himself.

In the year 1838 a certain depression was plainly visible in Paris, weighing upon the fortunes of the drama proper. Tragedy in the person of Rachel, triumphant at the Théâtre Français, had the warm support of Government, from the belief that revolution was less to be feared from the buskin than the sock. The Odéon was stagnant, and the Porte Saint-Martin, through the weakness of Harel, had got down at last to wild beasts. Under these circumstances Victor Hugo persuaded M. Guizot to grant a special privilege for a theatre to be devoted solely to drama. Hugo made over this privilege to a M. Antenor Joly, and he, with the assistance of M. Villeneuve, took the Salle Ventadour, re-christened it the Théâtre de la Renaissance, and opened it with no less an attraction than "Ruy Blas." Lemaître was engaged and took the title rôle. Saint Firmin was Don César, and Louise Baudouin the Queen. Through bad management this celebrated piece did not then obtain a money success, but it of course excited great literary interest, and its author was abundantly satisfied with the interpretation the Porte Saint-Martin company gave to his work. The fame of Frédéric may be said to have culminated in his impersonation of the glorified son of the soil—lackey, statesman, and lover. And it will be in place, therefore, to introduce the splendid eulogium pronounced on this performance by the greatest poet of France, in review of his own creation : —"As to M. Frédéric Lemaître—what

is to be said? The enthusiastic acclamations of the house greeted him on his entry and followed him to the very last. Dreamer and profound muser in the first act, he was pensive and sorrowful in the second, and in the third showed himself great, impassioned, and sublime. But it was in the fifth act that he rose to one of those stupendous tragic efforts: on the heights of which the radiant actor dominated all the traditions of his art. For the old, it was Lekain and Garrick combined in one individual; for us of the present time the bearing of Kean was here mingled with the emotion of Talma. And then above all, beyond the electric splendor of his playing, there were those tears which Frédéric knows how to shed—those genuine tears which make others weep, those tears which Horace had in his mind when he wrote 'Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.' In 'Ruy Blas,' M. Frédéric offered to us the ideal of a great performer. It is certain that the whole of his theatrical career, both what is past and what is to come, will be illuminated by the effulgence of this successful creation. For M. Frédéric himself, the evening of the 8th of November, 1838, was not so much the opportunity of a representation as the occasion of a transfiguration."

### III.

Lemaître had reached his apogee. In the full vigor of middle life, he undoubtedly owned no superior on the French stage. He had a charming château at Pierrefitte, on the road to Chantilly, and was surrounded there by an attached family. But troubles were thickening ahead. The theatrical bookseller, Barba, had stenographed and published an edition of "Robert Macaire" without his permission; and though the law, when invoked, arrested M. Barba's proceedings, the publicity given to the book of the play led the Censure to prohibit its representation. The privilege obtained by Hugo in favor of the drama did little or nothing to promote its interests. But insignificant aid was extended by the large theatres; Harel was on the verge of bankruptcy. It was at this time—1840—that Frédéric was a good deal thrown with Balzac, first on taking the part of Vautrin in the unfort-

unate play so called, and afterwards in working at "Mercadet" in co-operation with its great author. The magazine—*Belgravia*—having some time back devoted a paper to the first night of "Vautrin," more need not here be said than that if Frédéric be right in his account, the resemblance in his head dress to the *pear* of Louis Philippe was a foolish practical joke of Moëssard, who put the stage hairdresser up to arranging the wig in that fashion, and the actor was quite ignorant of the circumstance till the murmurs of disapprobation on his appearance brought to his ears, amid hisses and hooting, the words "Le roi! Louis Philippe!" The Duke of Orleans left his box before the termination of the act. An order of interdiction arrived next morning. The collaboration in "Mercadet" consisted only in suggestions dictated by his stage experience, which Balzac took with admirable alacrity and self-suppression, but nothing came of the labor at the time, and the piece was not produced till after the death of its author.

The brothers Cogniard, having taken the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre some time after the complete failure of poor Harel, determined to open with the revival of "Ruy Blas," and Frédéric was engaged. The success was this time very great, and was followed by another in the dramatization of the "Mystères de Paris," then in its great popularity as a novel, and prepared for the stage by its author with the assistance of Goubaux and Lemaître himself. The task, already difficult, of giving dramatic unity to a long series of pictures of city life, held together by a very slender thread, was greatly increased by the meddlesomeness of the Censure.

Considerable interest—though, it may be confessed, of a morbid and unhealthy kind—was, however, created, and Frédéric, in the character of Barbe-Rouge, had a fine opportunity of displaying his versatility, and was highly applauded by Théophile Gautier, in one of those picturesque notices which, if they erred, did so only in the direction of a too kindly appreciation, the critic sometimes lending the colors of his own fine imagination to illuminate the work of others. Adolphe Dennery, also, for Lemaître's especial benefit, obtained leave from

Hugo to use the character of "Don César de Bazan" for a separate play of his own, and also in collaboration with Anicet Bourgeois produced "La Dame de Saint Tropez."

Both pieces were successful, and those who remember our Alfred Wigan in the English adaptation of the latter will readily believe how great Frédéric was in the celebrated scene where, as Georges Maurice, he sees in the mirror the faithless hand dropping the poison in the cup to be presented to him. Indeed, it is recorded that the cry of horror that broke from him produced through the house an audible murmur of awe. The year 1844 ended brilliantly for the actor, but an engagement with Mitchell at the St. James's Theatre, London, took him across the Channel in January, 1845.

On his return to Paris from an outing of some months, he had the great pleasure of finding his old friend Madame Dorval engaged at the Porte Saint-Martin, and in a revival of "Trente Ans" they appeared together, awaking within themselves as well as in the breasts of the audience many vivid remembrances.

Perhaps the last genuine success Frédéric made in creating a character was in the "Chiffonnier de Paris" of Félix Pyat, a melodrama which still holds its ground in the French provinces. For the "Tragaldabas" of Auguste Vacquerie was received with tumult amidst the political excitement of 1848, and the "Toussaint L'Ouverture" of Lamartine obtained a respectful hearing, but nothing more.

The great changes which were taking place produced alarming failures in theatrical circles, and frequent successions in managerial authority. Poor Frédéric made one great effort of high spirits at the Gaiété in "Paillasse," a fantastic piece of Denney, which in more recent language would be called a *risquade*, depending entirely for success on a brisk interchange between hilarity on the stage and laughter in the pit, but not claiming serious criticism.

The decline of the great actor was neither happy nor—it must be admitted—quite dignified. His family circumstances were greatly changed. His daughter was married; his son Frédéric had the theatre at Versailles; his son

Charles fell a victim to an epidemic of smallpox.

Lemaître tried to live at Versailles, occasionally appearing there, occasionally getting a fugitive engagement in Paris. But he was only the spectre of his former self. He would sit under the trees in the park of the great château, and he might well have thought of the chestnuts in the Tuileries Garden—when he was young, and all yet in the future! And his chagrin rose up before him. He was not in good circumstances; he held a small pension from the Government, but a scheme for his farewell benefit fell through.

He returned to Paris, but only to obtain occasional employment, sometimes showing a gleam of his former greatness, as in the "Comte de Saulles," sometimes sinking to subordinate character, as in the "Crime de Faverne." He had always been somewhat touchy and capricious; these things were remembered against him, and he was credited with other habits, not impossible, certainly, to a man of a highly strung temperament, and weighed down by petty cares, and what he at any rate regarded as disappointment and neglect.

The overthrow of the Buonaparte dynasty was a final blow to him. He lingered on, however, and it was not till January, 1875, that, after dreadful suffering from cancer of the tongue, he breathed his last.

His funeral drew together all Paris.

Not for the first time in that city a man who had died in obscurity was ostentatiously interred. Victor Hugo pronounced a eulogium over his grave.

Lemaître will always remain a remarkable figure in the history of the French drama. He was not, of course, the product of the Romantic movement, but he was in accord with those feelings and that condition of the public mind which produced the movement itself. He was in the acted drama what Eugène Delacroix was in painting—what Hector Berlioz was in music, what the leading writers of the day became under their great prophet Hugo, a living protest in favor of the freedom of the intellect, the rejection of artificial trammels on the imagination, the breaking away from all allegiance except that which is owed to nature.



Hence he disapproved of the traditional instruction offered at the Théâtre-Français—the artificial elocution, the studied gestures—just as much as Gautier and his compeers objected to mythological allusions, paraphrastic expressions, and the desire to clothe visible and invisible things in conventional language. His great forte was the Aristophanic quality of commingling large laughter at the absurdities of life with a deep sense of its sorrowfulness and poetry; and he possessed a power the illustrious Greek did not apparently exercise, of touching without dwelling on those fearful chords which lie in the character of our destiny, and whose resonance occasionally startles us amidst the commonplace tasks of life. His fine face and supple figure, and undoubtedly, too, the pantomimic powers which he had trained in concert with Gouffier and others in early life, greatly aided the gifts of his genius.

And yet it is somewhat sad to look back at the long list of his creations. Can it be honestly said that any of them were quite worthy of him? For Corneille and Racine he had no taste, for Molière no opportunity. In youth he appealed to the Boulevard, and to the

Boulevard he had to go; and the Boulevard, in some measure, required that he should adapt his powers to its tastes.

It may be urged that he created the rôle of *Ruy Blas*. Well, of the splendor of the diction, the poetry, the rhetoric of the Hugo plays, there is, there can be, no question; of their great dramatic power in situations, in contrasts, in effects, equally no question. But the time is not calm enough yet to inquire with profit whether these plays are founded on a patient study of the heart, a study producing other results than the contrivance of psychological problems; whether, again, the conduct of the characters is such as human nature would have led them to display, or whether they are constructed to speak and act with considerable reference to the points thereby to be made.

Be this as it may, it can scarcely be admitted that an actor whose highest range was *Ruy Blas* had a full opportunity for the display of those powers his contemporaries agree in assigning to Frédérick Lemaître. He will go down, perhaps, to posterity as an actor of quite exceptional gifts, but with scant opportunities of exhibiting them to complete advantage. —*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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## THE GOLD WULFRIC.

### PART I.

#### I.

THERE are only two gold coins of Wulfric of Mercia in existence anywhere. One of them is in the British Museum, and the other one is in my possession.

The most terrible incident in the whole course of my career is intimately connected with my first discovery of that gold Wulfric. It is not too much to say that my entire life has been deeply colored by it, and I shall make no apology therefore for narrating the story in some little detail. I was stopping down at Lichfield for my summer holiday in July, 1879, when I happened one day accidentally to meet an old ploughman who told me he had got a lot of coins at home that he had ploughed up on what he called "the field of battle," a place

I had already recognized as the site of the old Mercian kings' wooden palace.

I went home with him at once in high glee, for I have been a collector of old English gold and silver coinage for several years, and I was in hopes that my friendly ploughman's find might contain something good in the way of Anglo-Saxon pennies or shillings, considering the very promising place in which he had unearthed it.

As it turned out, I was not mistaken. The little hoard, concealed within a rude piece of Anglo-Saxon pottery (now No. 127 in case LIX. at the South Kensington Museum), comprised a large number of common Frankish Merovingian coins (I beg Mr. Freeman's pardon for not calling them Merwings), together with two or three Kentish pennies of some

rarity from the mints of Ethelbert at Canterbury and Dover. Amongst these minor treasures, however, my eye at once fell upon a single gold piece, obviously imitated from the imperial Roman aureus of the Pretender Carausius, which I saw immediately must be an almost unique bit of money of the very greatest numismatic interest. I took it up and examined it carefully. A minute's inspection fully satisfied me that it was indeed a genuine mintage of Wulfric of Mercia, the like of which I had never before to my knowledge set eyes upon.

I immediately offered the old man five pounds down for the whole collection. He closed with the offer forthwith in the most contented fashion, and I bought them and paid for them all upon the spot without further parley.

When I got back to my lodgings that evening I could do nothing but look at my gold Wulfric. I was charmed and delighted at the actual possession of so great a treasure, and was burning to take it up at once to the British Museum to see whether even in the national collection they had got another like it. So being by nature of an enthusiastic and impulsive disposition, I determined to go up to town the very next day, and try to track down the history of my Wulfric. "It'll be a good opportunity," I said to myself, "to kill two birds with one stone. Emily's people haven't gone out of town yet. I can call there in the morning, arrange to go to the theatre with them at night, and then drive at once to the Museum and see how much my find is worth."

Next morning I was off to town by an early train, and before one o'clock I had got to Emily's.

"Why, Harold," she cried, running down to meet me and kiss me in the passage (for she had seen me get out of my hansom from the drawing-room window), "how on earth is it that you're up in town to-day? I thought you were down at Lichfield still with your Oxford reading party."

"So I am," I answered, "officially at Lichfield; but I've come up to-day partly to see you, and partly on a piece of business about a new coin I've just got hold of."

"A coin!" Emily answered, pretending to pout. "Me and a coin! That's

how you link us together mentally, is it? I declare, Harold, I shall be getting jealous of those coins of yours some day, I'm certain. You can't even come up to see me for a day, it seems, unless you've got some matter of a coin as well to bring you to London. Moral: never get engaged to a man with a fancy for collecting coins and medals."

"Oh, but this is really such a beauty, Emily," I cried enthusiastically. "Just look at it now. Isn't it lovely? Do you notice the inscription—'Wulfric Rex!' I've never yet seen one anywhere else at all like it."

Emily took it in her hands carelessly. "I don't see any points about that coin in particular," she answered in her bantering fashion, "more than about any other old coin that you'd pick up anywhere."

That was all we said then about the matter. Subsequent events engrained the very words of that short conversation into the inmost substance of my brain with indelible fidelity. I shall never forget them to my dying moment.

I stopped about an hour altogether at Emily's, had lunch, and arranged that she and her mother should accompany me that evening to the Lyceum. Then I drove off to the British Museum, and asked for leave to examine the Anglo-Saxon coins of the Mercian period.

The superintendent, who knew me well enough by sight and repute as a responsible amateur collector, readily gave me permission to look at a drawerful of the earliest Mercian gold and silver coinage. I had brought one or two numismatic books with me, and I sat down to have a good look at those delightful cases.

After thoroughly examining the entire series and the documentary evidence, I came to the conclusion that there was just one other gold Wulfric in existence besides the one I kept in my pocket, and that was the beautiful and well-preserved example in the case before me. It was described in the last edition of Sir Theophilus Wraxton's "Northumbrian and Mercian Numismatist" as an absolutely unique gold coin of Wulfric of Mercia, in imitation of the well-known aureus of the false emperor Carausius. I turned to the catalogue to see the price at which it had been purchased by the

nation. To my intense surprise I saw it entered at 150/.

I was perfectly delighted at my magnificent acquisition.

On comparing the two examples, however, I observed that, though both struck from the same die and apparently at the same mint (to judge by the letter), they differed slightly from one another in two minute accidental particulars. My coin, being of course merely stamped with a hammer and then cut to shape, after the fashion of the time, was rather more closely clipped round the edge than the Museum specimen; and it had also a slight dent on the obverse side, just below the W of Wulfric. In all other respects the two examples were of necessity absolutely identical.

I stood for a long time gazing at the case and examining the two duplicates with the deepest interest, while the Museum keeper (a man of the name of Mactavish, whom I had often seen before on previous visits) walked about within sight, as is the rule on all such occasions, and kept a sharp look-out that I did not attempt to meddle with any of the remaining coins or cases.

Unfortunately, as it turned out, I had not mentioned to the superintendent my own possession of a duplicate Wulfric; nor had I called Mactavish's attention to the fact that I had pulled a coin of my own for purposes of comparison out of my waistcoat pocket. To say the truth, I was inclined to be a little secretive as yet about my gold Wulfric, because until I had found out all that was known about it I did not want anybody else to be told of my discovery.

At last I had fully satisfied all my curiosity, and was just about to return the Museum Wulfric to its little round compartment in the neat case (having already replaced my own duplicate in my waistcoat pocket), when all at once, I can't say how, I gave a sudden start, and dropped the coin with a jerk unexpectedly upon the floor of the Museum.

It rolled away out of sight in a second, and I stood appalled in an agony of distress and terror in the midst of the gallery.

Next moment I had hastily called Mactavish to my side, and got him to lock up the open drawer while we two went down on hands and knees and

hunted through the length and breadth of the gallery for the lost Wulfric.

It was absolutely hopeless. Plain sailing as the thing seemed, we could see no trace of the missing coin from one end of the room to the other.

At last I leaned in a cold perspiration against the edge of one of the glass cabinets, and gave it up in despair with a sinking heart. "It's no use, Mactavish," I murmured, desperately; "the thing's lost, and we shall never find it."

Mactavish looked me quietly in the face. "In that case, sir," he answered firmly, "by the rules of the Museum I must call the superintendent." He put his hand, with no undue violence, but in a strictly official manner, upon my right shoulder. Then he blew a little whistle. "I'm sorry to be rude to you, sir," he went on, apologetically, "but by the rules of the Museum I can't take my hand off you till the superintendent gives me leave to release you."

Another keeper answered the whistle. "Send the superintendent," Mactavish said quietly. "A coin missing."

In a minute the superintendent was upon the spot. When Mactavish told him I had dropped the gold Wulfric of Mercia he shook his head very ominously. "This is a bad business, Mr. Tait," he said, gloomily. "A unique coin, as you know, and one of the most valuable in the whole of our large Anglo-Saxon collection."

"Is there a mouse-hole anywhere," I cried in agony; "any place where it might have rolled down and got mislaid or concealed for the moment?"

The superintendent went down instantly on his own hands and knees, pulled up every piece of the cocoa-nut matting with minute deliberation, searched the whole place thoroughly from end to end, but found nothing. He spent nearly an hour on that thorough search; meanwhile, Mactavish never for a moment relaxed his hold upon me.

At last the superintendent desisted from the search as quite hopeless, and approached me very politely.

"I'm extremely sorry, Mr. Tait," he said, in the most courteous possible manner, "but by the rules of the Museum I am absolutely compelled either to search you for the coin or to give you into custody. It may, you know, have

caught somewhere about your person. No doubt you would prefer, of the two, that I should look in all your pockets and the folds of your clothing."

The position was terrible. I could stand it no longer.

"Mr. Harbourne," I said, breaking out once more from head to foot into a cold sweat, "I must tell you the truth. I have brought a duplicate gold Wulfric here to-day to compare with the Museum specimen, and I have got it this very moment in my waistcoat pocket."

The superintendent gazed back at me with a mingled look of incredulity and pity.

"My dear sir," he answered very gently, "this is altogether a most unfortunate business, but I'm afraid I must ask you to let me look at the duplicate you speak of."

I took it, trembling, out of my waistcoat pocket and handed it across to him without a word. The superintendent gazed at it for a moment in silence; then, in a tone of the profoundest commiseration, he said slowly, "Mr. Tait, I grieve to be obliged to contradict you. This is our own specimen of the gold Wulfric!"

The whole Museum whirled round me violently, and before I knew anything more I fainted.

## II.

When I came to I found myself seated in the superintendent's room, with a policeman standing quietly in the background.

As soon as I had fully recovered consciousness, the superintendent motioned the policeman out of the room for a while, and then gently forced me to swallow a brandy and soda.

"Mr. Tait," he said compassionately, after an awkward pause, "you are a very young man indeed, and, I believe, hitherto of blameless character. Now, I should be very sorry to have to proceed to extremities against you. I know to what lengths, in a moment of weakness, the desire to possess a rare coin will often lead a connoisseur, under stress of exceptional temptation. I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind that you did really accidentally drop this coin; that you went down on your knees

honestly intending to find it; that the accident suggested to you the ease with which you might pick it up and proceed to pocket it; that you yielded temporarily to that unfortunate impulse; and that by the time I arrived upon the scene you were already overcome with remorse and horror. I saw as much immediately in your very countenance. Nevertheless, I determined to give you the benefit of the doubt, and I searched over the whole place in the most thorough and conscientious manner. . . . As you know, I found nothing. . . . Mr. Tait, I cannot bear to have to deal harshly with you. I recognise the temptation and the agony of repentance that instantly followed it. Sir, I give you one chance. If you will retract the obviously false story that you just now told me, and confess that the coin I found in your pocket was in fact, as I know it to be, the Museum specimen, I will forthwith dismiss the constable, and will never say another word to any one about the whole matter. I don't want to ruin you, but I can't, of course, be put off with a falsehood. Think the matter carefully over with yourself. Do you or do you not still adhere to that very improbable and incredible story?"

Horried and terror-stricken as I was, I couldn't avoid feeling grateful to the superintendent for the evident kindness with which he was treating me. The tears rose at once into my eyes.

"Mr. Harbourne," I cried passionately, "you are very good, very generous. But you quite mistake the whole position. The story I told you was true, every word of it. I bought that gold Wulfric from a ploughman at Lichfield, and it is not absolutely identical with the Museum specimen which I dropped upon the floor. It is closer clipped around the edges, and it has a distinct dent upon the obverse side, just below the W of Wulfric."

The superintendent paused a second, and scanned my face very closely.

"Have you a knife or a file in your pocket?" he asked in a much sterner and more official tone.

"No," I replied, "neither—neither."

"You are sure?"

"Certain."

"Shall I search you myself, or shall I give you into custody?"

"Search me yourself," I answered confidently.

He put his hand quietly into my left-hand breast pocket, and to my utter horror and dismay drew forth, what I had up to that moment utterly forgotten, a pair of folding pocket nail-scissors, in a leather case, of course with a little file on either side.

My heart stood still within me.

"That is quite sufficient, Mr. Tait," the superintendent went on, severely. "Had you alleged that the Museum coin was smaller than your own imaginary one you might have been able to put in the facts as good evidence. But I see the exact contrary is the case. You have stooped to a disgraceful and unworthy subterfuge. 'This base deception aggravates your guilt. You have deliberately defaced a valuable specimen in order if possible to destroy its identity.'"

What could I say in return? I stammered and hesitated.

"Mr. Harbourne," I cried piteously, "the circumstances seem to look terribly against me. But, nevertheless, you are quite mistaken. The missing Wulfric will come to light sooner or later and prove me innocent."

He walked up and down the room once or twice irresolutely, and then he turned round to me with a very fixed and determined aspect which fairly terrified me.

"Mr. Tait," he said, "I am straining every point possible to save you, but you make it very difficult for me by your continued falsehood. I am doing quite wrong in being so lenient to you; I am proposing, in short, to compound a felony. But I cannot bear, without letting you have just one more chance, to give you in charge for a common robbery. I will let you have ten minutes to consider the matter; and I beseech you, I beg of you, I implore you to retract this absurd and despicable lie before it is too late for ever. Just consider that if you refuse I shall have to hand you over to the constable out there, and that the whole truth must come out in court, and must be blazoned forth to the entire world in every newspaper. The policeman is standing here by the door. I will leave you alone with your own thoughts for ten minutes."

As he spoke he walked out gravely,

and shut the door solemnly behind him. The clock on the chimney-piece pointed with its hands to twenty minutes past three.

It was an awful dilemma. I hardly knew how to act under it. On the one hand, if I admitted for the moment that I had tried to steal the coin, I could avoid all immediate unpleasant circumstances; and as it would be sure to turn up again in cleaning the Museum, I should be able at last to prove my innocence to Mr. Harbourne's complete satisfaction. But, on the other hand, the lie—for it *was* a lie—stuck in my throat; I could not humble myself to say I had committed a mean and dirty action which I loathed with all the force and energy of my nature. No, no! come what would of it, I must stick by the truth, and trust to that to clear up everything.

But if the superintendent really insisted on giving me in charge, how very awkward to have to telegraph about it to Emily! Fancy saving to the girl you are in love with, "I can't go with you to the theatre this evening, because I have been taken off to gaol on a charge of stealing a valuable coin from the British Museum." It was too terrible!

Yet, after all, I thought to myself, if the worst comes to the worst, Emily will have faith enough in me to know it is ridiculous; and, indeed, the imputation could in any case only be temporary. As soon as the thing gets into court I could bring up the Lichfield ploughman to prove my possession of a gold Wulfric; and I could bring up Emily to prove that I had shown it to her that very morning. How lucky that I had happened to take it out and let her look at it! My case was, happily, as plain as a pikestaff. It was only momentarily that the weight of the evidence seemed so perversely to go against me.

Turning over all these various considerations in my mind with anxious hesitancy, the ten minutes managed to pass away almost before I had thoroughly realised the deep gravity of the situation.

As the clock on the chimney-piece pointed to the half-hour, the door opened once more, and the superintendent entered solemnly. "Well, Mr. Tait," he said in an anxious voice, "have you

made up your mind to make a clean breast of it? Do you now admit, after full deliberation, that you have endeavored to steal and clip the gold Wulfric?"

"No," I answered firmly, "I do not admit it; and I will willingly go before a jury of my countrymen to prove my innocence."

"Then God help you, poor boy," the superintendent cried despondently. "I have done my best to save you, and you will not let me. Policeman, this is your prisoner. I give him in custody on a charge of stealing a gold coin, the property of the trustees of this Museum, valued at 175*l.* sterling."

The policeman laid his hand upon my wrist. "You will have to go along with me to the station, sir," he said quietly.

Terrified and stunned as I was by the awfulness of the accusation, I could not forget or overlook the superintendent's evident reluctance and kindness. "Mr. Harbourne," I cried, "you have tried to do your best for me. I am grateful to you for it, in spite of your terrible mistake, and I shall yet be able to show you that I am innocent."

He shook his head gloomily. "I have done my duty," he said with a shudder. "I have never before had a more painful one. Policeman, I must ask you now to do yours."

### III.

The police are always considerate to respectable-looking prisoners, and I had no difficulty in getting the sergeant in charge of the lock-up to telegraph for me to Emily, to say that I was detained by important business, which would prevent me taking her and her mother to the theatre that evening. But when I explained to him that my detention was merely temporary, and that I should be able to disprove the whole story as soon as I went before the magistrates, he winked most unpleasantly at the constable who had brought me in, and observed in a tone of vulgar sarcasm, "We have a good many gentlemen here who says the same, sir—don't we, Jim?—but they don't always find it so easy as they expected when they stands up afore the beak to prove their statements."

I began to reflect that even a temporary prison is far from being a pleasant place for a man to stop in.

Next morning they took me up before

the magistrate, and as the Museum authorities of course proved a *prima facie* case against me, and as my solicitor advised me to reserve my defence, owing to the difficulty of getting up my witness from Lichfield in reasonable time, I was duly committed for trial at the next sessions of the Central Criminal Court.

I had often read before that people had been committed for trial, but till that moment I had no idea what a very unpleasant sensation it really is.

However, as I was a person of hitherto unblemished character, and wore a good coat made by a fashionable tailor, the magistrate decided to admit me to bail, if two sureties in 500*l.* each were promptly forthcoming for the purpose. Luckily, I had no difficulty in finding friends who believed in my story; and as I felt sure the lost Wulfric would soon be found in cleaning the Museum, I suffered perhaps a little less acutely than I might otherwise have done, owing to my profound confidence in the final triumph of the truth.

Nevertheless, as the case would be fully reported next morning in all the papers, I saw at once that I must go straight off and explain the matter without delay to Emily.

I will not dwell upon that painful interview. I will only say that Emily behaved as I of course knew she would behave. She was horrified and indignant at the dreadful accusation; and, woman-like, she was very angry with the superintendent. "He ought to have taken your word for it, naturally, Harold," she cried through her tears. "But what a good thing, anyhow, that you happened to show the coin to me. I should recognise it anywhere among ten thousand."

"That's well, darling," I said, trying to kiss away her tears and cheer her up a little. "I haven't the slightest doubt that when the trial comes we shall be able triumphantly to vindicate me from this terrible, groundless accusation."

### IV.

When the trial did actually come on, the Museum authorities began by proving their case against me in what seemed the most horribly damning fashion. The superintendent proved that on such and such a day, in such and such a case,

he had seen a gold coin of Wulfric of Mercia, the property of the Museum. He and Mactavish detailed the circumstances under which the coin was lost. The superintendent explained how he had asked me to submit to a search, and how, to avoid that indignity, I had myself produced from my waistcoat-pocket a gold coin of Wulfric of Mercia, which I asserted to be a duplicate specimen, and my own property. The counsel for the crown proceeded thus with the examination :—

"Do you recognise the coin I now hand you?"

"I do."

"What is it?"

"The unique gold coin of Wulfric of Mercia, belonging to the Museum."

"You have absolutely no doubt as to its identity?"

"Absolutely none whatsoever."

"Does it differ in any respect from the same coin as you previously saw it?"

"Yes. It has been clipped round the edge with a sharp instrument, and a slight dent has been made by pressure on the obverse side, just below the W of Wulfric."

"Did you suspect the prisoner at the bar of having mutilated it?"

"I did, and I asked him whether he had a knife in his possession. He answered no. I then asked him whether he would submit to be searched for a knife. He consented, and on my looking in his pocket I found the pair of nail-scissors I now produce, with a small file on either side."

"Do you believe the coin might have been clipped with those scissors?"

"I do. The gold is very soft, having little alloy in its composition; and it could be easily cut by a strong-wristed man with a knife or scissors."

As I listened, I didn't wonder that the jury looked as if they already considered me guilty: but I smiled to myself when I thought how utterly Emily's and the ploughman's evidence would rebut this unworthy suspicion.

The next witness was the Museum cleaner. His evidence at first produced nothing fresh, but just at last, counsel set before him a paper containing a few scraps of yellow metal, and asked him triumphantly whether he recognised them. He answered yes.

There was a profound silence. The court was interested and curious. I couldn't quite understand it all, but I felt a terrible sinking.

"What are they?" asked the hostile barrister.

"They are some fragments of gold which I found in shaking the cocoa-nut matting on the floor of gallery 27 the Saturday after the attempted theft."

I felt as if a mine had unexpectedly been sprung beneath me. How on earth those fragments of soft gold could ever have got there I couldn't imagine; but I saw the damaging nature of this extraordinary and inexplicable coincidence in half a second.

My counsel cross-examined all the witnesses for the prosecution, but failed to elicit anything of any value from any one of them. On the contrary, his questions put to the metallurgist of the Mint, who was called to prove the quality of the gold, only brought out a very strong opinion to the effect that the clippings were essentially similar in character to the metal composing the clipped Wulfric.

No wonder the jury seemed to think the case was going decidedly against me.

Then my counsel called his witnesses. I listened in the profoundest suspense and expectation.

The first witness was the ploughman from Lichfield. He was a well-meaning but very puzzle-headed old man, and he was evidently frightened at being confronted by so many clever wig-wearing barristers.

Nevertheless, my counsel managed to get the true story out of him at last with infinite patience, dexterity, and skill. The old man told us finally how he had found the coins and sold them to me for five pounds; and how one of them was of gold, with a queer head and goggle eyes pointed full face upon its surface.

When he had finished, the counsel for the Crown began his cross-examination. He handed the ploughman a gold coin. "Did you ever see that before?" he asked quietly.

"To be sure I did," the man answered, looking at it open-mouthed.

"What is it?"

"It's the bit I sold Mr. Tait there—the bit as I got out o' the old basin."

Counsel turned triumphantly to the judge. "My lord," he said, "this

thing to which the witness swears is a gold piece of Ethelwulf of Wessex, by far the commonest and cheapest gold coin of the whole Anglo-Saxon period."

It was handed to the jury side by side with the Wulfric of Mercia; and the difference, as I knew myself, was in fact extremely noticeable. All that the old man could have observed in common between them must have been merely the archaic Anglo-Saxon character of the coinage.

As I heard that I began to feel that it was really all over.

My counsel tried on the re-examination to shake the old man's faith in his identification, and to make him transfer his story to the Wulfric which he had actually sold me. But it was all in vain. The ploughman had clearly the dread of perjury for ever before his eyes, and wouldn't go back for any consideration upon his first sworn statement. "No, no, mister," he said over and over again in reply to my counsel's bland suggestion, "you ain't going to make me forswear myself for all your cleverness."

The next witness was Emily. She went into the box pale and red-eyed, but very confident. My counsel examined her admirably; and she stuck to her point with womanly persistence, that she had herself seen the clipped Wulfric, and no other coin, on the morning of the supposed theft. She knew it was so, because she distinctly remembered the inscription, "Wulfric Rex," and the peculiar way the staring open eyes were represented with barbaric puerility.

Counsel for the Crown would only trouble the young lady with two questions. The first was a painful one, but it must be asked in the interests of justice. Were she and the prisoner at the bar engaged to be married to one another?

The answer came, slowly and timidly, "Yes."

Counsel drew a long breath, and looked her hard in the face. Could she read the inscription on that coin now produced?—handing her the Ethelwulf.

Great heavens! I saw at once the plot to disconcert her, but was utterly powerless to warn her against it.

Emily looked at it long and steadily. "No," she said at last, growing deadly

pale and grasping the woodwork of the witness-box convulsively; "I don't know the character in which it is written."

Of course not: for the inscription was in the peculiar semi-runic Anglo-Saxon letters! She had never read the words "Wulfric Rex" either. I had read them to her, and she had carried them away vaguely in her mind, imagining no doubt that she herself had actually deciphered them.

There was a slight pause, and I felt my blood growing cold within me. Then the counsel for the Crown handed her again the genuine Wulfric, and asked her whether the letters upon it which she professed to have read were or were not similar to those of the Ethelwulf.

Instead of answering, Emily bent down her head between her hands, and burst suddenly into tears.

I was so much distressed at her terrible agitation that I forgot altogether for the moment my own perilous position, and I cried aloud, "My lord, my lord, will you not interpose to spare her any further questions?"

"I think," the judge said to the counsel for the Crown, "you might now permit the witness to stand down."

"I wish to re-examine, my lord," my counsel put in hastily.

"No," I said in his ear, "no. Whatever comes of it, not another question. I had far rather go to prison than let her suffer this inexpressible torture for a single minute longer."

Emily was led down, still crying bitterly, into the body of the court, and the rest of the proceedings went on uninterrupted.

The theory of the prosecution was a simple and plausible one. I had bought a common Anglo-Saxon coin, probably an Ethelwulf, valued at about twenty-two shillings, from the old Lichfield ploughman. I had thereupon conceived the fraudulent idea of pretending that I had a duplicate of the rare Wulfric. I had shown the Ethelwulf, clipped in a particular fashion, to the lady whom I was engaged to marry. I had then defaced and altered the genuine Wulfric at the Museum into the same shape with the aid of my pocket nail-scissors. And I had finally made believe to drop the coin accidentally upon the floor, while I



had really secreted it in my waistcoat pocket. The theory for the defence had broken down utterly; and then there was the damning fact of the gold scrapings found in the cocoa-nut matting of the British Museum, which was to me the one great inexplicable mystery in the whole otherwise comprehensible mystification.

I felt myself that the case did indeed look very black against me. But would a jury venture to convict me on such very doubtful evidence?

The jury retired to consider their verdict. I stood in suspense in the dock, with my heart loudly beating. Emily remained in the body of the court below, looking up at me tearfully and penitently.

After twenty minutes the jury returned.

"Guilty or not guilty?"

The foreman answered aloud, "Guilty."

There was a piercing cry in the body of the court, and in a moment Emily was carried out half fainting and half hysterical.

The judge then calmly proceeded to pass sentence. He dwelt upon the enormity of my crime in one so well connected and so far removed from the dangers of mere vulgar temptations. He dwelt also upon the vandalism of which I had been guilty—myself a collector—in clipping and defacing a valuable and unique memorial of antiquity, the property of the nation. He did not wish to be severe upon a young man of hitherto blameless character; but the national collection must be secured

against such a peculiarly insidious and cunning form of depredation. The sentence of the court was that I should be kept in—

Five years' penal servitude.

Crushed and annihilated as I was, I had still strength to utter a single final word. "My lord," I cried, "the missing Wulfric will yet be found, and will hereafter prove my perfect innocence."

"Remove the prisoner," said the judge, coldly.

They took me down to the courtyard unresisting, where the prison van was standing in waiting.

On the steps I saw Emily and her mother, both crying bitterly. They had been told the sentence already, and were waiting to take a last farewell of me.

"Oh, Harold!" Emily cried, flinging her arms around me wildly, "it's all my fault! It's my fault only! By my foolish stupidity I've lost your case. I've sent you to prison. Oh, Harold, I can never forgive myself. I've sent you to prison. I've sent you to prison."

"Dearest," I said, "it won't be for long. I shall soon be free again. They'll find the Wulfric sooner or later, and then of course they'll let me out again."

"Harold," she cried, "oh, Harold, Harold, don't you see? Don't you understand? This is a plot against you. It isn't lost. It isn't lost. That would be nothing. It's stolen; it's stolen!"

A light burst in upon me suddenly, and I saw in a moment the full depth of the peril that surrounded me.

## PART II.

### I.

IT was some time before I could sufficiently accustom myself to my new life in the Isle of Portland to be able to think clearly and distinctly about the terrible blow that had fallen upon me. In the midst of all the petty troubles and discomforts of prison existence, I had no leisure at first fully to realize the fact that I was a convicted felon with scarcely a hope—not of release; for that I cared little—but of rehabilitation.

Slowly, however, I began to grow

habituated to the new hard life imposed upon me, and to think in my cell of the web of circumstance which had woven itself so irresistibly around me.

I had only one hope. Emily knew I was innocent. Emily suspected, like me, that the Wulfric had been stolen. Emily would do her best, I felt certain, to heap together fresh evidence, and unravel this mystery to its very bottom.

Meanwhile I thanked Heaven for the hard mechanical daily toil of cutting stone in Portland prison. I was a strong athletic young fellow enough.

I was glad now that I had always loved the river at Oxford ; my arms were stout and muscular. I was able to take my part in the regular work of the gang to which I belonged. Had it been otherwise—had I been set down to some quiet sedentary occupation, as first-class misdemeanants often are, I should have worn my heart out soon with thinking perpetually of poor Emily's terrible trouble.

When I first came, the Deputy-Governor, knowing my case well (had there not been leaders about me in all the papers ?), very kindly asked me whether I would wish to be given work in the book-keeping department, where many educated convicts were employed as clerks and assistants. But I begged particularly to be put into an outdoor gang, where I might have to use my limbs constantly, and so keep my mind from eating itself up with perpetual thinking. The Deputy-Governor immediately consented, and gave me work in a quarrying gang, at the west end of the island, near Deadman's Bay on the edge of the Chesil.

For three months I worked hard at learning the trade of a quarryman, and succeeded far better than any of the other new hands who were set to learn at the same time with me. Their heart was not in it ; mine was. Anything to escape that gnawing agony.

The other men in the gang were not agreeable or congenial companions. They taught me their established modes of intercommunication, and told me several facts about themselves, which did not tend to endear them to me. One of them, 1247, was put in for the manslaughter of his wife by kicking ; he was a low-browed, brutal London drayman, and he occupied the next cell to mine, where he disturbed me much in my sleepless nights by his loud snoring. Another, a much slighter and more intelligent-looking man, was a skilled burglar, sentenced to fourteen years for "cracking a crib" in the neighborhood of Hampstead. A third was a sailor, convicted of gross cruelty to a defenceless Lascar. They all told me the nature of their crimes with a brutal frankness which fairly surprised me ; but when I explained to them in return that I had been put in upon a false accusation, they

treated my remarks with a galling contempt that was absolutely unsupportable. After a short time I ceased to communicate with my fellow-prisoners in any way, and remained shut up with my own thoughts in utter isolation.

By-and-bye I found that the other men in the same gang were beginning to dislike me strongly, and that some among them actually whispered to one another—what they seemed to consider a very strong point indeed against me—that I must really have been convicted by mistake, and that I was a regular stuck-up sneaking Methodist. They complained that I worked a great deal too hard, and so made the other felons seem lazy by comparison ; and they also objected to my prompt obedience to our warder's commands, as tending to set up an exaggerated and impossible standard of discipline.

Between this warder and myself, on the other hand, there soon sprang up a feeling which I might almost describe as one of friendship. Though by the rules of the establishment we could not communicate with one another except upon matters of business, I liked him for his uniform courtesy, kindness, and forbearance ; while I could easily see that he liked me in return, by contrast with the other men who were under his charge. He was one of those persons whom some experience of prisons then and since has led me to believe less rare than most people would imagine—men in whom the dreary life of a prison warder, instead of engendering hardness of heart and cold unsympathetic sternness, has engendered a certain profound tenderness and melancholy of spirit. I grew quite fond of that one honest warder, among so many coarse and criminal faces ; and I found, on the other hand, that my fellow-prisoners hated me all the more because, as they expressed it in their own disgusting jargon, I was sucking up to that confounded dog of a barker. It happened once, when I was left for a few minutes alone with the warder, that he made an attempt for a moment, contrary to regulations, to hold a little private conversation with me.

"1430," he said in a low voice, hardly moving his lips, for fear of being overheard, "what is your outside name?"

I answered quietly, without turning to look at him, "Harold Tait."

He gave a little involuntary start. "What!" he cried. "Not him that took a coin from the British Museum?"

I bridled up angrily. "I did not take it," I cried, with all my soul. "I am innocent, and have been put in here by some terrible error."

He was silent for half a second. Then he said musingly, "Sir, I believe you. You are speaking the truth. I will do all I can to make things easy for you."

That was all he said then. But from that day forth he always spoke to me in private as "Sir," and never again as "1430."

An incident arose at last out of this condition of things which had a very important effect upon my future position.

One day, about three months after I was committed to prison, we were all told off as usual to work in a small quarry on the cliffside overhanging the long expanse of pebbly beach known as the Chesil. I had reason to believe afterwards that a large open fishing boat lying upon the beach below at the moment had been placed there as part of a concerted scheme by the friends of the Hampstead burglar; and that it contained ordinary clothing for all the men in our gang, except myself only. The idea was evidently that the gang should overpower the warder, seize the boat, change their clothes instantly, taking turns about meanwhile with the navigation, and make straight off for the shore at Lulworth, where they could easily disperse without much chance of being recaptured. But of all this I was of course quite ignorant at the time, for they had not thought well to intrust their secret to the ears of the sneaking virtuous Methodist.

A few minutes after we arrived at the quarry, I was working with two other men at putting a blast in, when I happened to look round quite accidentally, and, to my great horror, saw 1247, the brutal wife-kicker, standing behind with a huge block of stone in his hands, poised just above the warder's head, in a threatening attitude. The other men stood around waiting and watching. I had only just time to cry out in a tone of alarm, "Take care, warder, he'll murder you!" when the stone descended

upon the warder's head, and he fell at once, bleeding and half senseless, upon the ground beside me. In a second, while he shrieked and struggled, the whole gang was pressing savagely and angrily around him.

There was no time to think or hesitate. Before I knew almost what I was doing, I had seized his gun and ammunition, and, standing over his prostrate body, I held the men at bay for a single moment. Then 1247 advanced threateningly, and tried to put his foot upon the fallen warder.

I didn't wait or reflect one solitary second. I drew the trigger, and fired full upon him. The bang sounded fiercely in my ears, and for a moment I could see nothing through the smoke of the rifle.

With a terrible shriek he fell in front of me, not dead, but seriously wounded.

"The boat, the boat," the others cried loudly. "Knock him down! Kill him! Take the boat, all of you."

At that moment the report of my shot had brought another warder hastily to the top of the quarry.

"Help, help!" I cried. "Come quick, and save us. These brutes are trying to murder our warder!"

The man rushed back to call for aid; but the way down the zigzag path was steep and tortuous, and it was some time before they could manage to get down and succor us.

Meanwhile the other convicts pressed savagely around us, trying to jump upon the warder's body and force their way past to the beach beneath us. I fired again, for the rifle was double-barrelled; but it was impossible to reload in such a tumult, so, after the next shot, which hit no one, I laid about me fiercely with the butt end of the gun, and succeeded in knocking down four of the savages, one after another. By that time the warders from above had safely reached us, and formed a circle of fixed bayonets around the rebellious prisoners.

"Thank God!" I cried, flinging down the rifle, and rushing up to the prostrate warder. "He is still alive. He is breathing! He is breathing!"

"Yes," he murmured in a faint voice, "I am alive, and I thank you for it. But for you, sir, these fellows here would certainly have murdered me."

"You are badly wounded yourself, 1430," one of the other warders said to me, as the rebels were rapidly secured and marched off sullenly back to the prison. "Look, your own arm is bleeding fiercely."

Then for the first time I was aware that I was one mass of wounds from head to foot, and that I was growing faint from loss of blood. In defending the fallen warder I had got punched and pummelled on every side, just the same as one used to get long ago in a bully at football when I was a boy at Rugby, only much more seriously.

The warders brought down seven stretchers: one for me; one for the wounded warder; one for 1247, whom I had shot; and four for the convicts whom I had knocked over with the butt end of the rifle. They carried us up on them, strongly guarded, in a long procession.

At the door of the infirmary the Governor met us. "1430," he said to me, in a very kind voice, "you have behaved most admirably. I saw you myself quite distinctly from my drawing-room windows. You bravery and intrepidity are well deserving of the highest recognition."

"Sir," I answered, "I have only tried to do my duty. I couldn't stand by and see an innocent man murdered by such a pack of bloodthirsty ruffians."

The Governor turned aside a little surprised. "Who is 1430?" he asked quietly.

A subordinate, consulting a book, whispered my name and supposed crime to him confidentially. The Governor nodded twice, and seemed to be satisfied.

"Sir," the wounded warder said faintly from his stretcher, "1430 is an innocent man unjustly condemned, if ever there was one."

## II.

On the Thursday week following, when my wounds were all getting well, the whole body of convicts was duly paraded at half-past eleven in front of the Governor's house.

The Governor came out, holding an official-looking paper in his right hand. "No. 1430," he said in a loud voice, "stand forward." And I stood forward.

"No. 1430, I have the pleasant duty of informing you, in face of all your fellow-prisoners, that your heroism and self-devotion in saving the life of Warder James Woollacott, when he was attacked and almost overpowered on the 20th of this month by a gang of rebellious convicts, has been reported to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department; and that on his recommendation Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant you a Free Pardon for the remainder of the time during which you were sentenced to penal servitude."

For a moment I felt quite stunned and speechless. I reeled on my feet so much that two of the warders jumped forward to support me. It was a great thing to have at least one's freedom. But in another minute the real meaning of the thing came clearer upon me, and I recoiled from the bare sound of those horrid words, a Free Pardon. I didn't want to be pardoned like a convicted felon: I wanted to have my innocence proved before the eyes of all England. For my own sake, and still more for Emily's sake, rehabilitation was all I cared for.

"Sir," I said, touching my cap respectfully, and saluting the Governor according to our wonted prison discipline, "I am very greatly obliged to you for your kindness in having made this representation to the Home Secretary; but I feel compelled to say I cannot accept a free pardon. I am wholly guiltless of the crime of which I have been convicted; and I wish that instead of pardoning me the Home Secretary would give instructions to the detective police to make a thorough investigation of the case, with the object of proving my complete innocence. Till that is done, I prefer to remain an inmate of Portland Prison. What I wish is not pardon, but to be restored as an honest man to the society of my equals."

The Governor paused for a moment, and consulted quietly in an undertone with one or two of his subordinates. Then he turned to me with great kindness, and said in a loud voice, "No. 1430, I have no power any longer to detain you in this prison, even if I wished to do so, after you have once obtained Her Majesty's free pardon. My duty is to dismiss you at once, in accordance

with the terms of this document. However, I will communicate the substance of your request to the Home Secretary, with whom such a petition, so made, will doubtless have the full weight that may rightly attach to it. You must now go with these warders, who will restore you your own clothes, and then formally set you at liberty. But if there is anything further you would wish to speak to me about, you can do so afterward in your private capacity as a free man at two o'clock in my own office."

I thanked him quietly and then withdrew. At two o'clock I duly presented myself in ordinary clothes at the Governor's office.

We had a long and confidential interview, in the course of which I was able to narrate to the Governor at full length all the facts of my strange story exactly as I have here detailed them. He listened to me with the greatest interest, checking and confirming my statements at length by reference to the file of papers brought to him by a clerk. When I had finished my whole story, he said to me quite simply, "Mr. Tait, it may be imprudent of me in my position and under such peculiar circumstances to say so, but I fully and unreservedly believe your statement. If anything that I can say or do can be of any assistance to you in proving your innocence, I shall be very happy indeed to exert all my influence in your favor."

I thanked him warmly with tears in my eyes.

"And there is one point in your story," he went on, "to which I, who have seen a good deal of such doubtful cases, attach the very highest importance. You say that gold clippings, pronounced to be similar in character to the gold Wulfric, were found shortly after by a cleaner at the Museum on the cocoa-nut matting of the floor where the coin was examined by you?"

I nodded, blushing crimson. "That," I said, "seems to me the strangest and most damning circumstance against me in the whole story."

"Precisely," the Governor answered quietly. "And if what you say is the truth (as I believe it to be), it is also the circumstance which best gives us a clue to use against the real culprit. The person who stole the coin was too clever

by half, or else not quite clever enough for his own protection. In manufacturing that last fatal piece of evidence against you he was also giving you a certain clue to his own identity."

"How so?" I asked, breathless.

"Why, don't you see? The thief must in all probability have been somebody connected with the Museum. He must have seen you comparing the Wulfric with your own coin. He must have picked it up and carried it off secretly at the moment you dropped it. He must have clipped the coin to manufacture further hostile evidence. And he must have dropped the clippings afterward on the cocoa-nut matting in the same gallery on purpose in order to heighten the suspicion against you."

"You are right," I cried, brightening up at the luminous suggestion—"you are right, obviously. And there is only one man who could have seen and heard enough to carry out this abominable plot—Mactavish!"

"Well, find him out and prove the case against him, Mr. Tait," the Governor said warmly, "and if you send him here to us I can promise you that he will be well taken care of."

I bowed and thanked him, and was about to withdraw, but he held out his hand to me with perfect frankness.

"Mr. Tait," he said, "I can't let you go away so. Let me have your hand in token that you bear us no grudge for the way we have treated you during your unfortunate imprisonment, and that I, for my part, am absolutely satisfied of the truth of your statement."

### III.

The moment I arrived in London I drove straight off without delay to Emily's. I had telegraphed beforehand that I had been granted a free pardon, but had not stopped to tell her why or under what conditions.

Emily met me in tears in the passage. "Harold! Harold!" she cried, flinging her arms wildly around me. "Oh, my darling! my darling! how can I ever say it to you? Mamma says she won't allow me to see you here any longer."

It was a terrible blow, but I was not unprepared for it. How could I expect that poor, conventional, commonplace old lady to have any faith in me after

all she had read about me in the newspapers?

"Emily," I said, kissing her over and over again tenderly, "you must come out with me, then, this very minute, for I want to talk with you over matters of importance. Whether your mother wishes it or not, you must come out with me this very minute."

Emily put on her bonnet hastily and walked out with me into the streets of London. It was growing dark, and the neighborhood was a very quiet one; or else perhaps even my own Emily would have felt a little ashamed of walking about the streets of London with a man whose hair was still cropped short around his head like a common felon's.

I told her all the story of my release, and Emily listened to it in profound silence.

"Harold!" she cried, "my darling Harold!" (when I told her the tale of my desperate battle over the fallen warder), "you are the bravest and best of men. I knew you would vindicate yourself sooner or later. What we have to do now is to show that Mactavish stole the Wulfric. I know he stole it; I read it at the trial in his clean-shaven villain's face. I shall prove it still, and then you will be justified in the eyes of everybody."

"But how can we manage to communicate meanwhile, darling?" I cried eagerly. "If your mother won't allow you to see me, how are we ever to meet and consult about it?"

"There's only one way, Harold—only one way; and as things now stand you mustn't think it strange of me to propose it. Harold, you must marry me immediately, whether mamma will let us or not!"

"Emily!" I cried, "my own darling! your confidence and trust in me makes me I can't tell you how proud and happy. That you should be willing to marry me even while I am under such a cloud as this gives me a greater proof of your love than anything else you could possibly do for me. But, darling, I am too proud to take you at your word. For your sake, Emily, I will never marry you until all the world has been compelled unreservedly to admit my innocence."

Emily blushed and cried a little. "As

you will, Harold, dearest," she answered, trembling. "I can afford to wait for you. I know that in the end the truth will be established."

#### IV.

A week or two later I was astonished one morning at receiving a visit in my London lodgings from the warder Woollacott, whose life I had been happily instrumental in saving at Portland Prison.

"Well, sir," he said, grasping my hand warmly and gratefully, "you see I haven't yet entirely recovered from that terrible morning. I shall bear the marks of it about me for the remainder of my lifetime. The Governor says I shall never again be fit for duty, so they've pensioned me off very honorable."

I told him how pleased I was that he should have been liberally treated, and then we fell into conversation about myself and the means of re-establishing my perfect innocence.

"Sir," said he, "I shall have plenty of leisure, and shall be comfortably off now. If there's anything that I can do to be of service to you in the matter, I shall gladly do it. My time is entirely at your disposal."

I thanked him warmly, but told him that the affair was already in the hands of the regular detectives, who had been set to work upon it by the Governor's influence with the Home Secretary.

By-and-bye I happened to mention confidentially to him my suspicions of the man Mactavish. An idea seemed to occur to the warder suddenly; but he said not a word to me about it at the time. A few days later, however, he came back to me quietly and said, in a confidential tone of voice, "Well, sir, I think we may still manage to square him."

"Square who, Mr. Woollacott? I don't understand you."

"Why, Mactavish, sir. I found out he had a small house near the Museum, and his wife lets a lodging there for a single man. I've gone and taken the lodging, and I shall see whether in the course of time something or other doesn't come out of it."

I smiled and thanked him for his enthusiasm in my cause; but I confess I didn't see how anything on earth of any

use to me was likely to arise from this strange proceeding on his part.

V.

It was that same week, I believe, that I received two other unexpected visitors. They came together. One of them was the Superintendent of Coins at the British Museum; the other was the well-known antiquary and great authority upon the Anglo-Saxon coinage, Sir Theophilus Wraxton.

"Mr. Tait," the Superintendent began, not without some touch of natural shame-facedness in his voice and manner, "I have reason to believe that I may possibly have been mistaken in my positive identification of the coin you showed me that day at the Museum as our own specimen of the gold Wulfric. If I *was* mistaken, then I have unintentionally done you a most grievous wrong; and for that wrong, should my suspicions turn out ill-founded, I shall owe you the deepest and most heartfelt apologies. But the only reparation I can possibly make you is the one I am doing to-day by bringing here my friend Sir Theophilus Wraxton. He has a communication of some importance to make you; and if he is right, I can only beg your pardon most humbly for the error I have committed in what I believed to be the discharge of my duties."

"Sir," I answered, "I saw at the time that you were the victim of a mistake, as I was the victim of a most unfortunate concurrence of circumstances; and I bear you no grudge whatsoever for the part you bore in subjecting me to what is really in itself a most unjust and unfounded suspicion. You only did what you believed to be your plain duty; and you did it with marked reluctance, and with every desire to leave me every possible loophole of escape from what you conceived as a momentary yielding to a vile temptation. But what is it that Sir Theophilus Wraxton wishes to tell me?"

"Well, my dear sir," the old gentleman began warmly, "I haven't the slightest doubt in the world myself that you have been quite unwarrantably disbelieved about a plain matter of fact that ought at once to have been immediately apparent to anybody who knew anything in the world about the gold Anglo-Saxon

coinage. No reflection in the world upon you, Harbourn, my dear friend—no reflection in the world upon you in the matter; but you must admit that you've been pig-headedly hasty in jumping to a conclusion, and ignorantly determined in sticking to it against better evidence. My dear sir, I haven't the very slightest doubt in the world that the coin now in the British Museum is *not* the one which I have seen there previously, and which I have figured in the third volume of my 'Early Northumbrian and Mercian Numismatist!' Quite otherwise; quite otherwise, I assure you."

"How do you recognize that it is different, sir?" I cried excitedly. "The two coins were struck at just the same mint from the same die, and I examined them closely together, and saw absolutely no difference between them, except the dent and the amount of the clipping."

"Quite true, quite true," the old gentleman replied with great deliberation. "But look here, sir. Here is the drawing I took of the Museum Wulfric fourteen years ago, for the third volume of my 'Northumbrian Numismatist.' That drawing was made with the aid of careful measurements, which you will find detailed in the text at page 230. Now, here again is the duplicate Wulfric—permit me to call it *your* Wulfric; and if you will compare the two you'll find, I think, that though your Wulfric is a great deal smaller than the original one, taken as a whole, yet on one diameter, the diameter from the letter U in Wulfric to the letter R in Rex, it is nearly an eighth of an inch broader than the specimen I have there figured. Well, sir, you may cut as much as you like off a coin, and make it smaller; but hang me if by cutting away at it for all your lifetime you can make it an eighth of an inch broader anyhow, in any direction."

I looked immediately at the coin, the drawing, and the measurements in the book, and saw at a glance that Sir Theophilus was right.

"How on earth did you find it out?" I asked the bland old gentleman, breathlessly.

"Why, my dear sir, I remembered the old coin perfectly, having been so very particular in my drawing and meas-

urement; and the moment I clapped eyes on the other one yesterday, I said to my good friend Harbourne here: 'Harbourne,' said I, 'somebody's been changing your Wulfric in the case over yonder for another specimen.' 'Changing it!' said Harbourne: 'not a bit of it; clipping it, you mean.' 'No, no, my good fellow,' said I: 'do you suppose I don't know the same coin again when I see it, and at my time of life too? This is another coin, not the same one clipped. It's bigger across than the old one from there to there.' 'No, it isn't,' says he. 'But it is,' I answer. 'Just you look in my "Northumbrian and Mercian" and see if it isn't so.' 'You must be mistaken,' says Harbourne. 'If I am, I'll eat my head,' says I. Well, we get down the 'Numismatist' from the bookshelf then and there; and sure enough, it turns out just as I told him. Harbourne turned as white as a ghost, I can tell you, as soon as he discovered it. 'Why,' says he, 'I've sent a poor young fellow off to Portland Prison, only three or four months ago, for stealing that very Wulfric.' And then he told me all the story. 'Very well,' said I, 'then the only thing - you've got to do is just to go and call on him to-morrow, and let him know that you've had it proved to you, fairly proved to you, that this is not the original Wulfric.'

"Sir Theophilus," I said, "I'm much obliged to you. What you point out is by far the most important piece of evidence I've yet had to offer. Mr. Harbourne, have you kept the gold clippings that were found that morning on the cocoa-nut matting?"

"I have, Mr. Tait," the Superintendent answered anxiously. "And Sir Theophilus and I have been trying to fit them upon the coin in the Museum shelves; and I am bound to admit I quite agree with him that they must have been cut off a specimen decidedly larger in one diameter and smaller in another than the existing one—in short, that they do not fit the clipped Wulfric now in the Museum."

## VI.

It was just a fortnight later that I received quite unexpectedly a telegram from Rome directed to me at my Lon-

don lodgings. I tore it open hastily; it was signed by Emily, and contained only these few words: "We have found the Museum Wulfric. The Superintendent is coming over to identify and reclaim it. Can you manage to run across immediately with him?"

For a moment I was lost in astonishment, delight, and fear. How and why had Emily gone over to Rome? Who could she have with her to take care of her and assist her? How on earth had she tracked the missing coin to its distant hiding-place? It was all a profound mystery to me; and after my first outburst of joy and gratitude, I began to be afraid that Emily might have been misled by her eagerness and anxiety into following up the traces of the wrong coin.

However, I had no choice but to go to Rome and see the matter ended; and I went alone, wearing out my soul through that long journey with suspense and fear; for I had not managed to hit upon the Superintendent, who, through his telegram being delivered a little the sooner, had caught a train six hours earlier than the one I went by.

As I arrived at the Central Station at Rome, I was met, to my surprise, by a perfect crowd of familiar faces. First, Emily herself rushed to me, kissed me, and assured me a hundred times over that it was all right, and that the missing coin was undoubtedly recovered. Then, the Superintendent, more shame-faced than ever, and very grave, but with a certain moisture in his eyes, confirmed her statement by saying that he had got the real Museum Wulfric undoubtedly in his pocket. Then Sir Theophilus, who had actually come across with Lady Wraxton on purpose to take care of Emily, added his assurances and congratulations. Last of all, Woollacott, the warder, stepped up to me and said simply, "I'm glad, sir, that it was through me as it all came out so right and even."

"Tell me how it all happened," I cried, almost faint with joy, and still wondering whether my innocence had really been proved beyond all fear of cavil.

Then Woollacott began, and told me briefly the whole story. He had consulted with the Superintendent and Sir Theophilus, without saying a word to



me about it, and had kept a close watch upon all the letters that came for Mactavish. A rare Anglo-Saxon coin is not a chattel that one can easily get rid of every day ; and Woollacott shrewdly gathered from what Sir Theophilus had told him that Mactavish (or whoever else had stolen the coin) would be likely to try to dispose of it as far away from England as possible, especially after all the comments that had been made on this particular Wulfric in the English newspapers. So he took every opportunity of intercepting the postman at the front door, and looking out for envelopes with foreign postage stamps. At last one day a letter arrived for Mactavish with an Italian stamp and a cardinal's red hat stamped like a crest on the flap of the envelope. Woollacott was certain that things of that sort didn't come to Mactavish every day about his ordinary business. Braving the penalties for appropriating a letter, he took the liberty to open this suspicious communication, and found it was a note from Cardinal Trevelyan, the Pope's Chamberlain, and a well-known collector of antiquities referring to early Church history in England, and that it was in reply to an offer of Mactavish's to send the Cardinal for inspection a rare gold coin not otherwise specified. The Cardinal expressed his readiness to see the coin, and to pay £150 for it, if it proved to be rare and genuine as described. Woollacott felt certain that this communication must refer to the gold Wulfric. He therefore handed the letter to Mrs. Mactavish when the postman next came his rounds, and waited to see whether Mactavish any day afterwards went to the post to register a small box or packet. Meanwhile he communicated with Emily

and the Superintendent, being unwilling to buoy me up with a doubtful hope until he was quite sure that their plan had succeeded. The Superintendent wrote immediately to the Cardinal, mentioning his suspicions, and received a reply to the effect that he expected a coin of Wulfric to be sent him shortly. Sir Theophilus, who had been greatly interested in the question of the coin, kindly offered to take Emily over to Rome, in order to get the crinating piece, as soon as it arrived, from Cardinal Trevelyan. That was, in turn, the story that they all told me, piece by piece, in the Central Station at Rome that eventful morning.

"And Mactavish?" I asked of the Superintendent eagerly.

"Is in custody in London already," he answered somewhat sternly. "I had a warrant out against him before I left town on this journey."

At the trial the whole case was very clearly proved against him, and my innocence was fully established before the face of all my fellow-countrymen. A fortnight later my wife and I were among the rocks and woods at Ambleside ; and when I returned to London, it was to take a place in the department of coins at the British Museum, which the Superintendent begged of me to accept as some further proof in the eyes of everybody that the suspicion he had formed in the matter of the Wulfric was a most unfounded and wholly erroneous one. The coin itself I kept as a memento of a terrible experience ; but I have given up collecting on my own account entirely, and am quite content nowadays to bear my share in guarding the national collection from other depredators of the class of Mactavish.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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JOE SIEG.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Who are the heroes we hail to-day,  
And circle their brows with wreaths of bay ?

Is it the warrior back again,  
To be girt by throngs of his fellow-men ?

The statesman fighting in keen debate  
For the laws that will make his country great ?

Or the poet, whose spirit in his song  
Withers like fire the front of wrong ?

Yes, these are heroes on whom we may call,  
But a greater still is behind them all.

Who ? And we shout, with a ringing cheer,  
" Joe Sieg, the railway engineer,

" Who did his duty and never thought  
He did any more than a driver ought."

Look at Sieg, I say, as he stands  
With the levers clutch'd in his oily hands,

And hearing naught but the grind of the wheel  
On the clanking rail underneath his heel ;

Or, lighting his pipe for a whiff or two,  
Yet looking ahead as drivers do.

Now, any one seeing him thus would have said,  
With a very doubtful shake of the head,

" Poor stuff after all out of which to plan  
Your hero when action calls for the man."

So you would think, but listen and hear  
The story of Sieg, the engineer.

Down the Pennsylvania line,  
In the light of an afternoon's sunshine,

Came Sieg with a train of cars behind,  
And hundreds of lives that were his to mind.

Little thought he of danger near  
As he watch'd for signals set at clear.

If he thought at all, and that thought could be said,  
As he stood on the foot-plate looking ahead,

It was this : to do what a driver could do—  
Run sharp to his time, nor be overdue.

So along the metals in smoke and glare,  
With Sieg at his post by the levers there,

Engine and cars like a whirlwind tore  
Till, just as the stoker threw open the door

Of the furnace, at once through each black flue came  
The quick back-draught, bringing with it the flame

That, scorching with lightning fingers of pain,  
Drove Sieg and his stoker back in the train.

Back they went, bearing all the brunt  
Of the fiery tongues that were hissing in front.

They caught at the cars in their wild desire,  
That in less than a moment were muffled in fire.

The engine, like some wild steed that is free,  
Shot ahead with a shriek of defiant glee.

Behind were hundreds of lives in a tomb  
That was hot with the breath of their awful doom.

To leap from the train would be certain death,  
To stay would be food for the flame's wild breath.

Now was the time for your hero to plan ;  
The hour had come, and Sieg was the man.

Not a moment he stood, for at once he saw  
His duty before him, and that was law.

Not a single thought of himself came near  
To shake his grand brave spirit with fear.

Only there rose, like a flash, in his eye,  
As in those when the last stern moment is nigh,

A look that would do all that duty could claim.  
And with one wild rush Sieg was into the flame.

The red tongues quiver'd and clutch'd at him ;  
They tore the flesh from his arm and limb ;

They wove, like scarlet demons, between  
The engine and him a fiery screen.

But he fought his way to his terrible fate  
Till he felt his feet touch the tender plate.

Then blind with the flame and its scorching breath,  
And weak from his terrible struggle with death,

He groped for the levers, clutch'd them at length,  
And, with one wild effort of failing strength,

'Mid the hissing of fire and the engine's roar,  
Threw off the steam, and could do no more.

When the engine at last was brought to a stand,  
Not a life was lost out of all that band.

No life, did I say ? Alas ! there was one,  
But not till his duty was nobly done.

For, back in the tender, silent and grim,  
Blacken'd and scalded in body and limb,

Lay Sieg, who had without aid, and alone,  
Saved hundreds of lives, and lost his own.

That is the story, plain and clear,  
Of Sieg, the railway engineer.

Honor to him, and no stint of praise  
From the best of hearts in these modern days.

Honor to Sieg ! I say, and hail  
This last Jim Bludso of the rail,

Who did his duty, and never thought  
He did any more than a driver ought.

—Good Words.

# A PEDANTIC NUISANCE.

BY FREDERICK HARRISON.

IN this age of historical research and archaic realism, there is growing up a custom which, trivial and plausible in its beginnings, may become a nuisance and a scandal to literature. It is the custom of re-writing our old familiar proper names ; of re-naming places and persons which are household words : heirlooms in the English language.

At first sight there seems something to be said for the fashion of writing historical names as they were written or spoken by contemporary men. To the thoughtless it suggests an air of scholarship and superior knowledge, gathered at first hand from original sources. Regarded as the coat-armor of some giant of historical research, there is something piquant in the unfamiliar writing of familiar names ; and it is even pleasant to hear a great scholar talk of the mighty heroes as if he remembered them when a boy, and had often seen their hand-writing himself. When Mr. Grote chose to write about *Kekrops*, *Krete*, *Kleopatra*, and *Peri kles*, we were gratified by the peculiarity ; and we only wondered why he retained *Cyrus*, *Centaur*, *Cyprus* and *Thucydides*. And when Professor Freeman taught us to speak of " Charles the Great," and gave us three black marks for *Charlemagne* ; or when, in the *Saturday Review*, we read about the *Battle of Senlac*, we all feel that we are superior people ; and that to talk of *Hastings* would be a cockneyism.

But, in these days, the historical schools are growing in numbers and range. There are no longer merely Attic enthusiasts, and Somersætan champions, but other ages and races have thrown up their own historiographers and bards. There are " Middle-English "

as well as " Old-English " votaries,—and Eliza-ists, and Jacob-ists, and Ann-ists. Then there are the French, the German, the Italian, the Norse schools, to say nothing of Ægyptologists, Hebra-ists, Sanscritists, Accadians, Hittites, Moabites, and Cuneiform-ists. It becomes a very serious question, what will be the end of the English language if all of these are to have their way, and are to re-baptize the most familiar heroes of our youth and to re-spell the world-famous names.

Each specialist is full of his own era and subject, and is quite willing to leave the rest of the historical field to the popular style. But there is a higher tribunal beyond ; and those who care for history as a whole, and for English literature in the sum, wonder how far this revival in orthography is to be carried. Let us remember that, both in space and in time, there is a vast body of opinion of which account must be taken. There is the long succession of ages, there is the cultivated world of Europe and America, in both of which certain names have become traditional and customary. And if every knot of students is to re-name at will familiar persons and historic places, historical tradition and the custom of the civilized world are wantonly confused. This true filiation in literary history is of far more importance than any alphabetic precision.

About forty years ago, Mr. Grote began the practice of re-setting the old Greek names ; but his spelling has not commended itself to the world. There seems much to be said for *Themistokles* and *Kleon* ; but when we were asked to write *Korkyra* and *Krete*, we felt that the filiation of *Corcyra* and *Crete* with

Latin and the modern tongues was needlessly disturbed. *Kirke, Kilikia, Perdikkas, Katana*, seemed rather harsh and too subversive. And if *Sophokles* and *Sokrates* are right, why *Æschylus* and *Aeneas*, in lieu of *Aischulos* and *Aineias*? Besides, on what ground stop short at a *k*, leaving the vowels to a Latin corruption? The modern Greeks call the author of the *Iliad*—*Omēros*; and the victor of Marathon—*Meelteeadthes*; and it is highly probable that this is far nearer the true pronunciation than are *Homer* and *Miltiades*. To be consistent, we shall have to talk of *Aias, Odusseus, Purrhos, Lukourgos, Thoukudides, Oidipous, Aischulos*, and *Kirke*, wantonly interrupting the whole Greco-Roman filiation. And, whilst we plunge orthography into a hopeless welter, we shall stray even farther from the true ancient pronunciation. In the result, English literature has rejected the change with an instinctive sense that it would involve us in quicksands; and would to no sufficient purpose break the long tradition which bound Greece with Rome, and both with European literary customs.

Mr. Carlyle would have all true men speak of *Friedrich* and *Otto*; the *Kurfürst* of *Köln*; of *Trier, Prag, Regensburg*, and *Schlesien*. But then he is quite willing to speak like any common person about *Mahomet* and the *Koran*, of *Clovis* and *Lothar*, of a *Duke of Brunswick*, and of *Charles Amadeus of Savoy*; he anglicizes *Marseille, Preussen, Oesterreich*, and *Sachsen*; nay, he actually talks about "Charlemagne" at "Aix-la-Chapelle." Tradition and English literature are in fact too strong for him, except where he wishes to be particularly affectionate or unusually impressive. I venture to think that *Frederick* and *Cologne* are names so deeply embedded in our English speech that there is nothing affectionate or impressive in the effort to uproot them by foreign words which the mass of Englishmen cannot pronounce. It is ridiculous to write "the *Kurfürst* of *Köln*." It should be "*der Kurfürst von Köln*." But, then, we had better write in German at once.

Of all the historical schools, that of Professor Freeman has been the most revolutionary in its method, and the most exacting in its demands. They go

to their work of re-naming the personages of English history with the confident zeal of the Municipal Council in Paris, who will re-name a dozen historic streets in a morning sitting. It began by an onslaught on "Charlemagne," and the "Anglo-Saxons"; and now to use either of these familiar old names is to be guilty of something which is almost a vulgarity, if not an impertinence. We have all learned to speak by the card of *Karl* and the *Old English*; and it does us good. This, however, was but the first trumpet before the battle. One by one, the familiar names of English history, the names that recur in every family, were recast into something grotesque in look and often very hard indeed to pronounce. *Ecgberht, Cnut, or Knud, the Hwiccas, Ælfthryth, Hrofesceaster*, and *Cant-wara-hyryg* had rather a queer look. *Chlotachar, Chlodowig, Hrotland*, were not pleasing. But when we are asked to give up *Alfred, Edward, and Edgar* and to speak of *Ælfred, Eadweard, and Eadgar*, we begin to reflect and to hark back.

Alfred, Edward, and Edgar are names which for a thousand years have filled English homes, and English poetry and prose. To re-write those names is to break the tradition of history and literature at once. It is no doubt true that the contemporaries of these kings before the Conquest did, when writing in the vernacular, spell their names with the double vowels we are now invited to restore. But is that a sufficient reason? We are not talking their dialect, nor do we use their spelling. We write in modern English, not in old English; the places they knew, the titles they held, the words they used, have to be modernised, if we wish to be understood ourselves. We cannot preserve exactly either the sounds they uttered, or the phrases they spoke, or the names of places and offices familiar to them. Why then need we be curious to spell their names as their contemporaries did, when we have altered all else—pronunciation, orthography, titles, and indeed the entire outer form of the language? The precision for which we vainly strive in the spelling of names is after all a makeshift, very imperfectly observed by any one, and entirely neglected by others.

And it has the defect of ignoring long and suggestive unity in history, language and common civilisation.

It may be true that the contemporaries of "Edward the Elder," "Edward the Martyr," and "Edward the Confessor" spelt the name *Eadward*, or *Eadweard*, if they wrote in English, though they did not usually do so when they wrote it in Latin. But did the "Edwards" of Plantagenet so spell their name; or "Edward" Tudor; and will "Edward the Seventh" so spell his name? And is *Alfred*, a name to conjure with wherever the English speech is heard, to be severed from the great king? "Alfred" is a familiar name just as "king" is a familiar title; and it is as pedantic to insist on archaic forms of the name as it would be to insist on the Saxon form of the office. Since *Edward* was not called by his contemporaries either "King" or "The Elder," what do we gain by such a hybrid phrase as "*King Eadweard the Elder*"? We might just as well write—"Agamemnon, the anax andron of Greece," or "*Alexandros*, the famous king of *Makedonia*."

It is only a half-hearted realism which writes, "*Eadweard* was now King of all England." It should run, "*Eadweard* was now *Cyning* of all *Engla-land*." It is quite correct to write in modern English, "King Edward marched from London to York." Here, the proper names are all alike adapted to our vernacular. It is an anachronism, or an anachraism, to write, "King *Eadweard* marched from London to York." It ought to run, if we are bent on writing pure Old English, "*Eadweard Cyning* marched from *Lundenbyrig* to *Eoforwic*." That is the real *couleur locale*; but the general reader could hardly stand many pages of this. It is not true in fact that "*Ethelberht* lived at Canterbury." He lived at "*Cant-wara-byrig*." *Ethelbert*, however, may properly be said to have lived at *Canterbury*. For thirteen centuries *Canterbury* and *York* have been famous centres of our English-life. Except in a parenthesis, or in a monograph, it would be a nuisance to mention them under the cumbrous disguises of "*Eoforwic*" and "*Cant-wara-byrig*;" and for precisely the same reason it is a

nuisance to read, *Ælfred*, *Ecgberht*, and *Eadweard*.

Where is it going to stop? Ours is an age of archæology, revival, and research; and in no field is research more active than in Biblical and other Oriental history. The grand familiar names, which have had a charm for us from childhood, which have kindled the veneration of a long roll of centuries, are all being "restored" to satisfy an antiquarian purism. We shall soon be invited to call *Moses Mōsheh*, as his contemporaries did. *Judah* should be written *Yehūda*; *Jacob* will be *Ya'aqōb*. Our old friend *Job* will appear, clothed in his right mind, as *Iyob*. The prophet *Elijah* is *Eliyahu*; and the prophet *Isaiah* is now metamorphosed into *Yeshayahu*. Imagine how our descendants will have to re-write the lines:—

O thou my voice inspire,  
Who touch'd *Yeshayahu's* hallow'd lips with fire.

And the teacher will have to explain to our grandchildren that "*Isaiah*" is an old vulgarism for *Yeshayahu*. "Jerusalem the Golden" will appear in the children's hymns as *Yerūshala'im*; and when we speak of the walls of *Jericho* we must sneeze and say *J'recho*. We must say—the Proverbs of *Shēlōmōh*. But this is not the end of it. The very names in men's prayers and devotions must be reformed. Catholics must learn to say their Aves to "*Maridm*"; and the Protestant must meditate on the "*Blood of Jehoshua*."

The historical mind will so have it. It has laid down a rigid canon that proper names should be spelt in the form in which their contemporaries wrote them. And if *Alfred*, a name which for so many centuries has been a watchword to the English race, is to be "restored" into *Ælfred*, because he and his so spoke it and wrote it, by the same rule must we speak and write *Jehoshua* of Nazareth, using the same letters in which the Scribes and Pharisees of his day recorded the name in official Hebrew. The historical mind has said it; and English literature, custom, the vernacular speech, poetry, patriotism, and devotion, must all give way.

The historical mind has an almost unlimited field; and all the names it re-

cords will have to be "restored" in turn. When *Môsheh* led forth the people of *Yehûda* to the promised *Yerûshalaim*, he really led them out of *Chemi* or *Kebthor*, not out of "Egypt," which is a Greek corruption. And *Pi-Re* and all his host were drowned in the *Yâm-Sûph*; for of course *Red Sea* is a mere translation of a late Hellenic term. About the central Asian monarchies we fortunately have an imperishable and infallible record; for the great king himself inscribed on the eternal rock the names of his ancestors and his contemporaries. It is therefore inexcusable in us if we continue to write the names of Oriental sovereigns in the clumsy corruptions of ignorant Greeks.

All history contains no record more authentic than the sculptured rock of Behistun, whereon the names of the great kings stand graven in characters as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. "Darius," we used to write in our ignorant way, "became King of Persia, Susiana, Babylonia, Assyria, Arabia, and Egypt." Not so was it said by them of old time; not Darius, but *Dâryavush*; not king, but *Khshayahiya*. So, then, the geography lessons of our grandsons will run, "*Dâryavush* was the *Khshâyathiya* of *Pârsa*, of 'Uvaja, of *Bâbirush*, of *Atthurd*, of *Arabâya*, of *Mudrâya*." The entire orthography of the Median and Persian Dynasties is now complete and exact. It was not "Cyrus" who founded the Persian Empire, as we used to be told: it was *Kuraush*. The famous king who perished in the desert was *Kabujiya*, the son of *Kuraush*. And both, beside their own ancestral dominion of *Pârsa*, ruled over the mighty world-famous city of *Bâbirum*, and the country which lay between the rivers *Tigrdm* and *Ufrdtauwd*. Oriental history is at last as simple as an infant's A B C.

And we are now able to record the immortal tale of the war between *Hellas* and *Pârsa* with some regard for orthographic accuracy. It was *Khshaydrshd* who mustered the millions of Asia in the great struggle which ended in the glorious battles of the *Hot Gates* and of *Psyttaleia*. His great generals, *Ariyabhaja* and *Munduniya*, met the Hellenic hoplites only to court defeat; and

*Khshaydrshd*, the son of *Dâryavush*, at length withdrew from a land which seemed fatal to the entire race of *Hakhdmanish*, and sought rest in his luxurious palace of 'Uvaja. So will run the Hellenic histories of the future, in an orthography not quite so cacophonous and hieroglyphic as many a page in the *Making of England*.

Oriental literature is making vast strides, and the authentic books of the East are daily brought closer and clearer to our firesides. And under the influence of this learning our very children are coming to be familiar with the new dress of the old names. We have grown out of "Mahomet," "Moslem," "Koran," and "Hegira," and we are careful to write *Muhammad*, *Muslim*, *Qur'an*, and *Hejra*. For our old friend *Mahomet* and his *Koran* various professors contend. *Mohammed*, *Muhammad*, *Mahmoud*, and *Mchemet* have had their day; and now they are contending whether *Qur'an* or *Qorân* best represents the exact cacophony of the native Arabic. And so on through the whole series of famous Oriental names: the *Zend-Avesta*, or *Avesta*, the *Upanishads*, *K'ung-Foo-tsze*, *Tsze-Kung*, and *Tsze-Sze*. Scholars, of course, have to tell us all about the *Sukhdvatt-Vyâha* and the *Pragñâ-Pâramitâ-Hridaya-Sûtra*; but the question is, if the rising generation will ever be familiarised with these elaborate names.

It may be doubted if, after all, the exact equivalent of these foreign sounds can ever be presented to the English reader by any system of phonetic spelling; all the more when this spelling has to call to its aid an elaborate system of circumflex, diphthong, comma, italic, breathing. Sh'va and Dâghesh, most alien to the genius of our language. Can a man, unlearned in the respective tongues, pronounce *K'ung-Foo-tsze*, *Kurfürst of Köln*, *Qur'an*, with any real correctness? And, if he cannot, is it worth while to upset the practice of Europe for centuries, and so vast a concurrence of literature, for the sake of a phonetic orthography which is almost picture-writing in its lavish use of symbols: and all in pursuit of an accuracy which can never be consistently adopted? It may look very learned, but is it common sense?

It so happens that almost all of the founders of religions in the East are known to us by certain familiar names, which are obviously not the actual names they bore in their lifetime; but which for centuries have passed current in the literary speech of Europe. *Confucius*, *Mencius*, *Bouddha*, *Zoroaster*, *Mahomet*, *Moses*, and *Jesus* are popular adaptations of names which the European languages could not easily assimilate. As such those names are embedded in a thousand works of poetry, history, and criticism, and have gathered round them an imposing mass of interest and tradition. Is it not almost an outrage to discard these old associations and to rebaptize these hoary elders with the newfangled literalism of phonetic pedantry? *Kung-Foo-tsze*, *Mäng-tsze*, *Säkya-mouni*, or *Siddhārtha*, *Zarathustra* or *Zerdusht*, *Muhammad*, *Mösheh*, and *Jehoshua*, may be attempts to imitate the sounds emitted by their contemporaries in Asia, but they are an offence in Europe in the nineteenth century, which has long known these mighty teachers under names that association has hallowed to our ears. If scholarship requires us to sacrifice these old familiar names, the necessity applies to all alike. If we are henceforth to talk of the *Qur'an* of *Muhammad*, we had better give out the first lesson in church from the *Torath* of the law-giver *Mösheh*.

And, of course, our Roman history will have to be "restored." "*Romans*," "*Etruscans*," "*Tarquin*," "*Appius Claudius*," and the rest are now the *Ramnes*, the *Ras-ennæ*, *Tarchnaf*, and *Attus Clauzus*. What is to be the final issue of that bottomless pit of Roman embryology Dr. Mommsen only knows. Whether, when he has at last leapt into it, like Curtius in the Forum, that awful chasm will close, men know not yet. All that we now behold is a weltering gulf of *Ramnes*, *Tities*, *Sabelli*, *Ras*, *Curites*, where archaic and ethnologic fumes roll upwards incessantly, as from an unfathomable crater. Some day we shall know what was the true, unpronounced, and undivulged name of *Rome*; and what is the true phonetic equivalent of "*Romulus*" and "*Numa*," of "*Tarquin*" and "*Brutus*." We are even now in a position to speak with accuracy of the later history. When they

come to the Punic wars, our boys and girls in the Board-schools of the twentieth century will learn to say:—"The great contest now begins between the *Ramnes* and the *Chna-ites* of the mighty city of *Kereth-Hadeshoth*; "*An-neebaal*," the son of "*Am-Melech-Kirjath*," proved himself the greatest general of antiquity; but, when he was overwhelmed in the final defeat of *Naragara*, the city of Queen *Jedidiah* fell before the irresistible valor of the worshippers of *Diowispater*." And when the young scholars get down to the *Kym-ry* and the *Gältachd*, the *Vergo-breiths*, *Verkenn-kedo-righ*, *Or-kedo-righ*, *Cara-dawg*, and *Heer-fürst*, may mercy keep their poor little souls! There are *Gältachd-ic*, and *Kym-ric*, and *Duitisch* enthusiasts, as well as those of *Wessex* and *Gwent*. I understand there are people even now who want us to call Paris—*Loukh-teith*.

A very large proportion of famous men have been known in history and commemorated in literature under names other than those given to them by their godfathers and their godmothers in their baptism, or those that were entered in the parish register. Under those names we love them, think of them, and feel akin to them. Their names are household words: a part of European literature, and fill us with kindly and filial feelings. These good old names are being steadily supplanted by the alphabetic martinets who recall us to the register with all the formalism of a parish clerk or a herald from the College. Not *Molière*, but *Poquelin*; not *Voltaire*, but *Arouet*; not *George Sand*, but the *Baroness Dudevant*; not *Madame de Sévigné*, but *Marie de Rabutin-Chantal*. It will soon be a sign of ignorance to speak of *Tom Jones* and *Becky Sharp*. It will be *Thomas Summer, Esq., Junior*, *J.P.*, and *Mrs. Joseph Sedley*. We shall soon have the "*Essays of Viscount St. Albans*" and the "*Letters of the Earl of Orford*."

Every reader is familiar with the consummate perfection of the Library of the British Museum, the glory of British, the envy of foreign scholars. And it gives one an awful sense of the growth of this form of purism to watch it invading our noble library. Go to the Catalogue and turn to *Voltaire*, and you will read "*Voltaire, see Arouet*;" and you



will have to trudge to the other end of the enormous alphabet. Why *Arouet*? What has his legal name to do with such a writer who put his name, *Voltaire*, on the title-page of thousands of editions, and never on one, *Arouet*? And *Molière*?—is not *Molière*, as a name, a part of modern literature? Mr. Andrew Lang tells a most delightful story of a printer, who found in his "copy" some reference to "thé *Scapin* of *Poquelin*." This hopelessly puzzled him, till a bright idea struck his inventive mind, and he printed it—"the *Scapin* of *M. Coquelin*."

Turn, in the Reference Catalogue of the Museum, to *Madame de Sévigné*, and we read:—"Sévigné, *Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marchioness de*—see *Rabutin-Chantal*." Why should we "see" *Rabutin-Chantal*? That was her maiden-name; and since she married at eighteen, and her works are letters to her daughter, it seems a little odd to dub an elderly mamma of rank by her maiden-name. And what in the name of precision is "*Marchioness de*"? It is like saying "*Mister Von Goethe*." Once attempt a minute heraldic accuracy, and endless confusion results. Why need "*Mrs. Nicholls*" appear in the catalogue of the works of *Currer Bell*? And why need *George Eliot* be entered as *Marian Evans*—a name which the great novelist did not bear either in literature or private life?

If we apply the baptismal theory strictly to history, universal confusion will result. Law students will have to study the Digest of *Uprauda*. His great general will be *Beli-Tzar*. And, by the same rule, the heroic *Saladin* becomes *Salah-ed deen*, or rather, *Malek-Nasser-Yousouf*; *Dante* becomes *Durante Ali-ghieri*; *Joan of Arc*, *Jeanne Darc*; *Copernicus* is *Kopernik*; and *Columbus* becomes *Cristóball Colon*. If baptismal registers are decisive, we must turn "*Erasmus*" into *Gerhardt Praet*; "*Melanchthon*" into *Schwarzerd*; and "*Scaliger*" into *Bordoni*. There is no more reason to change "*Alfred*" into *Ælfred* and "*Frederick*" into *Friedrich* than there would be to transform the great sailor into *Cristóbal Colon*, and to talk about the *Code of Uprauda*.

And the dear old painters, almost every one of whom has a familiar cognomen which has made the tour of the

civilised world. What a nuisance it is to read in galleries and catalogues *Vecellio*, *Vannucci*, and *Cagliari*, in lieu of our old friends *Titian*, *Perugino*, and *Veronese*! *Raphael* and *Michael Angelo*, *Masaccio* and *Tintoretto*, are no more: "restorers" in oil are renewing for us the original brilliancy of their hues; whilst "restorers" in ink are erasing the friendly old nick-names with "*vera copias*" of the baptismal certificates in their hands. Every chit of an æsthete will talk to you about the *Cenacolo*, or the *Sposalisio*, of *Sanzio*; and the *Paradiso* in the *Palazzo Ducale*; though these words are nearly the limit of his entire Italian vocabulary.

This new polyglott language of historians and artists is becoming, in fact, the speech which is known to the curious as *macaronic*. It recalls the famous lines of our youth:—"Trumpeter unus erat, coatum qui scarlet habebat." I remember an Anglo-maniac and sporting Italian nobleman, who was once heard to say, "In *Firenze* I bought an *Inglis mare*; he was full; and when I voyaged to *Napoli*, there came a leetle horsey boy." Into this macaronic piebald, history and art are now being translated. "Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee, thou art translated!"

There are two fatal impediments to this attempt at reproducing archaic sounds. It is at best but a clumsy symbolism of unpronounceable vocables, and it never is, and never can be, consistently applied. *Æthelthryth*, *Hrofesceaster*, and *Gruffydd* are grotesque agglomerations of letters to represent sounds which are not familiar to English ears or utterable by English lips. The "Old-English" school *pur sang* do not hesitate to fill whole sentences of what is meant to be modern and popular English with these choking words. Professor Freeman actually uses obsolete letters in an English sentence. Now, I venture to say that English literature requires a work which is intended to take a place in it, to be written in the English language. In mere glossaries, commentaries, and philological treatises, the obsolete letters and obsolete spelling have their place. But in literature, the *ð* and *þ* are as completely dead as a Greek Digamma.

The most glaring defect of this "Neo-Saxonism" is its inconsistency. Human

nature would revolt if all the schools were to adopt the same rule ; but each separate school contradicts itself in the same page. It is curious that the " Old-English " school wantonly modernise the spelling of names which happen not to be " Old-English." They first mangle the traditions of English literature by twisting household words into an archaic form ; and then, in the case of names of the Latin race, they mangle the traditions of English and of foreign literature at once, by twisting other household words into a modern Anglicised form. Mr. Freeman writes in his great history, "*Ælfred* compared with *Lewis IX.*" Now, here is a double violation of the traditions of English literature ; not on the same, but on two contradictory principles. "*Saint Louis*" is as familiar to us as "*Alfred.*" In French and in English, the name has long been written *Louis*, which is certainly the actual French form. But, as *Saint Louis* was only a Frenchman, and not a West-Saxon, his true name is to be Anglicised into what (in spite of Macaulay) is little better than a vulgarism. And *Alfred*, who is West-Saxon *pur sang*, is promoted or " translated " into *Ælfred*. If *Lewis* can be shown to be literary English (and there is something to be said for that suggestion), one would not object. But by that rule, *Alfred* must stand ; for assuredly that is literary English. One cannot have it both ways, except on the childish assumption that you intend to spell none but your own pets with archaic precision.

William the Conqueror, the great subject of Mr. Freeman's great book, was king of England for some twenty-one years, and one of the mightiest kings who ever ruled here. In Latin, his contemporaries called him *Willhelmus*, *Willielmus*, or *Wilgelmus* ; in French *Guillaume*, or *Willame* ; in English, *Willelm*. We have his charter in English to this day ; which runs, "*Willelm Kyng gret Willelm Biscoep.*" Now, if we are obliged to write *Ælfred*, and *Eadward*, why not write the Conqueror in one of the forms that his contemporaries used ? But no ; the great founder of the new English monarchy never got over the original sin of being a Frenchman ; and so he is modernised

like any mere "*Lewis*," or "*Henry*," or "*Philip.*"

In the case of English kings, their wives and relations, of non-English blood, Mr. Freeman can leave them to the vulgar tongue. It is *William*, *Henry*, *Margaret*, *Matilda*, *Mary*, *Stephen*, and so on. No doubt it would look very odd in an English history to read about our sovereign "*Stephne* (or *Estienne*)" fighting with the *Kaiserinn Mathildis*. But then, what is the good of all this precision if it is so grossly inconsistent ? They who insist on talking of *Elsass* and *Lothringen* write, like the rest of us, *Venice* and *Florence*. And Mr. Freeman, who is quite content with *William* and *Stephen*, mere modern Anglicisms, is very particular how he writes *Sôkratés*. He happens to be fond of West-Saxon annals and Greek philosophers. And so, both get good marks in the aboriginal cacophony.

It is surely unworthy of serious history to mark your contempt for certain persons by giving them nick-names, and your regard for others by giving them archaic names. Whilst our old kings *Alfred* and *Edward* are disguised as *Ælfred* and *Eadward*, Mr. Freeman always writes of Napoleon as *Buonaparte*. Now it is perfectly certain that, from the time that he ruled in France to this day, the name of the family has been written *Bonaparte*. In lampoons, no doubt, it was spelt *Buonaparte*, to suggest his Italian origin. But the family name was, and is, in legal and public documents, as well as in current literature, *Bonaparte*. Mr. Freeman, in serious history, chooses to revive the lampoon form of the Emperor's name, simply to express hatred and contempt. Most of us do detest Napoleon as a character. But, just as no gentleman stoops to misspell his opponent's name, so no grave writer should miscall an historical personage by nick-names picked up in a lampoon. If *Buonaparte*, why not *Boney* ? All this is a piece of rather rough humor, as if Mr. Froude should insist in writing about Professor *Freimann*. Some day we shall have a Tory historian writing about the Protector *Noll* ; or a Radical historian writing about the *Dizzy* administration. And why *Buonaparte* ? Napoleon was for

ten years emperor, by every possible legal and conventional title; so recognised in treaties, laws, records, and history. It is the universal practice of serious literature to recognise and respect every *de facto* title. Why, then, call one of the greatest *de facto* sovereigns who ever reigned in Europe by his family nick-name, and not by his formal title? All this smacks of the gutter literature wherein Terrorists called Marie Antoinette *Veuve Capet*, and O'Donovan Rossa calls Queen Victoria *Mrs. Guelph*. Is it enough to answer that Napoleon was a usurper and a bad man? Are the histories of the future to run:—that Magna Charta was signed by *Lack-land*, and Bosworth field was lost by *Dickon Plantagenet*?

But there is a far more serious change of name that the "Old-English" school have introduced; which, if it were indefinitely extended, would wantonly confuse historical literature. I mean the attempt to alter names which are the accepted landmarks of history. It is now thought scholarly to write of the "Battle of *Senlac*," instead of the "Battle of *Hastings*." As every one knows, the fight took place on the site of Battle Abbey, seven miles from Hastings; as so many great battles, those of *Tours*, *Blenheim*, *Cannæ*, *Châlons*, and the like, have been named from places not the actual spot of the combat. But since, for 800 years, the historians of Europe have spoken of the "Battle of Hastings," it does seem a little pedantic to re-name it. "*Hastings*" is the only name for the fight in *Willelm's Domesday Survey*; it is the only name given by the Bayeux Tapestry. "*Exierunt de Hestenga et venerunt ad prelium*" is there written—not a word about *Senlac*. The nameless author of the Continuation of Wace's *Brut* says:—

A Hastings, sunt encontré  
Li rois e li dux par grant fierté.

And Guy, Bishop of Amiens from 1058–1076 A.D., wrote a poem, "*De Hastingæ prælio*." One would think all this was sufficient authority for us to continue a name recorded in history for eight centuries. I am loth to argue with the master of forty legions of MSS.; but, so far as I know, there is no positive evidence that *Senlac* was a place at all; the sole authority for "Battle of *Senlac*" is

Orderic, a monk who lived and wrote in Normandy in the next century. Yet, on the strength of this secondary authority, the "Old-English" school choose to erase from English literature one of our most familiar names.

Battles are seldom named with geographical precision. The victors hastily give the first name; and so it passes into current speech. To be accurate, the Battle of *Salamis* should be the Battle of *Psyttaleia*, and the Battle of *Cannæ* should be named from the *Aufidus*; and the "Battle of *Zama*" was really fought at *Naragara*. Imagine an historian of the future choosing to re-name the Battle of Waterloo, from *Hougoumont*; because, in the twentieth century, some French writer should so describe it. The Battle of *Trafalgar* would have to be described as the sea-fight of "Longitude 6° 7' 5" West, and Latitude 36° 10' 15" North." In old days we used to say that "Charles Martel defeated the Saracens in the battle of Tours." So wrote Gibbon, Hallam, Milman. Now, we shall have to write—"Karl the Hammer defeated the Ya'arabs of Yemen on the plateau of *Sancta Maura*." Surely all this is the mint and anise of the annals, neglecting the weightier matters of the law.

Has not the "Old-English" school made rather too much fuss about their wonderful discovery that *Karl the Great* was not a Gaul; and that "the Anglo-Saxons" was not the ordinary name of any English tribe? No one is ever likely to make these blunders again, if indeed any one ever made them at all; but to taboo these convenient old names from English literature is surely a needless purism. "Charlemagne" has been spoken of in England ever since, as Wace tells us, Taillefer at Hastings died singing, "*De Karlemaine è de Rollant*;" and in an enormous body of literature for a thousand years Charles has been so named. The reason is obvious enough; the great Emperor has become known to us mainly through Latin, French, and Old-French sources, *Chansons de Gestes*, and metrical tales in a Romance dialect. That in itself is an interesting and important fact in literary history. The pure Frank sources, in a Teutonic dialect, are very much fewer and less known. The name "Charle-

magne" is as much a part of the English language as is the title "*Emperor*," and it is as likely to be displaced by any contemporary phonogram as the names of Moses and Jesus. Let Germans talk about *Kaiser Karl*: Englishmen of sense will continue to talk of the "Emperor Charlemagne:" a name which is good enough for Gibbon and Milman, for Hallam and Martin.

And so, "Anglo-Saxon" is a very convenient term to describe the vernacular speech used in England before its settlement by the Normans. "Old-English" is a vague and elastic term. In one sense, the orthography of Dryden or of Milton is Old-English; so is Spenser's, or Chaucer's, or the *Ancren Riwele*. We want a convenient term for the speech of Englishmen, before it was affected by the Conquest. Edward the Elder, the first true King of all England, chose to call himself "*Rex Anglo-Saxonum*;" and an immense succession of historians and scholars have used the term. Is not that enough? The most learned authorities for this period have used it: men like Kemble, Bosworth, Thorpe, and Skeat. So too, Bishop Stubbs, in his magnificent work, systematically employs a term which is part of the English language, quite apart from its being current amongst this or that tribe of *Engles* or *West Saxons*. Perhaps, then, we need not be in such hurry to outlaw a term that was formally adopted for our nation by the first King of all England, and has since been in use in the language. Nor need we fear that to utter it were as bad as to drop one's *h*.

There is something essentially alien to the true historic spirit in any race jealousy and ethnological combativeness. History is the unbroken evolution of human civilisation; and the true historians are they who can show us the unity and sequence of the vast and complex drama. It is all very well for monkish annalists and philological pedants to record the superiority of some particular tribe; but these petty prejudices are now best reserved for schoolboys at a cricket match. Theories of race are of all speculations the most cloudy and the most misleading. And to few nations are they less applicable than to England. Our ethnology, our language, our history are the most mixed

and complex of which records exist. Our nationality is as vigorous and as definite as any in the world; but it is a geographical and a political nationality, and not a tribal or linguistic nationality. To unwind again the intricate strands which have been wrought into our English unity, and to range them by marks in classes, as in a competitive examination, is a futile task. If we exaggerate the power of one particular element of the English race, one source of the English people, one side of English institutions, one contributory to the English language, we shall find it a poor equipment for historical judgment.

Race prejudices are at all times anti-historic and inhuman. Professor Clifford used to talk about morality as an evolution of the "tribal" conscience. Assuredly confusion is the only possible evolution for a "tribal" history. To have "pet" races, and "favorite" dynasties, and "own" languages, is a hindrance to the true historian. And when it comes to making mouths at the rules of other races, and larding the speech of our day with the break-jaw terms of other languages or obsolete forms of English, why literature, as well as history, will cry out. The Carlylese school, and the Orientalists, and the *Deutsch* and *Jutish* enthusiasts bid fair to turn our language and its literature into an ungainly polyglott. Their pages bristle with *Bretwaldas* and *Heretogas*, *Burhs* and *Munds*, *Folk-friths* and *Tungerefas*; or with *Reichs*, *Kurfürsts*, *Pfalzes*, and *Kaisers*. All this is very well in glossaries, but not in literature. How absurd is it to write—"The *Kurfürst* of *Köln*," or "The *Ealdorman* of the *Hwiccas*!" It is as if one wrote—"The *Duc* of *Broglie* was once *Ministre* of the *Affaires Étrangères*;" or that "Wellington defeated the *Empereur Napoléon* and all his *Maréchaux*:" just as they do in a lady's-maid high-polite novel. Why are *Deutsch* and *Jutish* titles to be heaved at us any more than French or Spanish? In glossaries they are useful; but histories of England should be written in English. And it is pleasant to turn to a great book of history, like that of Bishop Stubbs; where, in spite of the temptations and often of the necessities of a specialist dealing with a technical subject, the text is not

needlessly deformed with obsolete, grotesque, and foreign words.

To take "sides," like schoolboys, about races and tongues, is after all a very arbitrary and, in one sense, a narrow thing. A wide range of ethnology and philology shows us that these origins and primitive tongues were themselves the issue of others before them, and are only a phase in the long evolution of history and language. These Engles, and Saxons, and Jutes, these Norse and Welsh, had far distant seats, and far earlier modes of speech. They were no more "Autochthones" in the forest of Upper Germany than they were in *Wessex* and *Caint*. Their speech has been traced back to Aryan roots current in Asia. And there, by the latest glimmerings of ethnographic science, we lose all these Cymric, and British, and Teutonic tribes in some (not definable) affinity, in some (not ascertainable) district of Central Asia, with some (not recoverable) common tongue of their own. So that all this shouting of war cries about the White Horse, and Engles, and Jutes, turns out to mean simply that a very industrious school of antiquarians choose to direct their attention to one particular phase of a movement which is in perpetual flux; and which, in time, in place, and in speech, can be traced back to very distant embryos in the infinite night of conjecture.

It is rank treason to our country and to scientific history to write (Professor Freeman is not the author of this extravagance) that "with the landing of Hengest English history begins." The history of England is something more than the tribal records of the Engles. The history of England began with the first authentic story of organised communities of men living in this island; and that most certainly existed since Cæsar narrated his own campaigns in Britain. The history of England, or the history of France, is the consecutive record of the political communities of men dwelling in the lands now called England and France. Tribal annals are useful as materials. But they are not history; and Orderics are quite obsolete in the reign of Victoria. The really great problem for history is the assimilation of race and the co-operation of alien forces. And so, too, the note of true

literature lies in a loyal submission to the traditions of our composite tongue, and respect for an instrument which is hallowed by the custom of so many masterpieces. Loyal respect for that glorious speech would teach us to be slow how we desecrate its familiar names with brand-new archaisms; so as to ruffle its easy flow with alien cacophonies and solecisms, and daub its familiar typography with hieroglyphic phonograms.

In passing from the literary iconoclasm of the "Old-English" school I would venture to add that no man is a more humble admirer than I am of the vast learning and the marvellous powers of research belonging to the author of the *Norman Conquest*. Nor can any man more deeply deplore the disaster which our literature has sustained in the premature loss of the author of *A History of the English People*: one who has shown yet higher historical imagination and more cultivated literary power, and whom it is impossible to mention without a pang of regret. *Si qua fata aspera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris.*

I pass to a few words about various names which under the influence of a most mistaken literalism are being wantonly transformed. Persons who are anxious to appear well informed seem almost ashamed to spell familiar names as their grandfathers did. What is the meaning of "*Virgil*"? As every one knows, two of the best MSS. in the last lines of the fourth Georgic spell *Virgilium*; and accordingly some scholars think fit so to alter the poet's name. Be it so. But "*Virgil*" is not Latin, any more than "*Homer*" is Greek. *Virgil* is a familiar word, rooted deep in English literature and thought. To uproot it and the like of it, would be to turn the English language into a quagmire. We shall be asked next to write '*Omer*'. If all our familiar names are to be recast, as new manuscripts or autographs turn up, none of these venerable names will remain to us. We shall have to talk of the epic poets, *Omeros* and *Durante*. Again, if autographs are conclusive, we shall have to write of *Marie*, *Quean of Scots*, and *Lady Jane Duddley*; of the statesmen, *Cecyll* and *Walsyngham*; of "*Lord Nelson and Bronte*," of the great *Marleborough*, of the poet *Noel-Byron*, of *Sir Kenelme Digby*, *Sir Philip Sidney*,

and *Arbella Seymaure*; of Bloody "*Marye*," and *Robert Duddley, Earl of Leicester*. The next step will be to write about these personages in the contemporary style; and archaic orthography will pass from proper names to the entire text.

The objection to insisting on strict contemporary orthography is this: the family name is continually changing, and to write it in a dozen ways is to break the tradition of the family. If we call Burleigh "*Cecyll*," as he wrote it himself, we lose the tradition of the family of the Prime Minister. If we call the author of the *Arcadia Sidnei*, as he wrote it himself, we detach him from the Sidneys. The Percys, Howards, Harcourts, Douglas, Wyatts, Lindsays, and Montgomerys of our feudal history will appear as the *Perses, Hawards, Harecourts, Dowglas, Wiats, Lyndesays, and Monggomberrys*. Somebody will be editing *Chivy Chase* for us in the pure palæography; and will tell us how the "*Doughete dogglas*" spoke to the "*lord perse*;" and how there died in the fray, *Wetharryngton, ser hewe the monggomberry, ser dauy lwdale, and ser charls a murre*.

And then how the purists do drag us up and down with their orthographic edicts! Just as the Old-English school is restoring the diphthong on every side, the classical reformers are purging it out like an unclean thing. We need not care much whether we write of *Caesar* or "*Cæsar*." But just as we have learned to write *Caesar* and *Vergil's Aeneid*, in place of our old friends, we are taught to write *Bæda* and *Ælfred*, for "*Bede*" and "*Alfred*." The "Old English" school revel in diphthongs, even in the Latin names; your classical purist would expire if he were called upon to write "*Cæsar*" or "*Pompey*." Ah! the delightful gossip style of the last century about "*Tully*," and "*Maro*," and "*Livy*"! They knew quite as much about them at heart as we do to-day with all our Medicean manuscripts and our "*sic Cod. Vat.*"

The way in which it all works into ordinary books is this. The compilers of dictionaries, catalogues, compendiums, vade-mecums, and the like, the writers of newspaper paragraphs and literary announcements, are not only a

most industrious, but a most accurate and most alert, race of men. They are ever on the watch for the latest discovery and the last special work on every conceivable topic. It is not to be expected that they can go very deeply into each matter themselves; but the latest spelling, the last new commentary, or the newest literary "*fad*," is eminently the field of their peculiar work. To them, the man who has abolished the "*Battle of Hastings*" as a popular error must know more about history than any man living; and so, the man who writes *Shakspere* has apparently the latest lights on the Elizabethan drama. Thus it comes that our ordinary style is rapidly infiltrated with *Karls* and *Ælfreds*, and *Senlacs, Qu'râns, and Shaksperes*; till it becomes at last almost a kind of pedantry to object.

How foolish is the attempt to re-name Shakespeare himself by the aid of manuscripts! As every one knows, the name of Shakespeare may be found in contemporary documents in almost every possible form of the letters. Some of these are—*Shakespeare, Schakespere, Schakespeire, Shakespeyre, Chacsper, Shaksper, Shakespere, Shakespeere, Shackspear, Shakesper, Shackspeare, Saxspere, Shackspeere, Shaxper, Shaxpere, Shaxper, Shaxpeer, Shaxspere, Shakspeare, Shakuspeare, Shakesper, Shaksper, Shackspere, Shakspeyr, Shakspear, Shakspeyr, Shackspeare, Shaxspere, Shaksphere, Sackesper, Shackspeare, Shakspeere, Shaxpeare, Shaxper, Shaxpere, Shakspeyr, Shagspur, and Shaxberd*. Here are forty of the contemporary modes of spelling his name. Now are the facsimilists prepared to call the great poet of the world by whichever of these, as in a parish election, commands the majority of the written documents? So that, if we have at last to call our immortal bard, *Chacsper*, or *Shaxper*, or *Shagspur*, we must accept it; and in the meantime leave his name as variable as ever his contemporaries did?

Shakespeare no doubt, like most persons in that age, wrote his name in various ways; but the vast preponderance of evidence establishes that in the *printed literature* of his time his name was written—*Shakespeare*. In his first poems, *Lucrece* and *Venus and Adonis*, he placed

*Shakespeare* on the title-page. So it stands on the folios of 1623 and 1632. So also it was spelled by his friends in their published works; by Ben Jonson, by Bancroft, Barnefield, Willobie, Freeman, Davies, Meres, and Weever. It is certain that his name was pronounced *Shake-spear* (i.e. as "*Shake*" and "*Spear*" were then pronounced) by his literary friends in London. This is shown by the punning lines of Ben Jonson, by those of Bancroft and others; by Greene's allusion to him as the only *Shakescene*; and, lastly, by the canting heraldry of the arms granted to his father in 1599:—"In a field of Gould upon a bend sables a *speare* of the first: with crest a falcon supporting a *speare*."

It is very probable that this grant of arms, about which Dethick, the Garter-King, was blamed and had to defend himself, practically settled the pronunciation as well as the spelling. It is probable that hitherto the family name had not been so spelt or so pronounced in Warwickshire. It is possible that *Shake speare* was almost a nick-name, or a familiar stage-name; but, like Erasmus, Melanchthon, or Voltaire, he who bore it carried it so into literature. For some centuries downwards, the immense concurrence of writers, English and foreign, has so accepted the name. A great majority of the commentators have adopted the same form: Dyce, Collier, Halliwell-Phillipps, Staunton, W. G. Clark. No one of the principal editors of the poet writes his name "*Shakspeare*." But so Mr. Furnivall decrees it shall be.

One would have thought so great a preponderance of literary practice need not be disturbed by one or two signatures in manuscript, even if they were perfectly distinct and quite uniform. Yet, such is the march of palæographic purism, that our great poet is in imminent danger of being translated into *Shakspeare* and ultimately *Shaxper*. The Museum Catalogue devotes six volumes to the poet and his editors. All these thousands of works are entered under "*Shakspeare*;" though in about 95 per cent. of them the name is not so written. The editions of Dyce, Collier, Staunton, Halliwell-Phillipps, and Clark, which have *Shakespeare* on their title-pages, are lettered in the binding *Shakspeare*. Nay, the facsimile of the folio of 1623, where

we not only read *Shakespeare* on the title-page, but laudatory verses addressed to "*Shake-speare*" (sic), is actually lettered in the binding (facsimile as it purports to be), *Shakspeare*. We shall certainly end with "*Shaxper*."

The claim of the palæographers to re-name great men rests on a confusion of ideas. "*Shakespeare*" is a word in the English language, just as "*Tragedy*" is; and it is as vain to ask us, in the name of *etymography*, to turn that name into *Shakspeare*, as it would be to ask us, in the name of *etymology*, to turn "*Tragedy*" into *Goat-song*. The point is not, how did the poet spell his name—that is an antiquarian, not a literary matter, any more than how Homer or Moses spelled their names. Homer and Moses, as we know, could not possibly spell their names: since alphabets were not in use. And, as in a thousand cases, the exact orthography is not possible, the matter which concerns the public is the form of a name which has obtained currency in literature. When once any name has obtained that currency in a fixed and settled literature, it is more than pedantry to disturb it: it is an outrage on our language. And it is a serious hindrance to popular education to be ever unsettling familiar names.

If we are to re-edit Shakespeare's name by strict revival of contemporary forms, we ought to alter the names of his plays as well. Mr. Freeman has discovered that Macbeth was *Malbathe*. The twentieth century will go to see *Shaxper's Malbathe* performed on the stage. And so they will have to go through the cycle of the immortal plays. Hamlet was variously written *Hamblet*, *Amleth*, *Hamnet*, *Hamle*, and *Hamlett*; and every "revival" of *Hamlet* will be given in a new name. *Leir's* daughters were properly *Gonorill*, *Ragan* and *Cordila*. If "*Shakspeare's*" own orthography is decisive, we must talk about the *Midsummer Night's Dreame*, and *Twelffe-Night*, *Henry Fift*, and *Cleopater*, for so he wrote the titles himself. Under the exasperating revivalism of the palæographic school all things are possible; and, in the next century, it will be the fashion to say that "the master-creations of Shaxper are undoubtedly *Cor-dila*, *Hamblet*, and *Mælbæthe*." Goats and monkeys! can we bear this?

All this combative revivalism rests upon the curious delusion of antiquarians, that bits of ancient things can be crammed into the living organism of modern civilisation. Any rational historical culture must be wisely subordinate to organic evolution; gross lumps of the past are not to be inserted into our ribs or thrust down our throats like a horse drench. A brick or two from our fathers' houses will not really testify how they built their homes; and exhuming the skeletons of their buried words may prove but a source of offence to the living. An actor who had undertaken the character of Othello once blacked himself all over the body, in order to enter more fully into the spirit of the part; but it is not recorded that he surpassed either Kean or Salvini. So, we are told that, in the Early-English Groves of Hampstead, there exists a company of enthusiastic Ann-ists, who meet in the dress of Addison and Pope, in boudoirs which Stella and Vanessa would recognise, and read copies of the

old *Spectator*, reprinted in contemporary type.

In days when we are warned that the true feeling for high art is only to be acquired by the wearing of ruffles and velvet breeches, we shall soon be expected, when we go to a lecture on the early Britons, to stain our bodies all over with woad, in order to realise the sensations of our ancient "forbears;" and no one will pass in English history till he can sputter out all the guttural names in the Saxon Chronicle. Palæography should keep to its place, in commentaries, glossaries, monographs, and the like. In English literature, the literary name of the greatest ruler of the West is *Charlemagne*; the literary name of the most perfect of kings is *Alfred*; and the literary name of the greatest of poets is *Shakespeare*. The entire world, and not England alone, has settled all this for centuries. Manuscripts and Palæography have nothing to do with it.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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### LONG ODDS.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE story which is narrated in the following pages came to me from the lips of my old friend Allan Quatermain, or Hunter Quatermain, as we used to call him in South Africa. He told it to me one evening when I was stopping with him at the place he bought in Yorkshire. Shortly after that, the death of his only son so unsettled him, that he immediately left England, accompanied by two companions, who were old fellow-voyagers of his, Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good, and has now utterly vanished into the dark heart of Africa. He is persuaded that a white people, of which he has heard rumors all his life, exists somewhere on the highlands in the vast, still unexplored interior, and his great ambition is to find them before he dies. This is the wild quest upon which he and his companions have departed, and from which I shrewdly suspect they never will return. One letter only have I received from the old gentleman, dated from a mission-station high up the Tana,

a river on the east coast, about three hundred miles north of Zanzibar; in it he says they have gone through many hardships and adventures, but are alive and well, and have found traces which go far towards making him hope that the results of their wild quest may be a "magnificent and unexampled discovery." I greatly fear, however, that all he has discovered is death; for this letter came a long while ago, and nobody has heard a single word of the party since. They have totally vanished.

It was on the last evening of my stay at his house that he told the ensuing story to me and Captain Good, who was dining with him. He had eaten his dinner and drunk two or three glasses of old port, just to help Good and myself to the end of the second bottle. It was an unusual thing for him to do, for he was a most abstemious man, having conceived, as he used to say, a great horror of drink from observing its effects upon the class of men—hunters, transport



riders, and others—amongst whom he had passed so many years of his life. Consequently the good wine took more effect on him than it would have done on most men, sending a little flush into his wrinkled cheeks, and making him talk more freely than usual.

Dear old man ! I can see him now, as he went limping up and down the vestibule, with his gray hair sticking up in scrubbing-brush fashion, his shrivelled yellow face, and his large dark eyes, that were as keen as any hawk's, and yet soft as a buck's. The whole room was hung with trophies of his numerous hunting expeditions, and he had some story about every one of them, if only you could get him to tell them. Generally he would not, for he was not very fond of narrating his own adventures, but to-night the port wine made him more communicative.

"Ah, you brute !" he said, stopping beneath an unusually large skull of a lion, which was fixed just over the mantelpiece, beneath a long row of guns, its jaws distended to their utmost width. "Ah, you brute ! you have given me a lot of trouble for the last dozen years, and will I suppose, to my dying day."

"Tell us the yarn, Quatermain," said Good. "You have often promised to tell me, and you never have."

"You had better not ask me to," he answered, "for it is a longish one."

"All right," I said, "the evening is young, and there is some more port."

Thus adjured, he filled his pipe from a jar of coarse-cut Boer tobacco that was always standing on the mantelpiece, and still walking up and down the room, began—

"It was, I think, in the March of '69 that I was up in Sikukuni's country. It was just after old Sequati's time, and Sikukuni had got into power—I forget how. Anyway, I was there. I had heard that the Bapedi people had got down an enormous quantity of ivory from the interior, and so I started with a wagon-load of goods, and came straight away from Middelburg to try and trade some of it. It was a risky thing to go into the country so early, on account of the fever ; but I knew that there was one or two others after that lot of ivory, so I determined to have a try for it, and take my chance of fever.

I had got so tough from continual knocking about that I did not set it down at much. Well, I got on all right for a while. It is a wonderfully beautiful piece of bush veldt, with great ranges of mountains running through it, and round granite koppies starting up here and there, looking out like sentinels over the rolling waste of bush. But it is very hot—hot as a stew-pan—and when I was there that March, which, of course, is autumn in that part of Africa, the whole place reeked of fever. Every morning, as I trekked along down by the Oliphant River, I used to creep out of the wagon at dawn and look out. But there was no river to be seen—only a long line of billows of what looked like the finest cotton wool tossed up lightly with a pitchfork. It was the fever mist. Out from among the scrub too came little spirals of vapor, as though there were hundreds of tiny fires alight in it—reek rising from thousands of tons of rotting vegetation. It was a beautiful place, but the beauty was the beauty of death ; and all those lines and blots of vapor wrote one great word across the surface of the country, and that word was 'fever.'

"It was a dreadful year of illness that. I came, I remember, to one little kraal of Knobnoses, and went up to it to see if I could get some *maas* (curdled buttermilk) and a few mealies. As I got near I was struck with the silence of the place. No children began to chatter, and no dogs barked. Nor could I see any native sheep or cattle. The place, though it had evidently been recently inhabited, was as still as the bush round it, and some guinea-fowl got up out of the prickly pear bushes right at the kraal gate. I remember that I hesitated a little before going in, there was such an air of desolation about the spot. Nature never looks desolate when man has not yet laid his hand upon her breast ; she is only lonely. But when man has been, and has passed away, then she looks desolate.

"Well, I passed into the kraal, and went up to the principal hut. In front of the hut was something with an old sheep-skin *kaross* (rug) thrown over it. I stooped down and drew off the rug, and then shrank back amazed, for under it was the body of a young woman re-

cently dead. For a moment I thought of turning back, but my curiosity overcame me; so, going past the woman, I went down on my hands and knees and crept into the hut. It was so dark that I could not see anything, though I could smell a great deal—so I lit a match. It was a 'tand-stickor' match, and burnt slowly and dimly, and as the light gradually increased I made out what I thought was a lot of people, men, women, and children, fast asleep. Presently it burnt up brightly, and I saw that they too, five of them altogether, were quite dead. One was a baby. I dropped the match in a hurry, and was making my way out of the hut as hard as I could go, when I caught sight of two bright eyes staring out of a corner. Thinking it was a wild cat, or some such animal, I redoubled my haste, when suddenly a voice near the eyes began first to mutter, and then to send up a succession of awful yells. Hastily I lit another match, and perceived that the eyes belonged to an old woman, wrapped up in a greasy leather garment. Taking her by the arm, I dragged her out, for she could not, or would not, come by herself, and the stench was overpowering me. Such a sight as she was—a bag of bones, covered over with black shrivelled parchment. The only white thing about her was her wool, and she seemed to be pretty well dead, except for her eyes and her voice. She thought that I was a devil come to take her, and that is why she yelled so. Well, I got her down to the wagon, and gave her a 'tot' of Cape smoke, and then, as soon as it was ready, poured about a pint of beef tea down her throat, made from the flesh of a blue vilder-beeste I had killed the day before, and after that she brightened up wonderfully. She could talk Zulu—indeed, it turned out that she had run away from Zululand in T'Chaka's time—and she told me that all the people that I had seen had died of fever. When they had died, the other inhabitants of the kraal had taken the cattle and gone away, leaving the poor old woman, who was helpless from age and infirmity, to perish of starvation or disease, as the case might be. She had been sitting there for three days among the bodies when I found her. I took her on to the next kraal, and gave the headman a

blanket to look after her, promising him another if I found her well when I came back. I remember that he was much astonished at my parting with two blankets for the sake of such a worthless old creature. 'Why did I not leave her in the bush?' he asked. Those people carry the doctrine of the survival of the fittest to its extreme, you see.

"It was the night after I had got rid of the old woman that I made my first acquaintance with my friend yonder," and he nodded towards the skull that seemed to be grinning down at us in the shadow of the wide mantelsheff. "I had trekked from dawn till eleven o'clock—a long trek—but I wanted to get on; and then had the oxen turned out to graze, sending the voorlooper to look after them, meaning to inspan again about six o'clock, and trek with the moon till ten. Then I got into the wagon and had a good sleep till half-past two or so in the afternoon, when I got up and cooked some meat, and had my dinner, washing it down with a panikin of black coffee—for it was difficult to get preserved milk in those days. Just as I had finished, and the driver, a man called Tom, was washing up the things, in comes the young scoundrel of a voorlooper driving one ox before him.

"Where are the other oxen?" I asked.

"'Koos!' he said, 'Koos! (chief) the other oxen have gone away. I turned my back for a minute, and when I looked round again they were all gone except Kaptein, here, who was rubbing his back against a tree.'

"You mean that you have been asleep, and let them stray, you villain. I will rub your back against a stick," I answered, feeling very angry, for it was not a pleasant prospect to be stuck up in that fever trap for a week or so while we were hunting for the oxen. 'Off you go, and you too, Tom, and mind you don't come back till you have found them. They have trekked back along the Middelburg Road, and are a dozen miles off by now, I'll be bound. Now, no words; go both of you.'

"Tom, the driver, swore and caught the lad a hearty kick, which he richly deserved, and then, having tied old Kaptein up to the disselboom with a reim, they got their assegaïs and sticks and

started. I would have gone too, only I knew that somebody must look after the wagon, and I did not like to leave either of the boys with it at night. I was in a very bad temper, indeed, although I was pretty well used to these sort of occurrences, and soothed myself by taking a rifle and going to kill something. For a couple of hours I poked about without seeing anything that I could get a shot at, but at last, just as I was again within seventy yards of the wagon, I put up an old Impala ram from behind a mimosa thorn. He ran straight for the wagon, and it was not till he was passing within a few feet of it that I could get a decent shot at him. Then I pulled, and caught him half-way down the spine; over he went, dead as a door-nail, and a pretty shot it was, though I ought not to say it. This little incident put me into rather a better temper, especially as the buck had rolled over right against the after-part of the wagon, so I had only to gut him, fix a reim round his legs and haul him up. By the time I had done this, the sun was down, and the full moon was up, and a beautiful moon it was. And then there came down that wonderful hush that sometimes falls over the African bush in the early hours of the night. No beast was moving, and no bird called. Not a breath of air stirred the quiet trees, and the shadows did not even quiver; they only grew. It was very oppressive and very lonely, for there was not a sign of the cattle or the boys. I was quite thankful for the society of old Kaptein, who was lying down contentedly against the disselboom, chewing the cud with a good conscience.

"Presently, however, Kaptein began to get restless. First he snorted, then he got up and snorted again. I could not make it out, so like a fool I got down off the wagon-box to have a look round, thinking it might be the lost oxen coming.

"Next instant I regretted it, for all of a sudden I heard an awful roar and saw something yellow flash past me and light on poor Kaptein. Then came a bellow of agony from the ox, and a crunch as the lion put his teeth through the poor brute's neck, and I began to realize what had happened. My rifle was in the wagon, and my first thought

was to get hold of it, and I turned and made a bolt for it. I got my foot on the wheel and flung my body forward on to the wagon, and there I stopped as if I were frozen, and no wonder, for as I was about to spring up I heard the lion behind me, and next second I felt the brute, aye, as plainly as I can feel this table. I felt him, I say, sniffing at my left leg that was hanging down.

"My word! I did feel queer; I don't think that I ever felt so queer before. I dared not move for the life of me, and the odd thing was that I seemed to lose power over my leg, which had an insane sort of inclination to kick out of its own mere motion—just as hysterical peop'e want to laugh when they ought to be particularly solemn. Well, the lion sniffed and sniffed, beginning at my ankle and slowly nosing away up to my thigh. I thought that he was going to get hold then, but he did not. He only growled softly and went back to the ox. Shifting my head a little I got a full view of him. He was the biggest lion I ever saw, and I have seen a great many, and he had a most tremendous black mane. What his teeth were like you can see—look there, pretty big ones, ain't they? Altogether he was a magnificent animal, and as I lay there sprawling on the fore-tongue of the wagon, it occurred to me that he would look uncommonly well in a cage. He stood there by the carcase of poor Kaptein, and deliberately disembowelled him as neatly as a butcher could have done. All this while I dare not move, for he kept lifting his head and keeping an eye on me as he licked his bloody chops. When he had cleaned Kaptein out, he opened his mouth and roared, and I am not exaggerating when I say that the sound shook the wagon. Instantly there came back an answering roar.

"Heavens! I thought, 'there is his mate.'

"Hardly was the thought out of my head when I caught sight in the moonlight of the lioness bounding along through the long grass, and after her a couple of cubs about the size of mastiffs. She stopped within a few feet of my head, and stood, and waved her tail, and fixed me with her glowing yellow eyes; but just as I thought that it was all over she turned and began to feed on Kap-

tein, and so did the cubs. There were the four of them within eight feet of me, growling and quarrelling, rending and tearing and crunching poor Kaptein's bones; and there I lay shaking with terror, and the cold perspiration pouring out of me, feeling like another Daniel come to judgment in a new sense of the phrase. Presently the cubs had eaten their fill, and began to get restless. One went round to the back of the wagon, and pulled at the Impala buck that hung there, and the other came round my way and began the sniffing game at my leg. Indeed, he did more than that, for, my trouser being hitched up a little, he began to lick the bare skin with his rough tongue. The more he licked the more he liked it, to judge from his increased vigor and the loud purring noise he made. Then I knew that the end had come, for in another second his file-like tongue would have rasped through the skin of my leg—which was luckily pretty tough—and have got to the blood, and then there would be no chance for me. So I just lay there and thought of my sins, and prayed to the Almighty, and thought that after all life was a very enjoyable thing.

"And then all of a sudden I heard a crashing of bushes and the shouting and whistling of men, and there were the two boys coming back with the cattle which they had found trekking along all together. The lions lifted their heads and listened, and then without a sound bounded off—and I fainted.

"The lions came back no more that night, and by the next morning my nerves had got pretty straight again; but I was full of wrath when I thought of all that I had gone through at the hands, or rather noses, of those four lions, and of the fate of my after-ox Kaptein. He was a splendid ox, and I was very fond of him. So wroth was I that like a fool I determined to go for the whole family of them. It was worthy of a greenhorn out on his first hunting trip; but I did it nevertheless. Accordingly after breakfast, having rubbed some oil upon my leg, which was very sore from the cub's tongue, I took the driver, Tom, who did not half like the job, and having armed myself with an ordinary double No. 12 smoothbore, the first breechloader I ever had, I started. I

took the smoothbore because it shot a bullet very well; and my experience has been that a round ball from a smoothbore is quite as effective against a lion as an express bullet. The lion is soft and not a difficult animal to finish if you hit him anywhere in the body. A buck takes far more killing.

"Well, I started, and the first thing I set to work to do was to try to make out whereabouts the brutes lay up for the day. About three hundred yards from the wagon was the crest of a rise covered with single mimosa trees, dotted about in a park-like fashion, and beyond this was a stretch of open plain running down to a dry pan, or water-hole, which covered about an acre of ground, and was densely clothed with reeds, now in the sere and yellow leaf. From the further edge of this pan the ground sloped up again to a great cleft, or nullah, which had been cut out by the action of water, and was pretty thickly sprinkled with bush, amongst which grew some large trees, I forget of what sort.

"It at once struck me that the dry pan would be a likely place to find my friends in, as there is nothing a lion is fonder of than lying up in reeds, through which he can see things without being seen himself. Accordingly thither I went and prospected. Before I had got half-way round the pan I found the remains of a blue vilderbeeste that had evidently been killed within the last three or four days and partially devoured by lions; and from other indications about I was soon assured that if the family were not in the pan that day, they spent a good deal of their spare time there. But if there, the question was how to get them out; for it was clearly impossible to think of going in after them unless one was quite determined to commit suicide. Now there was a strong wind blowing from the direction of the wagon, across the reedy pan towards the bush-clad kloof or donga, and this first gave me the idea of firing the reeds, which, as I think I told you, were pretty dry. Accordingly Tom took some matches and began starting little fires to the left, and I did the same to the right. But the reeds were still green at the bottom, and we should never have got them well alight had it not been for the wind, which got stronger and stronger

as the sun got higher and forced the fire into them. At last, after half an hour's trouble, the flames got a hold, and began to spread out like a fan, whereupon I got round to the further side of the pan to wait for the lions, standing well out in the open, as we stood at the copse to-day where you shot the woodcock. It was a rather risky thing to do, but I used to be so sure of my shooting in those days that I did not so much mind the risk. Scarcely had I got round when I heard the reeds parting before the onward rush of some animal. 'Now for it,' said I. On it came. I could see that it was yellow, and prepared for action, when instead of a lion out bounded a beautiful reit bok which had been lying in the shelter of the pan. It must, by the way, have been a reit bok of a peculiarly confiding nature to lay itself down with the lion like the lamb of prophesy, but I suppose that the reeds were thick, and that it kept a long way off.

“Well, I let the reit bok go, and it went like the wind, and kept my eyes fixed upon the reeds. The fire was burning like a furnace now; the flames crackling and roaring as they bit into the reeds, sending spouts of fire twenty feet and more into the air, and making the hot air dance above it in a way that was perfectly dazzling. But the reeds were still half green, and created an enormous quantity of smoke, which came rolling towards me like a curtain, lying very low on account of the wind. Presently, above the crackling of the fire, I heard a startled roar, then another and another. So the lions were at home.

“I was beginning to get excited now, for, as you fellows know, there is nothing in experience to warm up your nerves like a lion at close quarters, unless it is a wounded buffalo; and I got still more so when I made out through the smoke that the lions were all moving about on the extreme edge of the reeds. Occasionally they would pop their heads out like rabbits from a burrow, and then, catching sight of me standing about fifty yards out, draw them back again. I knew that it must be getting pretty warm behind them, and that they could not keep the game up for long; and I was not mistaken, for suddenly all four of them broke cover together, the old black-

maned lion leading by a few yards. I never saw a more splendid sight in all my hunting experience than those four lions bounding across the veldt, overshadowed by the dense pall of smoke and backed by the fiery furnace of the burning reeds.

“I reckoned that they would pass, on their road to the bushy kloof, within about five-and-twenty yards of me, so, taking a long breath, I got my gun well on to the lion's shoulder—the black-maned one—so as to allow for an inch or two of motion, and catch him through the heart. I was on, dead on, and my finger was just beginning to tighten on the trigger, when suddenly I went blind—a bit of reed-ash had drifted into my right eye. I danced and rubbed, and got it more or less clear just in time to see the tail of the last lion vanishing round the bushes up the kloof.

“If ever a man was mad I was that man. It was too bad; and such a shot in the open, too! However, I was not going to be beaten, so I just turned and marched for the kloof. Tom, the driver, begged and implored me not to go, but though as a general rule I never pretend to be very brave (which I am not), I was determined that I would either kill those lions or they should kill me. So I told Tom that he need not come unless he liked, but I was going; and being a plucky fellow, a Swazi by birth, he shrugged his shoulders, muttered that I was mad or bewitched, and followed doggedly in my tracks.

“We soon got to the kloof, which was about three hundred yards in length and but sparsely wooded, and then the real fun began. There might be a lion behind every bush—there certainly were four lions somewhere; the delicate question was, where. I peeped and poked and looked in every possible direction, with my heart in my mouth, and was at last rewarded by catching a glimpse of something yellow moving behind a bush. At the same moment, from another bush opposite me out burst one of the cubs and galloped back towards the burnt-out pan. I whipped round and let drive a snap shot that tipped him head over heels, breaking his back within two inches of the root of the tail, and there he lay helpless but glaring. Tom afterwards killed him with his assegai. I

opened the breech of the gun and hurriedly pulled out the old case, which, to judge from what ensued, must I suppose have burst and left a portion of its fabric sticking to the barrel. At any rate, when I tried to get in the new case it would only enter half way; and—would you believe it?—this was the moment that the lioness, attracted no doubt by the outcry of her cub, chose to put in an appearance. There she stood, twenty paces or so from me, lashing her tail and looking just as wicked as it is possible to conceive. Slowly I stepped backward, trying to push in the new case, and as I did so she moved on in little runs, dropping down after each run. The danger was imminent, and the case would not go in. At the moment I oddly enough thought of the cartridge-maker, whose name I will not mention, and earnestly hoped that if the lion got me some condign punishment would overtake him. It would not go in, so I tried to pull it out. It would not come out either, and my gun was useless if I could not shut it to use the other barrel. I might as well have had no gun. Meanwhile I was walking backward, keeping my eye on the lioness, who was creeping forward on her belly without a sound, but lashing her tail and keeping her eye on me; and in it I saw that she was coming in a few seconds more. I dashed my wrist and the palm of my hand against the brass rim of the cartridge till the blood poured from them—look, there are the scars of it to this day!"

Here Quatermain held up his right hand to the light and showed us seven or eight white cicatrices just where the wrist is set into the hand.

"But it was not of the slightest use," he went on, "the cartridge would not move. I only hope that no other man will ever be put in such an awful position. The lioness gathered herself together, and I gave myself up for lost, when suddenly Tom shouted out from somewhere in my rear—

"You are walking on to the wounded cub; turn to the right."

"I had the sense, dazed as I was, to take the hint, and slewing round at right-angles, but still keeping my eyes on the lioness, I continued my backward walk.

"To my intense relief, with a low

growl she straightened herself, turned, and bounded off further up the kloof.

"Come on, Inkoos," said Tom, "let's get back to the wagon."

"All right, Tom," I answered. "I will when I have killed those three other lions," for by this time I was bent on shooting them as I never remember being bent on anything before or since. "You can go if you like, or you can get up a tree."

"He considered the position a little, and then he very wisely got up a tree. I wish that I had done the same."

"Meanwhile I had got out my knife, which had an extractor in it, and succeeded after some difficulty in hauling out the case which had so nearly been the cause of my death, and removing the obstruction in the barrel. It was very little thicker than a postage-stamp; certainly not thicker than a piece of writing-paper. This done, I loaded the gun, bound my handkerchief round my wrist and hand to stanch the flowing of the blood, and started on again."

"I had noticed that the lioness went into a thick green bush, or rather cluster of bushes, growing near the water, for there was a little stream running down the kloof, about fifty yards higher up, and for this I made. When I got there, however, I could see nothing, so I took up a big stone and threw it into the bushes. I believe that it hit the other cub, for out it came with a rush, giving me a broadside shot of which I promptly availed myself, knocking it over dead. Out, too, came the lioness like a flash of light, but quick as she went I managed to put the other bullet into her ribs, so that she rolled right over three times like a shot rabbit. I instantly got two more cartridges into the gun, and as I did so the lioness got up again and came crawling towards me on her fore-paws, roaring and groaning, and with such an expression of diabolical fury on her countenance as I have not often seen. I shot her again through the chest, and she fell over on to her side quite dead."

"That was the first and last time that I ever killed a brace of lions right and left, and, what is more, I never heard of anybody else doing it. Naturally I was considerably pleased with myself, and having again loaded up, went on to look for the black-maned beauty that had

killed Kaptein. Slowly and with the greatest care I proceeded up the kloof, searching every bush and tuft of grass as I went. It was wonderfully exciting work, for I never was sure from one moment to another but that he would be on me. I took comfort, however, from the reflection that a lion rarely attacks a man—rarely, I say; sometimes he does, as you will see—unless he is cornered or wounded. I must have been nearly an hour hunting after the lion. Once I thought I saw something move in a clump of tambouki grass, but I could not be sure, and when I trod out the grass I could not find him.

"At last I got up to the head of the kloof, which made a *cul-de-sac*. It was formed of a wall of rock about fifty feet high. Down this rock trickled a little waterfall, and in front of it, some seventy feet from its face, was a great piled-up mass of boulders, in the crevices and on the top of which grew ferns and grass and stunted bushes. This mass was about twenty-five feet high. The sides of the kloof here were also very steep. Well, I got up to the top of the nullah and looked all round. No signs of the lion. Evidently I had either overlooked him further down, or he had escaped right away. It was very vexatious; but still three lions were not a bad bag for one gun before dinner, and I was fain to be content. Accordingly I departed back again, making my way round the isolated pillar of boulders, and beginning to feel that I was pretty well done up with excitement and fatigue, and should be more so before I had skinned those three lions. When I had got, as nearly as I could judge, about eighteen yards past the pillar or mass of boulders, I turned to have another look round. I have a pretty sharp eye, but I could see nothing at all.

"Then, on a sudden, I saw something sufficiently alarming. On the top of the mass of boulders, opposite to me, standing out clear against the rock beyond, was the huge black-maned lion. He had been crouching there, and now arose as though by magic. There he stood lashing his tail, just like a statue of the animal on the gateway of Northumberland House that I have seen a picture of. But he did not stand long. Before I could fire—before I could do more

than get the gun to my shoulder—he sprang straight up and out from the rock, and driven by the impetus of that one mighty bound came hurtling through the air towards me.

"Heavens! how grand he looked, and how awful! High into the air he flew, describing a great arch. Just as he touched the highest point of his spring I fired. I did not dare to wait, for I saw that he would clear the whole space and land right upon me. Without a sight, almost without aim, I fired, as one would fire a snap shot at a snipe. The bullet told, for I distinctly heard its thud above the rushing sound caused by the passage of the lion through the air. Next second I was swept to the ground (luckily I fell into a low creeper-clad bush, which broke the shock), and the lion was on the top of me, and the next those great white teeth of his had met in my thigh—I heard them grate against the bone. I yelled out in agony, for I did not feel in the least benumbed and happy, like Dr. Livingstone—who, by the way, I knew very well—and gave myself up for dead. But suddenly, as I did so, the lion's grip on my thigh loosened, and he stood over me, swaying to and fro, his huge mouth, from which the blood was gushing, wide opened. Then he roared, and the sound shook the rocks.

"To and fro he swung, and suddenly the great head dropped on me, knocking all the breath from my body, and he was dead. My bullet had entered in the centre of his chest and passed out on the right side of the spine about half way down the back.

"The pain of my wound kept me from fainting, and as soon as I got my breath I managed to drag myself from under him. Thank heavens, his great teeth had not crushed my thigh-bone; but I was losing a great deal of blood, and had it not been for the timely arrival of Tom, with whose aid I got the handkerchief off my wrist and tied it round my leg, twisting it tight with a stick, I think I should have bled to death.

"Well, it was a just reward for my folly in trying to tackle a family of lions single-handed. The odds were too long. I have been lame ever since and shall be to my dying day; in the month of March the wound always troubles me a great

deal, and every three years it breaks out raw. I need scarcely add that I never traded the lot of ivory at Sikukuni's. Another man got it—a German—and made five hundred pounds out of it after paying expenses. I spent the next month

on the broad of my back, and was a cripple for six months after that. And now I've told you the yarn, so I will have a drop of Hollands and go to bed."  
—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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## AN AMERICAN VIEW OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

BY E. L. GODKIN.

I HAVE been reading, with the respect due to everything which Sir Henry Maine produces, his last volume, and particularly that most interesting chapter of it on "The Prospects of Popular Government." I confess, however, to having laid it down, after a careful perusal, without getting a very clear idea of the lesson he undertakes to teach. He says in his preface:—

In the essay on the Prospects of Popular Government I have shown that as a matter of fact Popular Government, since its reintroduction into the modern world, has proved itself to be extremely fragile. In the essay on the Nature of Democracy I have given reasons for thinking that, in the extreme form to which it tends, it is of all kinds of government by far the most difficult. In the Age of Progress I have argued that, in the perpetual change which, as understood in modern times, it appears to demand, it is not in harmony with the normal forces ruling human nature, and is apt, therefore, to lead to cruel disappointment or serious disaster.

Now the phrase "reintroduction into the modern world" implies that Popular Government existed in the ancient world, and, if so, an account of its working in the ancient world would certainly be a very important aid in judging whether it is really as "fragile" as Sir Henry Maine thinks it: for the longer the period in which we watch the working of an institution the more we know about its durability. But he disposes of what he calls "the short-lived Athenian Democracy under whose shelter Art, Science, and Philosophy shot so wonderfully upwards" by saying that "it was only an aristocracy which rose on the ruins of still another." In fact, he lays it down as a general proposition "that the progress of mankind has hitherto been affected by the rise and fall of aristocracies, by the formation of one aristocracy within another,"

and that "there have been many so-called democracies which have rendered services beyond price to civilisation, but they were only peculiar forms of aristocracy." It is fair, I think, to conclude from this that there was no such thing as Popular Government in the ancient world at all, and that its appearance in the modern world was its first appearance anywhere, and was therefore not "a reintroduction." Consequently all that Sir Henry Maine, or any one else, knows about its fragility, he knows from observation of its working in the modern world. Whether a thing is durable or not, we can only tell from seeing it exposed, over a long period, to destructive agencies. That this period should in the case of a government be very long indeed, it is hardly necessary to say. Nothing is more delusive in the work of political speculation than short periods of observation. The most durable government the modern world has seen was that of the Venetian Republic, but there were in its history several periods of ten, twenty, or even fifty, years in which its continuance must have seemed to contemporaries something hardly to be looked for.

Now what opportunities for observing the durability of Popular Government has Sir Henry Maine had, on his own showing? The ancient world has afforded him none: what has the modern world afforded him? In other words, when did Popular Government first reveal itself to the philosophic eye? There is no doubt, he says, that Popular Government is of purely English origin, and that it made its first appearance in the triumph of the doctrine that government is the servant of the community, over the doctrine that it is the master of the community. The former, he says, after



"tremendous struggles," was in spirit, if not in words, "affirmed in 1689." But that triumph was not complete, for he adds: "It was long before this doctrine was either fully carried out by the nation, or fully accepted by its rulers." In fact, he gives us to understand that it has not yet reached its final stage—that is, the stage at which tests of durability can begin to be applied to it. "What we are witnessing," he says, "in West European politics is not so much the establishment of a definite system, as the continuance, at various rates, of a process."

I gather from all this that Popular Government, as now known to us in the modern world, is a process which began about two centuries ago in a change of opinion on the part of the community in England with regard to the relations of the rulers and the ruled; that it did not, however, really influence English politics until about the beginning of this century. Consequently, Popular Government is, for the purposes of the philosophic observer, about eighty years old, and no more, and anything we desire to know about its durability and its general prospects we must learn from its history during that period. But the history of these eighty years seems to furnish a very small basis for induction on a matter so serious as the nature and prospects of a form of government. Sir Henry Maine, however, makes the most of it. Curiously enough, England furnishes him, apparently, with no materials at all. His reasons for believing Popular Government to be fragile he finds in the experience of the French with it, since 1798; of the Spaniards since 1182, and of the South American Republics since 1820. Having given some account of the frequent violent political changes which have occurred in these countries respectively within the above periods, he says:—

The true reason why the extremely accessible facts which I have noticed are so seldom observed and put together is that the enthusiasts for Popular Government, particularly when it reposes on a wide basis of suffrage, are actuated by much the same spirit as the zealots of Legitimism. They assumed their principle to have a sanction antecedent to fact. It is not thought to be in any way invalidated by practical violations of it, which merely constitute so many more sins against imprescriptible right (p. 20).

Now I am not an enthusiast for Popular Government, or for any other form of government. I believe politics to be an extremely practical kind of business, and that the communities which succeed best in it are those which bring least enthusiasm to the conduct of their affairs. Nevertheless, I think I may so far speak for the enthusiasts as to suggest that the reason why they do not give more attention to Sir Henry Maine's "extremely accessible facts," and are not more troubled by them, is that they soberly and sincerely believe that these facts are irrelevant: that is, that they throw no light whatever on the nature or prospects of Popular Government.

The facts are simply that in two or three countries which have within the present century set up, or attempted to set up, representative institutions, frequent changes in the executive power have been wrought by violence. To make this bear directly on the question of fragility we should have to be sure that the state of mind which Sir Henry makes the first condition of Popular Government—that is, the belief that the rulers are and ought to be the servants of the ruled—prevailed in the countries which he cites as examples; that, in short, the setting up and casting down of governments which constitute his "extremely accessible facts" were the efforts of a community to carry out a political theory. We cannot judge of the working of any institution, whether monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, unless it has its roots in popular approval. How monarchy works can only be known by seeing it in a community which believes in kings. How aristocracy works can only be known by seeing it in a community which believes in noblemen. How Popular Government works can, in like manner, only be known by seeing it in a community in which the doctrine on which it is based is fully and intelligently held by the bulk of the people.

To make France and Spain and the Spanish-American Republics good examples of the instability of Popular Government, Sir Henry Maine has to assume that the state of popular opinion and feeling which produced and sustains this form of government in England or America really exists, or has existed dur-

ing the last half-century, in the Latin countries; and he does assume it tacitly, but very tacitly indeed. He is almost out of sight in his argument before one perceives what a monstrous assumption it is. There is neither in Spain nor in Spanish America any dominating political theory held by the mass of the people; in fact, there is nothing which a political philosopher can call a people. There are great landed proprietors; there is a powerful clergy; there is a standing army; there is an ignorant peasantry. There arise naturally in this state of things frequent disputes over the possession of the sovereignty, but they are disputes like the War of the Roses, or the Seven Years' War, between those who have and those who have not. They illustrate human nature in certain conditions of culture, as do most of the disorders of history, but they do not illustrate any theory of government any more than a fight over a captive's ransom in the cave of Greek brigands. In France, too, it is only since 1870 that the view of relations of the government of the people on which Sir Henry Maine bases Popular Government can be said to have really existed among the mass of the people. There have been since 1789 disciples of Rousseau and believers in the social contract—both of them great bugbears to Sir Henry Maine—in Paris and the other great cities, but until the present Republic was set up the peasantry never thought of controlling the government, or of treating its members as their servants. No matter what its form was, whether Constitutional Monarchy, Empire, or Republic, it was, in the eyes of provincials, the master of France, whose edicts, if they came from the proper office, nobody thought of disputing.

Next let me say that in assuming that the instability of government in a given country has and can have only one cause—namely, the view which the ruled take of their relation to the rulers—Sir Henry Maine seems to give countenance to a fallacy which is one of the great difficulties of modern politics, and which Mr. Mill has lucidly exposed as the "Chemical Method" of reasoning about political phenomena. Surely the following has an important bearing on the value of Sir Henry Maine's specific instances,

or, as he calls them, "extremely accessible facts:"—

In social phenomena the Composition of Causes is the Universal Law. Now, the method of philosophizing which may be termed chemical overlooks this fact, and proceeds as if the nature of man as an individual were not concerned at all, or concerned in a very inferior degree, in the operations of human beings in society. All reasoning in politics or social affairs, grounded on principles of human nature, is objected to by reasoners of this sort, under such names as "abstract theory." For the direction of their opinions and conduct, they profess to demand, in all cases without exception, specific experience. This mode of thinking is not only general with practitioners in politics, and with that very numerous class who (on a subject which no one, however ignorant, thinks himself incompetent to discuss) profess to guide themselves by common sense rather than by science; but is often countenanced by persons with greater pretensions to instruction; persons who, having sufficient acquaintance with books and with the current ideas to have heard that Bacon taught mankind to follow experience, and to ground their conclusions on facts instead of metaphysical dogmas, think that by treating political facts in as directly experimental a method as chemical facts, they are showing themselves true Baconians, and proving their adversaries to be mere syllogisers and schoolmen. As, however, the notion of the applicability of experimental methods to political philosophy cannot coexist with any just conception of these methods themselves, the kind of arguments from experience which the chemical theory brings forth as its fruits (and which form the staple, in this country especially, of Parliamentary and hustings oratory) are such as, at no time since Bacon, would have been admitted to be valid in chemistry itself, or in any other branch of experimental science. They are such as these: that the prohibition of foreign commodities must conduce to national wealth, because England has flourished under it, or because countries in general which have adopted it have flourished; that our laws, or our internal administration, or our constitution, are excellent for a similar reason: and the eternal arguments from historical examples, from Athens or Rome, from the fires in Smithfield or the French Revolution. I will not waste time in contending against modes of argumentation which no person, with the smallest practice in estimating evidence, could possibly be betrayed into; which draw conclusions of general appreciation from a single unanalysed instance, or arbitrarily refer an effect to some one among its antecedents, without any process of elimination or comparison of instances. *Logic*, p. 458-9.

I call this fallacy one of the greatest difficulties of modern politics because it is the readiest tool of demagogues, and to the popular eye the most attractive because the easiest solution of pending

troubles. The most effective argument of the American protectionists is, that as the United States have prospered under protection, the tariff must be the one cause of the prosperity ; that as Ireland and Turkey are poor under free trade, their condition shows the danger of throwing open home markets to foreign producers. So, also, we are now afflicted with tons of useless silver coin owing to the popular belief that the slowness of our recovery from the crisis of 1873 was simply and solely the demonetisation of silver in the same year. France and Spain and the Spanish-American Republics, says Sir Henry Maine, have popular governments—that is, parliaments elected by a widely extended suffrage. But they have also frequent rebellions : therefore Popular Government is both unstable, and the cause of its instability. It may be that Popular Government in a given country is fragile, but surely we are not justified in assuming that the character, the religion, the culture, the manners, the history, and the material surroundings of the people have nothing to do with the security of their political institutions ; or that, in considering whether a new form of government will suit them, we are not called upon to ask how they got on under the old one ; whether, for instance, the French were happy and content under absolute monarchy, and the Spanish-Americans peaceful and industrious under the Viceroy and the Bishops.

So completely does Sir Henry Maine commit himself to the Chemical Method that he boldly declares that "the inferences which might be drawn from the stability of the government of the United States are much weakened, if not destroyed, by the remarkable spectacle furnished by the numerous Republics set up from the Mexican border-line to the Straits of Magellan." He notices, it is true, the objection to his theory drawn from the fact that the inhabitants of the Spanish-American Republics are to a great extent of Indian blood and have been trained in Roman Catholicism, but he gets over it by announcing that "such arguments would be intelligible if they were used by persons who maintain that a highly special and exceptional political education is essential to the

successful practice of Popular Government ; but they proceed from those who believe that there is at least a strong presumption in favor of democratic institutions everywhere."

But why must this argument be used only by persons who believe that a highly specialised and exceptional political education is necessary for the successful practice of Popular Government ? Why is it not good in the mouths of those who believe simply that Indian blood and Roman Catholic training are serious obstacles to the practice of Popular Government ? Why may it not be used by those who believe that the United States Government is largely indebted for its stability, not to the fact that the American people have had a highly special and exceptional political education, but to the fact that they are mainly of Anglo-Saxon blood, and have been trained in Protestantism ? And why, in the name of Aristotle, is an argument made unintelligible by the fact that some of those who use it also use other arguments which are feeble ? Surely, if I sometimes reason *à priori* about politics, that does not make my inductive reasoning worthless.

For my part, I think the example of the United States all important, even from Sir Henry Maine's point of view, for they are the one country in the world in which Popular Government, as he defines it, really exists. They are the one country, that is to say, governed by universal suffrage in which the great mass of the voters have a realising sense of the fact that the government is their servant and not their master, and that it exists simply to carry out the ideas of the "plain people" who compose the bulk of the community, and not those of a small but more cultivated and more enlightened class ; a government, in short, as Lincoln expressed it, "of the people, by the people, for the people." It may be that their example is sometimes cited by disputants whom consistency or some other obligation forbids to cite it. It may be, too, that inferences drawn from it would not be good against every assailant of Popular Government ; but as against Sir Henry Maine they are, as it seems to me, good in anybody's hands. He is, in fact, stopped by his refusal to take into account any-

thing but the instability of the government in France and Spain and the South American Republics, from taking into account anything but the stability of the government in the case of the United States. If the Chemical Method be good for one, it is good for the other.

Sir Henry Maine's manner of elucidating the effects of universal suffrage controlled by wirepullers on social and intellectual progress is even more remarkable than his manner of proving the fragility of Popular Government. He says :—

Such a suffrage (a widely extended and universal suffrage) is commonly associated with Radicalism ; no doubt amid its most certain effects would be the extensive destruction of the existing institutions ; but the chances are that in the long run it would produce a mischievous form of Conservatism, and drug society with a potion compared with which Eldonine would be a salutary draught. For to what end, towards what ideal state, is the process of stamping upon law the average opinion of an entire community directed ? The end arrived at is identical with that of the Roman Catholic Church, which attributes a similar sacredness to the average opinion of the Christian world. "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus" was the canon of Vincent of Lerins. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum" were the words which rang in the ears of Newman and produced such marvellous effects on him. But did any one in his senses ever suppose that these were maxims of progress ? The principles of legislation at which they point would put an end to all social and political activities, and arrest everything which has ever been associated with Liberalism. A moment's reflection will satisfy any competently instructed person that this is not too broad a proposition. Let him turn over in his mind the great epochs of scientific invention and social change during the last two centuries, and consider what would have occurred if universal suffrage had been established at any one of them. Universal suffrage which to-day excludes free-trade from the United States would certainly have prohibited the spinning-jenny and the power-loom. It would certainly have forbidden the thrashing-machine. It would have forbidden the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar, and would have restored the Stuarts (p. 36).

A few sentences before this he has acknowledged that the world has had only a very brief experience of wide suffrage—that is, about fifty years in the United States and about twenty in France—but, brief as it is, it ought to have furnished him with specific instances in support of this very dark view of the future of West European society. He was able to infer from the example of France and

Spain and the Spanish-American Republics that Popular Government would be fragile. It seems to me that he ought to have been able to infer from the same source that it would be hostile to civilisation. Strange to say, however, on this point he does not argue ; he contents himself with prophesying, and it is one of the commonplaces of rhetoric that you cannot refute a prophet. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he guesses, using the word in its English rather than in its American sense. For what other name can we give to an assertion that "the chances are" that, if a certain thing had happened long before it did happen, a certain other thing would have happened, which, as a matter of fact, has never happened at all ? In no place has universal suffrage "put an end to all social and political activities or arrested everything which has been associated with Liberalism." In no place has it ever shown a tendency to do so. In no place has it ever done anything like prohibiting a spinning-jenny or the power-loom or the thrashing-machine, or preventing the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar. Nevertheless, Sir Henry Maine makes the extremely broad proposition that it would have done so had it had the opportunity. I have searched as carefully as I can for the basis of these very extraordinary deductions. As well as I can make out, it consists simply in his opinion that in a democratic community the embodiment of public opinion in legislation would result in giving the law the sanctity which in the Catholic Church is attributed to the consensus of the Christian world on points of doctrine. This is certainly the *à priori* method, with a vengeance. Admitting it to be true that the general opinion embodied in a statute would give the statute in democratic eyes the sacredness of a Catholic dogma, whence do we draw the conclusion that it would also have the permanence of a dogma ?

There is, in fact, just enough evidence to show (Sir Henry Maine says) that even now there is a marked antagonism between democratic opinion and scientific truth applied to human societies. The central seat in all political economy was from the first occupied by the Theory of Population. This theory has now been generalised by Mr. Darwin and his followers, and, stated as the principle of the sur-

vival of the fittest, it has become the central truth of all biological science. Yet it is evidently disliked by the multitude and thrust into the background by those whom the multitude permits to lead it. It has long been intensely unpopular in France and on the continent of Europe, and among ourselves proposals for recognising it through the relief of distress by emigration are visibly being supplanted by schemes founded on the assumption that, through legislative experiments on society, a given space of land may always be made to support in comfort the population which from historical causes has come to be settled on it (p. 37).

As "just enough evidence" to show that there is even now "a marked antagonism between democratic opinion and scientific truth as applied to human societies," the above is very remarkable. I believe the doctrine of the survival of the fittest has, as a matter of fact, met with even fiercer opposition from the religious well-to-do middle class and from the clergy than from the unfortunate "multitude." But it is a doctrine which must needs be unpopular—if unpopular means disagreeable—with all but the very successful, that is, with the great majority of the human race. The survival of the fittest has ever been and must ever be an odious sight to the unfit or the less fit, who see that they cannot survive. Sir Henry Maine's reproach, that they do not accept it cheerfully, reminds one of Frederick the Great's savage reproof to his flying troops, "Hunde, wollte ihr ewig leben?" In asking the multitude to take to it kindly, Sir Henry asks something which has always been beyond human powers. There is no doctrine with which the race is more familiar in practice than the doctrine that the strongest must have the best of it, which is really Darwin's doctrine expressed in terms of politics. The progress of civilisation under all forms of government has consisted simply in making such changes in the environment of the multitude as will increase the number of the fittest. That it has been well to strive for this end; that it has been well to try to make a country like England a place in which twenty-eight millions can dwell in comfort on soil which seventy years ago only supported ten millions in comparative misery, has been for ages the opinion of the wisest and best men under the old monarchies. Possibly they were wrong.

Possibly it ought to have been the policy of rulers not only to see that the fittest survived, but that their number was kept down. But is it not asking too much of the multitude to ask them to take a totally new view of the conditions of man's struggle with nature? The great aim of the political art has hitherto been to protect man in some degree from the remorseless working of the laws of the physical universe, to save him from cold, from heat, from savage beasts, from the unwillingness of the earth to yield him her fruits and the sea its fish. All its successes have to some extent increased the number of the fittest. It has filled West Europe with a population which conservative observers like Sir Henry Maine two centuries ago would certainly have declared it incapable of maintaining. Can we possibly expect Democracy to give up the game as soon as it comes into power, and bid the weaklings of the race prepare for extinction? Emigration, which he treats as an acceptance of the Darwinian doctrine, is, of course, in reality simply a transfer of the struggle for survival to another arena. The law of population works everywhere, and with increasing severity, other things being equal, as the population increases. Sending the unfit to New Zealand or Dakota is not a whit more scientific than sending them to till English moors. There is no escape for them anywhere from the battle with the fittest; but any abandonment of the effort to protract their existence and make it more tolerable would mean the stoppage of civilization itself. Democracy may make mistakes in this work, and may attempt more than it can accomplish, but energy in the work and devotion to it is after all what distinguishes a civilised community from a savage one. There is no more reason why the bulk of the race should fold its arms in the presence of the theory of population than in the presence of the great fact of mortality. How many people a given piece of land will maintain and comfort, whether only the number settled on it by "historical causes" or a larger one, is something which can be only ascertained by intelligent experiment. All causes, too, which settle a man on a farm become "historical" after a while; but whether it is well for

him to remain there is something only to be learned by experience. The theory of population does not necessarily prescribe emigration when people begin to find it hard to get a living off the land on which they were born, or on which they have settled, but it does prescribe better modes of cultivation and smaller families.

I am not prepared to argue that democratic societies will always accept the conclusions of science with meekness and submission. One sees, I admit, in our own time a good deal to warrant the fear that democratic ignorance will fight unpleasant and inconvenient truths with the pertinacity with which monarchical and aristocratic ignorance has always fought them; and that they will have to owe their triumph in the future, as they have owed it in the past, not to any particular distribution of the political sovereignty, but to the intellectual impulse which has carried the race out of the woods and the caves, and given it its great discoverers and inventors.

But I am very curious to know why Sir Henry Maine should have overlooked the experience of the only really democratic community now existing, that of the Northern States of the American Union, on this point. As a matter of fact, there never has been any society in which new discoveries and inventions and new theories of the art of living have been received with so much readiness as in these States; and they are the countries in which the dominating opinion is most distinctly that of the multitude, in which legislation most distinctly embodies both the prejudices and weaknesses of the multitude, and in which there is least respect for authority. I think I might safely appeal to American men of science to say whether they do not suffer in reputation and influence with the people, for not making more and greater calls on their faith or credulity; or, in other words, for their slowness rather than for their haste in making and accepting discoveries. The fertility of Americans in inventions—that is, in the production of new machines and new processes—great as it is, is not so remarkable as the eagerness with which the people receive them and use them. The large number of medical quacks who infest the coun-

try, and their great success in the sale of their nostrums—the like of which I think can be seen nowhere else—is undoubtedly due to a sort of impatience with the caution and want of enterprise of the regular practitioners. The kind of fame which came to Edison after he had made some improvements in the electric light and invented the phonograph was a very good illustration of the respect of American people for the novel and the marvellous. For a good while he was hailed as a man to whom any problem in physics would be simple, and he was consulted on a variety of subjects to which he had given no attention, such as the means of diminishing the noise of the trains on the elevated railroads in the streets of this city. In fact, for a year or two, he held the position—doubtless to his own amusement—of a “medicine man,” to whom any mystery was easy.

Are there, then, no signs in this American democracy of tendencies in the direction which Sir Henry Maine predicts or guesses at—that is, of the emancipation of the people from the control or influence of science, or scientific men, or of a disposition to go back to the rule of thumb in the art of living? As I am not posing here as a champion of Popular Government, or indeed as anything but a humble inquirer into the reasons why Sir Henry Maine wrote his book, I can have no difficulty in answering this question with candor and explicitness.

No observer of American politics can deny that, with regard to matters which can become the subject of legislation, the American voter listens with extreme impatience to anything which has the air of instruction; but the reason is to be found not in his dislike of instruction so much as his dislike in the political field of anything which savors of superiority. The passion for equality is one of the very strongest influences in American politics. This is so fully recognized now by politicians that self-depreciation, even in the matter of knowledge, has become one of the ways of commending one's self to the multitude, which even the foremost men of both parties do not disdain. In talking on such subjects as the currency, with a view of enlightening the people, skilful

orators are very careful to repudiate all pretence of knowing anything more about the matter than their hearers. The speech is made to wear as far as possible the appearance of being simply a reproduction of things with which the audience is just as familiar as the speaker. Nothing is more fatal to a stump orator than an air of superior wisdom on any subject. He has, if he means to persuade, to keep carefully, in outward seeming at all events, on the same intellectual level as those whom he is addressing. Orators of a demagogic turn, of course, push this caution to its extreme, and often affect ignorance, and boast of the smallness of the educational opportunities enjoyed by them in their youth, and of the extreme difficulty they had in acquiring even the little they know. There is nothing, in fact, people are less willing to tolerate in a man who seeks office at their hands than any sign that he does not consider himself as belonging to the same class as the bulk of the voters—that either birth, or fortune, or education has taken him out of sympathy with them, or caused him, in any sense, to look down on them.

That this has a tendency to make political speaking in this country, especially of late years, remarkably uninteresting, uninteresting, and a poor educational agency, there is no denying. Any one who judged of the capacity and intelligence of the American voters by the pabulum supplied to them on the stump would certainly be excusable in taking a dark view of the future of American democracy.

The truth seems to be that with regard to all matters within the field of politics the new democracy is extremely sensitive about any doubts of its competency. It will not suffer any question, or sign of question, of its full capacity to deal with any matter which calls for legislation. It is ready enough to base legislation on investigations and reports; but there must be investigations and reports made in its name and by its authority through what it calls "practical men" as distinguished from scientific or professorial men. By practical men, it means men engaged in some industrial or money-making pursuit, like the bulk of the community, and making

no pretence to book-learning or theoretical knowledge. What men of this class, who have succeeded in business, say on any subject calling for political action, counts for much more in the United States with the voters than what specialists or learned men say. There is, in fact, an inordinate respect for the opinions on all subjects of "successful business men"—that is, men who from small beginnings have made fortunes by their own exertions. But this is not more wonderful in an industrial community than the reverence in a military community for a great soldier—than the prolonged belief in England, for instance, in the political wisdom of the Duke of Wellington for many years after Waterloo.

With matters of a quasi-scientific kind, like the tariff, for instance, or the currency, on which the opinions of theorists are extremely important and "practical men" very likely to be utterly wrong, this habit of excluding science from all, say in the political arena, is undoubtedly very unfortunate. But it does not have the effect that Sir Henry Maine would expect from it. It sometimes leads to the embodiment in legislation of gross errors and delusions, but it never leads to the conversion of an error or delusion into a sacred dogma. It leads to costly and useless experimentation and to the trial of schemes which have failed a hundred times before in other places and ages. It is rare, indeed, that an economic or other fallacy connected with legislation, which has once taken hold of the popular mind in this country, can be overthrown by the attacks of authority or of historical experience. In fact, the intervention of the professors to expose it is very apt to hasten its conversion into law, if only for the purpose of showing the literary men that they must not meddle in politics.

But the experiment once tried, there is nothing anywhere like the readiness of the public here to acknowledge failure in the frankest way. The orators and editors go through the process of "owning up," with extraordinary, and some might say cynical, cheerfulness. Some of the most furious newspaper advocates of Bland's Silver Bill are now its most strenuous opponents. Every-

thing which the theorists predicted of its working has come to pass, but it would never have done to allow theorists to suppose that their talk would turn the people from its purpose or influence law-making. In truth, that most marked characteristic of the American commercial character—its readiness to abandon things which do not pay, and its unwillingness to spend any time crying over spilt milk—shows itself just as prominently in politics as in business. There is not the smallest sign of the bigoted conservatism which Sir Henry Maine looks for. The legislative history of every State in the Union is full of illustrations of the people's openness to conviction, provided the conviction be wrought by processes which they can understand. Nothing is sacred in America, and nothing elicits so much ridicule as an attempt to put anything or any person into the category of the unchangeable or unapproachable.

But, outside of politics, authority occupies a very different place. The scientific or literary man who addresses the people without any design of directly influencing their political action, or making his opinions felt in legislation, nowhere receives a more attentive hearing. The success of instructive lectures in this country, though greater some years ago than now, is still greater than anywhere else in the world. Scientific men, working in their own fields, are nowhere so widely known and respected by the masses. I do not need to speak of the wide diffusion in the United States of the reading habit. A large proportion of it—by far too large a portion of it perhaps—is devoted to newspapers, which have their bad side, on which I will not dwell here. But they have one effect which makes any growth of ignorant conservatism, or any barbarous dislike of novelty, simply impossible. They fill every corner of the land with some knowledge of what is going on everywhere else. They tell the people something about every famous man in the world, and about the things which have made him famous. They familiarize them with every new idea or discovery. They, in short, prevent mental stagnation. By keeping people curious about the world outside their village, they keep them in a state of mental receptivity.

I might illustrate these things at considerable length, if I had not taken up so much space. But I shall, in closing, point out that one of Sir Henry Maine's examples of popular bigotry—the hostility of the United States to free trade—shows a singular ignorance of the exact nature of the tariff controversy in this country. The tariff is not a purely fiscal question here, and for that reason the difficulty of getting Americans to take a scientific view of it is greatly increased.

In the first place, the possession of a continent containing nearly every variety of soil, climate and product greatly diminishes the force with which the free-trade doctrine, that trade consists in the interchange of the results of special natural advantages, strikes the American mind. No other country can say that it finds within its own borders the means, as far as soil and climate are concerned, of producing nearly everything it buys from foreigners. In the next place, the prohibition of Customs duties between the States has given a larger area to free trade here than exists anywhere else, and has thus in a remarkable degree lessened the pinch of protection. Lastly, the enormous immigration—nearly a million a year—of consumers and producers, in the very prime of life, is constantly making new markets, which for many years postponed the glut which is now putting the high tariff in so much peril. The effect of this, in impeding the free-trade agitation, has been very like the effect of opening a small foreign State every year to American goods. In short, anybody who imagines that the free-trade argument presents itself to the American voter in the neat compact shape in which Cobden and Bright were able to offer it to the British public in 1846, or in which Fawcett was able to offer it in 1880, is greatly mistaken. The American voter, though much deluded about the tariff, is not deluded to the same degree or in the same way as the British fair-trader. He has never had the notion that, as people say here, he could lift himself by his own bootstraps, or make money by swapping jack-knives. His vast reserve of waste lands has always been in his mind, something for a tariff to work on which no other nation possessed.—*Nineteenth Century*.



## THE IRISH DIFFICULTY: A DIALOGUE OF DREAMLAND.

BY GEORGE CARLESS SWAYNE.

*Persons.*

MR. GLADSTONE.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

SCENE.—*Hawarden. A hot day. Mr. GLADSTONE is discovered lying by the side of a tree which he has nearly felled, his axe by his side, and a copy of Horace in his hand.*

*Gladstone (quotes)—*

"Me truncus illapsus cerebro  
Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum  
Dextrâ levâsset, Mercurialium  
Custos virorum."

Am I a mercurial man? Well, I don't think the tree, when it does come down, will fall on this side. If it did, it would put me out of misery. Horace seems to have had his tree very much on his brain; I have Parnell, which is worse. I am at my wits' end to know what I shall do with that fellow. They call him "the uncrowned king of Ireland." I am afraid I have made a sad mess of it by enfranchising the democracy; but I am tired to death. Mr. Bass is my truest supporter after all. "Bassum Threiciâ vincat amystide." [*Opens a pint bottle of beer, gulps it, and then sleeps.*

*Enter the shade of Cardinal RICHELIEU.]*

Who is this? A Church dignitary in full canonicals! It can't be the Archbishop of Westminster—I mean Cardinal Manning, more legally.

*Richelieu.* No, Mr. Gladstone. I am Cardinal Richelieu, Prime Minister of Louis the Thirteenth of France, very much at your service. I heard you were in trouble, and being a fellow-statesman, took French leave from Elysium to see if I could not give you some advice founded on long experience.

*Glad.* How did you get to Elysium? I thought you were anything but a clerical character.

*Rich.* I was a great and successful ruler of men; you,—well, you read the lessons very well in church. What have you done as a statesman?

*Glad.* I helped Italy to become a nation; I gave back the Ionian Islands to

Greece, and got the Powers to give her Thessaly, with ultimate hope of Macedonia, Epirus, Crete, and the other islands.

*Rich.* Very well for Greece and Italy, but what about England—Great Britain, I should say?

*Glad.* I reduced the duty on French wine—

*Rich.* A good thing for our wine-growers, but a pearl before swine. Your people don't thank you for it, for they will not understand what wine is. By encouraging adulteration they demoralize our merchants. Why! You yourself drink Bass.

*Glad.* Because Bass supports me both physically and politically.

*Rich.* Greece, Italy, and France! Well, I grant you have done something for them; but what have you done for your own country?

*Glad.* I have given votes to more than two millions of new electors.

*Rich.* Votes are nothing more than *ψήφοι*—"stones," not bread. Electors are "mostly fools," as your Carlyle said. That applies to the old lot. As for the new, many of them don't know their right hand from their left, far less the difference between Liberals and Conservatives. Some cannot sign their names, but make a cross instead.

*Glad.* You, as a Cardinal, ought not to object to the sign of the cross. The illiterate voter was the doing of the Tories. When I played against Beaconsfield, he had an ugly habit of trumping all my best cards; and he always made me play out my hand faster than I intended. Parnell stood by watching the game, guessing that the party which lost would apply to him for a loan, and only bent on lending at ruinous interest. I see *his* game, now I am cleaned out; but I fear I can't play any more without his assistance.

*Rich.* Why not stop? Parnell only wants to ruin both sides. Forswear cards, and put up with your losses. But truce to metaphor. Has not Salisbury, who took Beaconsfield's place, paid you a delicate compliment by

adopting in great measure your Eastern policy, and that without insulting either Austria or Turkey? You might now be satisfied with criticism, eschewing open opposition. Why not go up to the Lords, and repose on your laurels?

*Glad.* I thought you seemed inclined to deny me any.

*Rich.* By no means. You have done something for Italy and Greece, and something, too, for French trade—although that ungrateful nation still sticks to Protection; and then you must have made yourself a favorite, or you would not have been called “the People’s William” and “the Grand Old Man.” But to my mind you have not yet proved that you have done much for Great Britain.

*Glad.* But for Ireland surely. I disestablished the Irish Church.

*Rich.* In such a manner as to please neither its friends nor its enemies. If English and Scotch bigotry could not allow you to establish as sister Churches the Catholic and Presbyterian bodies, you might have left that business alone. The Irish Church was no real grievance, as its revenues did not come out of the pockets of the people, but it served as a cry for the party of anarchy. I never heard but of one real grievance which Ireland had, which it shared with England, and that was the denial of civic rights to Roman Catholics; but even this, in the first instance, was a rough and ready measure of retaliation for rebellion. This grievance had been removed before your time by an Irishman of some note, Arthur Duke of Wellington, whom it is a shame to speak of in the same breath with Mr. Parnell, whose Irish origin certainly ought to be investigated, before he claims to speak in the name of Ireland.

*Glad.* I guaranteed the tenants of Ireland against the rapacity and tyranny of the landlords.

*Rich.* Being a Frenchman, I can only speak from general knowledge about Ireland. From my experience I should not say that landlords, as a class, were more rapacious and tyrannical than any other class of creditors. When debtors do not pay, creditors starve, if they have no other means of living; and starving people are apt to exact their dues to the uttermost farthing. If rich creditors

remit their just debts, they establish a principle by which poorer creditors suffer. In ancient times insolvent debtors became slaves. The fact that certain people in Ireland cheated their landlords (I do not say they could always help it), gave you no right to fix rents arbitrarily; so your interference with freedom of contract, and your favor to the Irish tenants, were a positive injustice to the tenants of England and Scotland.

*Glad.* The matter appears very simple at first sight, but the conditions complicate it. At first sight, the hiring of land to cultivate it and live by it is like the hiring of a house or tenement to live in it—like the hiring of a horse to ride, or a carriage to be carried in. No one would suppose that, by more or less constant use, the house, or the horse, or the carriage can become in any sense the property of the hirer. But the hiring of land to cultivate it is more like investing capital in building a house on some one else’s land, and where the rack-rent principle prevails, without the protection of a ninety-nine years’ lease. The injustice of the Irish system till I remedied it, was that the landlord could turn the tenant out at any time when the rent was overdue, and confiscate his unexhausted improvements—that is, his capital—in some cases leaving him nothing to begin life again with.

*Rich.* The remedy was in the tenants’ own hands. Why were they so imprudent as to hire land under such unfavorable conditions? Why not leave the landlords to cultivate their own land as best they could, and go elsewhere to hire lands? Surely the Irish tenants were not in the position of serfs bound to the soil.

*Glad.* Yes, they were—in their own imaginations at any rate; and the pure Celtic race are the most imaginative people under the sun. Imagination is the whole of their intellect, and does duty for logic and common-sense, and all the functions connected with them. They were bound to the soil on which they were born, by poverty, and utter inability to emigrate. And then they were afflicted by the monomania, that however much they multiplied—and they multiply like rabbits—they had a right to stay on the land on which they

were born, not only the eldest son, according to the feudal theory of primogeniture, but every one of a prolific Irishwoman's seven boys. They had no notion of colonizing on a large scale, till the famine of 1847 drove out a large number of them. Their priests discouraged emigration, because the priests, having no fixed incomes, lived by marriage-fees and the like—that is, by pushing population to its maximum, and making confusion worse confounded. So the people prefer death to emigration.

*Rich.* Yes; the death of their landlords. It was in a great measure your fault. You are so fond of felling trees, that your fingers ever itch to be hacking at some existing institution. You rubbed your hands when you had cut down the Protestant Church, and thought you had accomplished a great athletic feat. Instead of that, as incumbents died out from parishes where the great majority was Catholic, you ought gradually to have substituted the Catholic priests; and to be fair, Presbyterian ministers where the majority was Presbyterian. Instead of doing that, you made the priests your enemies when you might have made them your friends. You alienated Ulster, as well as the Catholic provinces, and amongst the three classes of clergy you were left without a single friend. So you have no right to be surprised that the last election made a clean sweep of your supporters.

*Glad.* But England and Scotland would not let me manage the business otherwise.

*Rich.* Under such circumstances, your sagacious predecessor, Lord Melbourne, could have said, "Why not let things alone?" That disestablishment of the Church, as you managed it, did unmitigated mischief to Ireland.

*Glad.* I am very sorry. But if I disestablish the Churches of England and Scotland, will not that make it fair all round?

*Rich.* I consider your question irrelevant. We will confine our attention for the present to Ireland. As things were, the Irish parson without parishioners was a kind of small squire, obliged to residence, and making himself very useful in temporal matters. In many cases he was regretted by the priest, who lost

in him an educated companion, and in his house and family circle a consolation for his lonely bachelorhood. Every parsonage was a little local centre of civilization. Your measure helped the object of the agitators, which, after filling their own pockets with pence extracted from the poor by their abominable terrorism, is to leave the Irish peasantry to relapse into barbarism, perhaps cannibalism, after all the gentry have been chased out of the country.

*Glad.* But I have a conscientious objection to "squarsons," as the "Church Times" calls them.

*Rich.* If you have been bitten by that fatuity of Puseyism, I must give up advising you. It is neither Protestant nor Catholic. It has no roots, and only thrives on the fashionable folly of that vulgar plutocracy which has superseded aristocracy in England. The Church of England's glory is in being an Erastian institution. Without State supremacy it has no *raison d'être*. Though a Cardinal, I was a statesman, and found it quite necessary in my time to keep the Church in her place—for the Church is feminine, and requires masculine control. When I was gone, that lump of vanity, Louis Quatorze, when his old age fell under the influence of the Jesuits and Madame de Maintenon, persecuted the Protestants, and stabbed to the heart the prosperity of France. She has never recovered it even to this day. You have done all you could to barbarize Ireland, and in all conscience she was barbarous enough before.

*Glad.* I thought I did it for the best.

*Rich.* So all say who make blunders that are more disastrous than any crimes. Good men, my dear Mr. Gladstone—I mean those markedly known as such, men of skinless consciences combined with utopian aspirations—are hardly ever fit to be rulers of mankind. For mankind is bad: your own religion tells you so, and if you believed it all round, you would clearly see it. Above all, mankind at large cannot be trusted. I heard of a statesman who gave his son one piece of advice on his deathbed—"Never say you are a reformer!" I never did. Henri Quatre never did, and he was perhaps our best king,—as a ruler, even better than St. Louis, who was too good for this world. St. Louis

had at one time the chance of annexing England to France, by siding with the malcontent barons, just as the French Plantagenets, represented by English Henry V., did afterwards for a short time annex France to England. But Henri Quatre did show he was a reformer in the practical sense by that saying recorded of him, that he should never be satisfied till every Frenchman had a fowl in his pot on Sundays. Henri Quatre was not what good people call a good man, for his gallantries were notorious; but he was a very good king, the best king probably since half-fabulous Charlemagne. Men have to be deceived to a certain extent even for their good. Our Church admits of pious frauds, sometimes in what I privately think questionable cases. But no pious fraud is so harmless as calling yourself a Conservative, and then trying to do all the good in your power to your country and your kind. Your habit of wearing your heart upon your sleeve, verily even on your shirt-sleeve when your coat is off, my dear sir, has gained you a certain popularity in England and Scotland, but failed in Ireland, because the Irish do not admire their own weaknesses in others; and it has done infinite mischief to your conduct both of home and foreign affairs. Let me advert for a moment to your foreign policy. You have earned the gratitude of Italy and Greece; but in your zeal for freedom and oppressed nationalities, you have called Turkey names, and Austria at another time. Both these Powers you might still use for good ends, if only they had short memories. You have abused the Pope in print, when his friendship would be invaluable to you in managing the Irish priests. You have told the Boers that you thought they were in the right, and let them score a triumph over British arms. In Afghanistan and the Soudan your avowed moderation was only interpreted as weakness. I say nothing about Gordon, which is too painful a subject. I forget—for not even ghosts know everything—whether it was Curran, or some one else, who gave his son another piece of dying advice: “Be always ready with the pistol.” It was certainly a provocation to lawlessness as applied to individuals, and very Irish. But it was very good

advice as applied to a great nation in a lawless world. Never attack without good cause, but be always ready to fight. Never retract or apologize, because you can never count on the generous interpretation of an international adversary. When Lord Beaconsfield wanted to keep the Russians from entering Constantinople, he placed the British fleet in front of it, and Russia drew in its horns—not probably because the fleet could prevent the Russians from going into the city, but because they knew Austria was behind them. He wanted Austria then. But you could hardly have ventured on the same measure, because you had offended Austria. In these days of cheap newspapers, information penetrates every corner of the world, and a statesman can never be too cautious what he says. In these days of democracy the conduct of public officers is judged, not according to the justice of the case, but success or failure. Varro, when he lost the battle of Cannæ, received the thanks of the Roman Senate, “because he had not despaired of the Republic.” But that Republic was an aristocracy. Bazaine, after putting 18,000 Germans *hors de combat* at Gravelotte, because he surrendered at Metz, and saved the French army, was condemned as a traitor by the French democracy, which was unable to see, as he did, the hopelessness of further struggle. A few more mistakes, and the somewhat stolid British democracy will be ready to turn and rend “the people’s William.” As for the Irish democracy, which through all your career you have tried to curry favor with, even at the risk of the ruin of the empire, you know very well that you have been obliged to have even your peaceful English home guarded by armed policemen.

*Glad.* There is much in what you say, Cardinal. But what on earth am I to do?

*Rich.* Release your followers from their personal allegiance by accepting the next peerage the Queen offers you.

*Glad.* But I am so accustomed to office that I could hardly live without it or the hope of it.

*Rich.* Then take the Woods and Forests under Lord Salisbury. But remember that scientific forest-culture demands

that trees should be planted as well as cut down.

*Glad.* Not a bad idea ; but what title do you suggest ?

*Rich.* The Earl of Flint—symbolical of your resolution to set your face as a flint against popular flattery.

*Glad.* But suppose my majority of eighty insist on turning out Lord Salisbury, and oblige the Queen to make me Premier again, what am I to do with Parnell ?

*Rich.* If I were Her Most Gracious Majesty, I would strain the Royal prerogative so far as to put Lord Hartington in your place, and leave him to deal with Parnell. Lord Hartington can hold his tongue, and as yet his hands are free. He would probably have a general support from the Conservatives in the extreme peril of the nation.

*Glad.* You are a wise man, wiser probably than any man of these degenerate days. What would you have done with Parnell ?

*Rich.* That woodman's axe of yours lying idle there, after working your will on your innocent trees, would suggest an answer. I would long ago have chopped off Parnell's head without waiting for a mandate from Louis Treize, or to consult the States-General, even if I had had to do the ugly job with my own hands.

*Glad.* But that would have produced an insurrection in Ireland.

*Rich.* Not a bit of it. All Ireland would have jumped for joy at being delivered from Parnell's tyranny. Decisive action is never unpopular with the masses. When, in ancient Rome, Spurius Cassius and Spurius Mælius were hurled from the Tarpeian rock for aspiring to tyranny, the Roman populace clapped their hands at the overturning of their idols. When Walworth struck down Wat Tyler, King Richard II. had only to tell the mob he would be their leader, and they followed him like sheep. Such drastic acts would have been impossible if universal suffrage had reigned in Rome or London, or unless, for the nonce, certain men had not had the courage to ignore it. Parnell and his gang have virtually declared war against England and equally against loyal Ireland, which you are too apt to forget. Then, perhaps, you would say they

ought to be acknowledged as belligerents, and treated with all the honors of war. It has not come to that yet, but may come to that, if you allow them to gather strength. Nations give rebels belligerent rights when they can no longer help it. Until that time, they treat them as rebels. And by nipping rebellion in the bud, you prevent the horrors of war. As yet, Irish rebellions have not been dangerous, except to the loyal inhabitants of Ireland,—the more than ten righteous men in Sodom, whom you would lightly leave to the tender mercies of the fire and brimstone to which rebellious Ireland is doomed. The Irish Celts are a singular people, brave as lions in a good cause, but cowardly as hares in a bad one. They make the best possible soldiers and policemen, because soldiers and policemen are subject to discipline. They are passionately attached to those who lead them with a true heart. As rebels, they have been always a failure. At the battle of the Boyne, the Irish ran away, and left the only serious resistance to their French auxiliaries. The last Irish rebellion, under Smith O'Brien, collapsed in a cabbage-garden, because his followers had found him out, as they will find out Parnell.

*Glad.* You lived in earlier times than ours, Cardinal. Your manner of dealing with Parnell is now out of the range of practical politics. Cannot we bribe his vanity with position, or his greed with money ? I have sometimes wished to make him a bishop. More than one bishop of late, much decried as a heretic, never gave any further trouble or scandal to the orthodox, when once he had been inducted into his see.

*Rich.* More formalities are to be gone through in making a bishop in these days than in mine. But you cannot bribe Parnell either with position or money, because if you did, he would be assassinated by the secret societies, and he knows it. He is at once a tyrant and a slave. If you had cut his head off, his party would have given you no further trouble, for it is like the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea"—cut the head through, and the limbs are paralyzed. But since you can't cut his head off, the only thing is simply to outvote him ; and then, if he kicks,

hand him over to the Sergeant-at-Arms. You have only to form an offensive and defensive alliance with Lord Salisbury, and when you have settled Parnell, you may begin your party fight again, since the fates seem to have decreed that England is always to be governed by a see-saw of party, a "king of the castle" game of overgrown lambs.

*Glad.* But supposing the parties join for a time, how are we to silence that huge Irish howl for Home Rule? Not Parnell himself, who is too wary, but some of the Parnellites say that if they cannot get Home Rule by fair means, they will get it by foul. By fair means they mean obstructing all the business of the House of Commons, and allowing no Government to be carried on; I should like to know what they mean by foul means?

*Rich.* And so should I. Their fair means hitherto (for I cannot distinguish them from their allies, the Fenians and Invincibles) have included such trifles as Phoenix Park murders, wayside assassinations, mutilations of cattle, dynamite explosions, arson, boycottings, &c. I suppose they mean by foul means, manly and open insurrection, and taking the field against her Majesty's troops. It will be a happy day for England when they resort to these,—at least, if one spark of military spirit still lingers in your shopkeeping nation. But there is no danger of this. They have too much regard for their mothers' calfskins. A woman the other day succeeded in putting O'Donovan Rossa in bodily fear. A few more heroines of her temper, even if not quite sane, would make short work of them all. She made a mistake in using a revolver instead of a cart-whip, the best weapon to cow a slave, or break the back of an adder.

*Glad.* But my sensitive conscience suggests to me that there may be some real grievance after all at the bottom of this Home Rule agitation, and it may not be just to entirely turn a deaf ear to it.

*Rich.* If I were not an ecclesiastic, I would say, "Damn your conscience," as the generally patient Duke of Wellington said "Damn his heart," when, as he was planning the campaign of Waterloo, it was suggested to him that some officer's heart would be broken if

he was not allowed to use his rockets. The Home Rule cry translated into French is nothing but "*Vol et Viol*," in English, robbery, murder, and anarchy. Before you give the lower Irish Home Rule they must prove their disposition to submit to rule in any shape. They are yet in the condition of school-boys. In former times there were rebellions in English public schools, but these only proved, not that the school-boys had a grievance, but that discipline had become relaxed. Since the time of Arnold of Rugby, that prince of schoolmasters, there have been no more rebellions. What was his plan? He took the choicest of his scholars, organized them as a sixth form, and made the sixth responsible for the discipline of the school to a great extent. In Ireland you have your ready-made sixth form in the province of Ulster, or, if your mismanagement has forfeited for a time the loyalty of Ulster, it may yet be recovered. Give Ulster provincial self-government first, and put the other provinces on probation. When they have proved they are fit for liberty, give it them, but not before. As long as agrarian crimes continue and the people sympathize with them, they are not fit for constitutional liberty. When criminals are given up, and crimes cease, it is time to ask whether they will bear self-government. Perhaps they may come to their senses through envy, when you have made Ulster a privileged province. Your present system—treating habitual criminals as honest men—is a discouragement to honesty altogether. You will never govern Ireland until you see that one race is not like another, and that to impose your free institutions on the Irish Celts as they are, is like your good people subscribing to send warm clothing to the negroes of Central Africa, who would roll a shirt into a turban. Farewell, Mr. Gladstone, till we meet in the Elysian fields,—only recollect that the trees there are allowed to grow till they fall, and when you come, leave your axe behind you at Hawarden. It will be safer.

[RICHELIEU vanishes. Mr. GLADSTONE wakes, and takes up his axe.

*Glad.* Come, I won't be beaten by a tree. Here goes. Very obliging of a

great historic character to give me advice in a dream ! The whole Irish difficulty seems to have vanished with Cardinal Richelieu. But there remain as facts the hereditary poverty and hereditary improvidence of the Irish peasantry, and under the stress of these I must not be too hard in judging their hereditary ingratitude. I must do what I can for them still, whether in office or op-

position, and try to give them what Liberal and Conservative wisdom combined (and both parties together have none to spare) thinks best for them, and not what they cry for most loudly, for after all they are but

"Children crying in the night,  
Children crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry !"

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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### THE SCOTCH BORDERLAND.

BY NORMAN PEARSON.

THE ordinary English traveller to the north, especially if Scotland be something of a novelty to him, will feel a gentle thrill of excitement as the express whirls past Gretna, or steams slowly over the Tweed into Berwick station, arising from the consciousness that he has crossed the border. But though he has passed the geographical limit of England, he is scarcely yet amongst the Scotch proper, but is traversing the country of a peculiar people—the Borderers, as they are even now called, the dwellers in the Borderland.

The Border district nowadays is justly famed for the sport which its hills and rivers afford ; but time was, and not so long ago either, when the sport of the Borders was seriously interfered with by some less praiseworthy peculiarities of the Border people. Many causes have combined to stamp the Borderers with a character of their own. In the first place, the isolation of the district in the old days was almost complete. Railways have done much to disturb this ; but even now in the upland valleys external influences are little felt ; and, strange as it may seem, it is less than a hundred years since the first wheeled vehicle was seen in the Liddesdale made famous by Sir Walter Scott. It was Scott indeed who was really the first to exhume the half-forgotten memories of the early days of the Borderland, and to deck them with the vivid hues of his poetic fancy and descriptive power. But even without his help the silent records which yet remain would suggest much of the old Border life to one who could read them aright. There is a line

of fortifications along the south bank of the Tweed, and the whole frontier is dotted with ruined fortresses, some of them mere keeps, others rising to the dignity of castles, but all alike telling the same tale of raid and reprisal, attack and defence.

Indeed, the history of the Border in early times reveals a chronic state of warfare, or at least turbulence. This was in most cases the expression of national antipathies, combined with a taste for loot, though, provided there was a fair prospect of the latter, some of the Borderers, notably the Græmes of "the debateable land," were not very particular on which side they fought. But in addition to the respectable and legitimate conflicts between English and Scotch, there were, on the Scotch side of the March, clan fights without number. Once, after a desperate struggle with a "whitling" of nearly two pounds which I had hooked foul in a strong stream, my companion, a native Borderer, told me that a whole village had been slaughtered by the banks of the river where we then stood drinking the health of the gallant fish. For many years the family feuds of the Maxwells and the Johnstones in Dumfriesshire, and the Scots and Kerrs in Roxburghshire, seem to have been a grievous source of disquiet to their respective counties. Under the Stuarts the law was almost as powerless on the Borders as in the recesses of the Highlands, or at best was only executed by fits and starts. Frequent measures of repression were taken, but with doubtful success, against the "broken men," "rank riders," or "reivers of the Bor-

ders," who are quaintly described in an old chronicle as "an infamous byke (beehive) of lawless limmers." Punishment, however, when it did reach the offenders, was stern and pitiless. In 1529 James V. hanged "Johnnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie, and forty-eight men." In 1606 the Earl of Dunbar dealt the same penalty to "above a hundred and forty of the nimblest and most powerful thieves," and reported that the Borders were "now satled far by onything that ever has been done there before." Similarly, in 1637, the Earl of Traquair at Jedburgh "hanged thirty, burned five, banished fifteen, put to the horn forty, and cleansed fifteen" of these turbulent characters. This drastic variety of punishment seemed to have induced the Borderers, who clearly were eminently business-like rascals, seriously to reconsider their habits, and, under the timely pressure of Cromwell's iron hand, Border disturbances gradually died out.

Now, the only disturbance the angler or explorer is likely to encounter in these parts, is the unfriendly curiosity of some native bull. But save for this possible source of annoyance, the streams of the Border are the most sporting steams in the kingdom. The fish are not large, but they are ready to rise, game to play, and sweet to eat. Here too, if you are not afraid to rough it, you may penetrate into a real *terra incognita*, for it is hardly too much to say that in the heart of the Cheviots there are districts where man never sets foot, unless it be an occasional shepherd. I have only seen the frontier of this unknown land, but I mean to explore it with my fly rod some day, and perhaps discover the grave of the dead hero of bygone ages, whom tradition declares to be buried in his silver armor, somewhere in these untrodden wilds.

However, our present concern is with the living and not with the dead, and the living Borderer has plenty of points of interest. Indeed, the real *differentia* of the Borderland lies in the character of its inhabitants, a character which no doubt owes much of its native vigor to the surroundings of nature amid which it has grown up. It is curious to notice how much the Borderers still retain of the lawless spirit of their moss-trooper

ancestors. Game-laws, and especially fishing laws, meet with little regard. Smuggling was extensively practised within the memory of living men; and only two or three years ago Borderers of all ranks and stations combined *con amore* to violate an act prohibiting the transport of sheep and cattle across the Scotch Border for sanitary purposes. But, perhaps, the most striking feature of the Borderer's character is the open-handed hospitality which prevails among all classes from the highest to the lowest. By a graceful and touching custom, poor relations are still welcomed under the name of "Sorners," to the houses of their wealthier kinsfolk; and throughout their visits (which sometimes would last for many weeks), they are invariably treated as honored guests. As might be expected, this hospitable spirit becomes the *causa causans* of a good deal of drinking. A characteristic saying is preserved of a certain Armstrong of Sorbie, who lived somewhere about 1750, and who even then came to the conclusion that it was a better world when there were more bottles and fewer glasses in it. A Border minister has told me that he positively dreads his ministerial visits, on account of the amount of food and drink which he is expected to consume in each house. Border clergymen of an older generation, however, are usually free from any degenerate incapacity of this kind, and will drink their share stoutly with the best of their flock. An old-fashioned specimen of this class was once invited to an evening party at the house of a reverend brother, who affected, as he thought, an unworthy moderation. Being asked on his return how he had enjoyed himself, he replied, "Indeed nae muckle ava': baabee whust and the leddies cheating; yea tumbler o' toddy wi' twa weemen oct o't." (*Idem Anglice reddidit.*) "Indeed, not much at all: halfpenny whist and the ladies cheating; one tumbler of toddy with two women (sipping) out of it."

There is a strong feeling of clannishness among the Borderers, as elsewhere in Scotland, and this sometimes is carried to a needless exclusiveness. There is a story told of a beggar woman who had wandered through a Border hamlet asking alms, but in vain. At last in de-



spair, she exclaimed, "Is there not a Christian in the village?" "Na, na," was the reply, "we're a' Johnstons and Jaidens (Jardines) here."

Keen sportsmen too are the Borderers, and the border hounds, which hunt only among the hills, often go out field and all, for three days at a time to some neighboring farmer's homestead. But over and above legitimate sport, it must be confessed that they have an irresistible fancy for poaching, and "burning the water" for salmon or bull-trout is a highly popular pastime in rivers where it is possible.

The bull-trout is a misguided species of the salmon tribe which is very rarely to be tempted by any kind of bait. And under the existing salmon laws the netting season closes before the bull-trout are fairly running up into the rivers. According to the letter of the law, killing a bull-trout after a certain date otherwise than with a rod and line is illegal. But the absurdity of extending this protection to a fish that will take no bait is so palpable that breaches of the law are frequently winked at, if only they be decently veiled. Burning the water is a systematic form of poaching carried on at night by regular gangs; but there is an opening for individual skill and enterprise on a smaller scale in the daytime. When the fish are fairly running up an unwonted activity appears in the usually peaceful hamlets of the Cheviots. At this time the whole population seems possessed with a mania for hurrying down to the river on every possible occasion. About midday perhaps you may notice a slim apprentice lad, dismissed from work for an hour, making his way down to the water's edge, dangling with absent air, a business-like club. In half an hour you may meet him walking briskly back again. Is there a certain unfamiliar corpulence about his figure? This no doubt is due to the wholesome effects of a constitutional; and if perchance you catch a glimpse of a fish-tail protruding from beneath his closely-buttoned coat, charity should impose a caution on any hasty inferences. There are many things not dreamed of in the philosophies of the wisest of us, and we are notoriously ignorant of the habits of the salmon tribe. Thus it may well be that, to the naturalist, the instincts

of the bull-trout incline him to lurk beneath the human waistcoat.

The Borderers are an obstinate race in their way, though their obstinacy is not of the stupid pig-headed kind, but rather a stubborn tenacity of what they regard as their rights. Most of the Scotch rivers are carefully preserved. In the Borderland they are nearly all free; and though efforts have been made at times to preserve them *pro bono publico* the Borderer will not abate one tittle of his prescriptive right in the matter, though he knows that the concession would turn to his own advantage.

Among such wild surroundings as those of the Borderland one might expect to find a luxuriant growth of superstitions. These, however, are not specially abundant. Some dim memory is still cherished of the wizard Michael Scott, and of another celebrity of the same kidney, a certain Lord Soulis who being wound-proof could only be despatched by boiling. Thomas the Rhymer is also held in remembrance, and one of his utterances "Betide, betide, whate'er betide, Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde," is a prophecy which has fulfilled itself with curious accuracy.

A little village in Roxburghshire, by name Linton, has a peculiar legend attached to it. It formerly stood on the verge of a great mere, some traces of which remained till quite recently. In the far past this mere harbored a hideous dragon or "worm," which ravaged the country till some hero destroyed it with a fire-tipped lance. Over the doorway of the little church there is a rough sculpture of the slaying of this beast, which is said by the learned to be at least eight hundred years old; and to this day, though it is not made into a show place, the hollow is pointed out which formed the lair of the Worm of Linton.

On the English side of the Border too a similar legend appears in the "laidly worm," which haunted a district of Northumberland. Allowing a little to imagination, these stories almost tempt us to wonder whether they are wholly fictitious. It is remarkable how persistently the dragon or worm in most similar legends makes his dwelling in a marsh or lagoon. And though geolog-

ically it seems incredible, these fabulous monsters irresistibly call to mind the great aquatic saurians of the secondary period, and give color to a fancy that perhaps in the wild recesses of the Cheviots some of these may have survived long enough to come into contact with the men of the later Pleistocene. Science, however, will probably laugh this view to scorn, so I leave it to its fate and return to my subject.

Some curious old customs still survive in the Borderland. At Christmas time troops of boys go about as "guisers" (the local substitute for "Theatre Royal") to different houses, performing a rude sort of play and singing doggerel rhymes. On the last day of the year, or "Hogmanay Morning" as it is called, the children go round demanding "cakes," a dole which a sordid usage has now converted into coppers. It is true that this bears a strong family likeness to the Christmas box of a more advanced civilization. But it is perhaps a more picturesque form of the same impost, and resembles a really old custom found in some of the eastern counties of

England, where at harvest time bands of the country folk go about asking "largess." The "broose" is also a great institution on the Border. This is a race between the young men of the neighborhood after a wedding, whereof the prize is a handkerchief, and a kiss from the bride. Scotland is celebrated for its football players; but on the Border this game appears almost in the light of a ceremonial institution, with a special day (usually new year's day or Eastern's e'en) devoted to it. As played in these parts it is a remarkably rough pastime, and the "course" selected is invariably near some piece of water, into which, sooner or later, ball and players are sure to find their way. It is said that in old days these football meetings were often the prelude to a foray. Other customs there are which demand a discreet reticence, but for good or evil all are dying away, and perhaps in another fifty years there will be little left of the distinctive features of the Borderland beyond its streams, its "mosses," and the lonely grandeur of its everlasting hills.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.



### THE GREAT GLADSTONE MYTH.\*

BY R. HAMILTON LONG.

In the post-Christian myths of the Teutonic race settled in England no figure appears more frequently and more mysteriously than that of Gladstone, or Mista Gladstone. To unravel the true germinal conception of Gladstone, and to assign to all the later accretions of myth their *provenance* and epoch, are the problems attempted in this chapter. It is almost needless (when we consider the perversity of men and the lasting nature of prejudice) to remark that some still see in Gladstone a shadowy historical figure. Just as our glorious mythical Siegfried has been falsely interpreted as the shadowy traditional Arminius (the Arminius of Tacitus, not of Leo Adolescents), projected on the mists of the Brocken, so Gladstone has

been recognized as a human hero of the Fourth Dynasty. In this capacity he has been identified with Gordon (probably the north wind), with Spurgeon,\* whom I have elsewhere shown to be a river god, and with Livingstone. In the last case the identity of the suffix "stone," and the resemblance of the ideas of "joy" and of "vitality," lend some air of speciousness to a fundamental error. Livingstone is *ohne zweifel*, a form (like Cox) of the midnight sun, now fabled to wander in the "Dark Continent," now alluded to as lost in the cloudland of comparative mythology. Of all these cobwebs spun by the spiders of sciolism, the Euhemeristic or Spenserian view—that Gladstone is an historical personage—has attracted most at-

\* A chapter from Prof. Boscher's "Post-Christian Mythology." Berlin and New York, A.D. 3886.

\* Both these names are undoubtedly Greek neuter substantives.

tention. Unluckily for its advocates, the whole contemporary documents of the Fourth Dynasty have perished. When an over-educated and an over-rated populace, headed by two mythical figures, Wat Tyler and one Jo,\* rose in fury against the School Boards and the Department, they left nothing but tattered fragments of the literature of the time. Consequently we are forced to reconstruct the Gladstonian myth by the comparative method, that is, by comparing the relics of old Ritual treatises, hymns, imprecations, and similar religious texts, with works of art, altars, and statues, and with popular traditions and folk-lore. The results, again, are examined in the light of the Vedas, the Egyptian monuments, and generally of everything that, to the unscientific eye, seems most turbidly obscure in itself, and most hopelessly remote from the subject in hand. The aid of Philology will not be rejected because Longus, or Longinus, has † meanly argued that her services must be accepted with cautious diffidence. On the contrary, Philology is the only real key to the labyrinths of post-Christian myth.

The philological analysis of the name of Gladstone is attempted, with very various results, by Roth, Kuhn, Schwartz, and other contemporary descendants of the old scholars. Roth finds in "Glad" the Scotch word "gled," a hawk or falcon. He then adduces the examples of the Hawk-Indra, from the Rig Veda, and of the Hawk-headed Osiris, both of them indubitably personifications of the sun. On the other hand, Kuhn, with Schwartz, fixes his attention on the suffix "stone," and quotes, from a fragment attributed to Shakespeare, "the all-dreaded thunderstone." Schwartz and Kuhn conclude, in harmony with their general system, that Gladstone is really and primarily the thunder-bolt, and secondarily the spirit of the tempest. They quote an isolated line from an early lay about the "Pilot who weathered the storm," which they apply to Gladstone in his human or political aspect, when

the storm-spirit had been anthropomorphized, and was regarded as an ancestral politician. But such scanty folklore as we possess assures us that the storm, on the other hand, weathered Gladstone; and that the poem quoted refers to quite another person, also named William, and probably identical with William Tell—that is, with the sun, which of course brings us back to Roth's view of the hawk, or solar Gladstone, though this argument in his own favor has been neglected by the learned mythologist. He might also, if he cared, adduce the solar stone of Delphi, fabled to have been swallowed by Cronus. Kuhn, indeed, lends an involuntary assent to this conclusion (*Ueber Entwick. der Myth.*), when he asserts that the stone swallowed by Cronus was the setting sun. Thus we have only to combine our information to see how correct is the view of Roth, and how much to be preferred to that of Schwartz and Kuhn. Gladstone, philologically considered, is the "hawkstone," combining with the attributes of the Hawk-Indra and Hawk-Osiris those of the Delphian sun-stone, which we also find in the Egyptian Ritual for the Dead.\* The ludicrous theory that Gladstone is a territorial surname, derived from some place, "Gledstane" (*Falkenstein*), can only be broached by men ignorant of even the grammar of Sanskrit; dabblers who mark with a pencil the pages of travellers and missionaries. We conclude, then, that Gladstone is, primarily, the hawk-sun, or sun-hawk.

From philology we turn to the examination of literary fragments, which will necessarily establish our already secured position (that Gladstone is the sun), or so much the worse for the fragments. These have reached us in the shape of burned and torn scraps of paper, covered with printed texts, which resolve themselves into hymns, and imprecations or curses. It appears to have been the custom of the worshippers of Gladstone to salute his rising, at each dawn, with printed outcries of adoration and delight, resembling in character the Osirian hymns. These are sometimes

\* Lieblein speaks ("Egyptian Religion," 1884, Leipzig) of "the mythical name Jo." Already had Continental *savants* dismissed the belief in a historical Jo, a leader of the Demos.  
† There seems to be some mistake here.

\* "Le pierre sorti du soleil se retrouve au Livre des Souffles." Lefebure, "Osiris," p. 204. Brugsch, "Shai-n. sinsin," i. 9.

couched in rhythmical language, as when we read—

"[Gla]dstone, the pillar of the People's hopes,"—

to be compared with a very old text, referring obscurely to "the People's William," and "a popular Bill," doubtless one and the same thing, as has often been remarked. Among the epithets of Gladstone which occur in the hymns, we find "versatile," "accomplished," "philanthropic," "patriotic," "statesmanlike," "subtle," "eloquent," "illustrious," "persuasive," "brilliant," "clear," "unambiguous," "resolute." All of those are obviously intelligible only when applied to the sun. At the same time we note a fragmentary curse of the greatest importance, in which Gladstone is declared to be the beloved object of "the Divine Figure from the North," or "the Great White Czar." This puzzled the learned, till a fragment of a Muellerian disquisition was recently unearthed. In this text\* it was stated, on the authority of Brinton, that "the Great White Hare" worshipped by the Red Indians was really, when correctly understood, the Dawn. It is needless to observe (when one is addressing scholars) that "Great White Hare" (in Algonkin, *Manibozho*) becomes *Great White Czar* in Victorian English. Thus the Divine Figure from the North, or White Czar, with whom Gladstone is mythically associated, turns out to be the Great White Hare, or Dawn Hero, of the Algonkins. The sun (Gladstone) may naturally and reasonably be spoken of in mythical language as the "Friend of the Dawn." This proverbial expression came to be misunderstood, and we hear of a Liberal statesman, Gladstone, and of his affection for a Russian despot. The case is analogous to Apollo's fabled love for Daphne = Dâhana, the Dawn. While fragments of laudatory hymns are common enough, it must not be forgotten that dirges or curses (*Diræ*) are also discovered in the excavations. These *Diræ* were put forth both morning and evening, and it is interesting to note that the imprecations vented at sunset ("evening papers," in the old mythical language) are

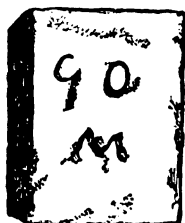
even more severe and unsparing than those uttered ("morning papers") at dawn.

How are the imprecations to be explained? The explanation is not difficult, nothing *is* difficult—to a comparative mythologist. Gladstone is the sun, the enemy of Darkness. But Darkness has her worshippers as well as Light. Set, no less than Osiris, was adored in the hymns of Egypt, perhaps by kings of an invading Semitic tribe. Now there can be no doubt that the enemies of Gladstone, the *Rishis*, or hymn-writers who execrated him, were regarded by his worshippers as a darkened class, foes of enlightenment. They are spoken of as "the stupid party," as "obscurantists," and so forth, with the usual amenity of theological controversy. It would be painful, and is unnecessary, to quote from the curses, whether matins or vespers, of the children of night. Their language is terribly severe, and, doubtless, was regarded as blasphemy by the sun-worshippers. Gladstone is said to have "no conscience," "no sense of honor," to be so fugitive and evasive in character, that one might almost think the moon, rather than the sun, was the topic under discussion. But, as Roth points out, this is easily explained when we remember the vicissitudes of English weather, and the infrequent appearances of the sun in that climate. By the curses, uttered as they were in the morning, when night has yielded to the star of day, and at evening, when day is, in turn, vanquished by night, our theory of the sun Gladstone is confirmed beyond reach of cavil; indeed the solar theory is no longer a theory, but a generally recognized fact.

Evidence, which is bound to be confirmatory, reaches us from an altar and from works of art. The one altar of Gladstone is by some explained as the pedestal of his statue, while the anthropological sciolists regard it simply as a milestone! In speaking to scholars it is hardly necessary even to touch on this preposterous fallacy, sufficiently confuted by the monument itself.

On the road into western England, between the old sites of Bristol and London, excavations recently laid bare the very interesting monument figured here.

\* "Nineteenth Century," December, 1885.



Though some letters or hieroglyphs are defaced, there can be no doubt that the inscription is correctly read G. O. M. The explanation which I have proposed (*Zeitschrift für Ang. Ant.*) is universally accepted by scholars. I read *Gladstonio Optimo Maximo*, "To Gladstone, Best and Greatest," a form of adoration, or adulation, which survived in England (like municipal institutions, the game laws, and trial by jury) from the date of the Roman occupation. It is a plausible conjecture that Gladstone stepped into the shoes of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. Hence we may regard him (like Osiris) as the sum of the monotheistic conception in England.

This interpretation is so manifest, that, could science sneer, we might laugh at the hazardous conjectures of smatterers ignorant even of the grammar of Sanskrit. They, as usual, are greatly divided among themselves. The Spenserian or Euhemeristic school,—if that can be called a school

"Where blind and naked Ignorance  
Delivers brawling judgments all day long  
On all things, unshamed,"—

protests that the monument is a pedestal of a lost image of Gladstone. The inscription (G. O. M.) is read "Grand Old Man," and it is actually hinted that this was the *petit nom*, or endearing title, of a real historical politician. Weak as we may think such reasonings, we must regard them as, at least, less unscholarly than the hypothesis that the inscription should be read

"90 M."

meaning "ninety miles from London." It is true that the site whence the monument was excavated is at a distance of ninety miles from the ruins of London, but that is a mere coincidence, on which it were childish to insist. Scholars know at what rate such accidents should be

estimated, and value at its proper price one unimpeachable equation like G. O. M. = *Gladstonio Optimo Maximo*.

It is, of course, no argument against this view that the authors of the *Diræ* regard Gladstone as a maleficent being. How could they do otherwise? They were the scribes of the opposed religion. Diodorus tells us about an Ethiopian sect which detested the Sun. A parallel, as usual, is found in Egypt, where Set, or Typhon, is commonly regarded as a maleficent spirit, the enemy of Osiris, the midnight sun. None the less it is certain that under some dynasties Set himself was adored—the deity of one creed is the Satan of its opponents. A curious coincidence seems to show (as Bergaigne thinks) that Indra, the chief Indo-Aryan deity, was occasionally confounded with Vritra, who is usually his antagonist. The myths of Egypt, as reported by Plutarch, say that Set, or Typhon, forced his way out of his mother's side, thereby showing his natural malevolence even in the moment of his birth. The myths of the extinct Algonkians of the American continent repeat absolutely the same tale about Malsumis, the brother and foe of their divine hero, Glooskap. Now the Rig Veda (iv. 18, 1-3) attributes this act to Indra, and we may infer that Indra had been the Typhon, or Set, or Glooskap, of some Aryan kindred, before he became the chief and beneficent god of the Kusika stock of Indo-Aryans. The evil myth clung to the good god. By a similar process we may readily account for the imprecations, and for the many profane and blasphemous legends, in which Gladstone is represented as oblique, mysterious, and equivocal. (Compare Apollo Loxias.) The same class of ideas occurs in the myths about Gladstone "in Opposition" (as the old mythical language runs), that is, about the too ardent sun of summer. When "in Opposition," he is said to have found himself in a condition "of more freedom and less responsibility," and to "have made it hot for his enemies," expressions transparently mythical. If more evidence were wanted, it would be found in the myth which represents Gladstone as the opponent of Huxley. As every philologist knows, Huxley, by Grimm's law, is Huskley, the hero of a "husk

myth" (as Ralston styles it), a brilliant being enveloped in a husk, probably the night or the thundercloud. The dispute between Gladstone and Huskley as to what occurred at the Creation is a repetition of the same dispute between Wainamoinen and Jonkahainen, in the Kalewala of the Finns. Released from his husk the opponent becomes Beaconsfield = the field of light, or radiant sky.

In works of art Gladstone is represented as armed with an axe. This, of course, is probably a survival from the effigies of Zeus Labrandeus, *den Man auf Münzen mit der Streitaxt erblickt* (Preller, i. 112). We hear of axes being offered to Gladstone by his worshippers. Nor was the old custom of clothing the image of the god (as in the sixth book of the "Iliad") neglected. We read that the people of a Scotch manufacturing town, Galashiels, presented the Midlothian Gladstone (a local hero) with "trousers," which the hero graciously accepted. Indeed he was remarkably unlike Death, as described by Æschylus, "Of all gods, Death only reckes not of gifts." Gladstone, on the other hand, was the centre of a lavish system of sacrifice—loaves of bread, axes, velocipedes, books, in vast and overwhelming numbers, were all dedicated at his shrine. Hence some have identified him with Irving, also a deity propitiated (as we read in Hatton) by votive offerings. In a later chapter I show that Irving is really one of the Asvins of Vedic mythology, "the Great Twin Brethren," or, in mythic language, "the Corsican Brothers" (compare Myriantheus on the Asvins). His inseparable companion is Wilson-Barrett.

Among animals the cow is sacred to Gladstone; and, in works of art, gems and vases (or "jam-pots"). He is represented with the cow at his feet, like the mouse of Horus, of Apollo Smintheus, and of the Japanese God of Plenty (see an ivory in the Henley Collection). How are we to explain the companionship of the cow? At other times the Sun-hero sits between the horns of the Cow-Goddess Dilemma, worshipped at Westminster. (Compare

Brugsch. "Religion und Mythologie der alten Aegypter," p. 168, "Die Darstellungen Zeigen uns den Sonnengott zwischen den Hörnern der Kuh sitzend.") The idea of Le Page Renouf, and of Pierret and De Rougé, is that the cow is a symbol of some Gladstonian attribute, perhaps "squeezability," a quality attributed to the hero by certain Irish minstrels. I regard it as more probable that the cow is (as in the Veda) the rain-cloud, released from prison by Gladstone, as by Indra. At the same time the cow, in the Veda, stands for Heaven, Earth, Dawn, Night, Cloud, Rivers, Thunder, Sacrifice, Prayer, and Soma. We thus have a wide field to choose from, nor is our selection of very much importance, as any, or all, of these interpretations will be welcomed by Sanskrit scholars. The followers of McLennan have long ago been purged out of the land by the edict of Oxford against this sect of mythological heretics. They would doubtless have maintained that the cow was Gladstone's totem, or family crest, and that, like other totemists, he was forbidden to eat beef.

It is curious that on some old and worn coins we detect a half-obliterated male figure lurking behind the cow. The inscription may be read "Jo," or "Io," and appears to indicate Io, the cow-maiden of Greek myth (see the "Prometheus" of Æschylus).

In addressing scholars it is needless to refute the Euhemeristic hypothesis, worthy of the Abbé Banier, that the cow is a real cow, offered by a real historical Gladstone, or by his companion, Jo, to the ignorant populace of the rural districts. We have already shown that Jo is a mythological name. The tendency to identify Gladstone with the cow (as the dawn with the sun) is a natural and edifying tendency, but the position must not be accepted without further inquiry. Caution, prudence, a tranquil balancing of all available evidence, and an absence of preconceived opinions, these are the guiding stars of comparative mythology. —*Macmillan's Magazine*.

## ON A FAR-OFF ISLAND.

WE arrived at Karpathos a wreck—that is to say, a gust of wind from the mountains struck us when sailing on an almost glassy sea, carried away our sail and our mast, and reduced us to our oars. Where is Karpathos? and why did we go there? are always questions put to us; and we reply that it is one of the most lost islands of the Ægean Sea, lying between Crete and Rhodes, where no steamer touches, and that my wife and I spent some months on it last winter with a view to studying the customs of the 9000 Greeks who inhabit it, and who in their mountain villages have preserved through long ages many of the customs of the Greeks of old.

Our island delighted us immensely for its own exceeding loveliness: sharp-peaked mountains rise 4000 feet out of the sea, deep clefts lined with fir-trees run down to the water's edge. Near one of these, where nestled a tiny fishing hamlet, to the north of the island, we deserted our wreck, and hired a boat manned by four wild-looking Karpathiote oarsmen to row us along the coast for seven hours to the chief village. Their oars were like great branches, and with each stroke they pulled they rose from their seat, jumped on the seat in front of them, and kept time by repeating in a shrill voice little rhyming distiches, commenced by stroke and carried on by the others. These sailors know hundreds of these rhymes, which have been handed down from father to son. As a specimen I will give this one: Stroke commences by shouting, "Everything from God;" number two, "assistance;" number three, "and supervision;" bow concludes the couplet by, "and our bark shall proceed well." When not singing, the sailors were chiding and chaffing one another, so that for the whole of the seven hours they were scarcely silent for a moment—not even stroke, a grey-haired man, who will not see sixty again.

The Governor of Karpathos is a Turk, his treasurer is a Turk, the custom-house officer is a Turk, and there are five Turkish soldiers on Karpathos to uphold the Government of the Porte. Except these, all the inhabitants are

Greek, and the villages up in the mountains are allowed almost complete self-government, provided their annual tribute is paid. It is absurd to see how keen party spirit is in these tiny village communities over the election of the *demarch*, or mayor of the place. We attended one of their annual Parliaments, at which the election takes place. Eighty members of the village were assembled and seated cross-legged in the church, wild unkempt shepherds, with rough goatskin cloaks, and priests with long hair flowing loosely over their shoulders. Suddenly would arise a perfect pandemonium of voices in eager dispute, and as quickly would it be hushed, when the oldest man of the village arose, Deacon Saint George as he is called—Deacon, because he can read and write, and Saint, because his grandfather once had been a pilgrim to the Holy Tomb. "He is the most honorable man of all Karpathos," they whispered to me in mute admiration; but a few days after this I had an opportunity of testing his honor, for he always tottered after us on his stick, with his long-tasselled fez and long blue coat. One day my wife dropped a trifling ornament, value sixpence, which our old friend saw fall. He picked it up, looked at it, looked to see if my wife noticed her loss, held it in his hand for some time, and eventually consigned it to his pocket. Thus for this trifling loss we gauged the standard of honor of the most honorable councillor, the Nestor of Karpathos, at the sound of whose voice the hubbub of the village Parliament was for the moment lulled, though only to break forth again with redoubled vigor when Deacon Saint George sat down, until weary of dispute another lull ensued, during which the village schoolmaster was called upon, as the only decent scribe of the place, to write down the minutes of the meeting. A psalter was fetched from a stand in the church, pen and ink were produced, and, amidst a torrent of advice from all sides, the schoolmaster wrote down—well, I expect, pretty nearly what he pleased. Such is home rule amongst the mountains of Karpathos.

After our long and lovely row, we landed in the most populous corner of the island; where a group of villages run up a fertile gorge far into the mountains, down which a stream dashes, called the Chaos, leaping and boiling through chasms scarcely two yards wide. It is considered a most uncanny stream, which no man durst approach at night for fear of Nereids and other water-sprites. In the chief village the Turkish governor lives,—the *Kaimakam*, "the superior lord"—*kaimak* being the word for anything superior. Cream, of which we got an endless supply in Karpathos, is called *kaimak*; so, for the sake of simplicity, we soon took to calling the governor "the Cream."

With a view to a prolonged stay in one of these villages, we tried to secure for ourselves a house, but experienced much difficulty; for we had three introductions with us, and soon we discovered that three families were quarrelling amongst themselves for our possession. Old Koubis was a very talkative, desponding member of society, who came to visit us later than the others, apologizing for his delay by saying that his "bride" was ill. We could not imagine what so old a man could be doing with a bride, until we learned that his son had lately taken a wife, who was for the time being the family bride.

We spent the two first nights in the house of the Greek interpreter to the governor: and here we might have continued to dwell had not our third friend made us feel uncomfortable by privately insinuating that we were making ourselves inconvenient to "the interpreter," and that he could secure for us an empty house up in the village of Volà. By this plan he got us out of the interpreter's house. Not till later did we discover that our third friend had lately been studying Turkish hard, and aspired to the post of interpreter himself; so that a few weeks later he actually attempted the life of our first host.

Housekeeping at Volà was difficult. We had to send to the mountains for meat and milk whenever we wanted it; for the good Karpathiotes are most abstemious, rarely eating anything but bread and olives. As for groceries, save coffee and sugar, they were not to be had for love or money; and no vege-

tables, except onions, existed in the island. Our house consisted of one large room. Half of it had a mud floor; half was a raised wooden platform for our beds, below which were store cupboards for oil and wine. The windows had no glass in them; and some days, when the mountain mist came down upon us, we crouched over our charcoal brazier and shivered again. Our servant dwelt in a tiny kitchen adjoining, where his struggles to light a fire with damp wood, and to cook without utensils, used to call for our keenest pity. Every evening a party of old women would come to keep us company, with their faces enveloped in handkerchiefs. They told us local customs and belief of an extraordinary nature. One evening I tried to sketch these old crones, and was discovered so doing. I thought my eyes would have been scratched out and my handiwork destroyed for my impudence, so infuriated were they; for they believe that if their portraits are taken they will waste away and die.

Six months before our arrival, the owner of our house had died, and the sister, Sebastà by name, had inherited it; but she had kept it closed ever since, until our third friend, a relative of hers, had persuaded her to open it for us, on the condition that we should not sing or hold festival therein. We were not informed on taking possession of the delicate nature of our tenure, and in an unlucky moment we invited "the Cream," his interpreter, his treasurer, and our two other friends to a meal, and were prepared to put forth all our limited resources to do credit to our nation on the occasion.

The evening before our party Sebastà rushed in, in great distress. "You are going to give a table in this house of mourning," she cried. "You will sing, you will get drunk, and the neighbors will sneer and say how soon has the memory of the dead been forgotten." Our position was an awkward one, for it was too late to make other arrangements. In our extremity we protested that we would not sing, nor would we get drunk, though I felt inward misgivings on this latter point with regard to one or two of our guests. Sebastà wept and stamped with rage alternately. The old grandmother expostulated, and



our third friend, who came in to our assistance, argued. The point was not settled when we retired to rest that night, nor did we obtain leave to hold our party until a short time before the guests were due. Then arose another difficulty. Our kid and our milk, for which we had despatched a special messenger to the mountains, did not reach us until two hours before the time appointed for "the table," and an agonizing two hours we spent, literally tearing our kid limb from limb to prepare it for the pot. Of course the milk got smoked, and our English pudding was a disgrace to the nation. And then, to our horror, an hour before they were invited our guests arrived, bringing with them two others for whom we were not prepared. No party that we shall ever be called upon to give in civilized regions will appear formidable after this, and it really passed off remarkably well, with the assistance of a bottle of brandy for the Turks, who get over their vow not to drink wine by this subterfuge, and plenty of wine for the Greeks. We did not sing, and I don't think any one got drunk: at all events, Sebastà came in afterward to thank us for having thus far respected the memory of her departed sister.

Only a few weeks later our third friend attempted the life of the interpreter; but when sitting at our table, no one would have guessed their animosity. They related how once they had together, at one sitting, eaten seventeen new-born lambs, so plentiful are they in Karpathos, after which they had consumed forty sardines apiece, and got drunk by going round from house to house asking for wine. When they came to the doctor's house, he gave them some wine, but placed in it a drug which was very beneficial to them after their debauch. Our third friend, the would-be interpreter, is very poor, and glories in his poverty, for it has come to pass as follows: he gave his eldest daughter so large a dower, that she was enabled to marry the schoolmaster of a neighboring island. It is a curious feature in Karpathos, where romance is unknown, and, as our friend the interpreter said, "All our marriages are for substance." Firstborn sons inherit their father's property, firstborn daughters

their mother's, and no girl can marry without she can provide her husband with a house. The result is excellent in checking the population, and in producing old maids; but we could not help thinking it was a little hard on the second daughter of our third friend, a plain girl, who went about without shoes and stockings, and was ready to earn a trifle by carrying our luggage on her head.

As a return for our "table," "the Cream" and our other friends arranged a sort of picnic for us, to a lovely spot called Mrs. Madonna (Kera Panagià), where a church contains a miraculous picture, and is looked after by a well-known old hermit-monk called Vasili. The church is at the foot of a narrow gorge down by the sea, amidst tree-clad heights, which culminate in Mount Lastos, the highest peak in Karpathos, 4000 feet above the sea-level. Close to this church there is a water source, which springs right out of a rock: it is icy cold and clear, and all around its egress the rock is garlanded with maidenhair; mastic, myrtle, and daphne almost conceal it from view. To this spot, the most favored one in the island, our friends took us. In 1821 a Cretan refugee, whose flocks and possessions had been destroyed by the Turks, vowed a church to the Panagià if she would lead him to a place of safety. So, says the legend, she conducted his boat here, where he found water, fertility, and seclusion, and here he built the church he had vowed. Once a year, on the day of the Assumption, the Karpathiotes make a pilgrimage to this spot; for the rest of the year it is left to the charge of poor old Vasili, who told us the very sad story which had driven him to adopt this hermit life. A few years ago he lived in the village, with his two sons and one daughter. She married a sea-captain, a well-to-do sponge-fisher, who owned a boat and much money, he said. On one of his voyages, the sponge-fisher took with him Vasili's two sons, and on their way they fell across a boat manned by pirates from Amorgos. The pirates shot the captain, boarded the caique, and strapped the two brothers to the mast. After they had cleared the boat of all they could find, they sank it, and shortly afterward some other sponge-fishers

found the two brothers fastened to the mast at the bottom of the sea. They gave notice to the Government, and a steamer was despatched from Chios in pursuit of the pirates, and the bodies were brought home and buried. It was but poor satisfaction to old Vasili to hear of the capture of the murderers. His daughter shortly afterwards married again, and left Karpathos, and he, with his broken heart and tottering step, donned the garb of a monk, and came to end his days at Kera Panagià, where he lives in a little stone hut alongside the church, and tills the ground, lights the lamps before the sacred pictures, and rings the church bell.

Our picnic meal was the greatest possible success, for "the Cream" brought with him one of his soldiers, an Albanian, who spoke no language but his own. This man was despatched to the mountain for a lamb, which he cooked for us after the fashion of the Albanian "klephtes." A wooden skewer was passed through the body, and it was roasted whole before a smouldering fire of brushwood, and basted with cream and salt. When ready, it was served on a table of sweet-smelling herbs—mastic, rosemary, &c. We all squatted around on the ground, and the lamb was rent in pieces, and to each guest was handed a bone, which we picked with more or less dexterity, according as we were accustomed to such procedure. We were very jovial over our meal, and our friends foretold pleasant things for us from the shoulder-bone of the lamb, according to their custom; and then we drank a large bowl of cream, "the flower of milk," as they call it, which, with native honey, is truly delicious, and afforded us the opportunity we wished of making a complimentary pun, by comparing the governor to the beverage before us. After our meal, we smoked cigarettes under the shade of a carob-tree—the tree which the peasants tell you was the only one which the devil forgot to spoil, for all others shed their leaves and fruit, but the carob-tree is forever green and fructifying. It is better known to us as the locust-tree, the pods of which are sweet and like honey to eat, and made us not pity St. John the Baptist so much for his desert fare. Late in the evening we returned

to our home at Volà, on excellent terms with our friends.

A young married woman of our acquaintance died when we were at Volà, and the melancholy ceremonies attending her death will remain fixed on our memories until our turn comes to die. A few hours after her death the corpse had been washed in wine and water, when it was dressed in a richly embroidered robe, and placed on a bier like a low table, with handles for carrying, in the one-roomed house. Around stood the family groaning and screaming and lacerating themselves in their demonstrative grief, awaiting the arrival of the hired mourner, a woman of commanding but repulsive mien. Her first action was to fall upon the corpse and weep; then she stood erect at the foot of the bier and lifted up her voice to sing her dirge in a shrill, heartrending key. "How can the sun dare to shine on a scene of grief like this?" she began, "where the children are deprived of their mother's care, where the hearth is left desolate for the husband on his return from toiling in the fields. Would that I could descend to Hades, and see my darling once more, to give her a parting kiss from her dear ones, whose minds are troubled like the sea, when it rolls in after a mighty storm on to the shore."

These pathetic strains drove the relatives into an agony of grief, which continued with more or less vehemence for two hours, until the priest and his acolytes came to convey the corpse to the tomb. Before the procession left the house, a jug full of water was broken on the threshold: it is customary here to spill water at the door when any one starts on a journey, as an earnest of success. To-day the traveller had gone on her last long journey, so the jug was broken. The family tomb was at some little distance from the village, and on their way thither the priests chanted offices, interrupted frequently by hideous wails from the lamenters who headed the procession; and as the mournful company passed, women came forth from their houses to howl in concert.

Every Karpathiote family has its tomb on the hillside, with a tiny chapel attached, in which the corpse is placed before interment. Here the final offices

for the dead were chanted, and the mourners ceased to wail, until the very solemn *stichera* of the last kiss came, which begins, "Blessed is the way thou shalt go to-day," whereat each in turn advanced to give their last kiss to the cold face of the corpse, and then, with one accord, they burst forth again into loud and uncontrolled grief.

They never put the body into a coffin in Karpathos, for there is a popular impression that a spirit enclosed in wood cannot escape. One year after the death the bones are taken out, placed in an embroidered bag, and thrown into a charnel-house below the chapel. They believe that if the flesh is not decayed altogether off the bones, the spirit does not rest in peace; consequently this ceremony of opening the grave is a very anxious one for the survivors, who consider that they can thereby tell the destination of their lost friend's soul. When there is any suspicion that the defunct is not at peace in Hades, the name is without delay entered on the "soul paper," or the priest's memorandum-list of the souls for which he has to pray during the divine mystery.

Many superstitious practices are carried on in connection with the inquietude of souls. Sometimes the ashes are removed to an island rock, for ghosts cannot cross water; sometimes they are burnt and scattered to the winds; and a dying man must never be covered with any material made of goat's hair, for it will detain the spirit, neither must anything be handed across a corpse for the same reason; and they never button the clothes they put on after death: finally, they remove all rings, for the spirit, they say, can even be detained in the little finger, and cannot rest.

The tomb was a plain square building of stone: into it the corpse was laid, a few handfuls of earth were thrown on by the relatives, and here the body was left to decay, and to pollute the vicinity with a terrible stench during the summer heat. When closed, they placed on the grave the axe and the spade which had been used in opening it, in the shape of a cross, for twenty-four hours.

It was truly heartrending to hear the wails of the relatives all that evening by the grave. The old mother of

the deceased, with dishevelled grey locks, knelt there for hours with her other daughters, working themselves from one paroxysm to another, with short intervals to gain breath; and then next day, and on stated days afterwards, they brought the boiled wheat adorned with raisins to place on the tomb, and each time their wailings were renewed. Yet with all this excessive grief, it is surprising to see how evanescent is the respect paid to properly denuded bones. Many of the family charnel-houses have fallen into ruins through neglect, and the embroidered bags, which I was almost tempted to steal, were scattered about, with the bones peeping out. One particular instance struck us forcibly: it was the charnel-house belonging to the chief priest of the village, which had been almost washed away by the winter's rain. All around lay the skulls and bones, in hideous confusion, of his deceased relatives, amongst which of an evening old witch-like crones would wander to collect such bones as they deemed of use for incantations. For example, a skull set upon a post facing the direction they wish the wind to blow from, is considered efficacious in producing the desired current of air, and it does not strike them as a hideous notion that the skull of some dear departed one should be used for this purpose.

The Karpathiotes live in the depths of superstition, with their soothsayings and incantations. A doctor does exist in the chief village; but he told me that his practice was almost entirely confined to the Turks and a few of the more enlightened Greeks. In the mountain villages they never think of calling in anybody to the sick but the old witches, who mutter incantations and wave a mysterious sickle with weird gestures over their patient; or sometimes a priest is called in, for they profess to be able to bind diseases, especially fevers, to trees by writing on a scrap of paper the mystic words, "Divinity of God, divine mystery." This they tie with a red thread round the neck of the sufferer; next morning they remove it, and go out on the hillside, where they tie it to a tree, and imagine that they thus transfer the fever from the patient to the branch.

At Volà we witnessed several of those curious customs by which the priests manage to extract money from these benighted people. They exorcise rats and mice by sprinkling holy water and by saying a prayer under the tree or barn which the vermin frequent. At Easter they sell candles from the church, by burning which and saying some mystic words in their houses, they think they will drive away beetles from their dwellings.

At the neighboring village of Othos there lives a portly and well-to-do prophet, who has grown rich and very sleek on his soothsayings, for seldom do marriages or voyages take place without consulting him, and he does not give his advice for nothing. We visited him one day, and heard him prophesy as he lay in bed with a many-colored coverlet over his inspired limbs. It was a cheery little house, the walls of which were hung with holy pictures, sacred olive twigs to keep off the evil eye, a vial of sacred oil from Easter, and scraps of meat preserved from the last Easter lamb, now nearly one year old. There were crowds of people in the room, including a priest, who joined devoutly in the prayer to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, before the soothsaying began. From beneath his pillow the prophet produced his books of magic art, out which he professes to expound the future: one of these is an ordinary psalter, which he opens, and from the first line on which the eye falls he reads his divination. Again, he has a list of numbers, one of which you select at haphazard with appointed bit of wood: this number corresponds to a prophecy in his book of magic, which he reads to you as the decree of fate. People come from all parts of Karpathos to consult this strange man, and, said the priest, "the utterings of this oracle are seldom at fault." We clearly ascertained by experience that the priests, the prophet, and the old crones who cure diseases have it all their own way, and play into one another's hands in the game of extortion.

I think the time we enjoyed most during our stay in Karpathos was Easter, and the opportunity it afforded us of seeing the amusements of these primitive islanders. By that time we felt quite at

home amongst them, and were welcome visitors in most houses. Furthermore, the uncertain spring had settled down into delicious summer weather, and the slopes at a stone's throw from our house were carpeted with lovely flowers.

Amusements in Karpathos certainly are not numerous, and may be summed up as consisting of music and dancing in a variety of forms. In every occupation they sing: the very washer-woman, as she kneels at the brook, is practising death-wails for the next funeral. It is a curious sight to see women treading their homespun flannel to get out of it the long hairs. Two of them sit at either end of a sort of trough, with their legs bare, and leaning their backs against the wall: here they tread wearily away from sunrise to sunset, singing as they do so little idyls, the poetry of which is peculiarly quaint and pretty—*mantinada* they call these idyls in Karpathos; and sometimes, to assist them in their drudgery, a man will come and play the lyre,—just one of those lyres which their ancestors played, a pretty little instrument about half a yard long, with silver beads which jangle attached to the bow. Besides this they have the *syraulion*, a sort of pan-pipe made of two reeds hollowed out, with blow-holes and straws up the middle, and placed side by side in a larger reed. A third instrument is the *sabouna*, a species of bag-pipe, being a goatskin with the hairs left on, which palpitates like a living body when filled with air. These instruments are romantic enough when played by shepherds on the hill-side or in the village square as an accompaniment to the dance, but they are intolerable in the tiny cottages where women tread their flannel.

Singing is the accompaniment and conclusion to every feast, for the feasts in Karpathos are merely the symposia of ancient days, in which men only take a part, and are attended upon by women. Co-operation in labor is customary here. If a man plants a vineyard, builds a house, or ploughs a field, he has but to call upon his friends and relatives to assist him, and the only payment expected is a handsome meal, after which the men sing *mantinada* with their arms around each other's necks, and reel home dead-drunk at night.

Many of these took place during our stay at Volà ; and when we learned that the giver of the feast looks upon it as a positive insult if his guests do not get drunk, we ceased to feel shocked when our slumbers were disturbed by the shouts of the revellers on their homeward way. Our third friend gave one to the men who had assisted him in tilling his fields, and he invited me to it. I fear I insulted him by leaving before the entertainment had reached its height, for we saw little of him after that ; and we did not regret this when we learned about the desperate attempt that had been made on the life of our friend the "interpreter." All Volà affirmed that our third friend had hired the assassin, for was he not a relative of his, and was it not to his interest to remove the object of his dislike ? At all events, the wrong man got killed in the fray, and our third friend was present at the funeral ; the murderer escaped, and the interpreter never went out without a soldier with a crazy old musket to attend upon him. Such was the "murder at Volà," in which we shall always feel that we were more or less implicated.

During the Sundays of Lent at Volà the people got very much excited over the game of swing, which took place in the afternoon in a narrow street. Damsels hung from one wall to the other a rope, and on this they put rugs to form a swing. Two of them generally sat together, and sang *Martinada*, and took a toll from each man who passed by, the fine being a penny, a swing, and a song. Some of the young men came primed with ditties, which looked as if romance was not so wholly unknown to them as the "interpreter" had told us.

"Your figure is a lemon-tree,  
Its branches are your hair ;  
Joy to the youth who climbs  
To pluck the fruit so fair."

Whilst another favorite ditty is, "Your lips are honey, mine are wine; come, let us eat honey and drink wine. But here the flirtation ended; the young men kept together, and the young women kept together. We never saw a case of "keeping company" whilst we were there.

Before Easter we went up to a mountain village called Olympus, whether from its exalted position or not I cannot say, where customs of an exceedingly quaint

nature existed, and where we tarried in the house of the schoolmaster. They began their preparations on Palm Sunday; and at four o'clock on that morning our slumbers were disturbed by a herald, who went round to summon every one to church. In his hand he carried a reed called the *nartheke*, and in this he had a light, for the morning was windy; and, like Prometheus of old, who thus brought down fire from heaven, he went to the houses of all the priests to light their candles, they having for this purpose left their doors open the night before. Then he lighted the candles of the chief inhabitants, after which he shouted from a commanding height his summons to worship; and as a reward for his services he was presented with a loaf of holy bread. The church was very crowded at this early service, the women remaining outside in the *proavlion*, where they could get a glimpse at the performance through the door. They have no pews to sit in, but each mother of a family possesses one of the stone slabs which form the pavement: on this she performs her devotions, and brooks no encroachment. This slab she leaves, together with her jewelry and her embroidered dresses, to her eldest daughter.

That afternoon every household was busy making "the candles of the resurrection"; and very quaint they looked, squatting on the floor close to a fire of embers, with lumps of honeycomb, which they were moulding into candles on the low wooden tables used for making macaroni. During the next few days everybody went about with exceeding gay fingers, as each household had been dyeing their Easter eggs, some purple, some golden, some green; for eggs have been forbidden by the Lenten fast, and every egg that has been laid during Lent in Olympus has been hard boiled for Easter, and was now being colored with dyes made from their mountain herbs.

Every house and church had to be whitewashed, inside and out; and every evening the laborers returned from their work groaning under bundles of brushwood, for Thursday was the great baking-day, when every oven was heated, and nothing was seen in Olympus but women running about with long boards

on their heads, carrying twisted cakes covered with sesame seed and a colored egg in each ; also pasties of green herbs—horrible things which we were frequently offered, and had a difficulty in disposing of. The baking-day was a very gay scene. When the ovens were sufficiently heated with burning brushwood, and the embers had been swept out, these boards were shoved in ; and after seeing a baking such as this, it was easy to realize the popular enigma which asks you what a black-faced heifer is which consumes brushwood, and without hesitation you answer, an oven.

On Saturday before Easter all the shepherds come into Olympus from their mountain dairies—in most cases mere caves in the rocks—where many of them pass the entire year. On their backs they carry goatskins full of cheese and milk and cream, which they distribute as presents to each householder, receiving in return a sufficiency of bread to last them many a month,—for most of this Easter bread is not consumed till it has acquired the consistency of biscuit. On Easter eve we looked out upon householders rushing hither and thither with bowls of cream and milk, whilst we poor strangers could buy none at all, so intent was everybody in providing for the morrow's feast.

We did not attend the Easter-night service at Olympus, nor did we receive the kisses of peace which are distributed broadcast on such occasions, for having experienced the sensation before, we did not wish to repeat it ; but we arose early enough to see the women roasting their lambs in their ovens. In one oven we counted as many as twelve lambs roasting and stuffed with rice,—unpalatable things enough, with distorted limbs, looking as if they had been thrust in alive and died in agony ; and at each house we visited that day, we were presented with a most embarrassing limb of a lamb.

We did attend the afternoon service, and got our clothes well covered with wax for so doing. Every worshipper carried a lighted candle, and ignored the angle at which it was held. We assisted at the merriment in the churchyard after service was over, when the young men shoot a Guy Fawkes erected on the wall,

popularly believed to resemble Judas Iscariot.

On Monday the good folks of Olympus danced in the space before the church, resplendent with barbarous jewelry and quaint costumes. These dances interested us much, as being genuinely archaic in character. A circle was formed in the midst of which we and the sober-minded who did not dance sat like sardines in a box, everybody eating something, and everybody asking his neighbor to have a bite at the delicacy which he was consuming. Mothers had their babies strung like bundles on their backs. Every child had a gorgeous Easter egg, with which it was dyeing its cheeks and lips ; and here we sat, whilst the dancers never ceased to revolve in the weary circle of alternate men and women with arms intertwined, so that each alternate dancer held the hand of the next but one. Sometimes it was fast, and the leader performed feats of agility ; sometimes it was slow, when the men smoked cigarettes and the women sang ditties ; but the dancing never stopped for a single moment, nor did the grinding of the lyre, or the gurgle of the bagpipe, till darkness drove them to drink and to dance in their stifling houses.

Early on Tuesday morning the head of each family solemnly repaired to his tomb with his offering of bread for the dead : this he placed on the stone pedestal in the midst of every chapel, and about nine o'clock the priests went round with acolytes and large baskets to collect the same for their own consumption. At eleven commenced the annual procession to the tombs, which wended its way up and down rugged paths along the mountain side, and was composed of the most energetic inhabitants, carrying the sacred pictures from the Church and the banners : at each tomb they passed on their route guns were let off and prayers were said. We were content to watch them from a distance, as they wended their way like a gigantic caterpillar along the hills for many a mile. Finally they descended to the stream, into which was put the most revered of their pictures, that the Madonna might bless the waters. In the afternoon they returned to Olympus, where the priests blessed the multitude before the church, and the bearers-

of the pictures and banners grew exceeding wroth with the priests for not giving them as much money as they considered their labor deserved.

On Thursday we went down to the tiny port of Diaphane, where the men of Olympus own a few cottages and a few crafts, and where a church is built, containing a miracle-working picture, to worship which the Olympites make a private pilgrimage once a year on the evening of the Thursday after Easter. I have attended pilgrimages before in Greece, but none so quaint and simple as this. We started before the pilgrims down a lovely gorge clad with fir-trees, down a road which was a succession of tiny waterfalls, the worst of the many bad roads of Karpathos, and we found the few inhabitants of Diaphane busily engaged in preparing for the feast, cutting up lambs and kids into hunks, decorating the church floor with myrtle, and opening barrels of wine for the night's debauch. We found quarters with the priest, and from his roof had an excellent view of the proceedings. Towards evening the pilgrims, with their mules and their baggage, came down, letting off guns to announce their arrival, and greeting every one they met with "Christ is risen!" which they continue to do in Karpathos for forty days after Easter is past; and at sundown they tinkled a goat's bell as a summons to the evening liturgy.

It was a pretty sight to see the pilgrims squatted in merry little groups along the shore, "breaking their bread," and refreshing themselves for the dance, which commenced at ten. Such a night of revelry I have seldom heard: dancing and singing went on without cessation out in the courtyards, and sometimes inside, so that whatever rest we got was haunted by the heavy tramp of the dancers, and the piercing voices of the singers. The sun was high in the heavens before the sound of the lyre and the bagpipe ceased, and the goat's bell once more tinkled to summon the revellers to their devotions. I went to the liturgy, and found but few inside the church, for the male pilgrims, wearied with their nocturnal orgies, were either washing in the sea or stretched on the shore to secure a few moments of repose; and the women have no place allotted to them inside this edifice, so that they

have to crowd at the door and bear what they can of the sacred mystery.

Meanwhile the hunks of lambs and kids were boiling in a huge caldron outside a house where planks on boxes had been improvised as tables for the pilgrims' meal, and the savory smell of the stew must have been keenly appetizing to their nostrils. When the liturgy was over, an old man with a large wooden ladle took up his position by the caldron, ready to fill the bowl each pilgrim had brought with him and to receive the coppers; and as each was supplied, he retired into the house to consume his portion, and washed it down with wine, which now flowed freely. Seldom have I seen a merrier company or a nastier meal more thoroughly enjoyed; and then they fell to dancing again in an open space by the sea, not a few by their antics demonstrating the potency of the beverage they had imbibed. It was a curious scene,—the women in their gay festival garb, the men in their embroidered waistcoats, red fezes, blue baggy trousers, and gaudy stockings. The steps of the women were now more active; and as for the male leader of the circle, his acrobatic feats were of extraordinary vigor: and, as they danced their local dances and sang their local songs by the side of the waves, under the shadow of the mountains, accompanied by a blind old bard who played the lyre in their midst and sang songs to infuse them with merriment, I thought that dancing like this could not have altered much since Homeric days.

The last act in this pilgrimage was to us an interesting one. The chief priest of Olympus had just built a large caique down at Diaphane, which he had settled to launch this afternoon, and to christen her the Madonna of Diaphane. He was wise in thus doing, for the crowd of pilgrims assisted nobly in the weary process of dragging her to the sea; and as she glided into the water, all stood eagerly to watch the manner in which she righted herself, for in this they see an omen as to the future of the craft's career. Then came the benediction by the chief priest and his colleagues: with the blood of a slaughtered lamb a cross was made on the deck, and the chanting of the service sounded quaintly over the waves.

We looked to obtaining a passage for ourselves on the Madonna of Diaphane when we left Karpathos, so we joined heartily in the wishes for success ; and when all was over the captain-elect jumped off the bows into the sea, with all his clothes on, and came dripping to shore amidst the laughter of the lookers-

on. The priest gave the pilgrims a farewell repast after the ceremony was concluded ; and ere the day was very old, we were left in quiet enjoyment of Diaphane, a very paradise, for a few days of repose amongst the pine-trees and craggy heights overhanging the azure sea.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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### TORPEDO-BOATS.

IF Dr. Johnson could have extended his life into the railroad days he would no doubt have modified his views on post-chaise travelling in favor of express-trains ; and, if he had lived in the present time, he would probably have made some reservation in favor of torpedo-boats. Pleasant, locomotion in them can never be, but there is a fierce excitement in it that is beyond mere pleasurable sensation. Life in them for more than an hour or two at a time is trying, and continued for any length of time would be intolerable, though in time of war they would have to keep the sea for many days at a time. They did so during the Bantry Bay manœuvres ; but the officers and men were completely worn out—wary from insufficient food and sleep, and sore with the constant knocking about from the violent motion of the vessel. It is true also that some of these vessels have made voyages to the Black Sea—and even to Monte Video, taking over seventy days on the passage—but though some of it was done under canvas and an easier motion thus obtained, the voyage was a test of endurance such as very few people would like to undergo.

In the early days of torpedo-boats life in them was even less endurable, for, with the idea of their being handier and more portable, they were made of much smaller size. Experience, however, showed that it was impossible for such vessels to keep the sea ; and as without power to do so half their usefulness would be gone, their dimensions have been increased till the first-class boats now measure one hundred and twenty-five feet in length by about thirteen feet in breadth, and float with about five feet of their height above the water-line, and rather less than that below it. They

are nearly always painted grey ; their funnels are very short—not more than about ten feet high ; they have, of course, no masts, spars, or rigging of any kind ; their bows are ram-shaped, and have an excrescence above, which carries the forward torpedo-tube ; and as they come tearing silently through the water at a speed of nineteen knots, or nearly twenty-two miles an hour, they have such a wicked, venomous look that it is difficult to think of them as inanimate machines.

The torpedo-boats built in England for foreign countries are nearly always made with rounded decks, commonly called "turtle backs," as greater strength is thereby obtained with the same weight of material. Our own authorities, however, consider that the usefulness of the deck-space for working purposes is thereby impaired to an extent that makes too high a price to pay for the greater strength, and the English boats are consequently built with flat decks.

Standing on the after part of this deck you have then before you a flat expanse one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and thirteen feet broad in its widest part, surrounded with a light wire rail. The fittings on the deck have a grim simplicity. First come a couple of round metal hatches about two feet six inches in diameter, which give access to the cabins. These cabins have no skylights, and any further air that is wanted is obtained by means of a ventilator which screws up from inside. Forward of this is a bullet-proof tower, from inside which the officer in command directs the movements of his vessel, and in which also is the torpedo-tube, from which those terrible shots are fired. Beyond this again comes the engine-room



hatch ; then another bullet-proof tower with another torpedo-tube ; then another round hatchway leading to the men's quarters ; and lastly, right up in her nose, a third torpedo-tube running under the deck, and out through the bow above water. Such is the most recent contrivance for destroying life and property wholesale.

The engines which drive these vessels are of course of the latest design, beautiful machines that give the screw three hundred and seventy revolutions a minute, and under favorable conditions—that is to say, in moderately smooth water, and with about half their full complement of coal on board, drive the ship through the water at the rate of nearly twenty-two miles an hour. It is almost impossible to remain on deck at such times, particularly if there is any sea. The water sweeps over the deck ; the spray drives into your face like discharges of small shot ; the force of the wind half chokes you ; and the draught in the furnaces, which are fed by a fan making a thousand revolutions a minute, occasionally sends out of the funnel lumps of red-hot coal and cinder, which come whirling down aft, and make you duck your head in respectful obeisance if you are anywhere in their neighborhood.

This strong draught, necessary for obtaining the combustion required for high rates of speed, makes a difficulty which has yet only been partially overcome, for flame comes out of the funnel as well as coal, and at night advertise the enemy of the approach of the deadly boat. Otherwise, the grey, low-lying craft comes gliding swiftly and silently through the water, and is barely distinguishable from the surrounding waves. Even in daylight it is difficult to see them till they have come almost within striking distance ; and when they are observed, their color is so indistinct, their size so small, and their speed so great, that an avalanche of projectiles might be launched at them without interfering with their progress. In time of war these vessels would swarm out of our harbors, and woe betide the enemy's ships that they fell in with. Themselves almost invisible, they can watch the hostile vessels at their ease, and when they think the conditions favorable, rush

in, and try to launch their terrible projectile. Then will follow a passage of arms that will try the nerves of the stoutest warrior. The problem is simple, and can only last a couple of minutes or so. The torpedo-boat is coming on at the rate of eighteen or twenty knots an hour, in order to launch her torpedo at the vessel she is attacking. If she can get within striking distance without being disabled, and the officers in charge of her keep their heads, the fate of her opponent is sealed. When once a torpedo strikes a vessel and explodes, the result is a hole that it would take another vessel half as big as herself to stop, and the lieutenant in command of the torpedo-boat can go back to his harbor with the comfortable consciousness of having weakened the enemy to the extent of three or four hundred lives, and property to the value of three quarters of a million of money.

On the other side, the ship sees the torpedo-boat advancing from, say, a mile and a half or two miles away, and sets to work to try and disable her before she comes near enough to strike. A boat thirteen feet wide coming towards you end-on at the rate of over twenty miles an hour—tearing, moreover, through the waves so that they sweep right over her and half-way up her funnel—is not an easy mark to hit at a distance of a mile and a half, even if the air is perfectly clear and free from smoke. The ship's heavy guns would, therefore, be useless in her defence, and she must trust to her smaller weapons—Hotchkiss, Nordenfeld, Gardner, or whatever machine-guns she may be armed with. In an actual engagement, however, the air would be so thick with smoke that neither attacker nor attacked could see each other till they were close upon each other. Modern heavy guns burn such an enormous quantity of powder at each discharge, and the smoke thrown out by it makes such a dense cloud, that, when many vessels are congregated together, and are firing simultaneously, the torpedo-boat which discharges her weapon at any distance must trust to luck for its destination. She cannot possibly see her enemy till she is close alongside, having stumbled across her in the dark, as it were, and then it would be a snap-shot on either

side. If the officer in command of the torpedo-boat were perfectly certain that the vessel in front of him was an enemy, and not one of his own fleet, and if he had his torpedo in a position to fire, he could discharge it and blow up the ship, while the ship would be able to rain down such a torrent of shot from machine-guns and rifles as no torpedo-boat could live in. It is, therefore, a question of luck—a snapshot in some short interval when for a moment the curtain of smoke is blown aside by a chance current of wind.

The first of the conditions mentioned—that of a torpedo-boat advancing from a distance of a mile and a half, and visible for the whole distance to the ship she is going to attack—need not be considered. There must always be a lot of firing going on, and as soon as that begins darkness sets in. As an example of what that obscurity is, it may be mentioned that at the review held at Spithead in honor of the Shah of Persia, when the saluting began it was impossible to see the vessels around you. In a boat made fast to the stern of one of the saluting-ships, the ship was absolutely invisible after the third or fourth gun was fired. The men who during the salute were manning the yards disappeared into darkness. There was nothing but the sound of the guns to guide you. Even when the ships were all moored, that guide was confusing enough. There was nothing left in the world but sound. All form and color had disappeared; there was nothing but the fierce crack and boom of the guns, and that was everywhere: you could not tell whence it came. If the vessels had been moving, this uncertainty would have been much greater, and, had it been a general engagement, a torpedo launched there would have been as likely to hit friend as foe.

On the other hand, a fleet advancing on an enemy's port would be met by these boats, who would make a dash at them. Some would be disabled and sunk, but every shot fired at them would make the next shot more difficult to aim. It would be no use to fire at the torpedo-boats at a distance of more than a mile, and at a quarter of a mile they would launch their own weapons. A first-class torpedo-boat will cover a mile

in less than three minutes. There will, therefore, only be two minutes during which the boats can be attacked by the ships, and those that survive would drive their torpedoes "into the brown" with a large probability that one of them would be hit. It is a different kind of warfare to that of the old days, when two wooden ships armed with twelve-pounder guns lay alongside each other, yard-arm to yard-arm, and pounded away till one or other gave in from sheer exhaustion and lowered her flag. There will be very little taking of prizes in any modern war—between rams, and torpedoes, and monster shells, the ships that do not win will go to the bottom.

The officers and men in charge of the torpedo-boats have no pleasant time of it. The steel-plates of which a first-class torpedo-boat is built are only an eighth of an inch thick, some of the smaller ones are only a sixteenth of an inch, and the consequent weakness of structure, with their great length in proportion to breadth, makes the strain of rising and falling in a short sea apt to break their backs. In such a sea, therefore, it is dangerous to drive them at less than eight or ten miles an hour, when they go through the waves instead of over them. At about this speed in most boats the vibrations of the engines and the vibrations of the boat synchronise, and the combined oscillations make the bow and stern of the boat wave up and down till they nod at each other. Men who are standing on deck astern jump up and down like marionettes. Even in absolutely smooth water, when you sit in the small cabin and try to eat, your knife and fork clatter on your plate like castanets. The water sweeps clean over the deck, which, after a while, the vibration makes to leak like a sieve, so that everything below—clothes, beds, etc.—is wet through. Truly service in a torpedo-boat is not one of pleasure.

The prolific ingenuity of human invention is, however, fast carrying the deadliness of warfare beyond that of these swift-moving engines of destruction. A boat has already been invented, and is actually in existence, which can sink below the surface of the water at will, and travel many miles entirely out of sight; and many keen and fertile brains are at work perfecting the hor-

rible invention. Such a vessel, on sighting a hostile fleet or vessel, would immediately dive down and make for her foe, unseen, and absolutely impervious to attack. Her enemy cannot tell where she is, or when she may blow her to pieces. She has absolutely no means of defence. Flight is her only resource. The difficulty the under-water boat has to contend with is that of seeing through the water. Even now there are signs of the solution of the problem, but even if it is not overcome the boat can rise to the surface when she likes, take a fresh observation of her enemy's whereabouts, and dive down again preparatory to the final blow. A few such boats would be more terrible to a hostile fleet than a whole row of iron-clad forts. They would be an intangible, haunting danger that would demoralize the stoutest heart.

In the modern style of sea warfare the picturesque grouping and the stately movements of the old fights is wanting, but, whatever the conditions may be, there is always room for individual gallantry, and, whether the battles are fought with three-decked wooden sailing-ships or with thin steel torpedo-boats, the chances are that the commander with the greatest genius for fighting will win now, as he did in the days of our grandfathers.

The opportunities of the torpedo-boat men have been few so far. Except in the American War, these vessels can scarcely be said to have been used, and during the American War they were in their infancy. There was time enough during that war, however, to show what they could do in the hands of a resolute man, and time, also, for deeds of daring and devotion such as have seldom been equalled.

The Confederates had a boat which could be made to sink below the water and travel there for some distance, but they had not been able to overcome the difficulty, which has been insuperable till now, of making her return to the surface at will. She was apt to put her nose downwards and make straight for the bottom with perfect disregard of the steering-gear. In experimenting with her, precautions had been taken to counteract by external means such aberrations on her part, but in actual war she was useless unless men could be

found who would strike one blow in her, and die in striking it. And men were found who would do this thing. The Federal fleet were infesting New Orleans, and it was of the utmost importance to the Confederate force that the hostile flagship or one of her consorts should be destroyed. The boat was there in the harbor which could go out and strike a fatal blow that her enemy would be powerless to evade, but the striking of this blow meant certain death. Men can generally be found to lead or take part in a forlorn hope. The danger is great, but there is always a hope of return, and the glory is in proportion to the danger. But in this case there was no hope of return. Whoso went out in this boat must be prepared to give his life absolutely for the good of his country—to save her from her danger, and then himself die like a rat drowned in its hole. And such men were found. They went on board, calmly made their preparations, and then steamed out on their last voyage. All the populace turned out on the quays and the shores, and gave the heroes a godspeed, such as must almost have been worth buying with life. They never came back, and the Federal ship never returned home. Both sank together, and when, after the war was over, it was proposed to raise the sunken ship, the diver who went down to examine found the monster with half her bottom blown in, and her little antagonist who had dealt the blow lying by her side.

It would be difficult to find a parallel to this for pure devotion; but a young lieutenant in the Federal navy performed a feat of arms in which the pluck and determination were as great. The Confederate vessels lay some miles up the river protected by batteries. This young lieutenant determined to destroy one of these ships, and to that end started up the river with an ordinary steam-launch and a spar-torpedo. These torpedos are carried on the end of a spar which projects from the boat, and are fired by percussion-caps in their heads, so that they have to be driven against the side of the hostile ship before they explode. News had been sent up the river that the attempt was to be made, and as the launch made her way up she was saluted

by a storm of projectiles from the batteries she passed. By some miracle she escaped these without being disabled, to find on arriving that the ship she was bound for had surrounded herself with booms over which the torpedo could not reach her. A storm of bullets tore up the water as the boat, foiled in her attack, retreated; but again she escaped disablement. Her retreat, however, was not for long. Turning a short distance away, she came down, as hard as her engines would drive her, straight for the enemy's bow. With the impetus of her speed, she jumped the boom and drove her torpedo into the enemy, exploding it at the same moment that a heavy shot from one of the enemy's bow guns knocked the boat into atoms. The attacker and the attacked died at the same instant. The loss of life was, of course, terrible; but, curious to relate, the author of the catastrophe was himself unhurt. After his boat was knocked into matchwood under him, he found himself squatting in the water, probably with a very vague idea of how he got there. Somehow, he managed to float down the river, and regained his own fleet, and was himself the first to bring the news of the success of his endeavor, and the destruction of his own boat.

Pluck and enterprise, entire and absolute devotion of individuals to their cause, there will always be as long as our race exists; but such virtues are only brilliant spots in the unspeakable horrors of war. War is a terrible necessity that is for the present imposed upon mankind. The day when the lion will lie down with the lamb is far distant. Religion itself has caused more wars than it has stopped. Neither from the sense of mankind, nor the teaching of the churches can universal peace be hoped. The only hope is to make war so deadly that the fear of man will do what his sense and his religion have failed to accomplish. The more terrible do weapons of destruction become, the more certain is the wholesale sacrifice of life and property in war, the less ready will nations be to engage in war. When our power of destruction becomes comparable with that imagined by Lord Lytton in "The Coming Race," war will have been made impossible. The concentration of all the known resources of science on the work of destruction gives us our best hope of peace, and the invention of every fresh appliance for scientific murder must, therefore, be hailed as a gain to the race.—*All the Year Round.*

## THE BABYLONIANS AT HOME.

BY G. BERTIN.

WHEN the first exploration in Mesopotamia brought to light the long-buried remains of the Ninevite and Babylonian Empires, public attention was naturally enough directed exclusively to the plastic monuments which rewarded the zeal of the searchers. Hardly anything was then known of the language, which was written in cuneiform characters. But Assyrian and Babylonian sculpture does not possess the richness of ancient Egypt; the bulls and the carved slabs, though highly interesting, have a sameness which the archæologist himself seems soon to get tired of. This poverty of Assyrian art is well illustrated by the excitement which arose when the bronze gate of Salmanasar II. was discovered, a relic which, if we had as

many artistic remains of Assyria as we have of Egypt, would be only of secondary value. The same thing happened in the case of the cuneiform historical records which, when the language first began to be known, absorbed all attention: the long and tedious narratives of battles and conquests in the official annals have but little interest beyond the bare facts they contain. Even the learned world grew tired of these long recitals, always cast in the same mould, though attention was still attracted by the light which the mythological tablets and the existence of new languages and dialects, revealed by the bilingual texts, threw on Old Testament history; the general public soon left these questions to philologists, and they unfortunately confined the

number to too narrow an area, especially on the Continent, where Assyriologists wasted their energy and knowledge in puerile rabbinical analysis of the Babylonian Syllabaries.

Among the literary treasures brought to light, however, there is a class too much neglected, but which seems to be now attracting more attention from Assyrian scholars—namely, the small tablets of a private character, of which a great variety is extant. Though few are as yet published or translated, nevertheless there is enough in them to show what a mine of interesting information these tablets contain concerning the manners and customs of the people in their private intercourse, in those early times. These documents have generally been considered as having only a chronological value, the Babylonian contracts, from the time of the Assyrian conquest, being dated by the year of the reigning king. But now that the chronological list of the time has been discovered, we have more accurate dates, so that these tablets remain only to show that, in spite of political changes, commercial activity never abated in Babylon. We have contracts of every year, without interruption, from the Ninevite period down to the Greek conquest. But the chief value of these contracts, no doubt, lies in the information they give as to the manners and customs of the Babylonians, revealing to us, so to speak, the Babylonians at home.

The oldest documents of the kind hitherto discovered carry us back to the time of Hammurabi, who ruled over Babylon from 2120 to 2075 B.C. Their peculiar feature is, that they give the reign, but not the year; thus the date is fixed by the mention of some important event, such as the opening of a canal, the capture of a city, a religious festival, or the like. These events give to these documents no little historical value on account of the events recorded. Their contents are much the same as those of the contracts of the later Babylonian Empire. It is indeed interesting to see the people at this early period selling and buying houses, fields, cows, slaves, &c., or to read a deed of gift from a pious man to the temple, or the record of a judicial decision. The wording differs little

from that of the contract of the later periods; though in some cases the transactions are carried on with much more solemnity, as we see by a tablet recording a contract of partnership between two Babylonians. Entering into partnership was called "entering into brotherhood," just as to take a son-in-law is "to take one in sonhood." In the later time entering into partnership was a very simple matter; several tablets recording such arrangements simply say: "A. and B. each bring such and such an amount to form the capital of their business." The only variation in the formula is in the capital, which sometimes consists of landed property and sometimes of corn, cattle, &c.; and, as in our own legislation, when partners borrowed money, each party became answerable for the full amount. In the time of Hammurabi the affair is more complicated and takes the form of a religious ceremony. The two intended partners go into the temple with the magistrate, and are sworn to be faithful to one another; the acolytes answer with a kind of formula on the duty of "brotherhood." After the ceremony, the magistrate addresses the two "brothers," and a tablet is drawn by the scribe recording the agreement, with the names and seals, sometimes eight or nine in number, of the witnesses. The two partners naturally have to pay heavy fees both to the temple, to the magistrate, and to the scribe, for this performance. This is no doubt the reason why, when commerce became more extensive, the ceremony was given up, and the form of entering into partnership simplified. The tablets of this early period are written in the Semitic dialect, but are difficult to understand on account of the number of ideograms and Akkadian words which they contain. In many cases only the general sense can be made out, and even then it is still doubtful.

By a strange fate, there is a long gap in the series of private tablets brought from Babylonia, and we have nothing from the time of Hammurabi up to the time of the Ninevite kings over Babylon. Even then the tablets are few, and give nothing like a consecutive series until the fall of the Assyrian Empire.

The tablets of the second period are

very numerous, and give full particulars about every kind of transaction; we can even see how the laws developed according to the growing wants of the community. The laws, rights, and customs originated in the ancient Akkadian precepts, few of which are preserved in the tablets in the British Museum. But of course new cases and complications arose which were unforeseen by primitive legislators. In such cases, the magistrates had to follow their own judgment and to create precedents, to be referred to in similar circumstances. In the British Museum there is a tablet containing such precedents, preserved, no doubt, for the guidance of the magistrates. Transactions, on the other hand, becoming in course of time more complicated, the parties also felt the necessity of specifying more accurately the details of their contracts. This is why we see in the Persian period the simplest contracts drawn out to the most minute particular; for instance, when a price is mentioned the tablet specifies in what kind of silver it is to be paid, whether in coined silver or in bullion, &c.

As already stated, these tablets are very varied, and give accounts of every kind of transaction and relation—sales, exchanges, payments, loans, leases of houses or fields, agreements of marriage, deeds of adoption or gift, wills, legal statements (or what we should call affidavits), judicial decisions, and many more. The mere enumeration gives an idea of what a vast amount of information might be obtained by exhaustively studying these tablets. A quotation of one case will show it still more vividly; as the British Museum has had the good fortune to acquire from different sources a series of tablets relating to the same persons and recording several connected transactions, we are able to present the case completely.

During the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, a Syrian merchant named Benhadad settled in Babylon, and married a Babylonian lady, Bunanitim, who brought him as dowry three and a half mana of silver. Benhadad, in consideration, no doubt, of her rank and fortune, associated her with all his transactions, taking her, in fact, as a kind of partner. They bought a house in Borsippa, a sub-

urb of Babylon, and afterwards borrowed on this house two and a half mana to increase their trading capital. Benhadad, in order to secure to his wife her dowry, took the precaution to settle on her, by a deed, the house and field which they had bought with part of it, on condition that the house and the wife's property should, after her death, go to their children. Their only issue was a daughter, Nupta, whom they married to Benhaddamar, giving her as dowry two mana and ten shekels of silver, together with the furniture for a house. At the death of Benhadad, his brother Akabiel took possession of the house, the furniture, and a male slave. Bunanitim appealed to the law, and the magistrates, after examining the documents and hearing the statements of the parties, decided that Akabiel had no claim at all to the property, and that upon clearing the mortgage on the house by paying two and a half mana to the mortgagee, Bunanitim should take possession of the property. They decided, nevertheless, that according to the arrangement in the deed of gift made by her husband, she must settle on Nupta, her daughter, besides the three and a half mana, the amount of Bunanitim's dowry, her own property, and the slave, the whole of which, however, she was to retain possession of until her death.

The history of Bunanitim raises the interesting question of the position of women in these ancient times. Much has been said about the high estimation in which woman was held among the Babylonians, and some writers have even gone so far as to found some ethnological deductions on this fact. The numerous data given in the private tablets seem, however, to prove that the rights and privileges of women among the Babylonians have been greatly exaggerated. They never had equal footing with men, as in our modern society. They could certainly trade and hold property, but never does a woman appear as witness in any contract. This in itself is sufficient to show that women never had any social standing in Babylon. Indeed, the provisions made for them by their husbands, as in the case of Bunanitim, are only precautions to secure them against abuses to which their inferior position exposed them,

and even this seems only to have been done when the family of the woman was rich enough to provide her with a dowry. The object of these provisions is clearly shown by a tablet in which the husband says that his son is to provide food and clothing for his mother, and to take care of her as a loving son, under penalty of disinheritance. This delicate point was left to the judgment of the mother, who, if she thought her son undutiful, was empowered to have him disinherited. The practice of settling property on women seems to have been pretty general, and explains the fact that in many contracts it is stated that they were drawn up "in the house of the woman so-and-so," the woman being as a rule the wife or mother of one of the contracting parties. Similar provision was sometimes made for unmarried women by their brothers. This is shown in the will of a Babylonian, who leaves to his sister the usufruct of a seed-shop, which she no doubt had kept for him in his lifetime.

The way in which a woman was treated depended very much on her rank. For instance, if a man had married a woman of fortune and wanted to repudiate her on the ground of infidelity, he had to return her dowry; but this was not so if he had taken a wife from the lower class. In a contract of marriage between a rich Babylonian and a woman of the poorer class, it is stipulated that if she is unfaithful she must perish by the sword. The Babylonian custom to vest landed property in women, originated no doubt among the higher class, to provide widows against spoliation by their brothers-in-law and other relatives. It was very likely adopted by the trading class to protect their property in case of commercial failure, as we see it practised in our own times.

When parents married their daughters, they were careful to give in the contract the amount of the dowry, which remained always the sole private property of the wife, and could never be alienated; they also took every precaution against accidents. Thus, in one marriage contract it is stated that if the husband lost his liberty, the wife should go back to her father's house—that is, that the marriage should be dissolved.

It appears to have been far from rare

for a man to lose his liberty on account of inability to pay his debts, as we know often happened in Rome. The Babylonians borrowed not only on their property, but often also on their children, and even on themselves. If they were unable to pay back, their children and themselves became the property of the money-lender, who could sell or keep them as slaves. Slave-trading was one of the most flourishing branches of commerce, as might be expected in a time when there was no substitute for manual labor. War gave to the kings the hands which built their huge monuments, but private individuals had to buy their slaves. When a girl was married she always received as dowry, besides a sum of money, one, or perhaps more, slaves. No doubt domestic and agricultural slaves formed the bulk of the class, but the slave-breeder had many different articles in stock, and he spared neither money nor trouble to satisfy his customers. Slaves obtained in childhood or born from slaves were either trained by their masters in the various branches of industry, or else received lessons from teachers in the higher branches of education. These last were of course the most expensive, as they had to be trained at greater cost; some were taught to act as scribes, others to carve stone or to engrave gems for seals. Industrial slaves were placed while boys as apprentices to blacksmiths, potters, &c. A slave-dealer drew large profit by letting these slaves on hire, and in some cases, doubtless, slave-lending was a separate business. In order to secure their retention, slaves were sometimes marked on the hand with the name of their owner, but this was rarely resorted to, as their sale was thus rendered difficult. There are several tablets relating to contests arising from this custom. When a slave, however, was thus sold it was always mentioned particularly that if he should be claimed by the person whose name was marked, or by his relations, the purchase-money should be refunded.

Money-lending was the business next in importance to slave-dealing. The greater part of the so-called Egibi tablets are agreements for loans in which the borrower binds himself to return the amount together with interest prescribed in the contract. Some of these contracts

are really statements recording a loan, which were drawn up when payment became due, in order to levy execution on the borrower. When a Babylonian wanted to begin business, he often borrowed upon his own property, so as to get the necessary capital. Several tablets record the agreements of two parties mortgaging their houses with the (stated) intention of creating a capital, and of starting business. The system of taxation in Babylonia also made money-lenders indispensable, especially to agriculturists, who had to pay their taxes before harvest, and were therefore obliged to borrow on their future crops. Interest was generally, though not always, paid by the month, and capital was paid back by instalments; the interest was about one-sixtieth per month, or 20 per cent. per annum. But what increased the profit of a money-lender most was the system, which is still in use in Asia Minor, of paying taxes in kind. The agriculturist had to buy grain when the price was high, and, when the harvest came, to realize at a low price. Hence a money-lender was often also a corn and grain lender; many contracts record loans of corn and money, and the time mentioned for repayment is generally harvest-time.

Merchants, at the outset of their career, also had need of the money-lender. When a man married, it was customary for him to take a house for himself and for his young wife. Sometimes he had not the money necessary for that purpose or for his trade capital; he then often had to buy the house with his wife's dowry, and the house was therefore her private property. This, again, is one of the reasons why houses were mostly owned by women in Babylonia. The trade in houses became very brisk at the time of the Persian conquest, as this dynasty brought a new influx of people into the old capital of Babylonia. From the beginning of Cyrus' reign to the end of Darius' we have a great many tablets recording the sale of houses, or the letting of them for certain periods at a fixed rent, which was to be paid in two or more instalments yearly. This sudden demand for houses under the first Persian rulers recalls to mind what hap-

pened in Berlin when that city became the capital of the new German Empire. There was such a rush for houses that a crisis ensued. In Babylon the leases hardly ever extended over four or five years.

Another class of documents not less interesting consists of private letters. These are not so numerous as the contracts, but the British Museum possesses a good variety of them. They are not dated, but their date can be pretty accurately fixed by the style of writing and the context. They mostly relate to commercial business. For instance, a man writes to his brothers sending them a consignment of corn, and begging them to place the amount to his credit. Other letters give information on the state of the crops or on certain business transactions; others speak on family matters, and are full of interesting particulars.

It would be easy to extend this article, but my intention is only to call attention to a branch of study unfortunately too much neglected. The original documents are still buried in the various public collections of Europe, and consequently only one who could devote his whole time to their examination could study them fully. A few specimens indeed have been lithographed in that splendid collection, "The Inscriptions of Western Asia," published by the trustees of the British Museum, and in some other publications in France, Germany, and America; but even if all were gathered together, they are still too few to enable a scholar to get the information necessary for acquiring a real knowledge of their valuable contents. It is only by examining several hundreds of them that any one can hope to acquire sufficient acquaintance with their style and character to understand them easily and thoroughly. The texts, being written in a cursive hand, are difficult to read, so that unless a student has given special attention to this style of writing, he is in danger of misreading many characters. It is for this reason that few of the texts published abroad are correct, but even with a correct copy it is not easy to make out any particular text on account of the new words it contains, which can only be explained



by collecting parallel passages. Nothing but the accurate and careful publication of a great many texts would enable the

bulk of Assyriologists to undertake with success the study of these interesting documents.—*Contemporary Review*.

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SIR H. MAINE ON POPULAR GOVERNMENT.\*

BY JOHN MORLEY, M.P.

"If the government of the Many," says the distinguished author of the volume before us, "be really inevitable, one would have thought that the possibility of discovering some other and newer means of enabling it to fulfil the ends for which all governments exist, would have been a question exercising all the highest powers of the strongest minds, particularly in the community which, through the success of its popular institutions, has paved the way for modern Democracy. Yet hardly anything worth mentioning has been produced on the subject in England or on the Continent." To say this, by the way, is strangely to ignore three or four very remarkable books that have been published within the last twenty or five-and-twenty years, that have excited immense attention and discussion, and that are the work of minds that even Sir Henry Maine would hardly call weak or inactive. We are no adherents of any of Mr. Hare's proposals, but there are important public men who think that his work on the *Election of Representatives* is as conspicuous a landmark in politics as the *Principia* was in natural philosophy. J. S. Mill's volume on *Representative Government*, which appeared in 1861, was even a more memorable contribution towards the solution of the very problem defined by Sir Henry Maine, than was the older Mill's article on Government in 1820 to the political difficulties of the eve of the Reform Bill. Again, Lord Grey's work on Parliamentary Government failed in making its expected mark on legislation, but it was worth mentioning because it goes on the lines of the very electoral law in Belgium which Sir Henry Maine (p. 109) describes as deserving our most respectful attention—an attention, I sus-

pect, which it is as little likely to receive from either of our two political parties as Lord Grey's suggestions. Nor should we neglect Sir G. C. Lewis's little book, or Mr. Harrison's volume on *Order and Progress*, which abounds in important criticism and suggestion for the student of the abstract politics of modern societies. In the United States, too, and in our own colonies, there have been attempts not without merit to state and to deal with some of the drawbacks of popular government.

Nothing has been done, however, that makes the appearance in the field of a mind of so high an order as Sir Henry Maine's either superfluous or unwelcome. It is hardly possible that he should discuss any subject within the publicist's range, without bringing into light some of its less superficial aspects, and adding observations of originality and value to the stock of political thought. To set people thinking at all on the more general and abstract truths of that great subject which is commonly left to be handled lightly, unsystematically, fragmentarily, in obedience to the transitory necessities of the day, by Ministers, members of Parliament, journalists, electors, and the whole host who live intellectually and politically from hand to mouth, is in itself a service of all but the first order. Service of the very first order is not merely to propound objections, but to devise working answers, and this is exactly what Sir Henry Maine abstains from doing.

No one will think the moment for a serious political inquiry ill chosen. We have just effected an immense recasting of our system of parliamentary representation. The whole consequences of the two great Acts of 1884 and 1885 are assuredly not to be finally gauged by anything that has happened during the recent election. Yet even this single election has brought about a crisis of

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\* *Popular Government*. Four essays. By Sir H. S. Maine. London: Murray. 1885.

vast importance in one part of the United Kingdom, by forcing the question of an Irish constitution to the front. It is pretty clear, also, that the infusion of a large popular element into the elective house has made more difficult the maintenance of its old relations with the hereditary house. Even if there were no others, these two questions alone, and especially the first of them, will make the severest demands on the best minds in the country. We shall be very fortunate if the crisis produces statesmen as sagacious as those American publicists of whom Sir Henry Maine rightly entertains so exalted an opinion.

Whether or not we are on the threshold of great legislative changes, it is in any case certain that the work of government will be carried on under new parliamentary and social conditions. In meeting this prospect, we have the aid neither of strong and systematic political schools, nor powerful and coherent political parties. No one can pretend, for instance, that there is any body of theoretic opinion so compact and so well thought out as Benthamism was in its own day and generation. Again, in practice, there are ominous signs that Parliament is likely to break up into groups; and the substitution of groups for parties is certain, if continental experience is to count for anything, to create new obstacles in the way of firm and stable government. Weak government throws power to something which usurps the name of public opinion, and public opinion as expressed by the ventriloquists of the newspapers, is at once more capricious and more vociferous than it ever was. This was abundantly shown during the last five years by a variety of unfortunate public adventures. Then does the excitement of democracy weaken the stability of national temperament? By setting up a highly increased molecular activity, does it disturb not merely conservative respect for institutions, but respect for coherence and continuity of opinion and sentiment in the character of the individual himself? Is there a fluidity of character in modern democratic societies, which contrasts not altogether favorably with the strong solid types of old? Are Englishmen becoming less like Romans, and more like chattering Greeks? These

and many other considerations of the same kind are enough to secure a ready welcome for any thinker who can light up the obscurities of the time.

With profound respect for Sir Henry Maine's attainments, and every desire to profit by illumination wherever it may be discerned, we cannot clearly see how the present volume either makes the problems more intelligible, or points the way to feasible solutions. Though he tries, in perfect good faith, to be the dispassionate student, he often comes very close to the polemics of the hour. The truth is that scientific lawyers have seldom been very favorable to popular government, and when the scientific lawyer is doubled with the Indian bureaucrat, we are pretty sure beforehand that in such a tribunal it will go hard with democracy. That the author extremely dislikes and suspects the new order, he does not hide either from himself or us. Intellectual contempt for the idolatries of the forum and the marketplace has infected him with a touch of that chagrin which came to men like Tacitus from disbelief in the moral government of a degenerate world. Though he strives, like Tacitus, to take up his parable *nec amore et sine odio*, the disgust is ill concealed. There are passages where we almost hear the drone of a dowager in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. It was said of Tocqueville that he was an aristocrat who accepted his defeat. Sir Henry Maine in politics is a bureaucrat who cannot bear to think that democracy will win. He is dangerously near the frame of mind of Scipio Emilianus, after the movement of the Gracchi and the opening of the Roman revolution. Scipio came to the conclusion that with whichever party he took sides, or whatever measures a disinterested and capable statesman might devise, he would only aggravate the evil. Sir Henry Maine would seem to be nearly as despondent. Hence his book is fuller of apprehension than of guidance, more plausible in alarm than wise or useful in direction. It is exclusively critical and negative. There is, indeed, an admirable account of the constitution of the United States. But on the one great question on which the constitution of the United States might have been expected to shed light—the modification

of the House of Lords—Sir Henry Maine explicitly admits (p. 186) that it is very difficult to obtain from the younger institution, the Senate, any lessons which can be of use in the reconstruction of the older. At every turn, the end of the discussion lands us in a philosophical *cul-de-sac*, and nothing is so depressing as a *cul-de-sac*. The tone is that of the political valetudinarian, watching with uneasy eye the ways of rude health. Unreflecting optimism about Popular Government is sickening, but calculated pessimism is not much better.

Something, no doubt, may often be gained by the mere cross-examination of catchwords and the exposure of platitudes. Popular government is no more free from catchwords and platitudes than any other political, religious, or social cause which interests a great many people, and is the subject of much discussion. Even the Historical Method has its own clap-trap. But one must not make too much of these things. "In order to love mankind," said Helvetius, in a sentence which made a deep impression on Bentham, "one must expect little from them." And fairly to appreciate institutions you must not hold them up against the light that blazes in Utopia; you must not expect them to satisfy microscopic analysis, nor judge their working, which is inevitably rough, awkward, clumsy, and second best, by the fastidious standards of closet logic.

Before saying more as to the substance of the book, we may be allowed to notice one or two matters of literary or historical interest in which Sir Henry Maine is certainly open to criticism. There is an old question about Burke which was discussed by the present writer in these pages a long time ago. A great disillusion, says Sir Henry Maine, has always seemed to him to separate the *Thoughts on the Present Discontents* and the *Speech on Taxation* from the magnificent panegyric on the British Constitution in 1790. "Not many persons in the last century could have divined from the previous opinions of Edmund Burke the real substructure of his political creed, or did in fact suspect it till it was uncovered by the early and comparatively slight miscarriage of French revolutionary institutions." This is, as a state-

ment of fact, not at all correct. Lord Chatham detected what he believed to be the mischievous Conservatism in Burke's constitutional doctrines at the very outset. So did the Constitutional Society detect it. So did Mrs. Macaulay, Bishop Watson, and many other people. The story of Burke's inconsistency is, of course, as old as Sheridan. Hazlitt declared that the Burke of 1770 and 1790 were not merely opposite persons, but deadly enemies. Mr. Buckle, who is full of veneration for the early writings, but who dislikes the later ones, gets over the difficulty by insisting that Burke actually went out of his mind after 1789. We should have expected a subtler judgment from Sir Henry Maine. Burke belonged from first to last to the great historic and positive school, of which the founder was Montesquieu. Its whole method, principle, and sentiment, all animated him with equal force whether he was defending the secular pomps of Oude or the sanctity of Benares, the absolutism of Versailles, or the free and ancient Parliament at Westminster.\*

Versailles reminds us of a singular overstatement by Sir Henry Maine of the blindness of the privileged classes in France to the approach of the Revolution. He speaks as if Lord Chesterfield's famous passage were the only anticipation of the coming danger. There is at least one utterance of Louis XV. himself, which shows that he did not expect things to last much beyond his time. D'Argenson, in the very year of Chesterfield's prophecy, pronounced that a revolution was inevitable, and he even went so close to the mark as to hint that it would arise on the first occasion when it should be necessary to convoke the States General. Rousseau, in a page of the *Confessions*, not only divined a speedy revolution, but enumerated the operative causes of it with real precision. There is a striking prediction in Voltaire, and another in Mercier de la Rivière. Other names might be quoted to the same effect, including Maria Theresa, who described the ruined condition of the French monarchy, and only hoped that the ruin might not overtake

\* It is satisfactory to have the authority of Mr. Lecky on the same side. *England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iii. chap. ix. p. 209.

her daughter. The privileged classes were not so much blind as they were selfish, stubborn, helpless, and reckless. The point is not very important in itself, but it is characteristic of a very questionable way of reading human history. Sir Henry Maine's readiness to treat revolutions as due to erroneous abstract ideas, naturally inclines him to take too narrow a view both of the preparation in circumstances and of the preparation in the minds of observant onlookers.

In passing, by the way, we are curious to know the writer's authority for what he calls the odd circumstance that the Jacobins generally borrowed their phrases from the legendary history of the early Roman Republic, while the Girondins preferred to take metaphors from the literature of Rousseau (p. 75). There was plenty of nonsense talked about Brutus and Scævola by both parties, and it is not possible to draw the line with precision. But the received view is that the Girondins were Voltairian, and the Jacobins Rousseauite, while Danton was of the school of the Encyclopædia, and Hébert and Chaumette were inspired by Holbach.

The author seems to us greatly to exaggerate the whole position of Rousseau, and even in a certain sense to mistake the nature of his influence. That Jean-Jacques was a far-reaching and important voice the present writer is not at all likely to deny; but no estimate of his influence in the world is correct which does not treat him rather as moralist than publicist. *Emilius* went deeper into men's minds in France and in Europe at large, and did more to quicken the democratic spirit, than the *Social Contract*. Apart from this, Sir Henry Maine places Rousseau on an isolated eminence which does not really belong to him. It did not fall within the limited scope of such an essay as Sir Henry Maine's to trace the leading ideas of the *Social Contract* to the various sources from which they had come, but his account of these sources is, even for its scale, inadequate. Portions of Rousseau's ideas, he says truly, may be discovered in the speculations of older writers; and he mentions Hobbes and the French Economists. But the most characteristic of all the elements in Rousseau's speculation were drawn from

Locke. The theoretic basis of popular government is to be found in more or less definite shape in various authors from Thomas Aquinas downwards. But it was Locke's philosophic vindication of the Revolution of 1688, in the famous essay on Civil Government, that directly taught Rousseau the lesson of the Sovereignty of the People. Such originality as the *Social Contract* possesses is due to its remarkable union of the influence of the two antagonistic English thinkers. The differences between Hobbes and Rousseau were striking enough. Rousseau looked on men as good, Hobbes looked on them as bad. The one described the state of nature as a state of peace, the other as a state of war. The first believed that laws and institutions had depraved man, the second that they had improved him. In spite of these differences the influence of Hobbes was important, but only important in combination. "The total result is," as I have said elsewhere, "a curious fusion between the premises and the temper of Hobbes, and the conclusions of Locke. This fusion produced that popular absolutism of which the *Social Contract* was the theoretical expression, and Jacobin supremacy the practical manifestation. Rousseau borrowed from Hobbes the true conception of sovereignty, and from Locke the true conception of the ultimate seat and original of authority, and of the two together he made the great image of the Sovereign People. Strike the crowned head from that monstrous figure which is the frontispiece of the *Leviathan*, and you have a frontispiece that will do excellently well for the *Social Contract*." \*

One more word may be said by the way. The very slightest account of Rousseau is too slight to be tolerable, if it omits to mention Calvin. Rousseau's whole theory of the Legislator, which produced such striking results in certain transitory phases of the French Revolution, grew up in his mind from the constitution which the great reformer had so predominant a share in framing for the little republic where Rousseau was born. This omission of Locke and Calvin again exemplifies the author's characteristic tendency to look upon

\* Rousseau, chap. xii.

political ideas as if speculative writers got them out of their own heads, or out of the heads of other people, apart from the suggestions of events and the requirements of circumstance. Calvin was the builder of a working government, and Locke was the defender of a practical revolution.

Nor does the error stop at the literary sources of political theories. A point more or less in an estimate of a writer or a book is of trivial importance compared with what strikes us as Sir Henry Maine's tendency to impute an unreal influence to writers and books altogether. There is, no doubt, a vulgar and superficial opinion that mere speculation is so remote from the real interests of men, that it is a waste of time for practical people to concern themselves about speculation. No view could be more foolish, save one; and that one is the opposite view, that the real interests of men have no influence on their speculative opinions, and no share either in moulding those opinions or in causing their adoption. Sir Henry Maine does not push things quite so far as this. Still he appears to us to attribute almost exclusive influence to political theories, and almost entirely to omit what we take to be the much more important reaction upon theory, both of human nature, and of the experience of human life and outward affairs. He makes no allowance among innovating agencies for native rationalism without a formula. His brilliant success in other applications of the Historic Method has disposed him to see survivals where other observers will be content with simpler explanations. The reader is sometimes tempted to recall Edie Ochiltree's rude interruption of Mr. Oldbuck's enthusiasm over the prætorium of the immortal Roman camp at Monkbarns. "Prætorian here, Prætorian there! Weel I mind the bigging o't."

Sir Henry Maine believes that the air is thick with ideas about democracy that were conceived *à priori*, and that sprung from the teaching of Rousseau. A conviction of the advantages of legislative change, for example, he considers to owe its origin much less to active and original intelligence, than to "the remote effects of words and notions derived from broken-down political the-

ories" (p. 171). There are two great fountains of political theory in our country, according to the author: Rousseau is one, and Bentham is the other. Current thought and speech is infested by the floating fragments of these two systems—by loose phrases, by vague notions, by superstitions, that enervate the human intellect and endanger social safety. This is the constant refrain of the pages before us. We should have liked better evidence. We do not believe that it is a Roman prætorium, the least in the world. Men often pick up old phrases for new events, even when they are judging events afresh with independent minds. When a politician of the day speaks of natural rights, he uses a loose traditional expression for a view of social equities which has come to him, not from a book, but from a survey of certain existing social facts. Now the phrase, the literary description, is the least significant part of the matter. When Mr. Mill talks of the influence of Bentham's writings, he is careful to tell us that he does not mean that they caused the Reform Bill or the Appropriation Clause. "The changes which have been made," says Mill, "and the greater changes which will be made in our institutions, are not the work of philosophers, but of the interests and instincts of large portions of society recently grown into strength." (*Dissertations*, i. 332.) That is the point. It is the action of these interests and instincts which Sir Henry Maine habitually overlooks. Nor is the omission a mere speculative imperfection. It has an important bearing on the whole practical drift of the book. If he had made more room for "the common intellect rough-hewing political truths at the suggestion of common wants and common experience," he would have viewed existing circumstances with a less lively apprehension.

It is easy to find an opposite illustration of what is meant by saying that this talk of the influence of speculation is enormously exaggerated and misleading. When Arthur Young was in France in the autumn of 1787, he noticed a remarkable revolution in manners in two or three important respects. One of them was a new fashion that had just come in, of spending some weeks in the country: everybody who had a country seat

went to live there, and such as had none went to visit those who had. This new custom, observed the admirable Young, is one of the best that they have taken from England, and "its introduction was effected the easier, being assisted by the magic of Rousseau's writings." The other and more generally known change was that women of the first fashion were no longer ashamed of nursing their own children, and that infants were no longer tightly bound round by barbarous stays and swaddling clothes. This wholesome change, too, was assisted by Rousseau's eloquent pleas for simplicity and the life natural. Of these particular results of his teaching in France a hundred years ago, the evidence is ample, direct, and beyond denial. But whenever we find gentlemen with a taste for country life, and ladies with a fancy for nursing their own children, we surely need not cry out that here is another proof of the extraordinary influence of the speculations of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. We need not treat it as a survival of a broken-down theory. "Great Nature is more wise than I," says the Poet. Great Nature had much more to do with moulding men and women to these things, than all the books that have ever been printed.

We are entirely sceptical as to the proposition that "men have at all times quarrelled more fiercely about phrases and formulas than even about material interests" (p. 124). There has been a certain amount of fighting in the world about mere words, as idle as the faction fights between Caravats and Shanavests, or Two-Year-Olds and Three-Year-Olds in Ireland. But the more carefully we look into human history, the more apparent it becomes that underneath the phrase or the formula there is usually a material or a quasi-material, or a political or an ecclesiastical interest. Few quarrels now seem so purely verbal as those which for several centuries raged about the mysteries of the faith in the Western and the Eastern Churches. Yet these quarrels, apparently as frivolous as they were ferocious, about the relations of mind and matter, about the composition of the Trinity, about the Divine nature, turned much less on futile metaphysics than on the solid competition for ecclesiastical power, or

the conflict of rival nationalities. The most transcendental heresy or orthodoxy generally had business at the bottom of it.

In limiting the parentage of modern English Liberalism of a Radical or democratic type to Rousseau and Bentham, the author has left out of sight what is assuredly a much more important factor than any speculative, literary, or philosophic matter whatever. Englishmen, he says truly, "are wont to be content with the rough rule of success or failure as the test of right or wrong in national undertakings." The same habit of mind and temper marks the attitude of Englishmen towards their national institutions. They look to success and failure, they take the measure of things from results, they consult the practical working of the machine, they will only go to school with experience. We cannot find the proof that *à priori* Radicalism ever at any time got a real hold of any considerable mass of the people of this country, or that any of the great innovations in domestic policy since the end of Lord Liverpool's administration, have been inspired or guided by Rousseauite assumptions. Godwin, whose book on Political Justice was for a long time the great literary fountain of English Radicalism, owed quite as much to the utilitarian Helvetius as to the sentimental Rousseau. Nor can either William Cobbett or Joseph Hume be said to have dealt largely in *à priori*. What makes the Radical of the street is mostly mother-wit exercising itself upon the facts of the time. His weakness is that he does not know enough of the facts of other times.

Sir Henry Maine himself points to what has had a far more decisive influence on English ways of thinking about politics than his two philosophers, put together. "The American Republic," he says (p. 11), "has greatly influenced the favor into which popular government grew. It disproved the once universal assumptions that no Republic could govern a large territory, and that no strictly Republican government could be stable." Nothing can be more true. When Burke and Chatham and Fox persistently declared that the victory of England over the colonists would prove fatal in the long run to the liberties of

England itself, those great men were even wiser than they knew. The success of popular government across the Atlantic has been the strongest incentive to the extension of popular government here. We need go no farther back than the Reform Bill of 1867 to remind ourselves that the victory of the North over the South, and the extraordinary clemency and good sense with which that victory was used, had more to do with the concession of the franchise to householders in boroughs, than all the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone and all the diplomacies of Mr. Disraeli.

To the influence of the American Union must be added that of the British colonies. The success of popular self-government in these thriving communities is reacting on political opinion at home with a force that no statesman neglects, and that is every day increasing. There is even a danger that the influence may go too far. They are solving some of our problems, but not under our conditions, and not in presence of the same difficulties. Still the effect of colonial prosperity—a prosperity alike of admirable achievement and boundless promise—is irresistible. It imparts a freedom, an elasticity, an expansiveness, to English political notions, and gives our people a confidence in free institutions and popular government, which they would never have drawn from the most eloquent assumptions of speculative system-mongers, nor from any other source whatever, save practical experience carefully observed and rationally interpreted. This native and independent rationality in men is what the jealous votary of the historic method places far too low.

In coming closer to the main current of the book, our first disappointment is that Sir Henry Maine has not been very careful to do full justice to the views that he criticizes. He is not altogether above lending himself to the hearsay of the partisan. He allows expressions to slip which show that he has not been anxious to face the problems of popular government as popular government is understood by those who have best right to speak for it. "The more the difficulties of multitudinous government are probed," he says (p. 180), "the stronger grows the doubt of the infalli-

bility of popularly elected legislatures." We do not profess to answer for all that may have been said by Mr. Bancroft, or Walt Whitman, or all the orators of all the Fourth of July since American Independence. But we are not acquainted with any English writer or politician of the very slightest consideration or responsibility who has committed himself to the astounding proposition, that popularly elected legislatures are infallible. Who has ever advanced such a doctrine? Further, "It requires some attention to facts to see how widely spread is the misgiving as to the absolute wisdom of popularly elected chambers." We are not surprised at the misgiving. But after reasonable attention to facts, we cannot recall any publicist, whom it could be worth while to spend five minutes in refuting, who has ever said that popularly elected chambers are absolutely wise. Again, we should like the evidence for the statement that popularly elected Houses "do not nowadays appeal to the wise deduction from experience, as old as Aristotle, which no student of constitutional history will deny, that the best constitutions are those in which there is a large popular element. It is a singular proof of the widespread influence of the speculations of Rousseau that although very few First Chambers really represent the entire community, nevertheless in Europe they almost invariably claim to reflect it, and as a consequence they assume an air of divinity, which if it rightfully belonged to them would be fatal to all argument for a Second Chamber." That would be very important if it were true. But is it true that First Chambers assume an air of divinity? Or is such an expression a burlesque of the real argument? A reasonable familiarity with the course of the controversy in France, where the discussion has been abundant, and in England, where it has been comparatively meagre, leaves me, for one, entirely ignorant that this claim for divinity, or anything like it, is ever heard in the debate. The most powerful modern champion of popular government was Gambetta. Did Gambetta consider First Chambers divine? On the contrary, some of the most strenuous pleas for the necessity of a Second Chamber are to be found precisely in the

speeches of Gambetta (e.g. his speech at Grenoble, in the autumn of 1878, *Discours* viii. 270, &c.). Abstract thinking is thinking withdrawn from the concrete and particular facts. But the abstract thinker could not withdraw too far.

Sir Henry Maine speaks (p. 185) of "the saner political theorist, who holds that in secular matters it is better to walk by sight than by faith." He allows that a theorist of this kind, as regards popularly elected chambers, "will be satisfied that experience has shown the best Constitutions to be those in which the popular element is large, and he will readily admit that, as the structure of each society of men slowly alters, it is well to alter and amend the organization by which this element makes itself felt." Sir Henry Maine would surely have done better service in this grave and difficult discussion, if he had dealt with views which he mistrusts, as they are really held and expressed by sane theorists, and not by insane theorists out of sight. In France, a hundred years ago, from causes that are capable of explanation, the democracy of sentiment swept away the democracy of utility. In spite of casual phrases in public discussion, and in spite of the incendiary trash of Red journalists without influence, it is the democracy of reason, experience, and utility that is now in the ascendant, both in France and elsewhere.

The same spirit of what we must call parody is shown in such a statement as that (p. 78) "an audience composed of roughs or clowns is boldly told by an educated man that it has more political information than an equal number of scholars." By "roughs," Sir Henry Maine explains that he means the artisans of the towns. The designation is hardly felicitous. It is not even fashionable; for the roughs and clowns are now by common consent of Tories and Liberals alike transformed into capable citizens. Such a phrase gives us a painful glimpse of the accurate knowledge of their countrymen that is possessed by eminent men who write about them from the dim and distant seclusion of college libraries and official bureaux. If Sir Henry Maine could spare a few evenings from dispassionate meditations on popular government in the abstract, to

the inspection of the governing people in the concrete, he would be the first to see that to dispatch an audience of skilled artisans as an assembly of roughs, is as unscientific, to use the mildest word, as the habit in a certain religious world of lumping all the unconverted races of the earth in every clime and age in the summary phrase, the heathen. A great meeting of artisans listening to Mr. Arthur Balfour or Sir Henry Roscoe at Manchester, to Sir Lyon Playfair at Leeds (the modern democrat, at any rate, does not think the Republic has no need of chemists), to Mr. Bright or Lord Randolph at Birmingham, or to anybody else in a great industrial centre anywhere else, is no more an assemblage of roughs than Convocation or the House of Lords. Decidedly an enemy of the unverified assumptions of democracy ought to be on his guard against the unverified assumptions of pedantocracy.

As for the particular bit of sycophancy which educated men wickedly dangle before roughs and clowns, we should like to be sure that the proposition is correctly reported. If the educated man tells his roughs (if that be the right name for the most skilful, industrious, and effective handicraftsmen in the world) that they have as much of the information necessary for shaping a sound judgment on the political issues submitted to them, as an equal number of average Masters of Arts and Doctors of Laws, then we should say that the educated man, unless he has been very unlucky with his audience, is perfectly right. He proves that his education has not confined itself to books, bureaux, and an exclusive society, but has been carried on in the bracing air of common life. I will not add anything of my own on this point, because any candidate or member of Parliament is suspect, but I will venture to transcribe a page or so from Mr. Frederic Harrison. Mr. Harrison's intellectual equipment is not inferior to that of Sir Henry Maine himself; planted on the airy throne of a spiritual pontificate, he sublimely refuses to have anything to do with constituents; and at least he has long had close and responsible contact with the class of men of whom he is speaking, which cannot be quite a disqualification after all.



"No worse nonsense is talked than what we are told as to the requisites for the elective franchise. To listen to some people, it is almost as solemn a function as to be a trustee of the British Museum. What you want in a body of electors is a rough, shrewd eye for men of character, honesty, and purpose. Very plain men know who wish them well, and the sort of thing which will bring them good. Electors have not got to govern the country; they have only to find a set of men who will see that the Government is just and active. . . . All things go best by comparison, and a body of men may be as good voters as their neighbors without being the type of the Christian hero.

"So far from being the least fit for political influence of all classes in the community, the best part of the working class forms the most fit of all others. If any section of the people is to be the paramount arbiter in public affairs, the only section competent for this duty is the superior order of workmen. Governing is one thing; but electors of any class cannot, or ought not, to govern. Electing, or the giving an indirect approval of Government, is another thing, and demands wholly different qualities. These are moral, not intellectual; practical, not special gifts—gifts of a very plain and almost universal order. Such are, firstly, social sympathies and sense of justice; then openness and plainness of character; lastly, habits of action, and a practical knowledge of social misery. These are the qualities which fit men to be the arbiters or ultimate source (though certainly not the instruments) of political power. These qualities the best working men possess in a far higher degree than any other portion of the community; indeed, they are almost the only part of the community which possesses them in any perceptible degree."\*

The worst of it is that, if Sir Henry Maine is right, we have no more to hope from other classes than from roughs and clowns. He can discern no blue sky in any quarter. "In politics," he says, "the most powerful of all clauses is the timidity, the listlessness, and the superficiality of the generality of minds" (p. 73). This is carrying criticism of democracy into an indictment against human nature. What is to become of us, thus placed between the devil of mob ignorance and corruptions and the deep sea of genteel listlessness and superficiality? After all, Sir Henry Maine is only repeating in more sober tones the querulous remonstrances with which we are so familiar on the lips of Ultramontanes and Legitimists. A less timid observer of contemporary events, certainly in the land that all of us know

best and love best, would judge that, when it comes to a pinch, Liberals are still passably prudent, and Conservatives quite sufficiently wideawake.

Another of the passages in Sir Henry Maine's book, that savor rather of the party caricaturist than of the "dispassionate student of politics" is the following:—

"There is some resemblance between the period of political reform in the nineteenth century and the period of religious reformation in the sixteenth. Now as then the multitude of followers must be distinguished from the smaller group of leaders. Now as then there are a certain number of zealots who desire that truth shall prevail. . . . But behind these, now as then, there is a crowd which has imbibed a delight in change for its own sake, who would reform the Suffrage, or the House of Lords, or the Land Laws, or the Union with Ireland, in precisely the same spirit in which the mob, believed the reformers of religion broke the nose of a saint in stone, made a bonfire of copes and surplices, or shouted for the government of the Church by presbyteries." (P. 130.)

We should wish to look at this remarkable picture a little more closely. That there exist Anabaptists in the varied hosts of the English reformers is true. The feats of the Social Democrats, however, at the recent election hardly convince us that they have very formidable multitudes behind them. Nor is it they who concern themselves with such innovations as those which Sir Henry Maine specifies. The Social Democrats, even of the least red shade, go a long way beyond and below such trifles as Suffrage or the Upper House. To say of the crowd who do concern themselves with reform of the Suffrage, or the Land Laws, or the House of Lords, or the Union with Ireland, that they are animated by a delight in change for its own sake, apart from the respectable desire to apply a practical remedy to a practical inconvenience, is to show a rather-highflying disregard of easily ascertainable facts. The Crowd listen with interest to talk about altering the Land Laws, because they suspect the English land system to have something to do with the unprosperous condition of the landlord, the farmer, and the laborer; with the depopulation of the country and the congestion in the towns; with the bad housing of the poor, and with various other evils which they suppose themselves to see staring them daily

\* *Order and Progress*, pp. 149-54, and again at p. 174.

in the face. They may be entirely mistaken alike in their estimate of mischief and their hope of mitigation. But they are not moved by delight in change for its own sake. When the Crowd sympathizes with disapproval of the House of Lords, it is because the legislative performances of that body are believed to have impeded useful reforms in the past, to be impeding them now, and to be likely to impede them in the future. This may be a sad misreading of the history of the last fifty years, and a painfully prejudiced anticipation of the next fifty. At any rate, it is in intention a solid and practical appeal to experience and results, and has no affinity to a restless love of change for the sake of change. No doubt, in the progress of the controversy, the assailants of the House of Lords attack the principle of birth, in spite of the good word that has been spoken for it in a recent memorable manifesto. But the principle of birth is not attacked from the *a priori* point of view. Nobody attacks the principle of birth in the case of the Sovereign. The whole force of the attack lies in what is taken to be the attested fact that the principle of a hereditary chamber supervising an elective chamber, has worked, is working, and will go on working, inconveniently, stupidly, and dangerously. Finally, there is the question of the Irish Union. Is it the English or Scottish Crowd that is charged with a wanton desire to recast the Union? Nobody knows much about the matter who is not perfectly aware that the English statesman, whoever he may be, who undertakes the inevitable task of dealing with the demand for Home Rule, will have to make his case very plain indeed in order to make the cause popular here. Then is it the Irish Crowd? Sir Henry Maine, of all men, is not likely to believe that a sentiment which the wisest people of all parties in Ireland for a hundred years have known to lie in the depths of the mind of the great bulk of the Irish population, to whom we have now for the first time given the chance of declaring their wishes, is no more than a gratuitous and superficial passion for change for its own sake. The sentiment of Irish nationality may or may not be able to justify itself in the eye of prudential

reason, and English statesmen may or may not have been wise in inviting it to explode. Those are different questions. But Sir Henry Maine himself admits in another connection (p. 83) that "vague and shadowy as are the recommendations of what is called a Nationality, a State founded on this principle has generally one real practical advantage, through its obliteration of small tyrannies and local oppressions." It is not to be denied that it is exactly the expectation of this very practical advantage, that has given its new vitality to the Irish National movement which seems now once more, for good or for evil, to have come to a head. When it is looked into, then, the case against the multitudes who are as senselessly eager to change institutions as other multitudes once were to break off the noses of saints in stone, falls to pieces at every point.

Among other vices ascribed to democracy, we are told that it is against science, and that "even in our day vaccination is in the utmost danger" (p. 98). The instance is for various reasons not a happy one. It is not even precisely stated. I have never understood that vaccination is in much danger. Compulsory vaccination is perhaps in danger. But compulsion, as a matter of fact, was strengthened as the franchise went lower. It is a comparative novelty in English legislation (1853), and as a piece of effectively enforced administration it is more novel still (1871). Still, it is not endured in the United States; and only two or three years ago it was rejected by an overwhelming majority on an appeal to the popular vote in the Swiss Confederation. Obligatory vaccination may therefore one day disappear from our statute book, if democracy has anything to do with it. But then the obligation to practise a medical rite may be inexpedient, in spite of the virtues of the rite itself. That is not all. Sir H. Maine will admit that Mr. Herbert Spencer is not against science, and he expresses in the present volume his admiration for Mr. Spencer's work on *Man and the State*. Mr. Spencer is the resolute opponent of compulsory vaccination, and a resolute denier, moreover, of the pretension that the evidence for the advantages of vaccination takes such

account of the ulterior effects in the system as to amount to a scientific demonstration. Therefore, if science demands compulsory vaccination, democracy in rejecting the demand, and even if it went farther, is at least kept in countenance by some of those who are of the very household of science. The illustration is hardly impressive enough for the proposition that it supports.

Another and a far more momentous illustration occurs on another page (37). A very little consideration is enough to show that it will by no means bear Sir Henry Maine's construction. "There is, in fact," he says, "just enough evidence to show that even now there is a marked antagonism between democratic opinion and scientific truth as applied to human societies. The central seat in all Political Economy was from the first occupied by the theory of Population. This theory . . . has become the central truth of biological science. Yet it is evidently disliked by the multitude and those whom the multitude permits to lead it."

Sir Henry Maine goes on to say that it has long been intensely unpopular in France, and this, I confess, is a surprise to me. It has usually been supposed that a prudential limitation of families is rooted in the minds and habits of nearly, though not quite, all classes of the French nation. An excellent work on France, written by a sound English observer seven or eight years ago, chances to be lying before me at the moment, and here is a passage taken almost at random. "The opinions of thoughtful men seem to tend towards the wish to introduce into France some of that improvidence which allows English people to bring large families into the world without first securing the means of keeping them, and which has peopled the continent of North America and the Australian colonies with an English-speaking race." (Richardson's *Corn and Cattle Producing Districts of France*, p. 47, &c.) Surely this is a well-established fact. It is possible that denunciations of Malthus may occasionally be found both in Clerical and Socialist prints, but then there are reasons for that. It can hardly be made much of a charge against French democracy that it tolerates unscientific opinion,

so long as it cultivates scientific practice.

As for our own country, and those whom the multitude permits to lead it, we cannot forget that by far the most popular and powerful man *in face Romuli*—as Sir Henry Maine insists on our putting it in that polite way—was tried and condemned not many years ago for publishing a certain pamphlet which made a limitation of population the very starting-point of social reform. It is not necessary to pronounce an opinion on the particular counsels of the pamphlet, but the motives which prompted its circulation (motives admitted to be respectable by the Chief Justice who tried the case), and the extraordinary reception of the pamphlet by the serious portion of the workmen of the towns, would make a careful writer think twice before feeling sure that popular bodies will never listen to the truth about population. No doubt, as Sir Henry Maine says in the same place, certain classes now resist schemes for relieving distress by emigration. But there is a pretty obvious reason for that. That reason is not mere aversion to face the common sense of the relations between population and subsistence, but a growing suspicion—as to the reasonableness of which, again, I give no opinion—that emigration is made into an easy and slovenly substitute for a scientific reform in our system of holding and using land. In the case of Ireland, other political considerations must be added.

In any case, it is hardly worth while to single out democratic opinions as responsible for anti-scientific teaching or practice in this all-important department, while the arch transgressor goes unnoticed. It is the priest, not the demagogue, who has fomented erroneous views on population. The workmen, without subscribing in large numbers to the Malthusian League, are fully alive to the importance of Malthusian teaching. It is not necessary, if it were worth while, to go for abundant indications of this beyond the proceedings of the Industrial Remuneration Conference held in London last year.\*

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\* The volume containing the Report has since been published (Messrs. Cassell & Co.) and is well worth turning to.

Democracy will be against science, we admit, in one contingency: if it loses the battle with the Ultramontane Church. The Church, it has been truly said, has broken with knowledge, has taken her stand upon ignorance, and is striving with might and main even in countries where she has no chance, to use the machinery of popular Government to keep back education. The worst enemy of science is also the bitterest enemy of democracy, *c'est le cléricalisme*. The interests of science and the interests of democracy are one. Let us take a case. Suppose that popular Government in France were to succumb, a military or any other more popular Government would be forced to lean on the clericals. The clericals would gather the spoils of democratic defeat. Sir Henry Maine is much too well informed to think that a clerical triumph would be good for science, whatever else it might be good for. Then are not propositions about democracy being against science very idle and a little untrue? "Modern politics," said a wise man (Pattison, *Sermons*, 191) "resolve themselves into the struggle between knowledge and tradition." Democracy is hardly on the side of tradition.

We have dwelt on these secondary matters, because they show that the author hardly brings to the study of modern democracy the ripe preparation of detail which he gave to ancient law. In the larger field of his speculation, the value of his thought is seriously impaired by the absence of anything like a philosophy of society as a whole. Nobody who has studied Burke, or Comte, or Mill—I am not sure whether I would not add even De Maistre—can imagine any of them as setting to work on a general political speculation without reference to particular social conditions. They would have conducted the inquiry in strict relation to the stage at which a community happened to be, in matters lying outside of the direct scope of political government. So, before all other living thinkers, should we have expected Sir Henry Maine to do. It is obvious that systems of government, called by the same name, bearing the same superficial marks, founded and maintained on the same principles, framed in the same verbal forms, may yet work with infinite

diversity of operation, according to the variety of social circumstances around them. Yet it is here inferred that democracy in England must be fragile, difficult, and sundry other evil things, because out of fourteen Presidents of the Bolivian Republic thirteen have died assassinated or in exile. If England and Bolivia were at all akin in history, religion, race, industry, the fate of Bolivian Presidents would be more instructive to English Premiers.

One of the propositions which Sir Henry Maine is most anxious to bring home to his readers is that Democracy, in the extreme form to which it tends, is of all kinds of government by far the most difficult. He even goes so far as to say (p. 87) that, while not denying to Democracies some portion of the advantage which Bentham claimed for them, and "putting this advantage at the highest, it is *more than compensated* by one great disadvantage," namely, its difficulty. This generalisation is repeated with an emphasis that surprises us, for two reasons. In the first place, if the proposition could be proved to be true, we fail to see that it would be particularly effective in its practical bearings. Everybody whose opinions are worth consideration, and everybody who has ever come near the machinery of democratic government, is only too well aware that whether it be far the most difficult form of government or not, it is certainly difficult enough to tax the powers of statesmanship to the very uttermost. Is not that enough? Is anything gained by pressing us further than that? "Better be a poor fisherman," said Danton as he walked in the last hours of his life on the banks of the Aube, "better be a poor fisherman, than meddle with the governing of men." We wonder whether there has been a single democratic leader either in France or England who has not incessantly felt the full force of Danton's ejaculation. To-day, we wonder whether M. Clémenceau or M. De Freycinet in France, or Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury in our own country, needs a philosophic treatise to convince him how prodigiously difficult popular government is. There may, indeed, be simpletons in the political world who dream that if only the system of government were made still more popular, all

would be plain sailing. But then Sir Henry Maine is not the man to write for simpletons.

The first reason, then, for surprise at the immense stress laid by the author on the proposition about the difficulty of popular government, is that it would not be of the first order of importance if it were true. Our second reason is that it cannot be shown to be true. You cannot measure the relative difficulty of diverse systems of government. Governments are things of far too great complexity for precise quantification of this sort. Will anybody, for example, read through the second volume of the excellent work of M. Leroy-Beaulieu on the Empire of the Czars (1882), and then be prepared to maintain that democracy is more difficult than autocracy? It would be interesting, too, to know whether the Prince on whose shoulders will one day be laid the burden of the German Empire, will read the dissertation on the unparalleled difficulties of democracy with acquiescence? When in the fulness of time the disappearance of Kaiser Wilhelm dissolves the fabric of the Triple Alliance, new light will perhaps be thrown on the stability of governments which are anti-democratic.

There are many questions, of which the terms are no sooner stated than we at once see that a certain and definite answer to them is impossible. The controversy as to the relative fragility, or the relative difficulty, of popular government and other forms of government, appears to be a controversy of this kind. We cannot decide it until we have weighed, measured, sifted, and tested a great mass of heterogeneous facts; and then, supposing the process to have been ever so skilfully and laboriously performed, no proposition could be established as the outcome, that would be an adequate reward for the pains of the operation.

This, we venture to think, must be pronounced a grave drawback to the value of the author's present speculation. He attaches an altogether excessive and unscientific importance to form. It would be unreasonable to deny to a writer on democracy as a form of government, the right of isolating his phenomenon. But it is much more

unreasonable to predicate fragility, difficulty, or anything else of a particular form of government, without reference to other conditions which happen to go along with it in a given society at a given time. None of the properties of popular government are independent of surrounding circumstances, social, economic, religious, and historic. All the conditions are bound up together in a closely interdependent connection, and are not secondary to, or derivative from, the mere form of government. It is, if not impossible, at least highly unsafe to draw inferences about forms of government in universals.

No writer seems to us to approach Machiavelli in the acuteness with which he pushes behind mere political names, and passes on to the real differences that may exist in movements and institutions that are covered by the same designation. Nothing in its own way can be more admirable, for instance, than his reflections on the differences between democracy at Florence and democracy in old Rome—how the first began in great inequality of conditions, and ended in great equality, while the process was reversed in the second; how at Rome the people and the nobles shared power and office, while at Florence the victors crushed and ruined their adversaries; how at Rome the people, by common service with the nobles, acquired some of their virtues, while at Florence the nobles were forced down to seem, as well as to be, like the common people (*Istorie Fiorentine*, bk. iii.).

This is only an example of the distinctions and qualifications which it is necessary to introduce before we can prudently affirm or deny anything about political institutions in general terms. Who would deny that both the stability and the degree of difficulty of popular government are closely connected in the United States with the abundance of accessible land? Who would deny that in Great Britain they are closely connected with the greater or less prosperity of our commerce and manufactures? To take another kind of illustration from Mr. Dicey's brilliant and instructive volume on the constitution. The governments of England and of France are both of them popular in form; but

does not a fundamental difference in their whole spirit and working result from the existence in one country of the *droit administratif*, and the absolute predominance in the other of regular law, applied by the ordinary courts, and extending equally over all classes of citizens? Distinctions and differences of this order go for nothing in the pages before us; yet they are vital to the discussion.

The same fallacious limitation, the same exclusion of the many various causes that co-operate in the production of political results, is to be discerned in nearly every argument. The author justly calls attention to the extraordinary good luck which has befallen us as a nation. He proceeds to warn us that if the desire for legislative innovation be allowed to grow upon us at its present pace—pace assumed to be very headlong indeed—the chances are that our luck will not last. We shall have a disaster like Sedan, or the loss of Alsace Lorraine (p. 151). This is a curiously narrow reading of contemporary history. Did Austria lose Sadowa, or was the French Empire ruined at Sedan, in consequence of the passion of either of those Governments for legislative innovation; or must we not rather, in order to explain these striking events, look to a large array of military, geographical, financial, diplomatic, and political considerations and conditions? If so, what becomes of the moral? England is, no doubt, the one great civilized power that has escaped an organic or structural change within the last five-and-twenty years. Within that period, the American Union, after a tremendous war, has revolutionised the social institutions of the South, and reconstructed the constitution. The French Empire has foundered, and a French Republic once more bears the fortunes of a great State over troubled waters. Germany has undergone a complete transformation; so has the Italian peninsula. The internal and the external relations alike of the Austrian Power are utterly different to-day from what they were twenty years ago. Spain has passed from monarchy to republic, and back to monarchy again, and gone from dynasty to dynasty. But what share had legislative innovation in producing these great changes? No share at all in any one case. What is the logic, then, of the

warning that if we persist in our taste for legislative innovation, we shall lose our immunity from the violent changes that have overtaken other States—changes with which legislative innovation had nothing to do.

In short, modern societies, whether autocratic or democratic, are passing through a great transformation, social, religious, and political. The process is full of embarrassments, difficulties, and perils. These are the dominant marks of our era. To set them all down to popular government is as narrow, as confused, and as unintelligent as the imputation in a papal Encyclical of all modern ills to Liberalism. You cannot isolate government, and judge it apart from the other and deeper forces of the time. Western civilisation is slowly entering on a new stage. Form of government is the smallest part of it. It has been well said that those nations have the best chance of escaping a catastrophe in the obscure and uncertain march before us, who find a way of opening the most liberal career to the aspirations of the present, without too rudely breaking with all the traditions of the past. This is what popular government, wisely guided, is best able to do.

But will wise guidance be endured? Sir Henry Maine seems to think that it will not. Mill thought that it would. In a singularly luminous passage in an essay which for some reason or another he never published, Mill says—

“We are the last persons to undervalue the power of moral convictions. But the convictions of the mass of mankind run hand in hand with their interests or their class feelings. *We have a strong faith, stronger than either politicians or philosophers generally have, in the influence of reason and virtue over men's minds; but it is in that of the reason and virtue of their own side of the question.* We expect few conversions by the mere force of reason from one creed to the other. Men's intellects and hearts have a large share in determining what sort of Conservatives or Liberals they will be; but it is their position (saving individual exceptions) which makes them Conservatives or Liberals.”

This double truth points to the good grounds that exist why we should think hopefully of popular government, and why we should be slow to believe that it has no better foundation to build upon than the unreal assumptions of some bad philosophers, French or others.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

## LIVES OF GREEK STATESMEN. SECOND SERIES.

(EPHIALTES—HERMOKRATES.) By Rev. Sir George W. Cox, Bart., M.A., author of "A General History of Greece." New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

The present volume follows one which presented with great compactness and vigor a picture of Greek life down to the close of the struggle with Persia. Sir George Cox takes up a study of the public men whose lives mostly belong to the period of the fatal struggle between Athens and Sparta. The statesmen treated belong to that period of political activity antedating the catastrophe of the Athenian armament at Syracuse, which temporarily destroyed the naval supremacy of Athens, which had so long been its main stronghold of power. The main purpose of the author is to clearly distinguish the essential difference between the policies and methods of Athens and Sparta, always rivals, and directly opposed to each other in their ideals. The contrast between the Spartan and Athenian statesmen is nowhere better illustrated than in the characters and careers of Perikles and Brasidas, the one the fitting type of the intellectual glory and art splendor of Athens, the other the austere, iron soldier, who pursued narrow ideals with an honest fidelity and political sagacity which placed him high among the great men of his age. Says our author:

"The lessons which he (Perikles) wished to enforce above all other lessons were, first, that the resources of the State were not to be wasted or risked in enterprises which would tend only or chiefly to the benefits of individuals; and next, that enterprises to which the State had been committed must not be mismanaged or stained in order to further the purposes of dishonest or factious politicians." Perikles was the political pupil of Themistokles, with whom the real greatness of Athens began, and under the spell and stimulus of his genius the city attained the apex of its power. In spite of the enormous sums spent on public works and art, Athens under Perikles' able management (for he was the greatest of the political economists of the Greek world) possessed a reserve fund able to meet three years of extraordinary contingencies, and was the only city of Hellas so fortunate. Had his policy been logically carried out, or had he had the consistent support of the Areiopagos and people of Athens, it is more than probable that the whole history of

Greece would have been changed. His career nowhere shows the least divergence either of principle or of policy, which can hardly be said of his great tutor, Themistokles. He remained serene and equable in mind under the pressure of the passionate irritation of the people, which sprang from their unparalleled misery after the outbreak of the plague, to which were added the horrors of famine. "Throughout all these years," says our author, "he had insisted that the maintenance of the maritime empire of Athens must be their first consideration, although he had no reluctance to extend the Athenian Confederation by land so long as this could be done without endangering her rule by sea." The large views of Perikles in statesmanship was nobly illustrated in the fact that he worked hard to effect a Pan-Hellenic Congress, which should arbitrate the difficulties and disputes of the various Hellenic States, and thus gradually mould Greece into a great and united political power.

Brasidas, the Lacedemonian rival of Perikles, was in many respects the most un-Spartan of Spartans. Scarcely less ready in speech than in action, skilful as an orator and diplomatist, he attained the highest rank as a military leader. Rigid discipline had steeled and sharpened his genius instead of stiffening it into that gloomy inflexibility which characterized so many others of the Spartan leaders. When Brasidas fell mortally wounded at Amphipolis, Athens could well draw a long breath, for it was his superior generalship which had defeated her hoplites on every field, and threatened the very existence of the city. From his countrymen he received the honors of a deified hero. Thucydides, who was one of the Athenian leaders opposed to him in the war, cannot find words too eulogistic for him. Though an enemy, he recognized the heroic mould of Brasidas, and pays a splendid tribute to his great qualities, his moderation, his affability and lenity to revolted cities, his astuteness and promptitude. Lacking all of the large and progressive views of Perikles—his passion for the ideal in art, literature, politics, and life—he possessed a keen practical sagacity, a penetration into the probabilities of events, and a command over men which were not surpassed in his age. Among the other Greek leaders whose careers our author carefully follows are Ephialtes, Kimon, Phormion, Archidamos, Kleon, Demosthenes, Nikias, and Hermok-

rates, the end of a period being typified in the latter, within which the causes which made a Greek nation possible ceased to grow. The student of Greek history whose leisure and taste do not permit a more extended study will find this a most masterly digest.

CESAR BIROTHEAU. By H. De Balzac. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

Balzac's "Comedy of Human Life," embracing a series of the most masterly novels in literature, is a work which has too long engaged the attention of critics to make any extended study or review of it desirable in these pages. "Cesar Birotteau," the last issue of Roberts Brothers in their beautiful English edition of the representative works of the great Frenchman, belongs to that division of the "Comédie Humaine" which delineates *bourgeois* life—the faults, virtues, follies, habits, and aspiration of the Parisian shopkeeping classes—and it ranks worthily as one of his most faithful and powerful studies. Though even more realistic than many other novels of the father of French realism in fiction, it is shot through with streaks of humor and pathos, and deep insights into the more subtle and remote motives of the mind, which only the man of creative imagination would ever penetrate. Cesar Birotteau is a perfumer, who by certain inventions or discoveries in the line of his art and by ingenious puffing rises to a position of wealth. The influence on his character, which remains, however, sound at the bottom, the details of the forces which contributed to his rise and fall, are painted with marvellous art, differing, however, from the "Chinese painter" school of his successors, in that the fidelity to the forms of actual fact are not only preserved, but that it is full of perspective and breadth, and carries within it suggestions more striking than the picture itself. A great variety of *bourgeois* types are delineated, and with equal skill; and the essential goodness and sweetness existing in character, the surface faults of which may be developed into gross blunders and absurdity, are emphasized with the skill of a master. Those who have had some taste of Balzac will welcome this new volume, which it may be said in passing is entirely free from anything that can offend a fastidious or even a Puritanical taste.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS. By Andrew Lang. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

Andrew Lang is one of the most finished and exquisite of that choir of minor poets which

Austin Dobson leads. He has carried attention to form to a point that rivals the most "chiselled" productions of the new French school that has revived the *ballade*, the *triolet*, and all those exotic forms of versification by which slight thoughts are often concealed by wonderful modulations. The influence of the French votaries of form has not been so elevating to the tone of English verse as that of the Italians, to whom we owe the sonnet. Mr. Lang is a careful worker of cameos in verse, and the delightful little book before us is a gem of prose literature of a quaint and archaic cut, well typified by the red cornelian he has borrowed from the British Museum to be his frontispiece. These letters are addressed to Thackeray, Dickens, Pierre de Ronsard, Herodotus, Pope, Lucian of Samosata, Rabelais, Jane Austen, Isaak Walton, Sir John Mandeville, Dumas, Theocritus, Poe, Scott, Shelley, Molière, Burns, Byron, Omar Khayyám, and Homer. These epistles have a modern literary flavor, with at the same time an archaic quaintness, which is very fascinating. Lightness of touch—a quality formerly lacking in English literature—has become almost a disease, and one also begins to weary of the perpetual semi-humorous attitude in which most professional writers pretend to see everything. Mr. Lang has very delicately assumed both these qualities, and his half-playful, half-serious addresses to the shades of departed men of letters are examples of fine humor and grace of style without affectation, which may safely be admired by other writers, but which cannot be imitated. "There are many things," he writes, "that stand in the way of the critic when he has a mind to praise the living. He may dread the charge of writing rather to vex a rival than to exalt the subject of his applause. He shuns the appearance of seeking the favor of the famous, and would not willingly be regarded as one of the many parasites who now advertise each movement and action of contemporary genius. Lastly, if the critic be quite new to the world of letters, he may superfluously fear to vex a poet or a novelist by the abundance of his eulogy. No such doubts perplex us when, with all our hearts, we would commend the departed; for they have passed almost beyond the reach of envy, and to those pale cheeks of theirs no commendation can bring the red."

This letter will delight all the admirers of Thackeray. It is full of that deep affection which the lovers of Thackeray must feel for that great master. If Mr. Lang had addressed



a letter to John Ruskin, who has lately come out savagely against the author of "Pendenis," we should have known how Mr. Lang writes when he is seriously indignant. "In what other novelist, since Scott was worn down by the burden of a forlorn endeavor, and died for honor's sake, has the world found so many of our fairest gifts combined? Your pathos," continues Mr. Lang, "was never cheap, your laughter never forced; your sigh was never the pulpit trick of the preacher. Your funny people—your Costigans and Fokers—were not mere characters of trick and catchwords, were not empty comic masks. Behind each the human heart was beating; and ever and again we were allowed to see the features of the man." Mr. Lang, thinking with Trollope, says that others have written, and not badly, with the regularity of a clock; but Thackeray needed "Heaven-sent moments for this skill."

Mr. Lang, with keen critical insight, makes no comparison of Thackeray with Dickens. Each is *sui generis*. In a letter to the author of "Pickwick" and "Old Curiosity Shop" he declares that Dickens's laughter lives, while his tears have been dried up. "Ah, sir," he writes, more in sorrow than in anger, "how could you, who remembered so strangely well the fancies, the dreams, the sufferings of childhood—how could you wallow 'naked in the pathetic' and massacre holocausts of the innocents? I confess that Little Nell might die a dozen times, and be welcomed by whole legions of angels, and I (like the bereaved fowl mentioned by Pet Marjory) would remain unmoved.

'She was more than usual calm,  
She did not give a single dam,'

wrote the astonishing child who diverted the leisure of Scott." A model of criticism is the letter to Edgar Allan Poe. No one but an artist who has worked unceasingly in all the subtle and untranslatable changes of nature's moods can entirely appreciate the atmosphere of a bard; so no one but a student of literature, knowing full well how wide must be his study and sympathy to grasp fully the true meaning of literature, can thoroughly know the completeness of this gem-like and very perfect study of Poe. Mr. Lang touches on Poe's pretensions as a poet and his still more unfortunate pretensions as a critic, which brought him the forgiveness of Longfellow, whom he called a didactic plagiarist, and the anger of many a poet *minimus*. Of the parallels drawn between Poe and Hawthorne, Mr. Lang says: "He was a great writer—the greatest writer in prose fiction America has ever produced. But

you and he have not much in common, except a certain mortuary turn of mind and a taste for gloomy allegories about the workings of conscience." Mr. Lang cries out to Poe that he was born under an unlucky star. Had he lived in these days, how would he, the greatest writer of short stories in English, have been enriched and applauded! "For us it is enough to know that you were compelled to live by your pen, and that in an age when the author of 'To Helen' and 'The Cask of Amontillado' was paid at the rate of a dollar a column. When such poverty was the mate of such pride as yours, a misery more deep than that of Burns, an agony longer than Chatterton's, were inevitable and assured." We take leave of this admirable work of a critic of culture with regret. Happily, our readers can easily make it their own, and enjoy a delightful "dip" into it whenever they have the mind to correct any false notions that badly equipped critics may hastily put forth. Mr. Lang has done no better work.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's "The Choice of Books and Other Literary Pieces" is more philosophical in tone than Mr. Lang's *brochure*, but no stronger in quality. Mr. Harrison starts out to show how evil are the effects of the misuse of books. And his words on this subject are worth earnest consideration in this time of cheap books and voracious reading, when the devourer of many volumes continues to be as thin as the lean kine in the Scriptures. "To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts," Mr. Harrison says, "is really to know nothing worth knowing. Alas! the most of our reading leaves as little mark even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat. For myself, I am inclined to think that the most useful help to reading is to know what we should not read."

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS. By Frederic Harrison. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

The lucidity of Mr. Harrison's essay on the choice of books is refreshing after the confusing and diffuse list of books it has become the fashion to make. "If the 'Cid,' the 'Vita Nuova,' the 'Canterbury Tales,' Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' and 'Lycidas' pall on a man; if he care not for Mallory's 'Morte d'Arthur' and the 'Red Cross Knight'; if he thinks 'Crusoe' and the 'Vicar' books for the young; if he thrill not with the 'Ode to the West Wind' and the 'Ode to a Grecian Urn'; if he have

no stomach for Christabelle or the lines written on 'The Wye above Tintern Abbey,' he should fall on his knees and pray for a cleaner and quieter spirit." Mr. Harrison, being a philosopher, though only of the nineteenth century, understands what most of the makers of book lists have forgotten—that the appreciation of high literature as well as high art is an acquired taste. His essay might have been called an introduction to the art of reading. However the reader may differ from Mr. Harrison's conclusions—which, however, are always correct from the point of view of taste—he will sympathize with him when he exclaims: "I vow that when I see men, forgetful of the perennial poetry of the world, muck-raking in a litter of fugitive prose, I think of that wonderful scene in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' where the Interpreter shows the wayfarers the old man raking in the straw and dust, while he will not see the angel who offers him a crown of gold and precious stones."

The two "pieces" in contrasting styles which the reader will turn to first, if he be wise, are the light though somewhat bitter criticism of Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair," a novel which in this country had almost as great a success as the same author's "Endymion." Thackeray would have cut up D'Israeli's bad grammar and tawdry "properties" with scarcely more pleasure or more effect than Mr. Harrison. "For instance, a young lady talks to the hero about their 'mutual ancestors.' Shade of Macaulay! One used to think that *mutual* friend for *common* friend was rather a cockneyism. But mutual ancestors! Oh, right honorable sir! mutual, as Johnson will tell us, means something reciprocal—a giving and taking. How could people have mutual ancestors?—unless, indeed, their great grandparents had exchanged husbands or wives—a horrid thought!"

Mr. Harrison's essay on the letters and life of George Eliot is the most worthy study of the subject yet given to the public. His comparison of "Romola" and, indeed, all her serious work, unrelieved by humor, to Beethoven's "Fidelio," is very fine and true. "I go home," he says, "purified and thrilled by a noble work of art, resounding with high moral purpose, but a little lowered in nervous vitality." Mr. Harrison compares "Silas Marner" to a perfect melody in a minor key. He places this next to the best things of George Sand and Balzac, "but hardly to be named beside such an immortal idyl as the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'" Mr. Harrison asks the world of readers not to

fall into the fashion of exaggerated praise of George Eliot. She was a greater thinker than Balzac, Thackeray, the Brontës, George Sand, or Dickens, but less of an artist. He values her highly for a quality rare in English literature—that of making thoughts in the sense in which Pascal made his "Pensées" and Marcus Aurelius's apothegms. This ethical quality, however, ruined the second part of "Daniel Deronda," and its existence to a large extent in her novels will leave to only one the enduring popularity which time has left to the "Vicar," to "Pride and Prejudice," to "Pendennis," and to "Barnaby Rudge;" and this one which will have perpetual life because it is a masterly story, pure and simple, is the "Mill on the Floss." This novel has much of what Mr. Harrison calls "analytic psychology," but it is put into action rather than words, and the current of the story is not constantly impeded by stones, which are very precious, but, nevertheless, are obstacles.

Mr. Harrison, himself a Positivist of the Positivists, tells us that her attitude toward that form of Comte's philosophy was one of deep interest; but that there was no reason to suppose that she would have entered into formal communion with that or any other school. Mr. Harrison was a grateful friend of George Eliot and George Lewes. He touches on that moral blot which has made many of George Eliot's admirers sad and regretful in a frank and manly way. He protests that those two were loving and honorable as he saw them; but he says: "In the chaos which has followed the loosening of old moral and religious canons, strange and unwholesome doctrines are put forth in the name of society and moral duty; and while opinion and religion still sanction divorce, the unsettlement of ideas will still be profound. But we trust that the future will recognize that responsibility in marriage and happiness in marriage alike depend on its irrevocable nature. In this welter of opinion we hesitate to judge the act of those who sacrifice their lives to what they hold to be honor and duty. But it is the essence of marriage to be above the field of individual exceptions, to stand supreme, high beyond all personal opinions, miseries or joys."

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE title of Turgeneff's last novel is "Talagajew." It was dictated on his death-bed to Pauline Viardot Garcia. It will first appear in the *Gegenwart*.

LADY ANNE BLUNT, the granddaughter of Byron, is one of the cleverest women in England. She is an author, an adept in music and painting, a student of Oriental politics, a scholar capable of writing to her Ceylon friends in their own language, the capable manager of her beautiful home, Crabbet Park, and the teacher of her only daughter. Her husband, Mr. W. S. Blunt, is a politician, a prose-writer of much ability and the author of the "Sonnets of Proteus."

MR. J. H. SHORTHOUSE has, it is reported, laid aside the book upon which he has been engaged, and has resolved to allow his literary fame to rest upon "John Inglesant" alone. It is added that the work which he has abandoned dealt with a vast subject, and he feels himself unable to devote to it the time and study which it demands.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *St. James Gazette* complains that while a richly endowed professorship was instituted by the latest University Commission, with the object of introducing English literature into the course of Oxford study, that professorship has been pressed into the service of Germanic philology, and its misapplication is now beyond recall.

VICTOR HUGO's long lost drama, "*Les Deux Jumeaux*," has been found among his papers, and it will be published under the title of "*Le Comte Jean*." The painter, Bonnat, is quoted by the *London World* as repeating anecdotes about the immense and Olympian egotism of Hugo. One instance of his high opinion of himself was given during the siege of Paris. The bombardment had been going on for some time; people were losing hope; and one day in the family circle Hugo declared in measured tones: "If the siege continues much longer I will go forth on to the ramparts; I will allow myself to be killed by a Prussian bullet. The Prussians will have slain Victor Hugo, and then the war will be at an end." "Yes, at an end for you!" replied Louis Ulbach, whom Hugo never forgave.

MR. FINDLAY's recollections of De Quincey have just been published abroad, and prove to be interesting, if fragmentary and slight. De Quincey's devotion to opium is shown by one of Mr. Findlay's anecdotes. "On one occasion," he says, "his foot had been affected by his taking large doses of opium; 'in fact,' he said, 'my leg is quite black, from the foot to considerably above the knee.' He treated lightly my expressions of regret at such an

alarming appearance, saying that he had had it before, and knew how far it would go, and how it could be got quit of. 'The best cure,' he said, 'would be to take six months' walking;' on which I said that his case was like that of St. Denis: '*Ce n'est que le premier pas que coûte.*' How was he to begin this regimen? He answered that by his leaving off opium, even for a few days, his leg would so far recover as to enable him to go out; 'but,' he said, 'I cannot do that; for without opium I can't get on with my work, which the publishers are urging me to complete. The work must be done; the opium can't be left off; therefore I cannot begin to walk.'"

De Quincey's dress was peculiar and far from attractive. His clothes generally looked very old, and as if they had been made for a person larger than himself, the reason being that he grew thinner in his later years, but still continued to wear the clothes made for him long before. "I have sometimes," says Mr. Findlay, "seen appearances about him of a shirt and a shirt collar, but usually there were no indications of these articles of dress. When I came to visit him in his lodgings I saw him in all stages of costume; sometimes he would come in to me from his bedroom to his parlor, as on this occasion, with shoes but no stockings, and sometimes with stockings but no shoes." Mr. Findlay saw him after his death: "On the simple uncurtained pallet, whence in that last interview he had smilingly, with all those delicately polite regrets, said good-by, the tiny frame of this great dreamer lay stretched in his last long dreamless sleep. Attenuated to an extreme degree, the body looked infantile in size—a very slender stem for a shapely and massive head that crowned it. The face was little changed: its delicate bloom indeed was gone, but the sweet expression lingered, and the finely chiselled features were unaltered."

Mr. Findlay once found his friend in a chaos of books and MSS. and clouds of dust, searching for a missing document; and he adds: "The confusion of this sort in which he lived was marvellous. After his death Mrs. Craig told me that the mass of letters and notes, many unopened, to be gone over was bewildering. In the heterogeneous heap, too, stray pound notes and packages of small coin in silver and copper were so numerous as when collected to form a considerable sum. Some of the notes were between the leaves of books; and parcels of coin had probably been handed to him as change, laid aside and forgotten. The task of looking over lent books and return-

ing them to their owners, as far as these could be discovered, was also a heavy one."

### MISCELLANY.

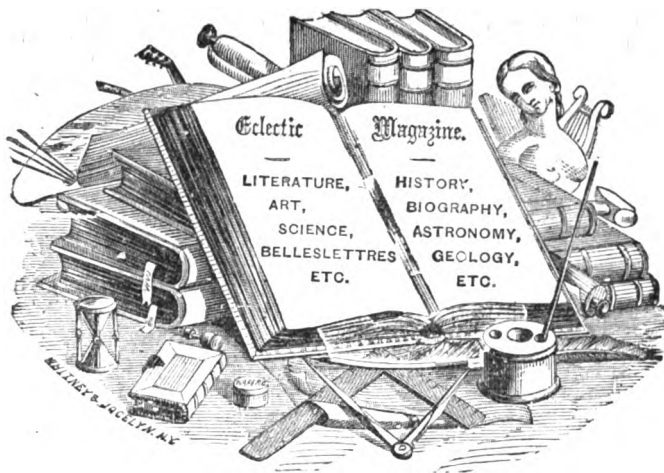
MEN AND MANNERS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—His Majesty the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire is a most high and puissant monarch. His will is law, and his nod is death. He has many palaces; he rules despotically over a vast empire; he makes quantities of pashas cross their fawning hands whenever he looks at them; he has the power to do anything to any one of his faithful subjects—except recall him to life after he has killed him. But social power he has none. His life is passed in an endless round of official drudgery, nay, positive servitude. Each minutest detail of business, from the highest visions of diplomacy down to the opening of a new coffee-house on the shores of the Bosphorus, passes through his august hands; and each incident of every transaction forms a focus of intrigues which, in their conglomerate mass, it would take twenty sultans with a hundred times Abd-ul-Hamid's power to disarm and defeat. What time, therefore, can he have to spare for society? The Commander of the Faithful may be seen any week as he goes to his Friday's prayer. Then, before the gaze of an adoring populace, through lines of splendid troops, crowds of brilliant aides-de-camp and pashas, fair veiled ladies, braying brass bands, and screaming dogs, there passes a thin-faced, long-nosed, grizzle-bearded pale man in a half-closed carriage, nervously fluttering his hand before his face by way of salute, and receiving the low salaams of all in return. He hurries into the mosque, scarce giving himself time to throw a half-frightened glance round, and so is lost to view before he can well be seen. When one considers why that face is so worn and pale, why those hands are so nervous, how the heart behind that blue military coat must be beating like a roll of miltidrums, one feels grateful that one is but a private individual, and not His Imperial Majesty the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid the Second, living as he does in perpetual fear of assassination. The head of the State neither caring nor daring to assume his position in society, no other Turk essays the rôle of social leadership. Not only might such an attempt cause him to be unfavorably regarded by his sovereign, but the Turk has neither, by temperament nor custom, any inclination to mix in European society. It is too gay, too animated for him. It might be supposed that the

Grand Vizier, the Ministers of the cabinet, and the principal State officials, being more or less in constant relation with Europeans, might, for political reasons, develop social aspirations. Away from the Porte, however, one seldom sees them. *Apropos*, you may be permitted to make the acquaintance of the Grand Vizier. He is, physically, just the opposite of what one would expect a Grand Vizier to be. There peers up at you, from above a little insignificant figure of diminutive stature and rather crooked build, a deadly pale face with queer irregular features ornamented by a long black beard, and with no particular characteristic to strike your attention until you see a pair of glittering, piercing black eyes closely observing you. Those eyes do everything. As conversation proceeds, you forget all the rest of the man, and address yourself to the glowing orbs of the dignitary. His voice also is peculiar: cold, deliberate, passionless, every word carefully weighed and carefully spoken. Unquestionably you will have been talking with a very remarkable man, of keen intellect, clear design, and immense tenacity and strength of purpose. In a country where every minister, more especially a Grand Vizier, is looked upon principally as a target for volleys of intrigue, Saïd Pasha has for five years, with, I believe, only two interruptions of very short duration each, stood firm and unmoved, and is at this time more securely rooted in power than ever. But in society he never appears. Thus society in Constantinople is influenced in no way by the Turks, who are, with one or two exceptions, completely unrepresented. Of these exceptions the principal is Munir Pasha, Grand Master of Ceremonies to the Sultan—a man of irreproachable character and courteous, dignified manner. There is rarely a party of importance given by an ambassador or ambassadress at which you do not see his big broad shoulders and dark bearded face, brightened by a cordial smile, in some convenient corner where he can talk with his friends, and contemplate the skittish European at his ease. It is he who has the privilege of introducing ambassadors, special envoys, travelling monarchs and princes, and persons of similar distinguished rank, to the Sultan. Hobart Pasha is the most distinguished officer in the Turkish navy, and has rendered conspicuous services to the Turkish State. He has been for twenty years in Ottoman employment, and the effective condition of the Turkish navy is notorious. He is, as he will lose no opportunity of telling you himself, the confidential adviser of the Sultan on all important

State matters, and does not shrink, according to his own account, from addressing his Majesty with the simplicity and bluntness proper to the unsophisticated sailor. Turkish ladies, it is unnecessary to explain, are never seen in general society. There are, however, one or two of them who receive visitors, both ladies and gentlemen, at their own houses. Of these the principal are Madame Hilnis Pasha and her sister Zara. The rooms are European; the ladies wear Parisian dresses and talk Parisian French; and their nationality only reveals itself occasionally in the habit of sitting cross-legged on the floor and smoking cigarettes. Sometimes a reaction follows on the long seclusion of the harem life when broken through. Such was the case with Madame Kiazim Pasha, the mother of Izzet Bey. She received *à la Européenne* for some time, and no one thought much about it. But one day Constantinople was startled by the announcement that Madame Kiazim had eloped with a Belgian Secretary of Legation, and would be seen no more. The happy couple married when they got far enough away, and are now, I believe, enjoying the pleasures of one another's society in Paris.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A COLONY OF COMMUNISTIC JEWS.—The Russian Jews are the aptest disciples of the Socialist ideas. Everywhere remarkable for acuteness of intellect and an extraordinary aptitude for the acquirement of riches, the Jew in Russia develops characteristics of great social sentimentality. There is in history nothing else which approaches the sentiment of the Sermon on the Mount, in which the heart of Jesus pulsates its love for every human being, friend or foe—and Jesus was a Jew. There was, then, in the Jewish organization, a latent capacity for depths of feeling, which it only required the proper circumstances to make alive; and at least a similar feeling, a passion for the happiness of others, has undoubtedly among the younger generation of Jews in Russia met with the peculiar condition necessary to develop it into an active energy. It is not meant that all Jews in Russia are humanitarians; it is not meant that a majority of the Jews in Russia are humanitarians; but that, comparing the Jews with the native Russians, and with the Germans in the Empire, the Jews present in proportion to population a much greater number of individuals who feel the stimulation of humanitarian sentiment, as expressed in the Socialistic doctrines, and are ready to risk fortune and life in the service of

purely humanitarian ends. In a word, a very considerable part of Nihilistic or Socialistic Russia is Jewish. Three years ago a band of such Jews, nearly all of them residents in Odessa, resolved to leave Russia, and seek in the United States a home where they would be free from the taxes and military service of despotism, and the brutality of Christian fanaticism, which they had seen more than once plunder their own homes. The band numbered about one hundred, all young people, the average age being twenty-one. Nearly all the band were unmarried youths, but there were a few young girls and several married couples. Their hopes were vague but passionate; their means in money so small, that immediately on their arrival in New York they were compelled to hire out as laborers, till some way should open to them to unite their numbers in a common colony or home. It is unnecessary to recite the particulars of their movements and labors; but two years ago a portion of the band, about one third of its original number, had resolved itself into a society adopting the system of common property, and bought a farm of 800 acres in Southern Oregon, with the purpose of founding a social life very much like that which existed among the earliest Christians, when, after the day of Pentecost, they were filled with the Holy Spirit, and were of one mind and one heart, and no man said that aught that he had was his own. This is the Russian colony at Glendale, Oregon, known as the New Odessa Community. The industrial labors of this society have been, for many reasons, very rude and inefficient; the improvements which they have added to the place as they bought it are of the most limited character, and their farms and buildings are only noticeable for their unthrifty and untidy appearance. Their present interest as a society is to be found entirely in the singularity of their social life. They have no religion; they have hardly a political organization for the management of their affairs; they have no defined code of morals, unless it is to be good. One of their young women once replied to me, says a writer in the *Overland Monthly*, when I remonstrated with her for some unusual act of courtesy, exclaiming "You are too good!" "Why, we cannot be too good." They appear, however, to be entirely free from those extraordinary eccentricities of behavior which characterize many of the so-called American reformers of a parallel line of purpose, and these Russian come-outers who are not of Jewish descent.—*Globe*.



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IRELAND UNDER HER OWN PARLIAMENT.

BY J. L. DERWENT.

THERE is little in common between the Separatist movement conducted by Mr. Parnell and that associated in the last century with the name of Henry Grattan. With Mr. Parnell now, as with Grattan then, Separation is a means to an end—but the ends have no resemblance. The agitation of 1779-82 was as distinctly commercial as the present agitation is agrarian; and while the Irish Gracchus of our time and his eighty-five votes are the Parliamentary expression of a desire to rob the Irish landlord, Grattan and his colleagues were land-owners almost to a man, and cherished as their own the interests of the proprietors of the soil. Had he lived a century later, Grattan would have looked with distrust on Mr. Parnell. An Irish Parliament would now be a machine for enabling the tenant to plunder the proprietor; in 1782 it was sought as a safeguard against the commercial tyr-

anny of England. The freedom of trade that she had unwillingly conceded in 1779, she was suspected of intending to revoke at the first convenient opportunity; and to prevent that revocation a hundred thousand armed Irishmen united in compelling her to convert the phantom Irish Parliament into a reality. The spirit in which the agitation of 1779-82 was conducted was pithily expressed by those Dublin volunteers who paraded the streets of their city with a couple of field-pieces, inscribed with the motto "Free trade—or this."

From the reign of Charles II. onwards, the price that Ireland paid for her connection with England was the surrender of her trade. While Dublin was vainly trying to extirpate Catholicism, Westminster, with more success, was legislating for the commercial ruin of Protestants and Catholics both.

The missionary zeal of the Irish Par-

liament found expression in the Irish penal laws. These practically offered the Catholic a choice between serfdom and conversion. He was shut out from Parliamentary and municipal life ; could practise no profession but that of medicine, had not a vote, and could not make a will. At his death, the State took charge of his property, and divided it among his children ; unless the eldest son consented to become a Protestant, in which case the worthy convert was rewarded with the whole estate. Especial care was taken to provide a substitute for the antiquated process of slaughter and confiscation by which the Irish Catholic in ruder times had been deprived of his property in the soil. Under the penal laws he could sell land, but was forbidden to buy it ; if he risked money on a mortgage, he had no protection but the honesty of his debtor ; if he took a lease of any land, the lease was invalid. These provisions, if enforced to the letter, would have left hardly an acre in Catholic hands. Fortunately for the estated professors of the old religion, the feeling of their Protestant lords towards them softened wonderfully in the eighty-seven years that intervened between the expulsion of Catholics from the Irish Parliament and the first alteration of the penal laws. For a time, indeed, the division between Protestant and Catholic was greater than that between Loyalist and Parnellite now. In the early years of the eighteenth century Irish Parliaments and Viceroy's had a set phrase by which they described four-fifths of the Irish people : the Catholic population was habitually referred to as "the common enemy." By the middle of the century the term had dropped into disrepute, and the penal laws were no longer strictly enforced ; in 1777 the Catholic peers and gentry besought George III. for a relaxation of these laws, and the grand-children of the men who had placed them on the statute-book joined with the petitioners in praying for this grace. Their common grudge against England had brought about a reconciliation of the hereditary enemies ; or, rather, they were content to suspend intestine warfare for a while, and combine in taking advantage of the distresses of a country that had persecuted both.

The hatred of the Irish Protestant to England was greater in the early years of George III.'s reign than that of the Irish Catholic. England had encouraged the enactment of penal laws in 1703, but the coercive zeal of the Irish Parliament exceeded her desires ; and while she consented to the statutes, she was always unwilling to see them executed in their inhuman entirety. So long as the temper of the Irish Protestant continued to be that of a persecutor, it was to England and the English governors of Ireland that the distressed Catholic looked for whatever protection he obtained. The Protestant, on the other hand, had been cruelly injured by the action of his mother-country. He hated her as the most selfish and unnatural of parents, a harpy who, reversing the fable of the pelican, had nourished herself with her children's blood. She had beggared him that she might enrich herself, had swept his shipping from the sea, destroyed his commerce, and ruined his manufactures. It is difficult to find in the history of nations anything more grossly and meanly selfish than the commercial policy pursued by England towards Ireland ; and it had the common fate of selfishness—it overreached itself. The country that had refused her children in Ireland freedom of trade was forced, in the end, to grant them not only liberty to trade, but liberty to separate from her.

"The convenience of ports and harbors which nature bestowed so liberally on this kingdom," wrote Swift, fifty years before the time of the Irish volunteers, "is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon." It was hardly an overstrained comparison ; England had labored to destroy the trade of Ireland, and with almost complete success.

Her first great blow was struck at the Irish cattle-trade. As early as the reign of Charles II. English landowners took alarm at the influx of Irish cattle ; and laws were passed by the English Parliament, forbidding Ireland to export to us live stock of any kind, dead meat, and even butter and cheese.

Deprived of their natural market in England, Irish breeders turned their attention to the woollen manufacture. Three-fourths of the island became a

sheep-walk, and its unequalled pastures, and the care bestowed in stocking them, resulted in the production of an excellent quality of wool. English, Scotch, and even foreign manufacturers were attracted to the country, capital was rapidly invested, and in a few years the Irish woollen industry gave employment to thousands of hands. English manufacturers began to tremble for their supremacy, and vehemently petitioned the English Parliament to protect their interests. Faithful to the maxim that a colony existed only for the benefit of the mother-country, the Houses lent a ready ear to complaints of injury done to English trade; and in 1698 a Parliament was summoned at Dublin with the declared object of destroying the Irish industry. The Lords Justices in their opening speech informed the Irish people that England claimed the manufacture of woollens as her monopoly, and was imperially pleased that the sister-island should cease from weaving them, and turn her attention instead to linen and hemp. The Irish Parliament reluctantly agreed to lay heavy duties on the export of woollens. Even this concession failed to satisfy; and in 1699 England framed an Act prohibiting the export from Ireland of woollen fabrics. The industry was ruined, capital left the country, and multitudes of the Protestant population followed it. For many years there was a drain of the best blood, industrially speaking, of Protestant Ireland; and ten or twelve thousand emigrants of that religion sometimes forsook the country in a year. As late as 1773, 4,000 emigrants sailed in twelve months from Belfast alone.

Together with the ruin of the woollen manufacture, came the crushing restrictions imposed on the attempts of Ireland to create a mercantile navy of her own. She was shut out from trade with the Continent, and as regarded the English Colonies, linen fabrics were almost the only export permitted to her. Even this concession was restricted to white and brown linens, the exportation of checked, striped, and dyed materials being absolutely prohibited. All direct importation from the colonies was forbidden; the goods that she required from them were to reach her by way of England, or not at all. The result was

that Irish shipping either rotted in Irish harbors, or was employed in carrying on a smuggling trade with France.

A terrible despondency paralyzed the unhappy country. The Protestant settler, lately so active, had no heart to attempt the creation of a substitute for the ruined woollen manufacture; he foresaw that the day of its prosperity would give the signal for England to destroy it, as the woollen trade had been destroyed. The burden of supporting the population was cast almost wholly on the soil; and the soil, from a multitude of causes, proved unequal to the demand. There was hardly a year in which Ireland was not on the verge of famine; and when the harvest proved bad the famine came. In that of 1740-41 nearly a tenth of the population was swept away; and everywhere might be seen wretches endeavoring to support life on the wild herbs of the field, and even on the nettles and docks that grew by the wayside. Fortunate was the peasant who possessed any cattle; he bled them from time to time, and boiled the blood drawn from the living animal with the weeds that he had gathered.

With the disasters of the American War of Independence came the opportunity of Ireland. Many of the Protestant Irish, whom England's selfish commercial policy had ruined and driven from home, were now in America, and hatred of the mother-country enlisted them by the thousand in the armies of Congress. The Protestant who remained in Ireland was smarting under the memory of the same wrongs and animated by similar feelings of resentment. When France and Spain joined America, and the control of the sea passed for a time from England, he felt that the moment had come for his country to attempt the recovery of her commercial freedom. A French invasion was in prospect. Ireland demanded an increase of her military establishment; and the English Government replied by confessing their inability to furnish it. Under the plea of organizing a means of national defence, the manhood of Protestant Ireland hastened to take up arms. Regiment after regiment of Volunteers was formed; the Irish peers and gentry placed themselves at their head; and with this force to back him,



Grattan, on the 12th of October, 1779, moved in the Irish Parliament: "That it is by a free export the nation is now to be saved from impending ruin." Flood, by turns his colleague and rival, proposed the substitution of the words "free trade" for "free export," and with this alteration the resolution was voted, *nemine contradicente*.

Lord North and his colleagues had already France and America on their hands. Was a war with Ireland to be added? They questioned the Viceroy, and the Viceroy gave it as his opinion that, if the demand for free trade were resisted, the Irish Volunteers would fight. They already numbered fifty thousand, and there were not five thousand English troops in the country. The Cabinet shrank from civil war at such a crisis; and the English restrictions on Irish commerce were promptly and unconditionally repealed.

For the moment, Irishmen of all classes united in a burst of thanksgiving. England was warmly assured that her action had united the sister island to her forever by a tie that could not be broken—a tie of gratitude. Grattan devoted all his eloquence to hymning the praise of the mother-country; and the English Viceroy, Lord Buckinghamshire, filled his letters to English Ministers with predictions of the advent of an era of peace, prosperity, and contentment. This mood lasted a few months, and then the ineradicable Irish suspicion of England began once more to stir in patriot bosoms.

The mother-country had granted free trade rather than risk an Irish war. Was it to be expected that a concession forced from her in the moment of her deepest distress would be maintained when the Americans should have achieved their independence, and peace had been made with France and Spain? Grattan declared the contrary, and the suspicions of the nation responded to him. A feeling spread through Ireland that, if commercial independence were to be preserved, the Irish Parliament must be free. The sentiment of never-dying gratitude that bound Irish hearts to England was forgotten, and on April 19th, 1780, Grattan moved, in the Irish House of Commons, a declaration of the rights of Ireland.

- (1) That the King, with the consent of the Parliament of Ireland, was alone competent to enact laws to bind Ireland.
- (2) That Great Britain and Ireland was indissolubly united, but only under the tie of a common sovereign.

The great patriot repeated his favorite declaration that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity. He pointed to the terms lately offered to the American insurgents as a proof of what might be extorted from England's fears, if only demanded by an armed nation. The House listened and wavered; but if it was patriotic, it was still more corrupt; and the Viceroy had arguments at his command which, for the moment, outweighed those of Grattan. A judicious distribution of bribes, and the lavish promise of peerages and places, staved off the evil day; and the resolutions were defeated.

Grattan fell back on the Volunteers. A cry arose that the Irish representatives were betraying the liberties of Ireland. Thousands of new patriots hastened to enrol themselves; meetings and reviews were held; and the sword of armed Ireland was ostentatiously cast into the scale against the bribes of the Viceroy. At first the House refused to be dictated to by an armed mob, and resolutions were passed censuring the action of the Volunteers. It was not long before this temper changed, and the Irish Parliament consented to follow the lead of the nation; but during the sessions of 1780 and 1781 honorable members were more amenable to the seductions of the Government than to the threats of the patriots.

A Bill had been brought forward by Mr. Bushe creating a separate Mutiny Law for Ireland. In obedience to the instructions of the English Ministry, the Viceroy opposed it; but the mind of the country was set on the measure, magistrates were everywhere liberating deserters arrested under the English Mutiny Act; and, in spite of Lord Buckinghamshire's effort, the Bill was passed, and sent to London. The Privy Council struck out the provision making it renewable at intervals of two years; and, having thus transformed it into a perpetual enactment, accepted

and returned it. Not yet wholly obedient to popular sentiment, the Irish Parliament agreed to the English amendment, in spite of the protests of Grattan; and the Irish Mutiny Act was declared perpetual. In the same session the Irish Supply Bill included a duty on the import of loaf-sugar. The Irish manufacturer had already discovered that free trade did not prevent his British rival from underselling him in his own market, and a twelvemonth's experience of his inability to compete with British capital and energy had made him clamorous for protection. Lord North's Government refused to agree to the imposts on British sugars; and the Irish Parliament, by yielding the point, inflamed anew the frenzy of the Volunteers. They met to pass a series of resolutions, demanding for Ireland liberty to close her markets against English goods, and declaring that, without this protection of domestic industry, the repeal of restrictions on Irish commerce, over which they had rejoiced so wildly a twelvemonth before, was a meaningless concession. At the same time the passing of the perpetual Mutiny Act was pointed to as a proof that, under its shelter, the army in Ireland was to be increased, and employed as an instrument for coercing Irish patriots. Outside the walls of the Dublin Parliament this belief was general. Grattan brought forward a demand for the repeal of the provision that made the Act perpetual, and, on his defeat, Flood followed him with a similar motion. It was in turn rejected; but the general support that during two stormy sessions the Irish Houses had accorded to the Government was plainly drawing to an end. Parliament had censured the Volunteers in 1780. In 1781 it addressed to them a vote of thanks, the only discernible justification of which lay in the fact that they were more numerous and importunate than ever. When the news of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown announced to Ireland that America had achieved her independence, the Separatists felt that the moment of their triumph was at hand.

The Catholics, whose antipathy to all with which their Protestant neighbors sympathized had induced them, as late as 1775, to transmit through the Viceroy

an address to George III. expressive of their loyalty to England and detestation of the rebellion in America, were now of another mind. They had aided the Volunteer movement by liberal subscriptions, and were only deterred from forming regiments of Catholic patriots by the danger of exciting the jealousy of their late tyrants and present allies. Some recognition of their cordial attitude was due to them; and, at the instance of Grattan, the Volunteers conceded it. In February 1782, delegates from the various regiments of Ulster assembled at Dungannon, to urge the demand for Irish independence, and to the resolutions voted on this subject the meeting appended a declaration that, "as Irishmen, Christians and Protestants," they rejoiced in that repeal of the most oppressive penal laws which had signalized the year 1778. It was plain that, if an independent Parliament were conceded, a further relaxation of the penal laws would follow; but on the great question of the political emancipation of the Catholics, Protestant opinion was divided. Of the triumvirate that in 1782 led the Protestant Separatists, Grattan was heartily in favor of conceding to the Irish Catholics every political privilege enjoyed by the dominant caste, while Flood and Lord Charlemont were disposed to deny them even the exercise of the elective franchise. For the moment, however, the necessity of supporting the demand for Parliamentary independence with the full strength of Ireland led both Flood and Charlemont to acquiesce in Grattan's policy of encouraging Catholic hopes.

Already, before the Dungannon meeting, a member of the patriot party had taken charge of a fresh Catholic Relief Bill. The measure was subsequently separated into two Bills; one allowing Catholics to purchase land and to bequeath property, the other conferring on them the right of educating their children in their own religion. While the fate of these compliances with the spirit of the time was still in abeyance, Grattan, fresh from the enthusiasm of Dungannon, once more proposed to the Irish Parliament to declare itself independent of England. He was opposed by the ablest of the steady supporters of Government, Fitzgibbon, afterwards

Earl of Clare, who pointed out to the perplexed House that, if they denied the authority of the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland, they repudiated the title on which the Protestant ownership of much of the soil of Ireland was based. Either this argument, or the fact that a majority of the members were practically in the pay of the Government, prevailed over Grattan's eloquence; and the Irish House of Commons acknowledged its dependency on England by 137 votes to 68.

The rage of the patriots grew fiercer and fiercer. They paraded daily in uniforms of every color of the rainbow; the press was filled with incendiary sentiments; and various of the leaders of the movement, including, it would seem, even Grattan himself, hinted in private at their readiness to draw the sword. In the mean time, the Irish Viceroy, Lord Carlisle, was negotiating for a compromise, on terms somewhat short of absolute separation. Had Lord North's Government remained in power, it is probable that the Viceroy's efforts would have been crowned with success; but the disaster at Yorktown was fatal to the Tory Premier, and, after a narrow escape from a vote of no-confidence, he announced the resignation of his Cabinet. The Whigs came into office; Lord Carlisle's negotiations fell through; and Rockingham and Fox sent over the Duke of Portland as Viceroy, in the full confidence that His Grace would be able to appease the Separatists, while refusing them separation.

The Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone is by no means an original product of his genius. Charles James Fox anticipated it more than a century ago. The great Whig orator, while in opposition, testified towards Irish disaffection sentiments as benignant as those of Mr. Gladstone; and, when in office, vacillated in the same mischievous fashion between conciliation and coercion. His language in the English House of Commons, when opposing Lord North, had rendered services to the party led by Grattan even superior to those that Mr. Gladstone, within the last ten years, has rendered Mr. Parnell. Fox was now a leading member of the English Government, and Grattan and his followers, remembering how warmly he had plead-

ed their cause, anticipated at the hands of the Whigs nothing short of the immediate concession of Irish independence.

Hardly had the Duke of Portland landed in Ireland, when he found that his mission was a failure. The news from America and the menacing attitude of the Irish Volunteers had already shaken the fidelity of the Government majority in the Irish Parliament; the accession of Fox and the Whigs to power confirmed them in their inclination to desert to the side of Fox's friends, the patriots. When Grattan, on April 16th, 1782, rose for the last time to move his declaration of Irish independence, it was not as a leader cheering on his forces to battle that he spoke, but as the same leader when the victory is won. "Ireland," he began, "is now a nation. In that character I hail her, and, bowing the knee to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua*." The House frantically applauded the intimation and the rhapsody that followed it; the vote of two months before was cancelled by acclamation; and the Irish House of Lords, following the example of the Commons, repudiated all connection with Great Britain but the tie of a common Sovereign, and declared that only the Irish Parliament was competent to legislate for Ireland.

The Whig Government hesitated for a moment between coercion and submission, but chose the latter. Poyning's Act was repealed, so far as it constituted the English Privy Council a tribunal for sitting in judgment on Irish Bills, and along with it went the Act of George I. that asserted the authority of the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland. Ireland believed herself to be, as Grattan had said, at last a nation; and Grattan himself was, for a few months, the darling of every Irish heart. A reward of £100,000 was proposed for his services by the grateful Legislature that had so long allowed the pay and peerages of the Lord Lieutenant to outweigh his patriotic eloquence, and he finally accepted half the sum.

In the ensuing session the emancipated Parliament addressed itself zealously to the task of legislation, and, for the most part, did admirable work. The price of Catholic support was paid,

and the late victim of the penal laws acquired the right to buy land and make a will, to worship free from restraint, and to bring up his children in his own faith. Irish judgeships ceased to be tenable during the Sovereign's pleasure, and their holders were placed on an equal footing with the English Bench. The Irish Presbyterian had been relieved, in 1779, from the hardships of the Test Act; his claim to be married by a clergyman of his own persuasion was now conceded. On two points Parliament showed itself hostile to popular feeling. It was composed of landlords and placemen, and had no inclination to tax absentees or reform boroughs. The non-resident landlord, who drained the country of its money and left his estates in the hands of middlemen, had long been the greatest curse of Ireland, and in the days before separation patriot members were loud in censuring him; but when a proposal was made, in 1783, to tax absentees, it was rejected, by 184 votes to 22. Against electoral reform the Irish House of Commons was still more stubbornly set, and its attitude on this question speedily brought it into collision with the Volunteers.

These heroes were no longer at the beck of Grattan. Within six months of his Parliamentary triumph, the darling of Ireland had become one of the most unpopular of Irishmen, and the late recipient of a nation's bounty had suffered a pelting at the hands of the Dublin mob. "If the Athenian government," wrote his son and biographer (meaning by government the practice of ostracism), "had accompanied the popular frenzy of the day, Mr. Grattan would, perhaps, have been forced to go to America." His unpopularity was the work of Flood. That very venal patriot had long been jealous of his colleague's stainless reputation and superior influence, and he now contrived to deal a dexterous blow at Grattan and England both. The liberation of Ireland, he declared in Parliament, had been managed in a bungling fashion. The simple repeal of Poynings' Act and the Act of George I. was insufficient. At the first favorable opportunity the English Parliament would undoubtedly reenact these statutes, and, with the help

of the English forces in Ireland, once more enslave the Irish nation. Flood's remedy was to demand from the mother-country a declaration that she renounced for ever the claim to legislate for Ireland. With the indignation of an author who hears his work condemned, Grattan hotly combated the proposal, and argued that to demand from England an express renunciation of her right to legislate was, in fact, to admit that such a right existed, whereas the simple repeal of the Act of George I. was a silent admission on the part of the English Parliament that it had usurped the authority the Act assigned to it. Logically, he had the better of the dispute; but the Irish Volunteers and people, in whose minds suspicion of England, when once aroused, swallowed up all other sentiments as rapidly as Aaron's serpent devoured those of the magicians, took part against him and with Flood. To increase their clamor, Lord Mansfield, at this unfortunate moment, gave judgment in an Irish appeal case that had been long before the English Courts. A wild cry arose that Ireland was betrayed, and the English Government could only silence it by hurrying through Parliament a Bill that expressly recognized the independence of the Irish Courts of Law. The net result of the whole business was that Grattan's popularity forthwith sank to zero, and Flood, a few years before the tool of the Government, took his place as the idol of the hour. "Mr. Flood," exclaimed the enthusiastic "Humanity Martin," in the Irish House of Commons, "is the greatest character that has ever adorned this country—a character not to be profaned by the tongues of impious men." Yet, at that very moment, the ornament of Ireland was secretly negotiating with the Viceroy, and perfectly ready to desert to the side of the Government if only English Ministers would come up to his terms.

It was not long before a new instance of English perfidy provoked the fury of the Irish people. The bitter conviction forced itself on the minds of patriots that, while the House of Commons continued unreformed, the independence that the country had armed itself to secure was little better than a sham. In the Irish Lower House there sat ex-

actly 300 members, 64 for the counties of Ireland, and no fewer than 236 for the boroughs. Of the borough seats 176, or a majority of the whole House, were the property of individual bishops, peers, and commoners, and were bought and sold in the most open manner, being sometimes parted with outright and sometimes leased to the purchaser for a single Parliament. The buyer's design was commonly to reimburse himself by the sale of his vote, and, as the Irish Government was the only buyer of votes, a result ensued that, had Grattan been a practical statesman, he would have foreseen as the certain consequence of his success. On all questions that did not affect their own pockets the majority in the House were ready to sell themselves to the English Viceroy, and, at an exorbitant cost to herself, England, for eighteen years to come, contrived to govern Ireland by bribing Irish Parliaments. The taint spread even beyond the region of politics. When the first appeal case came before the Irish House of Lords, Lord Strangford, the Dean of Down, was proved to have offered his conscience for sale to one of the parties to the suit, and lost his privilege of voting as a peer of Parliament in consequence.

It was certain that the Government had no disposition to part with the command of Irish politics that an unreformed House of Commons gave it; and the House itself prized as the most precious of Ireland's commodities her rotten boroughs. Flood, who, as the successor to Grattan's influence, headed the agitation for Reform, fell back on Grattan's old allies, the Volunteers. On September 6th, 1783, a second convention assembled at Dungannon, and a daring scheme was agreed upon for overawing the treacherous representatives by whom the dearest rights of Irishmen were betrayed for place and pay to the enemy beyond St. George's Channel. This was the creation of a body of 300 delegates, matching the number of the House of Commons, whose function it should be to assemble in Dublin and coerce Parliament into the acceptance of Flood's Reform Bill.

Under the protection of an armed multitude of patriots, this illegitimate Parliament accordingly met in November

1783. The Rotunda had been selected for its sittings, and thither the deputies were escorted by the Dublin Artillery Volunteers, whose guns the blasphemous wit of Napper Tandy had decorated with the sentence from the Liturgy, "Open Thou our mouths, O Lord, and our lips shall show forth Thy praise." So completely eclipsed, for the time being, was the popularity of Grattan, that one of the delegates—the premier ruffian of Ireland, "Fighting Fitzgerald"—laid an ambush of patriots for him, and the liberator possibly escaped death at the hands of the liberated by happening to dine that evening at the Castle.

In spite of the cannon of the Volunteers and the rival Assembly of Representatives sitting on the other side of the Liffey, the House stood firm. Flood's Bill for the abolition of rotten boroughs was rejected by a majority of two to one. "It comes to us," said Fitzgibbon, "under the mandate of a military congress." The congress in question met to deliberate on the course that Irish patriots should adopt; and the counsels of its moderate members, and perhaps the fact that the military establishment of Ireland had been recently increased, turned its decisions to the side of prudence. Not for the only time in history, the mountain of Irish agitation brought forth a mouse—the three hundred delegates adjourned, *sine die*, after agreeing on a petition to the King.

It was in this session of 1783 that the memorable encounter between Grattan and Flood supplied for the benefit of posterity a happy example of the temper and manners of the Irish Parliament. "I am not," declared Flood, tauntingly, "a mendicant patriot bought by his country for a sum of money, and who sold his country for prompt payment." Grattan sprang to his feet; and, under cover of Parliamentary forms, retaliated with a vindictive portrait of his adversary. "Suppose him a great egotist, his honor equal to his ambition; and I will stop him and say"—looking Flood in the face as he spoke: "'Sir, your talents are not so great as your life has been infamous. You were silent for years, and silent for money. You can be trusted by no man. The

people cannot trust you. The ministers cannot trust you. . . . You tell the nation it is ruined by other men, while it is sold by you. I, therefore, tell you, in the face of the country, and before all the world, and to your beard—you are not an honest man !” Flood naturally challenged his brother patriot after hearing this ; but was thought to have taken no great pains to avoid being arrested, and the projected duel ended in a binding-over to keep the peace.

In 1784, Flood again brought forward his motion for reform, and Grattan supported it on principle ; but leave to introduce a Bill was refused by 159 votes to 85. In 1785, Irish Parliamentary patriots were employed for a great part of the session in furious abuse of England, the provocation being the attempt of Pitt to negotiate a commercial union between the two countries. The young Premier, true to the spirit of his master, Adam Smith, wished to see England and Ireland placed on the same commercial footing ; but the hostility of English mercantile and manufacturing interests compelled him to modify his first proposals, and the treaty he ultimately submitted to the Dublin Parliament was denounced by every patriot, from Grattan downward. The Irish Government found that their salaried majority of placemen and pensioners could not be relied on to pass the Bill, and prudently withdrew it. Ireland was left to do as she liked with her trade, and her pleasure was to nurse her feeble industries by Protection. Nor did home products escape taxation. “So universal is the present system of national taxation, and so many objects does it embrace,” says a Dublin newspaper of 1788, “that there are few articles, either necessities or superfluities, that are not subject to an impost.” Whiskey, of course, contributed largely to the national exchequer ; and a curious picture of Ireland’s lawless condition in the golden age that Mr. Parnell looks back to is afforded by the account of an inspector of Excise, with two companies of the 27th Regiment, and as many field-pieces, marching in this same year, 1788, to the attack of an old castle, where, for years, an illegal distillery had been openly carried on.

“Ireland is now a nation.” Grat-

tan’s words of 1782 were as delusive as the benefits that he had conferred on his unhappy country. Ireland was never farther from being a nation than under her own Parliament ; the ancient hatreds that seemed to have died away while the battle was being fought with England revived as soon as it was won. Churchman quarrelled with Presbyterian ; and the two agreed in refusing political emancipation to the Catholic. The Catholics themselves were divided into two parties ; there were the nobles, gentry, and traders, for the most part loyal to the English connection ; and behind these the mass of the peasantry, nourished, as their children are nourished to-day, on legends of English oppression, and regarding themselves as the rightful owners of the soil. It was among these ignorant, wayward, passionate masses that hatred of England was fiercest ; and Grattan’s remedy for the disease was to give them votes and allow them to fill the Irish House of Commons with mouthpieces of their demands. He had persuaded himself—*mirabile dictu* !—that the possession of a vote and the privilege of sending Catholics to the Irish Parliament would work a miraculous change in the temper of the disaffected Catholic population ; and the supreme blessing he longed to confer on Ireland was the creation of a truly national Parliament, where Catholic should work in harmony with Protestant, and the two should vie in loyalty to the English Crown. It was a magnificent dream ; but, fortunately for the unity of the Empire, Catholic Emancipation was not fully accomplished until Ireland had long ceased to possess a Parliament of her own.

The great year of the Irish Parliament was 1793. Before its close, the Catholic had acquired a vote ; nominally through the action of the Irish Houses, really because Pitt had issued a mandate that the Dublin Parliament obeyed. Pitt’s motives for the part he played in Irish affairs of that year were singularly mixed ; but two influences predominated—the dread of seeing the whole body of Catholics combine in disloyalty, and the desire of forcing on the Union.

By 1793, the Society of United Irishmen had been fully constituted. It originated among the discontented dema-

gogues whose attempts to reform Parliament in spite of itself had been defeated ; and its object was to unite the Catholics of the South and the Presbyterians of Ulster against England and the Churchmen. From the day of its birth the Society had looked to France. Before 1789, its founders might be seen drinking the health of Louis XVI. on their knees ; after the fall of the Bastille they became admirers of Marat and Robespierre, and learnt the *Ça Ira*. Their hope was to establish an Irish Republic, with the help of France ; and in anticipation of the day when French troops should land, they drilled patriots and stored up arms. Had Grattan been a clear-sighted statesman, he would have recognized the Society as the natural offspring of 1782 ; had the United Irishmen been grateful sons, they would have set up the bust of Grattan at their meetings and have drunk the health of that patriot as their true parent. It was from Grattan they learnt the lesson that Catholic and Protestant might be induced to combine against England ; and the disloyalty of Volunteer and United Irishman was, at bottom, the same. Grattan's declaration, made in the session of 1785, is on record : " If ever the question was presented to Ireland whether the Empire or the Irish Constitution was to be sacrificed, I, as an Irishman, would say, ' Perish the Empire ! ' "

At first there was real danger that the movement would become a national one. The Ulster Presbyterians had bitter grudges, political and religious, against the Irish Churchmen ; and the farmers of Ulster, in especial, had been worse than harshly treated by their landlords. When a lease fell in, exorbitant fines were demanded for its renewal ; and if the tenant could not raise the money, the farm was let over his head, and he was mercilessly evicted. In many cases the incoming occupiers were Catholics ; and thus a considerable Catholic population was added to Ulster. The evicted Protestant was divided between hatred of the landlord who had ruined him and hatred of the Papist who had taken his place ; and while he was swayed by these feelings, the United Irishmen approached him with their proposals. Join with us to over-

throw the landlords, they said ; and when the victory is won, Catholics and Presbyterians can arrange terms on which they may live at peace. Many Ulster men listened ; and the brotherhood of Irish Republicans soon possessed a formidable organization in that province.

Meanwhile, the Irish Catholics—even the most intelligent and loyal of their body—had grown dissatisfied with the measure of relief conceded to them. The gratitude with which they hailed the repeal of the penal laws died a natural death in the course of a few years, and was succeeded by a passionate craving for the possession of political power. Grattan, and the few members of the Dublin Parliament who shared his views, were eager to concede their claims. Not so the great majority of the House. When a member presented a petition in 1792 in favor of the Catholics, it was rejected by 208 votes against 25. Grattan exerted all his eloquence in vain. " I could hardly obtain a hearing," he wrote to a friend. " As to Denis Browne, they would not listen to him." The Corporation of Dublin passed a vote of thanks to the majority.

Pitt now interfered. The Viceregal Government had spies in the most secret councils of the United Irishmen, and transmitted to England regular accounts of their proceedings. It was plain to the English Premier that there was danger of the Catholics throwing themselves into the movement *en masse*. He determined to conciliate them, and at the same time to bring the union of the two Parliaments one step nearer. It is doing no injustice to Pitt's memory to believe that in supporting Catholic claims he sought to work on the fears of the Protestants. He foresaw that when the Catholic had become a political power the ruling caste of Irishmen would be less hostile to a Parliamentary union with England, in whose strength alone they could find protection ; and with this object in view, he was prepared to grant the franchise to the Catholics, and even to go to the length of admitting them to Parliament—a concession that could do little harm while that Parliament was unreformed.

The Session of 1793 opened. To the

amazement of the House, the claims of the Irish Catholics were pressed by the Lord Lieutenant in a speech from the Throne. Oblivious of the vote of the preceding year, the troop of placemen and pensioners followed their paymaster's lead; and the elective franchise was conferred on Catholics.

The acquisition of the franchise only made the latter more eager for seats in Parliament. They strongly urged their claim; and it was favored by a majority of the English Whigs. In 1794, the Radicalism of Fox influenced the aristocratic Whigs to desert him and league themselves with Pitt; and they pressed on their new ally the expediency of considering whether further concessions could be made to the Irish Catholics. Grattan was taken into the counsels of the Cabinet. He came to London and saw Pitt, who hinted that, while the Government would not bring forward a Bill themselves, they would not oppose it if brought forward by others. Grattan returned home persuaded that the day of the final emancipation of the Catholics was at hand; and Lord Fitzwilliam, a Whig Peer whose sentiments on the Catholic question were those of Grattan, was sent to Dublin as Lord Lieutenant.

Had Fitzwilliam refrained from interference with the great families that fattened on the plunder of Ireland, Catholic Emancipation might have been secured; and Pitt would undoubtedly have proceeded to force on a union of the two Parliaments. Unluckily for the Catholics, Fitzwilliam commenced an attack on Irish placemen. The Irish Chancellor, Fitzgibbon, withstood him; and a political duel ensued between the two, each manœuvring to oust the other. An adroit stroke secured the victory to Fitzgibbon, who entered into communication with a section of the English Cabinet that was opposed to the Catholic demands, and through these, reached the ear of the King. George III. readily listened to the suggestion that to sanction the entrance of Catholics into Parliament would be a breach of his coronation oath, and put his veto on the project. Pitt deferred to the will of the Sovereign; and peremptory instructions were sent to Fitz-

william to desist from any encouragement of the Catholic claims.

Unfortunately, Fitzwilliam had already committed himself. A Bill had been promptly introduced by Grattan, and under the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant, was read a first time unopposed. This was more than the Viceroy's instructions warranted; and mutual recriminations ensued between Fitzwilliam and the English Cabinet, resulting in his speedy recall. With his departure closed the era of conciliation. The Bill for repealing absolutely all penalties and disabilities affecting Roman Catholics was thrown out of the Irish Parliament on the second reading; and an outburst of popular feeling was answered by conferring on the magistracy extensive powers for dealing with sedition.

Fortunately for Government, the United Irishmen were no longer united. Distrust of their Catholic allies had prevailed with the Ulster men; and they converted their share of the movement for liberating Ireland into a crusade for the expulsion of Papists from Ulster. A reign of terror set in throughout the north of Ireland. The Catholic farmers and cottiers were warned to quit their holdings; and when they refused, their houses were attacked, and the occupants savagely beaten and sometimes murdered outright. In their desperation the Catholics took up arms; and the year that saw Grattan's Emancipation Bill rejected, also saw the Battle of the Diamond, a skirmish in which victory remained with the Protestants. The same night the first Orange Lodge was founded; and scores of others were speedily added. Such a movement was practically a declaration that Ireland was in a state of civil war.

Throughout the remaining three provinces the Catholics, in their turn, were arming and organizing fast. There were very few troops in Ireland; the English Government would not, or could not, send more; and the Irish Executive was forced to fall back on the Protestant yeomanry. With the brutal Carhampton at their head, these were let loose on the peasantry, and troops of them scoured the country,



committing every conceivable outrage under color of searching for hidden arms. The yeomanry lived at free quarters in houses of the better class, and burnt the poorer sort. The peasant suspected of concealing arms was flogged into declaring where they were hidden; or sometimes his tormentors hanged him and cut him down before life was extinct, repeating the choking until he confessed. Then, with a back bleeding from the lash or a throat bruised by the rope, he was left to curse his tyrants among the ruins of his cabin; often to listen to a wife or daughter complaining of wrongs still fouler than his own.

Like his friend Burke, Grattan possessed in a pre-eminent degree the first of social virtues, a sympathy with his fellow-men. In the Irish House of Commons he poured forth passionate denunciations of the cruelties with which the search for arms had been attended; but to no purpose. The House responded by passing a Bill of Indemnity to shield the criminals. Weapons, however, continued to be sent into the country from America and France; and in 1797 General Lake was ordered to disarm Ulster, where the whole of the Catholic population and those of the Protestants who still clung to the cause of United Ireland were ripe for rebellion. The scenes of two years earlier were repeated; and 50,000 muskets, 22 cannon, and 70,000 pikes passed into loyal hands.

Before this, the United Irishmen had played their best card, and had lost. In 1796, Hoche's fleet of invasion was scattered by a December tempest; and although eighteen ships reached the rendezvous in Bantry Bay, the vessel was not among them that carried the great Republican general. In his absence the French did nothing.

Had Hoche and his 15,000 veterans landed, there would have been an Irish Saint Bartholomew. There were still few regular troops in the country, and the French might well have led on their allies to victory; but most assuredly they could not have restrained them from converting it into massacre. The whole power of the priesthood could not have restrained them, and yet it was

even greater then than now, and at that very moment was being exerted on the side of order; for horror of the French Revolution had made Irish priests, for the most part, prefer the tyranny of heretic England to alliance with infidel France. The priests could keep their flocks quiet while the invader was still in his ships; but had he landed——? "I know my countrymen," said General Clarke, an Irishman in the service of the Directory, to Wolfe Tone, when the founder of the United Irishmen was in Paris seeking French aid: "I know what will happen if the peasantry are let loose." "Shocking things, no doubt," was the answer, "but the oppressors of Ireland well deserve them." Tone's opinion of the deserts of Irish landlords was more than shared by the wretched creatures who had undergone the discipline of Carhampton and his yeomanry; and, when all is said that can be said of the many good qualities of the Irish peasant, the fact remains that at the end of last century he was a savage rather than a civilized being, and revenged his wrongs, when opportunity offered, with all a savage's ferocity.

The French fleet sailed away; and the Irish Executive, conscious of a great danger and a narrow escape from it, addressed itself vigorously to the task of unearthing concealed arms and laying hands on the leaders of the United Irishmen. Early in 1798, eighteen of these pests were trapped in Dublin. Their arrest precipitated the long-organized and long-delayed explosion; and on May 28th the Irish Rebellion began with the treacherous massacre of a party of militia at Prosperous, near Dublin. In the absence of the hated French a few priests were drawn into the rising, and became the most ferocious of its leaders. The peasantry of Wexford, Kildare, and Wicklow, were speedily in arms; and a camp that served also for a prison and a slaughter-house was formed by the rebels on Vinegar Hill.

- For the next three weeks its occupants went mad with the delight of shedding Protestant blood. A mock court was appointed to try the prisoners brought into camp; and from the ruined windmill, where it held its sittings, the condemned were led out to

the pikes that waited for them. The cruelties of Vinegar Hill were imitated on a smaller scale in every district that the rebels occupied. In at least one instance they were surpassed. After nearly ninety years, it is not forgotten by the Orangemen of Ireland that, on the day of the battle of New Ross, a division of the Irish army stopped in its flight from the field to set fire to a barn crammed with Protestants, and guarded it with their pikes till the victims of this frightful *auto da fé* were burnt or suffocated.

The rebels received more mercy than they gave—thanks chiefly to a change of Viceroys. On the 21st of June, General Lake stormed their camp at Vinegar Hill; and the day before there had landed at Dublin a Lord Lieutenant who mistook a maddened peasantry, burning with hatred of the owners of the soil, for Irish converts to the doctrines put forth in the *Rights of Man*. Persuaded that the people had been misled by Jacobin missionaries, Lord Cornwallis determined to spare them as much as possible, and hang their leaders. Such a policy effectually seconded the victory of Lake; and while the heads of Harvey, Colclough, Grogan, and their brother chiefs were being set to blacken on spikes in the July sun, the mass of their followers were dispersing sullenly to their homes.

Ireland quieted, the Irish Parliament, at the instance of the Viceroy, committed suicide. The negotiations that preceded the act took nearly two years; for the shrewd patriots who had a country to sell, naturally wanted a good price for her. Their greed and impudence confounded the Viceroy, who soon learned to look on the Parliament in the light of a cesspool that he had been sent to cleanse. "I long," he wrote, "to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court. My occupation is to negotiate with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work, and am supported only by the reflection that without a union the British Empire must be destroyed."

June, 1800, saw the long bargaining at an end, and the Treaty of Union accepted by the Irish Lords and Commons. The English Houses promptly

ratified it; and on the 1st of August George III. gave his royal assent to the Act that undid the work of 1782. At a cost of millions, England had bought back her concessions; and the course of events has since taught her that the Union was worth the money.

The eloquent patriot who in 1782 had hailed Ireland as a nation, uttered pathetic and impassioned laments over what he was pleased to call her corpse. To Grattan the miserable history of eighteen years had taught no lesson. He still believed that the changes of 1782 only failed to bring peace in their train because they did not go far enough; that in a reformed and national Irish Parliament a Catholic majority would hold out the right hand of fellowship to Protestant landlords; that the hunger of the peasant for the land could be appeased by giving him a vote and letting him return Catholic members to the House of Commons on College Green. We may judge by the light of recent history if the event would have been as he imagined. If the Ireland to which Mr. Gladstone has successively sacrificed the Church and the landlord as peace-offerings is so disloyal to-day, what would have been her temper had Church and landed-interest been handed over to her tender mercies at the end of the last century? It tempts an Englishman to forgive the old Dublin Parliament its many sins when he reflects that it refused to follow Grattan in the paths of Reform and Catholic Emancipation. The venal majorities that voted in obedience to the orders of English Viceroys prevented the disruption of the Empire; and Grattan, in his great love for his country, would have cut her wholly adrift from England, at the same time putting the Irish landlord in the power of the peasant, with a tender entreaty to the latter to forget the past.

"England," said Hussey Burgh in 1779, "has sown her laws like dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up in armed men." The patriots of the Irish House of Commons applauded the felicity of the image; and forthwith proceeded, at the call of Grattan, to sow the dragons' teeth that sprang up in the shape of the rebels of 1798. If Englishmen desire to be cursed with a second and more extensive crop of the kind, there is an

admirable opportunity just now for sowing the seed. Happily, the signs of the times would rather indicate the determination of the country that no axe—

not even Mr. Gladstone's—shall be laid to the roots of the Union of 1800.—*National Review.*

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THE ROSSETTIS.

GABRIELE ROSSETTI.—MARIA FRANCESCA ROSSETTI.—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.—WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

THAT talent and even genius are hereditary is an argument that has been systematically advanced and ably supported. Yet as a matter of fact most of those who have attained celebrity in any of the arts have sprung from parents in no way remarkable otherwise, and have had brothers and sisters the rumor of whose fame has never been bruited abroad. *One* Chaucer, *one* Shakespeare, *one* Spenser, *one* Milton, *one* Shelley, *one* Keats we know of, and of none other. At the same time we know also that there are other names which bear a double significance. It seems often as if Nature, having formed a mind that men will term a genius, is yet herself dissatisfied with the result, and takes the opportunity of the first succeeding birth in the same family to add certain mental qualities, like important notes too late to be included in a volume; or again, as if she were at times not sure of her handicraft, and so experimented with one mind first till, seeing her way clear, she abruptly left off and bestowed the special endowments on a new creation. It is thus that we recall the names of Coleridge and Hartley Coleridge, Wordsworth and his sister Mary, Charles and Mary Lamb, Tennyson and Charles Tennyson-Turner, Harriet Martineau and Dr. Martineau, James Mill and John Stuart Mill, and many others unnecessary to mention. But on rare occasions it seems as if Nature, having found the brain of one individual in a family not sufficient to contain the whole measure of talent she wished to endow it with, gifts the one, two, three, or four remaining brothers and sisters in closely approximate if not equal proportions; further, on still rarer occasions, it happens that her subtle influence links life

with life till a remarkable continuity of generic talent is the result. In our own literature at least one such instance as the former will at once be called to mind by the simple mention of the parsonage of Haworth; of the latter an instance is to be found in the family whose name heads this paper.

The name of Rossetti is well known not only in England and America, but also in Italy, and in the latter country not through the work of one man alone, for the elder generation of the Rossetti family seems to have been mentally endowed only less remarkably than the later. But the two brothers and two sisters whose names succeed that of Gabriele Rossetti after the title of this paper are those whose reputations have been made in the country to which they belong by birth and by choice, and they collectively afford such an example of consanguineous talent, if the term may be used, as would be difficult, if not impossible, to surpass or even to parallel from our own literary records or from those of any other country.

The Rossettis are of the Italian race, as their name would indicate. I have not attempted to trace the family further back than the latter part of last century, but at that period they were respectable and fairly well-to-do people in the Abruzzi district of the old kingdom of Naples. Vasto, or Vasto d'Ammonè, is a small town, comprising now from seven to nine thousand inhabitants, and lies some eighteen miles from Termoli. Situated on the Adriatic sea-board, it faces from its rocky steep the blue waters that stretch, uninterrupted, for leagues beyond eyesight northward and southward, and is well fitted indeed to be the birthplace of patriotic and poetic

children. Here, through the eighteenth century at any rate, dwelt the Rossettis, whose descendants have become so well known throughout their own and other lands ; and here it was that Nicola Rossetti pursued his avocations, and about 1763 took to himself a wife called Maria Francesca Pietrocòla, living, as the most reliable biographer of Gabriele Rossetti has said, in an unpretending house (*modesta casa*), and pursuing the studies for which he had a special bent. Nicola and his wife had several children, four of whom made their mark, though only the youngest achieved memorial fame, the eldest being Andrea, who was born in 1765, and who afterwards became known as a canonical orator and poet ; five years later was born Antonio, a poet likewise ; next, in 1772, came Domenico, who, as poet, journalist, and medical writer, filled well his comparatively short lease of life ; and lastly, after the long interval of eleven years, Gabriele came as a Benjamin on the 1st of March, 1783. Amongst other instructors the young Gabriele had the celebrated Padre Vincenzo Gaetani, and amongst his fellows were youths who afterwards became known, in more directions than one, in the troublous times that preceded the Neapolitan risings against the tyranny of Ferdinand. Of an ardent and poetic while studious bent of mind, he found ample to occupy his intellectual life either in reading the classics and the national literature, in the ferment of political opinions then effervescing in all directions, and in the endless beauty of sea-girt Vasto and its neighborhood. Poet as he was, he could not help loving the picturesque district of the Abruzzi or the blue Adriatic with its fisher-craft and its many marine joys and wonders. Yet, being a modern Italian poet, the glory of Eden itself would not in fascination have transcended politics, that which is as breath to the nostrils of every Italian versifier ; and hence it is that in his poems but comparatively few stanzas are devoted to nature, other than as incidental allusions to the surroundings of his youth and childhood. Alfieri, Carducci, and Gabriele Rossetti are each true poets, but too often in their works we are treated only to political disquisitions and speeches in rhyme. The lyric

Tommaseo, as Dante Gabriel Rossetti pointed out in a letter to the *Athenæum* some years ago, sinned not thus grievously, and has therefore a sweeter note than any ; but he is an exception, for even the sad genius of Leopardi is too often weighed down by chronicling passing events of merely local or immediate interest.

The young Rossetti threw himself heart and soul into the study of his native literature, especially the work of Dante, as eagerly as later on he embraced the politics of the Neapolitan liberals, helping on what he felt to be the good cause by frequent and stirring poetic songs and adjurations to his countrymen. Before, however, these effusions got him into trouble he had for some years held a chief post in the Naples Museum. (*Museo Borbonico*), from whence spread his reputation for great erudition. At last the disasters of 1821 overtook "the city that sits by the sea," and amongst others from whom the ban was not removed by the government of the treacherous Ferdinand was the poet who was supposed to have advocated tyrannicide ; and it in all probability would have fared badly with the poet-patriot if it had not been for the admiration he had excited elsewhere than amongst the excitable Neapolitan populace. The story of Gabriele's escape has been so often told within the last few months that it must now be pretty generally known amongst those to whom the name "Rossetti" is in any way familiar, but while recurring to the circumstances the opportunity can be taken for correcting the somewhat frequent mistakes as to facts and dates. Sir Graham Moore was the English admiral then stationed in the Bay of Naples, and he was persuaded by his wife, who had long admired and sympathized with Rossetti's poems and political aspirations, to rescue the latter from the certain punishment that awaited the proscribed poet-patriot when captured, an undertaking which the admiral agreed to attempt, and which with a friend's assistance he accomplished successfully. Having reached his place of shelter, the two officers disguised Rossetti in an English uniform they had managed to bring with them in the carriage, and ere long they reached the shore.

in safety, getting their willing captive on board ship without delay, and hence placing him beyond immediate danger ; but as of course it would not have done for him to remain in the admiral's ship, he was shortly put aboard a vessel bound for Malta, which in due time he reached, and where he continued to reside for rather less than two years. In 1823 he came to England and settled in London, eight years later was made Professor of Italian Language and Literature at King's College, and in 1826 married a lady of Italian lineage but English birth, namely, Frances, daughter of Gaetano Polidori, the secretary of Alfieri, and sister of the Dr. Polidori who at one time travelled with Lord Byron. Mr. and Mrs. Rossetti, to drop the "Signor" with his severance from Italy, at this time lived at No. 38, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, and here he superintended the issue of his most celebrated work, the *Comento Analitico sulla Divina Commedia*. This attracted wide attention, some sympathy, and a good deal of opposition—an opposition, it must be confessed, that is not likely to be condemned in the future, for, with all its ingenious and learned arguments, the *Comento Analitico*, with such subsequent and sympathetic works as *Sullo Spirito Anti-Papale* (1832) and *La Beatrice del Dante* (1852), has been pronounced by adequate judges to be the elaboration in great part of fanciful theories. The central idea of Rossetti in these productions was to prove that Dante was a heretic in the affairs of both Church and State ; that Beatrice represented the true Church of Christ, that Rome was the whore of Babylon, the Pope the Lucifer of the *Inferno*, and the whole *Divine Comedy* the veiled satire and denunciation of a political and religious enthusiast. According to Signor Pietrocòla-Rossetti, his biographer, the author of the *Commentary* had had the idea of composing such a work before he settled in London at all. In 1827 the first child of the marriage was born, and was called, after her paternal grandmother, Maria Francesca. The following year, on the 12th of May, there came a boy who was triply named, in the first instance after his father, in the second after a dear friend though not a countryman of the Italian patriot,

and in the third in memory of the latter's idol, the great Florentine—Gabriel Charles Dante, or, as now more widely known, Dante Gabriel. To Gabriel succeeded William Michael in 1829 ; and in 1830 came the last of the children, to whom the names Christina Georgina were given. In 1840 Gabriele Rossetti published two volumes, one a collection of verses called *Dio e l'Uomo*, and the other, a portentous production styled *Il Mistero dell' Amor Platonico Svelato*, which few seem to have attempted, much less read ; and in 1843 another poetical volume saw the light through publication in Paris, this being the collection *Il Reggente in Solitudine*. About two years subsequent to this he had to resign his professorship at King's College owing to an increasing weakness of sight. His remaining productions are *Poesie* (1847), *L'Arpa Evangelica* and *La Beatrice del Dante* (1852). He did not become wholly blind, as has been stated, and so late as a year before his death a very fine pencil portrait by his eldest son exhibits him with serene and happy face and at work at his table. Like the son in question he died in April, the exact date being the 26th of April, 1854, and was buried at Highgate, most truly and deeply regretted by all who had had the privilege of his friendship and love. His wife still survives him and two of her children, and certainly to few mothers has it been alike given to influence so potently the lives of her offspring and to watch them all grow to maturity in fame ; perhaps few mothers have obtained such unselfish devotion and unswerving love and trust from their children. Many years ago now a medal was struck in his native country in honor of Gabriele Rossetti, and it is expected that ere long the citizens of Vasto will see in their chief piazza a statue erected to the memory of the poet-patriot with whose name they are so familiar.

Much the best edition of Rossetti's poetical works for ordinary purposes is that edited by G. Carducci, and published at Florence in 1861. The small but bulky volume is divided into four sections—(1) *Poesie Giovanili*, (2) *Poesie Politiche*, (3) *Poesie Varie*, and (4) *Poesie Religione*, altogether a selection that shows the poet at his best, each section

having a special interest and none containing work absolutely poor, the *Poesie Politiche* being, as is natural, the best known, though by no means therefore the best as poetry. The following musical little poems from the first section, or "Youthful Productions," will show Rossetti the elder in the exercise of his simple and sweet-enough lyrical gift:—

## AMORE E SPEME.

Gemelli in petto a noi  
Nascono Amore e Speme,  
Vivono sempre insieme,  
Muoiono insiem ancor.

Troppo ne' vezzi tuoi,  
Troppo, o crudel, ti fidi:  
Se n'è la Speme uccidi,  
Con essa uccidi Amor.

## LA RIMEMBRANZA.

Qui la vidi; e si specchiava  
Su' quest' onda sì tranquilla:  
Qui s' accorse ch' io guardava,  
E si tinse di rossor:  
Ah, d'allor che s'è mi piacque  
Quella languidor pupilla,  
I susurri di quest' acq<sup>ue</sup>  
Parche parlino d'amor.

In the political section there is a poem of some length chronicling the poet's enforced flight from his beloved Italy, *Fuga da Napoli e Asilo in Malta*; and it is such stirring lines as *Unità e Libertà*, with their ever-recurring

"Giuriam giuriam sul brando  
O morte, O libertà!"

or those headed *All' Armì*, beginning impetuously—

"Fratelli, all' armi, all' armi!  
La patria ci chiamò,"

that naturally appeal to the national enthusiasm, and have endeared Gabriele Rossetti to the national heart.

Born on 17th February, 1827, Maria Francesca Rossetti was to have a shorter life than any of the children who came after her, yet a life that was full of good work known and unknown. She had the poetic nature so characteristic of the family, but, beyond a few experiments, she never made verse the vehicle of expression; yet, judging both from the memories of those who knew her intimately and from her chief published work, it is certain that she felt with that intensity of intellectual and spiritual emotion which especially accompanies the creative instinct, whether that instinct find due expression or lie hidden

and subdued beneath a highly sensitive receptivity. Miss Rossetti was possessed of great personal charm, and seems to have made a strong impression upon all who came within the sphere of her friendship, and I can testify to the love and high regard extended to her by Dante Rossetti, as well as by the brother and sister still living, one of whom has told me how their elder sister was in their very youthful years quite a leader among them, being even in her girlhood very intellectual and advanced in acquirements, though, of course, or at any rate in most respects, this leadership was vacated as Gabriel's extraordinary and intensely individual mental powers developed. The most vigorous years of her life were devoted to teaching, an avocation to which she was admirably adapted, being clear-headed and resembling her father in lucid power of exposition; and with this she combined such a faculty for attracting sympathetic natures to herself that some of her pupils with members of their families ranked among her dearest and most affectionate friends. A life thus spent has little to chronicle in the way of events. Through the greater part of it an intense piety drew her towards more direct religious devotion, and after some years as outer sister of All Saints' Sisterhood (Margaret Street, Cavendish Square), she entered that Order of Mercy as novice on November 6th, 1873, and was professed as choir-sister on November 6th, 1875; and here, in pursuance of good works and in earnest charity, she remained till her death in the November of the following year. Her published work is not great in extent, comprising, besides her *magnum opus*, an English translation in blank verse (not wholly hers) of an Italian ode by Cavalier Campana on the Death of Lady Gwendalina Talbot, Princess Borghese, which she executed in her fourteenth year; *Exercises in Idiomatic Italian* and (companion volume) *Italian Anecdotes*, 1867; and *Letters to my Bible Class* (S. P. C. K.), 1872. But the *Shadow of Dante* is a book quite different from any of these, and is certainly worthy of the success it has achieved.

Veritably the shadow of the great Florentine brooded over the whole Rossetti household, and chiefly was the

analytic and mystic spirit of the father inherited by his eldest child; and, indeed, the volume called *A Shadow of Dante* is as directly the offspring of the parent *Comento Analitico* as the writer of the first was of the author of the second. Though its composition had been long in hand Miss Rossetti did not publish her work till her forty-fourth year, namely in 1871, when, rather to her surprise, it achieved an immediate literary success, though at first only limited acceptance from the general public. Her readers, however, rapidly extended, and in two or three years the edition was exhausted and a second brought out, this in turn having evidently proved a continuous demand, for so late as last year Messrs. Rivington published a third edition. In her prefatory remarks Miss Rossetti stated what undoubtedly is the case, that Dante's name had for long been merely a name in this country, few, she imagined, having ever read through the *Divina Commedia*. Even in Italy itself she believed, that few average readers ever got much beyond the two most famous passages in the *Inferno*, the Paolo and Francesca episode and that of Count Ugolino. This, on the other hand, was the belief of a worshipper of Dante who in her heart of hearts ranked the author of the *Divine Comedy* far above Shakespeare and Milton. Partly, perhaps, from our insular judgment in matters literary as in matters social and national we consider these poets supreme, and yet it is not wholly prejudice that makes us consider Shakespeare first of all creative intellects, Milton second amongst moderns, and Dante third; for, with all the universality that the last-named as a great epic poet possesses, there is a feeling that, after all, his work exhibits a too obtrusive personality (in the sense of Dante *the man* and his wrongs being too often forced upon us instead of the *vision* of Dante *the poet*), a too frequent turning of a great soul to vent its bitterness of spirit upon unworthy objects, to enable us to rank it superior to the serene while majestic revelation of Milton. Both were men of the highest spirituality of nature, but with all the materialism that degrades rather than elevates in the work of Milton, *Paradise Lost* and *Regained* yet

seem to me more spiritual than the *Divina Commedia*, though as a *poem* the *Paradiso* may excel the *Paradise Regained*. Dante was as much a mystic as Jacob Boehme, Milton was a seer who saw mysteries and expressed them even as he saw them: the epic of the one is freighted with secret allusion and secret meaning, that of the other is open to the eyes of one simple as a child.

With the inherited nature of her father and with the national temperament, it is only what was to have been expected that Miss Rossetti should find Dante's epic a mirror wherein her highest beliefs, hopes, and aspirations were glassed. Her work on the *Divine Comedy* is the earnest exposition of one who intensely believes in what she is saying, and it is this that has no doubt attracted such a wide circle of readers; and certainly no one wishing to become acquainted with Dante could begin under better auspices. As she says herself, if the substance is to many elusive it is well that readers should at least be made wiser and better if only by the shadow. The designs which accompany the volume, two or three being by herself, are of great interest; as for the many translations from Dante's text, she used her brother Mr. W. M. Rossetti's version for the *Inferno*, and Longfellow's for the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*.

In addition to *A Shadow of Dante* there is one little imaginative work: a scarce little booklet—so scarce that I have met with but one copy—which was printed for the authoress in 1846, when she was in her nineteenth year. It is called *The Rivulets: a Dream not all a Dream*, and is an allegory of life and religion, the personalities introduced being *Liebe* (Love), *Selbsucht* (Selfishness), *Eigendübel* (Presumption), and *Faule* (Indolence); the rivulets representing the natural heart of man; the serpents whose breaths are forever fouling the waters, the devil; the fruits and flowers overhanging the banks, and poisonous when they fall into the streams, "the grosser and less palpably sinful allurements of the world;" the crystal mirror which the guardians of each rivulet is gifted with represents the Scriptures; the vase of perfumes, prayer; and the healing water, baptism. It is full of the same extreme religious

sentiment of renunciation that so many years later prompted the authoress to enter the All Saints' sisterhood.

The name of the second child of Gabriele and Frances Rossetti is one not likely to be forgotten as long as English art and English literature are remembered. Even if space did not forbid, the circumstances of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's early life have already been so widely made known that it is unnecessary to expatiate upon them here in detail; but a few facts may be repeated before passing on. The origin of his baptismal names has already been referred to, but the alteration to "Dante Gabriel" was not made till the years of youth were well advanced. His signature, indeed, considering his initials ran G. C. D., was in his early years a little apt to be confusing; thus in 1847 we find him writing a letter to one then unknown to him, but afterwards to become a great friend, Mr. Wm. Bell Scott, signed "Gabriel Charles;" in 1849 a line in the catalogue of the exhibition where he had sent his first oil picture states it is by "G. D. Rossetti," while in the lower corner of the painting itself is the inscription "Dante Gabriele Rossetti, P.R.B.;" and in 1851 we find him signing simply "Dante." "Gabriel," however, it may be mentioned, was the name by which his relatives and friends invariably called him. His precocity has been much remarked on, especially as to his having written a "play" at the age of five called *The Slave*; but this was literally nothing more than placing one after the other a series of childish sentences, the result being remarkable in no way except as to sustained composition at all at such an early age; that, indeed, *The Slave* could have exhibited no morbid precocity is evident from the fact that a poem of considerable length named *Sir Hugh the Heron* contains nothing particularly striking, though composed about ten years later, *i.e.* in 1844. References to these early productions never pleased the author, at least in late years, aware of the fact of their mediocrity as he was; and as a matter of fact Rossetti's precocity was in quality quite surpassed by that of Cowley, of Chatterton, and of his sister Christina. From his very earliest days

he had the desire to become a painter, and in due course of time he attended a well-known art academy, and subsequently the Royal Academy Antique School; but his efforts were fitful, and great as was his desire to become an artist he found at times the necessary technical difficulties almost too great to be overcome. Never thoroughly grounded in draughtsmanship, he felt the want of such education to the last, and there are few pictures, indeed, by the great colorist which are free from faults of drawing. As a boy he had a great love for animals, a taste that never left him; and as the child used to be delighted with a pet dormouse, which he kept in the drawer of a cabinet, so the man was interested through many years in a long succession of pets, ranging from a little downy owl, all head, to woodchucks and wombats and armadillos. But if Dante Gabriel Rossetti was slow in acquiring a mastery over the technicalities of art this was not the case in literature, for before he was eighteen he had proved himself an able and sympathetic translator, and when he was nineteen he wrote a poem as beautiful in its way and as mature in mental grasp and technical execution as any lyric of his later years. This, of course, was the famous *Blessed Damozel*, probably much the most widely known of all his poems. It has nothing to do with any real instance affecting the author, but is a piece of pure imagination, yet this does not militate against its fascinating most readers by its spiritual yearning and human love as much as by its lyric grace. Some time subsequent to this he painted his first oil picture, the often referred to *Girlhood of Virgin Mary*; which, though somewhat crude in expression and faint in color, was very remarkable for its earnest gravity and purpose at a time when such qualities were apparently in general alien to English art. At the time of painting the *Girlhood* Rossetti and Holman Hunt worked in a studio together, and it was shortly before this that the famous *Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood* was formed, and their magazine, *The Germ*, started on its short career; but it is impracticable to refer further to these in the limited space at my disposal, though I may state that I have elsewhere pointed out that this so-called



Pre-Raphaelite movement, which has attracted so much interest and been so much misunderstood, did not really originate wholly and entirely in the studio in Newman Street in 1848-9, but was the outcome of the Tractarian movement begun in Oxford, which itself arose out of the Romanticism introduced into this country by Coleridge and others of his time.

Having found a purchaser for his picture at the sum of £80, the young poet-painter took the opportunity of paying a visit with a friend to the Low Countries, and it was at this period that he conceived the great admiration he always retained for the conscientious work of such men as Memmeling and Van Eyck. This took place in 1850, and not long subsequently the young writer composed an allegorical narrative of much beauty and mature grace of expression; the narrative in question being *Hand and Soul*, first printed in *The Germ* in 1850, then privately in pamphlet form for select distribution, and again in the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1870. In *The Germ*, now as rare as it is interesting, the Rossetti family were well represented, Dante Gabriel having contributed *Hand and Soul*, five poems, and six sonnets, William Michael (also the editor) nineteen compositions, including four able reviews, and Christina seven short poems; in all, in the four numbers to which *The Germ* extended, there are thirty-eight compositions bearing direct or recognisable testimony of having been written by the three Rossettis.

In 1851 Gabriel Rossetti left his father's residence and took chambers at 14, Chatham Place, Blackfriars Bridge, and here he wrote such fine work as *Sister Helen*, perhaps (with its subsequent alterations) his supreme reach in poetry, and composed such designs as *Hesperia Rosa* and such pictures as *The Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice*. The next seven years record a large amount of work as regards extent and a noble harvest as regards imaginative compositions, for it was in this period that he mainly painted those frequently crude but always powerful and individual water-color drawings dealing with Arthurian and legendary subjects that have such a great charm for many who

are at the same time quite alive to their faults of execution. The greater number of these are possessed by Mr. George Rae of Birkenhead, Mr. William Graham, and Mr. George Price Boyce. In 1857-8 he undertook with others the mural decoration of the Union Debating Room at Oxford, with what have subsequently turned out disastrous results. In 1860 he married a lady whom he had known for some time, Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall, and in the following year a daughter was born, but born dead; and unfortunately in the spring of 1862 Mrs. Rossetti died and left her husband alone again after his brief married life. Miss Siddall had herself been a painter, but a painter rather of great promise than accomplishment, and evidently from the first she had yielded to the influence of the charm of Rossetti's "romantic" period. The circumstances connected with the interment in his wife's coffin of all the poet's manuscripts and their exhumation many years subsequently have been fully described of late; also the great success that attended the publication of the poems themselves in 1870, when Rossetti was at once awarded a leadership in poetry. But ere this his health had received more than one severe shock, and though greatly benefited by his second visit to Penkill Castle in Ayrshire (1869), and while even quite well for him during the greater portion of 1872-4, when he lived with his friend William Morris at Kelmscott Manor, Gloucestershire, his constitution was gradually becoming undermined, more and more noticeably as the years went on. The main factor in this break-up of what was naturally a splendid constitution was the constant and ever-increasing use of chloral as a sedative, a drug Rossetti began taking under a misapprehension as to its dangerous effects at a time when insomnia had become the permanent companion of the night. The years 1872-4 were on the whole the happiest in his life; he had safely recovered from dangerous illness and prostration, a lease of renewed health seemed to have come to him, congenial friends, such as Mr. William Morris, Mr. Theodore Watts, and others, were constantly with him, and his work in art and literature was up to his best level; indeed, if the work

of these three years were taken from the record of his life the loss would be great in poetry and still greater in art ; for it was at this period he composed, amongst others, the poem *Rose Mary*, and amongst pictures the *Veronica Veronese*, *La Ghirlandata*, *Dis Manibus*, *Fleurs de Marie*, *Damsel of the Sanc Grael*, *Proserpina*, and other famous and notable triumphs of color and artistic workmanship. After his wife's death in 1862 he removed for a few months to chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in the autumn rented No. 16, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, from which he never again removed, save when at Kelmscott and when paying his few visits to Penkill Castle and Stobhall, the residences respectively of Miss A. Boyd and Mr. Wm. Graham. For the last two or three years of his life he indeed never left 16, Cheyne Walk at all, confining his exercise to the long garden attached to the house, and, moreover, he now lived in great retirement, seeing very few friends as visitors and still fewer as regular comers. In the autumn of 1881 he went for a short time on medical recommendation to the Vale of St. John, Cumberland, but returned if anything rather the worse for the change ; and early in February last he went to Birchington-on-Sea, where his friend Mr. J. P. Seddon kindly placed Westcliffe Bungalow at his service. But already the hand of Death was slowly tightening its grasp, and in Eastertide the man who possessed the greatest personal influence of any artist or writer of our time passed resignedly away. He was buried in the little Birchington churchyard, within sound of the sea.

As to the life work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti there is no exact parallel in the chronicles of English art and English literature. A great deal of genuine admiration and eulogy has found vent since his death, but I doubt if sufficient stress has been laid upon the unique position Rossetti occupied in two spheres, the remarkable fact of one man attaining leadership in two different arts, and to such an extent that it is still and will for some at any rate continue to be a point of dispute as to wherein he superlatively excelled. That the author of *Sister Helen*, *The King's Tragedy*, *Rose Mary*, *The Blessed Damozel*,

*Dante at Verona*, *The Burden of Nineveh*, such sonnets as the *Giorgione* and *Sibylla Palmifera*, and the hundred composing *The House of Life*—that the author of such poems as these must ever have a high place in English literature there can be little doubt ; a place that may be higher in the judgment of subsequent generations than is even now the case, though I doubt if Rossetti will ever become a popular poet. Indeed a popular poet in the sense of being a poet understood and loved by the average reading public I do not believe he will ever become ; but he is pre-eminently a poet for poets, for all lovers of fine literature as literature, and for those to whom the veil of extreme refinement is as necessary for adequate enjoyment as to others it is only a cloudy mist, a hindrance. As the poet of *The King's Tragedy* he will have the wider and perhaps truer fame ; as the poet of *The House of Life* he will have an endless charm for the few whose ears are as delicately attuned to the music of verse as of instruments, and to whom his sometimes over-subtle and over-elaborate style will be a permanent and satisfying attraction. Rossetti's cardinal fault as a poet, more especially as a sonnet-writer, is to become too literary ; he often strikes one as being unable to act on the poetic impulse as it comes, and rather to accept it and play with it as a cat does with a mouse. Many sonnets which would otherwise have taken very high rank are far too elaborately expressed, a not infrequent result being a rather wearisome obscurity or even a tendency to bathos. Nor had Rossetti much sympathy with or knowledge of nature. The outer world of things appealed to him but slightly, finding indeed as he did his world of imagination sufficient and ever present, a world mostly enchanted and full of dreams, where Beauty sat enthroned, and where the present realities of the mind were of infinitely greater import than matters of deep significance to the many. "I do not wrap myself up in my own imaginings," he said to me once, "it is *they* that envelop *me* from the outer world whether I will or no." If this literary in contradistinction to more poetically impulsive treatment of his subjects is his cardinal fault, a powerful and mag-

netic imagination is his highest characteristic ; and there are passages in *The King's Tragedy* and elsewhere which it would be difficult to find surpassed for weird imaginativeness and spiritual insight. The supernatural was as sympathetic to the genius of Rossetti as Greek mythology was to that of Keats.

But if there is some doubt as to whether the critical estimate of the future will rank him amongst the small inner circle, or only amongst those forming the second or third circles of the elect, there can hardly be any as to the future of Dante Gabriel Rossetti as an artist. No such colorist has appeared in Europe since the days when the great Venetians emulated on canvas the glory of sunset tints and the barbaric splendor of Eastern dyes ; no such intensely individual an artist, no such poet-painter since the glory of English art, William Mallord Turner. Only those who have seen the noblest works of Rossetti can understand the enthusiastic admiration such have excited for so many years past amongst the comparative few who have had access to them, an admiration that deepens with every opportunity of inspection. Name after name of some splendid achievement occurs to the memory, the *Proserpina*, the *Beata Beatrix*, *La Ghirlandata*, *The Blessed Damozel*, *Dante's Dream*, *Veronica Veronese*, *La Bella Mano*, *Mariana*, *The Belovèd*, *Monna Vanna*, *Sibylla Palmifera*, *Pandora*, *Venus Verticordia*, *Lady Lilith*, *The Day Dream*, *La Donna Della Finestra*, *A Vision of Fiammetta*, *Found*, *La Pia*, &c., &c., but it is impossible here to enter into any detail where there is so much to consider and describe. The great drawback to Rossetti's art-work is the frequent bad or weak drawing, but as a colorist he holds amongst English artists an unique place. In literature as in art one ideal was ever before him, the *Beautiful* ; and to none are his own words more applicable than to himself :—

" This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise  
Thy voice and hand shake still—long  
known to thee  
By flying hair and fluttering hem—the  
beat  
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,  
How passionately and irretrievably,  
In what fond flight, how many ways and  
days."

The member of the Rossetti family whose talents specially inclined to criticism has from his earliest youth been a devoted student of English literature and art, and the quality of the large amount of work of Mr. William Michael Rossetti gives him high rank as an editor and a critic. As has already been stated, he was editor of *The Germ* when he was only twenty and contributed to that short-lived magazine some remarkably acute and able reviews and a number of poems, mostly crude in expression, but none devoid of interest and a certain insistent individualism. While still a boy he obtained a civil appointment and rose steadily till he reached his present position in Somerset House, and though his professional work is not uncongenial as well as being his " sheet-anchor," he has found or has made time for an extent of work that proves great capabilities of application and industry. In March, 1874, he married the daughter of Mr. Ford Madox Brown, thus further cementing a friendship which had existed between the latter and the two Rossetti brothers ever since the days of Mr. Madox Brown's kindly help and guidance to the young painter who had expressed such generous appreciation of his work. Mr. William Rossetti is best known by his admirable translation of the *Divine Comedy*, by his editorial contributions to Blake and Shelley literature, by his volume of essays called *Fine Art: Chiefly Contemporary*, and by his critical biographies of well-known English poets. The translation of Dante's great work was made in blank verse and was published in 1865, and is on the whole the most satisfactory English version of the great work that ranks with the *Iliad* and with *Faust* in fascination for translators ; but it does not comprise all his translatable work, for in 1869 he issued an interesting volume called *Italian Courtesy Books*, consisting mainly of renderings of Fra Bart. da Riva's *Fifty Courtesies for the Table*, and in 1871 *Chaucer's "Troilus and Cryseyde" compared with Boccaccio's "Filostrato."* Those who are fortunate enough to possess copies of the late Mr. Gilchrist's admirable work on Blake will call to mind the great services Mr. Rossetti rendered the work by his annotated lists of William Blake's paintings,

drawings, and engravings, and by other assistance. The Aldine edition of Blake, published in 1866, was also edited by Mr. Rossetti. Amongst his art-criticisms and papers dealing with art, his chief compositions are *Fine Art: Chiefly Contemporary*, published in 1867, *Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1868*, and some essays in Mr. Atkinson's *English Painters*, published in 1871. His critical memoirs and his editions of the works of Shelley are familiar to every lover of the great poet. The list of his critical biographies is too long to give here, for it comprises not only all the famous poets since Shakespeare, but also some of American celebrity, and as regards the latter he has probably done more than any one else in familiarising English readers with the works of Walt Whitman. In addition to these editorial and critical labors, he has written an interesting series of papers on the wives of the poets, which have been delivered as lectures on different occasions with great success. Very likely I have forgotten some important contribution to literature, but for this I may be excused on stating that the slips in the British Museum Catalogue extend to fifty-six repetitions of his name as critic, editor, and author!

The youngest of the Rossetti family has, as a poet, a much wider reputation and a much larger circle of readers than even her brother Gabriel, for in England, and much more markedly in America, the name of Christina Rossetti is known intimately where perhaps that of the author of *The House of Life* is but a name and nothing more. Born in 1830, Miss Christina Rossetti has had as quiet and outwardly uneventful a life as her sister Maria Francesca, but she has lived to see her fame assured, and to find herself ranked only second to Mrs. Browning as a poetess. I have already had occasion to remark that her precocity was much more notable than that of Gabriel Rossetti, as any one who has read the tiny and exceedingly rare booklet printed privately in 1847 will acknowledge. That a collection such as this at the age of sixteen, with verses ranging in date of composition from 1842, when the authoress was only eleven, to 1847, should have made her grandfather, Mr. Polidori (who printed

the book), confident that the lovers of poetry would not wholly attribute his favorable judgment to partiality is not to be wondered at, and I have no doubt that many a mental acknowledgment of gratitude has been made to the worthy old gentleman who preserved "these early spontaneous efforts in a permanent form." Amongst this juvenile collection *The Dead City* is undoubtedly a remarkable poem to have been written at the age of sixteen, and apart from its imaginative and other beauties has a special interest in the fact that it is manifestly the germ of the well-known *Goblin Market*, or perhaps it would be better to say that on looking back we discern several premonitions of well-known passages in the later poem, for the *motifs* of *The Dead City* and *Goblin Market* are quite different. Blake might have written the four verses called *Mother and Child*, and there is a dainty and delicate touch in the few simple lines *To my Friend Elizabeth*. Following the latter come two as dainty little poems in Italian, called *Amore e Dovere* and *Amore e Dispetto*. Perhaps the most notable achievement in the volume is the sonnet called *Vanity of Vanities*, written at the age of sixteen:—

" ' Ah woe is me for pleasure that is vain !  
 Ah woe is me for glory that is past !  
 Pleasure that bringeth sorrow at the last ;  
 Glory that at the last bringeth no gain !  
 So saith the sinking heart ; and so again  
 It shall say till the mighty angel-blast  
 Soundeth, making the sun and moon aghast  
 And showering down the stars like sudden  
 rain.  
 And evermore men shall go fearfully,  
 Bending beneath their weight of heaviness ;  
 And ancient men shall lie down wearily,  
 And strong men shall rise up in weariness ;  
 Yea, even the young shall answer sighingly,  
 Saying one to another : ' How vain it is ! ' "

This sonnet was afterwards reprinted, but I have quoted it here from its special interest in showing how early the key was struck to whose note so much later music was to be sounded, and also because it shows how mature in the technicalities of her art Miss Rossetti was at a time when very few poets indeed have written a passable sonnet. To *The Germ* Miss Rossetti contributed under the pseudonym of *Ellen Alleyn*, but as these poems were all or mostly reprinted, further reference is unneces-

sary beyond recalling the fact that one of the most beautiful of them and of all her verses, *Dream Land*, was written before she was twenty. Such lyrics as *Dream Land*, *Passing Away*, *When I am dead, my dearest*, &c., have taken root in our literature, and will live as long as it; and there are many other poems in the *Goblin Market and other Poems* and *The Prince's Progress*, &c., of which the same could be said. As an artist Miss Rossetti must rank above Mrs. Browning, and only comes second to her in general position, because her range is so much more limited; and while she has all the delicacy and strength of her brother's touch, she is free from the frequent obscurity or involution of style characteristic of Dante Gabriel Rossetti in his weaker moments. As a sonnet-writer no woman has equalled her since that supremely fine sonnet-sequence wherein Mrs. Browning expressed her sweetest utterances. But it is not only by the volumes called *Goblin Market*, *The Prince's Progress*, and *A Pageant* that Miss Christina Rossetti is known, for though her widespread reputation is undoubtedly based thereon, she has also written two small works which should long retain for her the gratitude of children, namely, *Sing-Song*, with a great number of clever and amusing illustrations by Mr. Arthur

Hughes (a book that greatly delighted one very grown-up child—Dante Gabriel Rossetti), and *Speaking Likenesses*, also illustrated by Mr. Hughes. In addition to these there is a volume of short studies for the Benedicite called *Seek and Find*, and a collection of stories entitled *Commonplace*. The latter contains some very interesting material, *Hero* being a beautiful little "fairy" story, and *Vanna's Twins* very tender and pathetic; *The Lost Titian*, despite its tempting subject, is considerably below the rest as a piece of literary work, but, on the other hand, it was one of the author's first productions in prose.

With the youngest and certainly not least of the Rossettis this brief account comes to an end; but it may have sufficed to bring home to the minds of some that there has existed in our generation a family of poets and writers such as in all probability will continue to be unique, a family that will be looked back to in days to come with an interest that can hardly be realised just at present. There are few mothers who can have so much to be proud of as Mrs. Gabriele Rossetti, for such a poet as Christina Rossetti can come to us but at rare intervals, such a poet and painter in union as Dante Gabriel Rossetti but once.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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### THE PICTURE OF THAT YEAR.

BY HENRIETTE CORKRAN.

JEAN LOGAN was putting the finishing touches to a gorgeous daffodil satin dress, embroidered with beads of the same color. Never before had she made so fastidious a garment. She was employed as one of the dressmakers in a fashionable London establishment, one of the many hands that constituted its great machinery. Her chief occupation there was to trim and bead. She did not know who was to be the wearer of this gown. While draping the Brussels lace and sewing on the beads, she wondered if the lady were pretty or plain, fair or dark; wealthy she must be, for the garment was expensive. Mrs. Warren, the superintendent of the dress de-

partment, had been more than usually anxious about the success of this particular satin dress, and, indeed, as it glinted in the sombre room, it seemed such a *chef-d'œuvre* of millinery as might have done credit to that high priest of fashions, Worth. It was a wet afternoon; a black pall hung over London; darkness without, but inside home lights burned. The daffodil satin and the beads scintillated with superb indifference to the bleak dismal surroundings. The gas brought out strongly the light and shade of the shimmering folds of this Veronese drapery, fit for a youthful empress. The richness of the coloring seemed by contrast to define more

sharply the thin, white, worn face of the dressmaker, Jean Logan. She was about two-and-thirty and very handsome, though dark circles and lines of care were round the earnest gray eyes and at the corners of the beautifully shaped mouth; the nose was delicately drawn with sensitively curved nostrils; her auburn hair was streaked with premature white hairs; her hands were long and transparent, and though her figure was tall and slight, she stooped. Indeed, the whole aspect of the woman showed plainly that she had gone through some fiery ordeal. As she stitched the glittering beads with her long, white fingers, there was a nervousness, a sad, drooping expression about her whole person that set one thinking of a crushed flower. The black merino dress and white collar and cuffs gave a puritanical aspect, the more striking from the contrast with the glowing satin. Jean Logan had been told by Mrs. Warren that special attention and pains were to be bestowed upon the dress, as it had been designed by a famous painter for his young wife. The word "painter" sent a thrill through her whole being, and left an ache like that of a stab from a sharp instrument. The word brought back the vivid memory of years long gone, charged with their full measure of happiness and terrible sorrow.

The dress was finished, and Jean brought it to Mrs. Warren's room. Mrs. Warren was the walking embodiment of comfort; she was as broad as she was long, with a rosy, smiling face; two small green eyes buried in fat sparkled shrewdly out on the world in general.

"I am much pleased with your part of the work," she remarked, as Jean Logan exhibited the daffodil skirt with its rich trimmings. "I hope the body will fit; but I have a bad cold and want you as a great favor to take the dress yourself and try it on. You are clever, and have taste, more than any one in this establishment—now, you know you have." Saying this, Mrs. Warren gave Jean a good-natured poke with her fat elbow. "You don't mind the wet as much as I do."

Jean could hardly refrain from smiling, as she looked at the round, cosy figure in rustling silk that reminded her

of Mother Christmas; then she glanced at her own frail self in the cheval glass and shuddered, for she saw what was far more like an image carved on a tombstone than a living woman.

"I can lend you my waterproof, but you must take a cab," continued Mrs. Warren; "the house is in the Cromwell Road, South Kensington, one of those big, new mansions. You are to ask for Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie."

"Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie!" gasped out Jean in a tremulous, hoarse voice, and growing livid.

"Well, what's the matter? You are like a ghost: are you going to faint?" Mrs. Warren screwed up her small eyes and looked keenly at Jean.

Jean sank down on the nearest chair, covering her ashen face with both her hands. Mrs. Warren stood staring at her, with a perplexed expression on her rubicund countenance.

"Have you had a quarrel with any of the family? Explain this to me."

"No," groaned out poor Jean; "I shall be all right in a minute; it is only the name!"

"Oh, what's in a name!" exclaimed Mrs. Warren, with a broad smile; "perhaps you have had a sweetheart called Mackenzie? But why should that knock you up, my dear? We all go through this sort of experience. Why, I nearly died of love for a smart young sailor, and you see how I have survived!" And she complacently stroked her silken self, quivering with suppressed laughter.

"And so this Malcolm Mackenzie is a painter?" inquired Jean Logan, in the faintest of voices.

"Indeed he is, and has made a lot of money. He is popular; his pictures are sentimental and homely. Besides, his wife has brought him a great fortune. They have been married two years. She is young and pretty. He is a lucky fellow, Malcolm Mackenzie!"

An angry expression flitted over Jean's white face, which seemed to have aged within the last few minutes; her straight, dark brows were knit together, separated only by a deep line of care; her lips were tightly compressed.

"I should really like to know what has caused this great emotion," continued Mrs. Warren in her metallic

voice, her little eyes more gimlet-like than ever, as they tried to pierce through Jean's outer self and read the mystery within.

But Jean gave her no further clue; she rose from her chair, shook herself like a person who desires, for the present at all events, to get rid of a load of care, and, passing her thin hand over her burning forehead, said:

"I shall go, Mrs. Warren, and try the dress; the name wakes up a very painful association, and hearing you mention it so suddenly startled me. I have been working very hard and am nervous."

"Yes, you do look upset! A walk in the fresh air will brighten you up, even though it is wet. This dress has been a rare job, and it does you credit; you have shown great taste in the arrangement of the trimmings," remarked Mrs. Warren, carefully packing up the daffodil satin gown in a box, and writing the address on a label outside. "I am much obliged to you for going to try the dress on the lady, as I am not up to it to-night; you are quite equal to making any alteration, if required; but I expect she will be delighted with it, and that nothing more will have to be done to it. Now, here is the money for the cab," and Mrs. Warren handed some silver to Jean, and with a genial nod of her head sailed out of the room, making a loud frou-frou with her thick silk gown.

Jean Logan took the box in her trembling hands. Her body seemed animated by some strange force: she darted out of the house like one who had been struck by some terrible blow; her limbs tottered under her as she walked, as in a trance, breathlessly to her humble lodgings close to the Edgware Road.

Jean Logan had two rooms and a bit of a kitchen at the top of a house in an obscure street leading out of the Edgware Road. A house let out in flats, mostly inhabited by the working classes. She staggered rather than walked up to the landing; any one meeting her might have believed she was intoxicated.

Jean looked at her silver watch. It was only four o'clock; her little girl would not be back from school for another hour. She fumbled at the lock and opened the door. How gloomy it

looked that dreary afternoon—no fire, no gas! She struck a match, applied it to the grate, and soon a bright flame illumined the tiny parlor.

Jean Logan had been working her eyes out, giving all her time and skill to make a beautiful dress for Malcolm Mackenzie's wife. He was the man she had once loved and trusted; and he had betrayed her innocence and ruined her happiness. Such was the terrible irony of fate: day after day she had been using her utmost skill to make a dress that would set off the beauty of the rich young wife of the man who had blighted her own life.

Jean flung her damp cloak and shabby bonnet on a chair, and, lighting a tallow candle, stood in front of a large picture in oils that hung opposite her work-table. It represented a handsome young girl with a mass of red-brown hair; a fearless, almost saucy, look of happiness lit up her rosy face; the deep-blue eyes, the winning smile that played about the rich pomegranate lips, had witchery in them. The tall, upright lassie looked a goddess of health and high spirits. The wild landscape, with its brilliant purple heather and bluish highland hills, formed a fine background to this Hebe.

The only thing she had ever accepted from Malcolm Mackenzie was this picture. She had been his model. She clenched her hands as she gazed at it; hot tears stood in her eyes as she thought over that terrible episode in her life. Why had he not left her to herself?—she was happy in her highland home with her old dad. No! Her fatal beauty, as Malcolm Mackenzie called it, inflamed him. She was ignorant of evil and fell in love with him, the handsome, six-feet, genial, pleasant, dark-eyed young painter; he flattered her vanity and twined himself round her girlish heart. It was all so romantic, those meetings on the wild moorlands. Jean went to a drawer, unlocked it, and took out a bundle of letters; the ink had faded with years; the paper was yellow and wrinkled; how could he have written thus if he had not loved her? She gave a cynical, bitter laugh as she read these letters, addressed to his own, sweet, bonny, darling Jean, telling her how he worshipped her; that she was

his goddess, his queen ; her beauty inspired his art, and would make him a great painter ; her grace, her queenly figure, haunted him day and night ; and as for her kisses, they maddened him, &c. There were no end of letters in this strain ; telling how several of his pictures painted from her had made a sensation in the Royal Academy ; his reputation was entirely due to her, &c.

Jean paced feverishly up and down the room. "His 'mountain flower,' as he used to call me!" she exclaimed. "Yes, why did he pluck me to throw me away and let me fade and die in loneliness?" She looked round the little room. And yet she felt she preferred her own wretchedness to his utter want of heart and conscience, for he had treated her in a selfish, evil way, had robbed her of what was most precious to a woman, her honor. No, he could not marry, he was not suited for domestic life, a lawless Bohemian like him ; he hated being tied down and bound by any responsibility ; a woman's beauty was all he cared for ; such accessories as heart, soul, conscience, he barely admitted. Yet he spoke with feeling ; his pictures and poems expressed so much sentiment that Jean, who was simple and sincere, could not understand how two such separate natures could be in one individual : the beast and the angel, the artist and the unscrupulous, self-indulgent man.

He wrote to say he would always look after their wee Mary, but Jean was proud, and never accepted a penny from him ; she worked hard, and life was less bitter ; for she had one great comfort—she had her wee lassie, Mary, to care for.

Jean re-locked the old letters, for she heard her child's silvery voice calling out "Mother!"

In walked a lovely little girl about nine years of age ; under her picturesque brown felt hat was a mass of golden hair ; she had a rosy, smiling face, and her blue eyes had the same wistful expression as her mother's. She threw her arms round Jean's neck : "You kept me waiting at the door, and it is such a wet evening ; and oh Mummie, there is no kettle on the fire, you have forgotten it is tea-time!"

"Oh, forgive me, Mary ! I have a

headache ; but in a few minutes the water will boil," and she darted off and put the kettle on the fire.

"You have perhaps worked too hard at that beautiful satin dress, Mummie."

Jean stopped abruptly, looked sadly and earnestly at the bright-haired, rosy little girl ; the child of the man who was now the husband of the owner of that beautiful dress. For years Jean had been trying steadily to forget the tragic past, and to bind herself to stern duty. In a measure she had succeeded ; the fire that had consumed and blighted her young life had smouldered away almost to extinction ; but now, the prospect of meeting him again transfixed her, though it revived no love, and excited her to a terrible pitch.

"Yes, my darling, you are right, that dress has given me a headache."

The plates clattered again, the boiling water was poured almost rashly into the teapot.

Mary ate heartily the bread and butter ; she was very hungry.

"You are eating nothing, Mummie," remarked the child after a long pause.

"Don't notice me, dearie, I am drinking tea ; that will do me good. I am going out presently to try the dress on the lady—would you like to come with me?"

"Oh, so much !" and the child clapped her hands with delight. Jean again looked earnestly at Mary. Going to that house meant that in a couple of hours she would probably find herself face to face with the father of her child ; could she go through the ordeal ? She felt that all those years of loneliness, poverty, and humiliation would be avenged in that moment ; when, rising like a spectre of the past, she would stand in his presence—now that he was famous, wealthy, and honored—stand before him with their child ! She panted for that moment—what would follow it never crossed her mind to ask. What she would say she did not yet know ; she only knew she had been trampled on and abandoned, and she would have the triumph of confronting him, she and their beautiful child, in the presence of his young wife. She felt she must and would do it.

"You are strange to-night, mother dear ; you eat nothing, and you look so angry."



"Don't ask any questions, Mary ; we shall go in a cab to South Kensington with the dress."

"Oh, how nice ! I do love going in a cab, and perhaps I shall see the lady wearing the beautiful dress you have made."

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It was a few minutes past eight when Jean and wee Mary stood on the doorsteps of Mrs. Mackenzie's house in the Cromwell Road.

"What a very big house !" remarked Mary. "Let me pull the bell—which shall I pull, the 'Visitors' or 'Servants'?"

"'Servants,'" answered the mother. The sound of her voice was so strange and harsh that the child started and looked wistfully up into her face. "Surely, Mary, you know we are not visitors ; there is nothing between the bell that announces visitors and the bell allotted to servants ; we are poor outcasts." She said this so bitterly that Mary again gazed at her mother. "You are pale and tired, Mummie ; you work so hard." Mary pulled the servants' bell.

Jean Logan's heart beat so hard that she had to press her hand against it. The door was opened by a well-fed flunkey in blue livery.

"Mrs. Mackenzie?" gasped Jean Logan.

"Walk in," said the flunkey. "You are the dressmaker? It is a wet night. And is this your little girl?"

Jean nodded her head, and was ushered into a deserted servants' room ; a roaring fire was blazing, and on the table were the remains of an ample feast.

"His servants are better cared for than I am," thought Jean Logan.

A smart maid asked her to walk upstairs.

"May I bring my little girl with me?" asked Jean.

"I am sure mistress will not object—she's fond of children ; your little daughter seems very well behaved——"

Jean had an impression of being suddenly transported into some fairy-like abode, all blue and silver, with flying cupids on the ceiling. A sharp agony smote her as her eyes swept eagerly round the room, and she felt she was in

the shrine of a woman that was worshipped ; a rush of tumultuous emotions passed through her, jealousy strongest of all, when her eyes rested on the lovely woman standing in the midst of all this refined luxury. Jean gazed at her with eager eyes, instinctively feeling that this was a being made for love. Keenly she herself felt the witchery and charm of the lady, with her bright halo of amber hair ; those violet eyes had a sad expression, as if they, too, had known sorrow ; the rich full lips had a baby pout, simply bewitching ; tall and graceful, she was attired in a soft mousey-grey *peignoir* with white lace ; Jean saw with too painful clearness the gulf that separated them. She, the worn, anxious dressmaker in her demure, plain, black merino ; what was she beside that refined high-bred lady ? Yes, she understood it all now !

"Oh, what a dear, dear little girl !" exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie, in the sweetest of silvery voices ; and bending down, she said :

"Won't you give me a kiss, little one ? I should so much like to have one."

Mary put up her face seriously to be kissed.

"What a mass of golden hair, like a shower of gold !" continued Mrs. Mackenzie, stroking down the thick mane with her jewelled hand.

"What is your name, dear ?"

"Mary Bessie Logan," answered the child solemnly.

"And is she your little daughter?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie, turning towards Jean, who, pale and trembling, was leaning against the wall, with the box in her hand.

"Yes, Mary is my child."

The sound of her own voice frightened her ; her throat was parched, her lips dry.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked at her sympathetically. "Are you a widow?"

"My wee lassie has never known a father."

"Oh, how sad ! But to be the mother of so sweet a daughter must be a great comfort and soften many sorrows ; what greater happiness can there be than to be a mother?" She was caressing Mary's golden hair and rosy face. "It makes up for nearly everything." She

gave a deep sigh. "I have had a terrible grief: I have lost my own darling baby—it died ten months ago." Her eyes filled with tears, and for a few seconds she was unable to speak.

Jean Logan suddenly felt a wild throb of exultation. True, this beautiful creature was honored, worshipped, bore the sainted name of wife; yet it was she, the poor dressmaker, who was the mother of the living child! This, at all events, was a triumph.

"Perhaps your little baby is up in the blue sky!" remarked Mary in a solemn voice.

"Yes," sobbed Mrs. Mackenzie, kissing Mary, "she was beckoned away by the angels. She was a lovely wee bairnie, with such pretty, coodling ways," and Mrs. Mackenzie wept again at the recollection.

Jean's heart again gave a big thump, for there, on the mantel-piece, was a cabinet-sized photograph of Malcolm Mackenzie. Yes, there he was, the man she had so passionately loved, the man who had betrayed and ruined her. She could see he was altered in many ways, these ten years—there were deeper lines in the face. A benumbing sensation was creeping over her, she feared she was about to faint; a mist seemed to rise before her eyes; she turned away her head; she could not bear the sight of this photograph. The burning sense of the great wrong that had been done her sent the blood rushing to her face; her ears tingled. Would she revenge herself by revealing who the father of her child was, and so end the happiness and confidence that existed between husband and wife? She looked at the young mother, who was kissing the child of her own husband and weeping over the loss of her own—her tongue was tied.

"I must really cry no more this evening," exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie, drying her eyes. "It is all the fault of your charming child: she brought back forcibly the feeling of my own loss. I must not look sad, for this is the second anniversary of my wedding day, and I have promised my husband to go with him to an evening party and to look as nice as I can."

Every word that fell from Mrs. Mackenzie's lips cut into Jean's heart like a

silver blade. There was a bitter smile on her mouth as she took from the box the splendid golden satin dress on which she had lavished so much pains. She unfolded and shook it. "Oh, how exquisite! how beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie, clapping her hands together with almost childish delight. "How it shines! and those beads—how effective!"

"It is Mummie's work," remarked Mary, opening wide her blue eyes.

"Yes, your mother is very clever," answered Mrs. Mackenzie, putting the child into a big arm-chair, and giving her a box of bonbons. "Eat these sweets, dear, while I am being dressed."

Jean's head was on fire, while the rest of her body was ice. Like a mere automaton she helped Mrs. Mackenzie to dress. Was she really herself, or only a disembodied spirit assisting at the funeral of all her happiness? How she managed to lace up that satin body she could not tell. She felt like a somnambulist as she moved slowly round Mrs. Mackenzie; her Mary—his child!—watching the proceedings with interest. She heard her child's voice, like one in a dream, saying:

"Oh, you look like a sunbeam, shining all over!"

"That is a pretty speech. I hope, little Mary, that I shall always be that to my husband."

Her husband! And she nothing but a poor waif, having to work night and day to keep body and soul together. She had loved him passionately, had trusted him, and he had ruined her. He was now honored, wealthy. Socially his name stood high; why should she be trampled upon? All these burning thoughts rushed wildly through her fevered brain. She had sacrificed all for his sake, and this was the outcome—remorse for her own wrong-doing and a deadly hatred of the man who had tempted her. And now what irony of fate, making a dress for his rich young wife! "I never had such a superb garment: it is really magnificent!" remarked Mrs. Mackenzie. "It does you much credit, and it could not have been an easy job. My husband designed it; and he is hard to please. I am sure he will be delighted;" and, looking at Jean Logan, she continued: "You are

thin and pale. I am afraid, as your little Mary says, you work too much."

Jean sighed, but made no answer.

"Certainly, life is sometimes very hard; but whatever your trouble may be, you must be proud to have so charming a little girl; it is compensation for a great deal;—and she will soon be able to help you: won't you, Mary?"

"Yes, I can hem and sew buttons on," answered the child, whose mouth was full of sweets.

Mrs. Mackenzie went to her jewel-case and took out a diamond necklet, which she clasped round her throat.

"How you twinkle, just like a fairy queen!" remarked Mary, gazing at her with marked admiration.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked up at Jean Logan, evidently expecting her to say something.

"Oh, how white and ill you are, poor thing! You must have a glass of port and a piece of cake. I am so sorry not to have thought of this before. Bring up some port," she said to the servant.

"Now sit down here, Mrs. Logan," leading her to a couch in a dark corner of the room, "and rest yourself."

The servant brought up some refreshments; Mrs. Mackenzie filled up the glass and put it to Jean's lips, who swallowed it eagerly.

"Now this will revive you, Mrs. Logan. Keep quiet here; I must call up my husband."

Another thud of Jean's heart, as Mrs. Mackenzie said this.

"Malcolm, Malcolm, come and see me! come and see the daffodil dress!" she called out from the top of the staircase.

"Coming, my darling," was the answer in a burly, pleasant voice.

The sound of that voice sent a thrill through Jean's whole being; the past rose vividly before her; that voice had spoken words of love to her, words that had changed the whole tenor of her life. He was coming! The suspense was almost beyond bearing; it was torturing. At last she heard the door open, and as through a fog she saw the broad-shouldered form of Malcolm Mackenzie moving towards his wife; she saw him kiss her; there was love and happiness in his face; she heard him say, just as he had often said to her before:

"Oh! really, Wanda, you are a living picture, positively luminously beautiful; a vision of loveliness. I am indeed proud of you, my darling; I never saw you look as you do to-night." He walked round her, stroking down the satin folds. "What a feast of colors! It suits you admirably. Yes, indeed, I must paint you in this daffodil satin; you're a perfect picture." He kissed her again. "I have got something for you," taking out of a leather case a diamond butterfly, which he fastened in the thick tresses of her amber hair. "This is in memory of our second marriage anniversary, my sweet Wanda."

"You spoil me, Malcolm," she answered, looking affectionately at him; "you are a fairy prince. But now, indeed, you have gazed at me long enough: I want you to look at this dear little girl. Come here, Mary," she called to the child, who had been standing close to her mother in a dark part of the room.

Mary advanced shyly and slowly towards Mrs. Mackenzie.

"Oh, this is indeed a lovely child! What hair! like golden corn; and such deep blue eyes!" remarked Mr. Mackenzie, putting his hand under the child's chin. "But how did you come here, my bairnie? What is your name?"

"Mary Bessie Logan," answered the child, looking up wistfully into Mr. Mackenzie's face.

"Mary Bessie Logan?" gasped out Mr. Mackenzie, in such a startled tone that his wife exclaimed:

"Why, Malcolm, why do you appear so disturbed?"

"Who is this child?—who brought her here, Wanda? It is too amazing."

"She is the daughter of Mrs. Logan, the dressmaker, who has just been helping me to dress."

"Mrs. Logan?—how extraordinary! Where is she?" looking eagerly round the room. At last he became rigid; a dark flush came over his face; as his eyes met Jean Logan's, he stared blankly at her.

She rose slowly from her seat, trembling so violently that she had to support herself by holding the thick window curtain behind her. She returned his stare; there was scorn, not terror, in her eyes.

"What does this mean, Malcolm?"

You look bewildered. Have you ever seen Mrs. Logan or this child before?" Mrs. Mackenzie went up to him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder; he was like a man that had been suddenly petrified.

Little Mary ran across to her mother; she was frightened, and she clutched her skirts.

"Oh! do speak, Malcolm; what is this mystery?"

He did not answer, but looked imploringly towards Jean Logan.

The same bitter smile played round her mouth, and then she heard her own voice saying words that seemed loaded with gunpowder:

"Mr. Mackenzie knew the father of my child!" The effort was too great, and she sank back in her seat.

"Oh, Malcolm! did you really know him? and is he dead?" She lowered her voice as she asked this.

"Wanda, do not question me now," he answered nervously. "Attend to this woman; she seems faint."

Mrs. Mackenzie went to her press and took out a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, with which she bathed Jean's temples and hands.

Mr. Mackenzie paced up and down the room in extreme agitation; he poured wine into a glass which, as he laid it down, was shattered into a thousand pieces. He was in a frenzy of agitation—almost terror; he stared wildly at the white-faced woman, and then, suddenly, caught himself thinking what a picture the whole scene would make. His trained artistic eye took in vividly the varied pictorial advantages of the group: his beautiful wife in her luminous daffodil satin, with all its shimmer of reflected lights; drapery that Paul Veronese might have loved to render. She, bending over the sad, pale, handsome woman in the dark woollen dress. The wife in all the exuberance of youth and wealth in strong light; in shadow the woman he had ruined. It was not only pictorially fine, but it had a deeper significance. He was startled as he thought of the pathos of the situation and the cynicism of his own reflections; he, the chief actor in this social tragedy, enacted in his wife's luxurious room—instinctively viewing it from the artist's standpoint; yes, he would paint the

scene—it was grand. He would call it "The Old Love and the New." He was arranging the details artistically in his mind, debating whether he would put a man's figure in, when his child's voice aroused him from his painter's dream.

"Oh, Mummie, do open your eyes; are you still ill?"

"Better now, darling," was the answer in a tremulous, hoarse voice.

Mr. Mackenzie rang the bell; a servant came up.

"Get a cab for Mrs. Logan."

Jean cast another look at him—a look that conveyed a life-long reproach.

To get her and the child away was now Malcolm Mackenzie's only thought; he was in terror lest his young wife should get a clue to the mystery.

"Won't you give me your address, Mrs. Logan?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie. "I should like to know how you are getting on, and if I could do anything for this lovely little girl. Do you know, Malcolm, it may be fancy, but there is some resemblance to you in Mary's face."

"To me, Wanda?"—he said this almost fiercely. "It is sheer nonsense!"

There was an expression of satisfaction in Jean's face: she saw this remark of Mrs. Mackenzie had thoroughly alarmed him.

"The cab is here, sir," said the servant.

"All right. Now, Wanda, go and finish your dressing; I shall put Mrs. Logan into the cab and take her address."

He hurried them out of his wife's room, feeling, what he had never felt before, on very bad terms with himself; irritated by the whole position. Jean's fragile, broken-hearted look pained him; her presence in his wife's house had terrified him.

He got the address from Jean. "Expect me to-morrow," he said faintly; "I must see you; but, bear in mind, you never come here again."

"It would most certainly be inconvenient, Mr. Mackenzie," she answered scornfully.

The four-wheeler growled off towards the Edgware Road, and a smart brougham, with liveried servants, took its place to drive Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie to their evening party.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Malcolm Mackenzie wended his way on the following day to Jean Logan's lodging, he felt ill at ease. He had been a sinner. Elastic as his conscience was, still he felt he had blighted the life and ruined the happiness of the simple Scotch lassie who had loved and trusted him. She had acted in a spirited manner, and had refused pecuniary assistance; he could not but respect her for this independence of spirit. The appearance of his old love in his young wife's room had utterly perplexed him. What would she do next? Would she betray his wretched secret to his innocent Wanda? No high motives ever actuated his life, so how was he to believe that a woman he had wronged should be capable of acting nobly? The whole thing vexed him, as would a pebble in his shoe; it annoyed him to think he had acted unjustly towards the poor thing. He remembered her great beauty; how he had persuaded her to be his model. He was a good-looking fellow then, and the girl liked him. That this proud Jean should be his wife's dressmaker was an astounding conjunction of circumstances—his Nemesis. And the lovely child—how he wished she was his to acknowledge openly! He had a sentimental nature, and the forlorn appearance of Jean touched the outer surface; her white face haunted him, like Banquo's ghost, coming in the height of his popularity and happiness; yes, she would ever be the skeleton at his life's feast, ever whispering that, after all, he was but a poor creature, with no moral fibre, no real heart. He reached her house; it was a common-looking abode, let out in flats to the working classes. As he ascended the stairs he felt nervous and uncomfortable; he blamed Providence for having made him so susceptible to the charms of womankind; his weak nature was easily set aflame, but once the fire out the nature was hard. All this he was conscious of; he excused it to himself by saying it was more or less the artist's temperament.

As he knocked at Jean Logan's door his heart—or rather the place where one is supposed to be—gave a thump. The door was opened by Jean, looking miserably ill. She had passed a sleepless night and was haggard and white.

"Well, Jean," extending his broad, dogskin-gloved hand, "won't you shake hands with me?"

But Jean did not take the proffered hand.

"Will you please walk in?" she said in a curt, tremulous voice, pointing to the parlor door.

He followed her into the shabby room. The only furniture consisted of a big table, a sewing-machine, and a few cane-bottomed chairs; but the one oil-picture over the mantel-piece helped to give a look of refinement to the place.

Malcolm Mackenzie started back on seeing his picture. His ruddy face grew a shade paler.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "never have I done better work than that; how it recalls the past! It was so like you. Oh, what a bewitching lassie you were then! You are still very handsome, only too thin and pale."

"Cease speaking in that tone to me, Malcolm Mackenzie. We are not here to-day to talk jocosely. You have ruined my happiness. I am now striving to forget a wretched past, and to face and do my duty."

"I have come, Jean, to endeavor to tell you the remorse I feel for the wrong I have done you. I long to atone for it in some way. Ask me what you will, and it shall be done."

"Sound your own heart, and you will see that it is not pity for my position that has brought you here to-day, but fear lest I should betray to your wife who the father of the child is she admired so much last night. Don't deny this. When I went to your house, I was fierce with a sense of my wrongs, and thirsted for revenge; but the tenderness, the sweetness, and the sympathy of your wife disarmed me, and saved you. Thank her, not me. I shall never reveal to her who Mary's father is."

"Oh, bless you for this promise, Jean," he said earnestly. "If she knew this sin of mine it would, I fear, kill her love for me. She has a pure, sensitive nature."

"I know it, Malcolm Mackenzie, and respect her. You little considered my nature when you brought trouble on me—a trouble that killed my old father. He was a proud, upright, sensitive man,

and never recovered the shock caused by his daughter's disgrace." Her voice trembled.

Malcolm Mackenzie paced up and down the room. He feared she was going to cry; this would affect his sentimental nature too much.

"Your wife saw Mary's likeness to you. That frightened you, did it not?"

"I confess I feel the wretchedness of my position, and throw myself on your generosity, Jean."

He sat down in a chair opposite to her, and for a few seconds they looked scrutinisingly at each other. Jean noticed how flabby and florid he had grown since they parted ten years ago. His hair was streaked with gray, but no remorse or sadness was in his ruddy face. It embittered her to see him so jovial. His clothes were new and fashionable; his blue necktie and yellow gloves she thought savored of vulgar prosperity. Oh, how could she have been such a fool as to have sacrificed all that is most precious in a woman's life for such a man?

He on his side was keenly perceptive of the ravages time and trouble had wrought in her appearance. Her face had deep circles, and the lovely rosy color had faded forever. There were dark lines round the eyes; she was scraggy, though still handsome, and her merino dress was unstylish, though neat. What a contrast to the picture painted eleven years ago, when he first met her, with the wild Scotch landscape for background! Had he seen her in that bare parlor he never would have been bewitched.

"I am afraid, Jean, you find the battle of life hard; it is too difficult for a woman to fight alone. I cannot bear to think you have so few comforts."

"I earn enough for myself and Mary—enough to keep us from want. Mary is strong and well."

"And very beautiful, I think," exclaimed Mr. Mackenzie with enthusiasm.

"Ah, a fatal gift!" she answered with a sigh; "but I shall ward off men such as you—wolves in sheep's clothing. I shall tell her the truth. She must be warned in time against your sex."

"Don't be too hard on me. I was a

brute once, and feel it keenly. I have come here to beg you to allow me to provide for our child. I am now a wealthy man, and can easily afford that pleasure. I have in my pocket a cheque for £1,000, which you must accept."

Jean got up; she stood erect, stern, and sad. "Keep your money! I would rather starve than accept a farthing from a man I have learned to despise heartily; a weak, selfish nature, devoid of heart and conscience."

"You had better reconsider your verdict, Jean;" he said this with irritation in his voice. "The past cannot be undone."

"No, alas! it cannot, and I am outwardly punished; but though poor, delicate, troubled, I would far rather be what I am than you, with all your fame and wealth."

She opened the door for him.

"Is this really your last word, Jean?"

"My very last; I do not wish ever again to see or hear from you."

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"The Old Love and the New," painted by Malcolm Mackenzie, was the sensation picture of the next Royal Academy. Almost all the art critics praised it, not only for the excellent coloring, but also for the composition, lighting, and expression. One of the most influential London papers said of this picture:

The painting of the young woman (the New Love) is of the highest order of merit; the daffodil satin standing resplendent in full gaslight is almost worthy of Veronese; the Old Love, in sober tones of grey and brown, is pathetically and learnedly rendered; the bewildered expression of the man, the mingling of terror, the self-control as he perceives who the poor woman and the lovely child are, is subtly portrayed; there is nothing theatrical or exaggerated in the situation, it is well felt. Altogether, as a work of art, and as a scathing moral pictorial lesson, it will rank amongst the highest achievements of modern art.

Mr. Mackenzie's picture was sold for £1,800 at the private view; the largest price he had ever received. "The Old Love and the New" was the success of that year at the Royal Academy.

His wife never knew the secret of the picture.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## A DIARY AT VALLADOLID IN THE TIME OF CERVANTES.

BY JOHN ORMSBY.

SOME time ago it was announced in the "Athenæum" that Don Pascual de Gayangos had discovered among the Spanish manuscripts in the British Museum a diary kept by a Portuguese gentleman resident at Valladolid in the spring and summer of 1605, in which there are references showing that the writer was personally acquainted with Cervantes. A more welcome literary treasure-trove could scarcely be imagined, for of the personality of Cervantes we know if possible less than we know of Shakespeare's. We do not even know what he was like, except by his own playful description. The Stratford bust, the Droeshout engraving, and the Chandos picture may not be altogether satisfactory; but they are unimpeachable presentments compared with the extant portraits of Cervantes. Besides, if there is any one period in his life of which we know less than we do of any other, it is that between the time he left Andalusia and finally took up his residence at Madrid. All we know, indeed, is, that during the latter part of it he lived at Valladolid, and published "Don Quixote."

In the intervals of his labors at the "Calendar of State Papers," Señor Gayangos was able to make a thorough examination of the MS., the results of which, together with a Spanish translation of the more interesting portions of the Diary, he gave in a series of articles in the "Revista de España;" and with the help of the distinguished dramatic critic, Señor Menendez Pelayo, and of a Portuguese *savant*, Dr. García Peres, he succeeded at length in identifying the writer of the Diary. The first leaf or two of the British Museum MS. are missing, but fortunately Dr. García Peres had in his possession another, and also an abridgment, which furnished the desired clue. The diarist proves to have been Thomé Pinheiro da Veiga, Doctor and Professor of Civil Law in the University of Coimbra (born 1571, died 1656), a man of considerable mark in his day, who rose to the highest judicial posts in Portugal. He is men-

tioned in Barbosa Machado's "Bibliotheca Lusitana," as an uncompromising champion of the independence of the courts of justice, and it is to his zeal in that cause that we owe the Diary; for he was at the time *ouvidor* or local judge at Esgueira; and the object of his journey to Valladolid in 1605 was to appeal to the Crown against the encroachments upon his jurisdiction attempted by the Duke of Aveiro, the lord of the district. Nothing of this, however, is disclosed in the Diary. There is not a trace of the traditional gravity of the judge in its sprightly pages. To all appearance it is the production of a man who had no object in view but to see life and enjoy himself at the gayest capital in Europe, as Valladolid then was.

It is a severe test, no doubt, to compare it with books like Count de Grammont's Memoirs and the Countess d'Aulnoy's Travels; nevertheless, the comparison may fairly be made. It would be unreasonable, of course, to look for the same finish in a thing of this sort as is to be found in the polished workmanship of Anthony Hamilton; but Dr. Pinheiro had no small share of De Grammont's vivacity and wit, and could sketch a portrait or a scene with a light free touch not very inferior to the brilliant Frenchman's; and it will surprise no reader of the extracts quoted by Señor Gayangos that the writer has been suspected by good critics of being the author of the wittiest book in the Portuguese language, the "Arte de Furtar" (Art of Stealing), generally attributed, but on insufficient grounds, to the great Jesuit preacher, Antonio Vieira. Any comparison with Madame d'Aulnoy must be to the advantage of the diarist. As a Portuguese he could look at things from a foreigner's point of view, while at the same time he was perfectly at home among the Spaniards; and, of course, a man's opportunities for studying life were far better than any woman's, however keen her thirst for knowledge might be. And then, Valladolid under Philip III. was a very different place from Madrid under

Charles II. Society was disposed to indemnify itself for the gloom and austerity of the last reign, very much as society was at the Restoration in England. The young King loved pleasure and hated business. It seemed, the diarist says, as if he and his ministers were striving to get rid of the ascetic gravity and aversion to every kind of human pleasure that had distinguished the late King and his ministers. Valladolid, moreover, was especially gay at the time of Pinheiro's visit. Shortly after his arrival, the prince, afterwards Philip IV., was born and baptized amid great rejoicings, and at the same time the Earl of Nottingham, better known as Lord Howard of Effingham, came at the head of a splendid and numerous retinue—700 persons in all, we are told—to ratify the treaty of peace with England; and the Court, in its satisfaction at the event, resolved to spare nothing to give the foreigners a reception befitting the dignity of the Spanish Crown. The dullest of diarists could hardly help leaving a lively record behind him under such circumstances.

It may be as well to say here that the hopes held out by the original title in the "*Revista de España*" ("*Cervantes en Valladolid*"), and in the notice in the "*Athenæum*," are not realized. Of Cervantes personally we learn absolutely nothing from Thomé Pinheiro. The name occurs only once in the diary; and though Don Pascual still clings to the idea that the reference may possibly be to the author of "*Don Quixote*," this is somewhat more than doubtful. The reader shall judge for himself. The diarist says, in his abrupt way:—

"I will tell you a most charming story about Lope García de la Torre, whom you know. His wife, who is of high family and extremely handsome, sits up all night gambling and losing two or three hundred ducats in her own house, without troubling herself in the least about her husband. He goes to bed early, and if by any chance he calls her and tells her to come, she answers, 'Hold your tongue, and let me play, Lope García. You won't? Cervantes, give me here that taws' (*palmatória*, an instrument made of leather thongs fixed to a wooden handle, used by schoolmasters), 'and we'll see if I can't make him hold his tongue. Señor Don Lope, so long as I play with what is my own, hold your tongue; when it is with what is yours, scold away.'"

From the use of the present tense, and

from the words "by any chance," *por casualidad*, it is clear that this refers, not to some solitary incident witnessed by the narrator, but to something of repeated occurrence in Don Lope's house, which had apparently come to be a standing joke. Now it is, to say the least, highly improbable that Cervantes could have been night after night dangling in the *salon* of a gambling lady of fashion. He had something else to do of an evening. To judge by the depositions taken in the Ezpeleta affair, it is more likely that his occupation at such hours was balancing accounts or drawing up petitions or memorials. It by no means follows that the Cervantes called to by the lady must have been the novelist. The name was a common one enough in Spain at the time, though now it seems to be almost confined to Mexico and Columbia, and it is far more likely that in this instance it belonged to some page or attendant. At any rate, this is the only instance in which it seems to be mentioned; and it is going rather too far to sound upon it the theory that Pinheiro numbered Cervantes among his acquaintances.

*Per contra* there is his silence with regard to the Ezpeleta affair, though he was in Valladolid at the time, and for a month afterwards. On the 27th of June 1605, one Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta received a wound in a street brawl near the door of the house in which Cervantes lodged. He was taken in, and died there shortly afterwards, in consequence of which Cervantes and his family were haled before the authorities, and he, his sister, his daughter, and his niece kept in custody for two days—the theory of the officers being that the quarrel in which the dead man had received the wound arose out of a love-affair in which one of the young women was involved. Surely if Pinheiro had known Cervantes personally, however slight his acquaintance might be, he would not have passed over in silence an incident so noteworthy as this, and in itself much more so than many he has recorded.

"Don Quixote" is referred to once or twice. Although only two or three months published, it had already taken the public fancy so much that Don Quixote and Sancho Panza figured in a kind of street harlequinade, just as to



this day Don Quixote and Dulcinea parade the streets of Saragossa at the October *fêtes*. It is true that some ladies near the diarist did not quite take the allusion, for he heard them asking, "Is this the Portuguese ambassador, or who is it?" As it so happened, the Don Quixote was a Portuguese gentleman, which leads Pinheiro to observe, "This is how we Portuguese come to be despised here." Considering how newly born the book was, it is very significant that he himself does not think any explanation called for, but always assumes that the friend for whose amusement the Diary was written knows all about the characters of the romance. It is one more proof of the rapidity and completeness with which "Don Quixote" established itself as a popular work. It is not, however, quite so marvellous as Don Pascual de Gayangos seems disposed to regard it. He calls attention more than once to the strange fact that the characters and incidents of "Don Quixote" were familiar to the people of Valladolid "perhaps before the book had been published at Madrid," and accounts for it by referring to the story of Cervantes reading his MS. at the Duke of Béjar's. There is, no doubt, ample evidence that "Don Quixote" was pretty well known before it had been sent to the press; but at the time the diarist is speaking of it must have been some months in print and in circulation. The list of errata is dated December 1, 1604, and the *tasa*, or assessment of the price, December 20, showing that it was then printed. The additional privilege for Portugal, prefixed to the *second* edition, bears date February 9, 1605, which proves that the Portuguese booksellers must have already received copies of the first, and were proceeding to pirate the book; and, in fact, two Lisbon editions were licensed by the Holy Office in February and in March. If, then, copies of the first edition reached Lisbon—as it is clear they did—by the beginning of February at the latest, *a fortiori*, they must have reached Valladolid, the capital, and not one-third of the distance, by March or April. The wonder, after all, is not that "Don Quixote" is mentioned; but that in the diary of a man of wit, culture, and reading, as Pinheiro undoubtedly was, there

are not more numerous and sympathetic references to a book that had already so distinctly proved its quality. The explanation probably is that, though not insensible to the merits of "Don Quixote," he was in the opposite camp. There are certain indications in his style suggesting a leaning to the "culto" school, which from the outset was hostile to "Don Quixote;" and he was evidently a reader and an admirer of the romances of chivalry, and perhaps not very favorably disposed to a book that turned them into merciless ridicule. The Diary, it may be observed, affords ample evidence that the taste for these romances was very far from being on the wane when Cervantes delivered his onslaught, as Bouterwek and others have said.

There is, however, abundant matter in the Diary to compensate for any disappointment as regards fresh facts bearing on "Don Quixote" and its author. To English readers, of course, the most interesting parts will be those that refer to the sojourn of the English Embassy. The northern heretics were evidently objects of curiosity, no less to the diarist himself than to the people of Valladolid; and at first, indeed, of something more than curiosity, for he confesses to certain misgivings as to the consequences of admitting such a number into Spain. "They are all," he says, "sacramentary heretics, and of various sects in rebellion to the Church of Rome. God grant that the preachers that accompany them may leave no evil seed behind them in our Spain." And he gives an awful example of the consequences of consorting with heretics. The ambassador in England (Count Villamediana) had written home to his wife to send him two chaplains of correct life and morals, because of the three he had brought with him from Spain, one was dead, and the other two had gone and married, so that for two months no Mass had been said at the Spanish Embassy. On the other hand, he says, when they landed at Corunna, great numbers of them went into the churches to hear Mass, which vexed the Admiral (Lord Nottingham) so much, that he shipped off thirty of them back to England. And at Valladolid, he himself has seen one or two at Mass; but this, he fears, was more out

of curiosity than devotion. After a little, however, his apprehensions give way to a more hopeful feeling, as he observes the respectful bearing of the Englishmen to the ceremonies of the Church. He was rejoiced to see how the Admiral and the most distinguished of his retinue followed in the procession and entered the church on the occasion of the baptism of the prince, and how they all made a point of uncovering whenever the Host or images were passing; and he was the more pleased because he had been told that they had resolved not to do so. In short, he admits that "although of the proudest and most presumptuous nation in Europe, and moreover heretics, they on the whole behaved with the greatest modesty and moderation, and with as much respect for the images and Holy Sacrament as if they had been Catholics;" so much so, that he says, "there are hopes they will in time return like strayed sheep to the fold of the Church." The Spaniards, on their part, were equally careful to avoid offence. When after a splendid banquet, at which the Duke of Lerma entertained the Embassy, Lope de Vega's comedy of the "Caballero de Illescas" was performed, the Duke called Rios the actor aside and charged him to keep to love-making and fighting, and not to meddle with sacred subjects or miracles, for fear of offending the English. "You understand?" said he. "Perfectly," said the actor; "even if I sneeze I'll take care not to cross myself."

The Admiral evidently made a great impression on Pinheiro by his stately appearance, his dignity and his high-bred courtesy. The only fault he had to find with him was that he was so attached to his Church, with regard to which there is the curious and characteristic observation that in the time of Philip and Mary he was *muy católico*, but turned Lutheran afterwards in the reign of Elizabeth, and became head of the heretics of the kingdom. His "Lutheranism" displayed itself particularly when the Duke of Lerma and he came to settle where the treaty was to be signed, the Admiral insisting that it should not be in a church. "What a pity," the diarist exclaims, "that such a man should be damned!" He did

not know that this was one of the points on which the Earl had received special instructions before leaving London. Of the other members of the Embassy his approval is qualified. "They are all good-looking," he says, "but cold, melancholy, and sombre, and they seem all the more so, with their long cloaks and long hair; for they wear their hair after the fashion of the Nazarenes, reaching, with most of them, down to their shoulders. There is not one of them that has not most beautiful hands, of which they take the greatest possible care; and they are for the most part tall, much more so than our people." This he found out to his cost; for whenever there was anything particular to be seen they always put the English in the front rank, and if he happened to stand behind them, he could not make out what was going on, so big were they. We must not, however, flatter ourselves that any compliment to the stalwart proportions of the English was intended. Huarte, in the "Examen de Ingenios," had years before pointed out that the greater bulk of the Germans and English was, in fact, a proof of inferiority; it was the result, simply, of dilution, the consequence of living in a moister climate. One of the Embassy, Milord Guillobi (Willoughby), seems to have made something of a sensation at Court by a *gallarda* which he danced before the King, "with such bounds and capers, and in such good time and measure, that he was rated next to the King, who is the best and most accomplished dancer of the whole Court."

One day at church he overheard one of a group of ladies say to the others, "What do you say if by way of a frolic we go and see the Admiral and his Englishmen at dinner?" and he followed them and thus had an opportunity of observing the manners and customs of the English at table. They eat, he says, in a very cleanly and decorous fashion, like gentlemen: they eat little and drink less than is the custom with us at a banquet, but the fare is coarse, great quantities of boiled and roast meat; and he remarked they said no grace either before or after dining. A scene of lively *badinage* followed between the Admiral and the ladies, who were all veiled; he requesting them to uncover their faces,

that he might be assured no treachery was intended—they protesting that they were there as his guard of honor; until the Admiral checkmated them by calling for a cup of wine and drinking to them, which compelled the leader to pledge him in return, giving him an opportunity, while she did so, of lifting a corner of the veil and catching a glimpse of a very handsome face. A painter of historical *genre* might have a worse subject than this passage of arms between the fair Spaniards and their old enemy, the stately English Admiral who fought the Armada.

We know, as a matter of history, that the Earl of Nottingham defrayed most of the cost of the Embassy out of his own pocket, for the sum of £15,000 granted by the Treasury was wholly insufficient; but the Spanish Government was nevertheless at heavy charges. At the high table for the Admiral and the gentlemen of his retinue, sixty-two covers, we are told, were laid daily; and a thousand mules, six hundred of them for riding, were placed at their disposal, at a cost of a thousand ducats a-day. There were some grounds, therefore, for the sonnet beginning—

“The Queen was brought to bed, the Lutheran  
came

With heretics and heresies six hundred,”

in which the Court is sharply attacked for its lavish expenditure on behalf of the enemies of the Faith. The sonnet is generally attributed to Gongora; but Señor Gayangos considers it doubtful that he was the author, as it is not to be found in the original printed collections of his poems, and is not included in the MS. list of pieces attributed to him made shortly after his death; and still more doubtful that the official ‘Relacion’ of the rejoicings at Valladolid on the occasion of the prince’s birth, which is sneered at in the last lines, was written by Cervantes, as the sonnet suggests, when it says that the commission to write the account of these doings was given to “Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and his ass.” There is no other reason for supposing that Cervantes had anything to do with it; there is not a trace of his hand perceptible in it; like the letter to Don Diego de Astudillo discovered in the Colombina library at Seville by Señor Fernandez-Guerra, it might

just as well have been written by any one as by Cervantes; and he was not in such favor with the Government that he would have been likely to have the task assigned to him. As for the sonnet, if it is not Gongora’s—and the style, sentiment, and workmanship are very like his—it unquestionably comes from his school, and shows the animus against Cervantes and ‘Don Quixote’ in that section of literary society.

The festivities, which, the poet hints, were more in honor of the heretics than of the heir to the throne, fill a considerable space in the Diary. The English, we are told, looked forward with great anxiety to the bull-fights, such things being unknown in their own country. English tourists in Spain, it may be observed, show much the same eagerness at the present day; the Diary, however, does not tell us whether, after they had seen the bull-fight, King James’s courtiers made it right with their consciences, and asserted their British virtue by inveighing against the brutality of the entertainment, and the barbarity of those who could enjoy it, as the English tourist is given to doing at *tables d’hôte* and in books at Mudie’s. To be sure the bull-fights they saw were not exactly the same thing as the tourist describes with so much gusto, and denounces with such vehemence. The modern *corrida de toros* is a purely democratic institution. Everybody who has any knowledge of Spain knows that among the cultured classes there is a strong feeling on the subject, and that a great many of those whose presence the foreigner regards as an anomaly are present only because they cannot afford to run counter to the popular will. It is “The People,” in the platform sense of the word, who will have the bull-fight, and will have it as it is now, a display of horse-slaughter and a performance by professionals of the Tom Sayers and Tipton Slasher type. In 1605, *los toreros*, we learn from the Diary, were nobles and gentlemen of the Court, who encountered the bull lance in hand and mounted on high-mettled steeds. Horses were indeed sometimes killed. We read here of the Duke of Alva having one that had cost him 1000 ducats killed under him; but such accidents appear to have been exceptional, and

the bull seems to have been given a fair chance of his life—not as in these days, when, if the *Espada* cannot kill him, he is hamstrung with the *medialuna* and then dispatched with the dagger. If it was a cruel sport, at least it was a chivalrous one in 1605. The King did not figure as a *torador*, but in the *juego de cañas*, the javelin games, that followed, he did, and by universal admission made the best figure among all who joined in them. From Pinheiro's account he seems to have had as good a seat on horseback as his son Philip IV. The arena was the Plaza Mayor of Valladolid, perhaps the most picturesque old *plaza* in Spain; and Pinheiro waxes eloquent over the spectacle it presented, with its windows and balconies packed with people and radiant with beauty. He estimates the number of the spectators at over 40,000, nearly four times as many as the present Plaza de Toros at Madrid holds. The landlords of the houses round the *plaza* always, in letting them, reserved the right to dispose of the balconies and windows on these occasions; and though they were obliged to find places gratis for the town council, municipal officers, and officials of the palace, nevertheless they made more in one day than the rent of the houses for a year. Each of these bull-fights, he says, cost at least 30,000 *crusados* (about £3000, but representing, of course, a much larger sum now); but the Valladolid people seem to have thrown their money about pretty freely. "In a matter of pleasure," he remarks, "these devils never think about what it costs;" and in the Diary he gives repeated examples of the lavish expenditure he observed on all sides. In particular, he is severe on the absurd prices paid for bad pictures, and for horses that he himself would not have given 200 ducats for. He notes, by the way, the horses presented to the English, who, he says, took away with them a great number of choice horses and mares of the best breeds, and in exchange sold the "wretched hacks" (*ruines rocines*) they brought with them from their own country and think a great deal of. Apparently English horse-flesh had not yet made a reputation on the Continent in the reign of James I. It would be interesting if some one versed in its his-

tory could ascertain whether this infusion of Spanish blood in 1605 produced any effect upon the breed. *Appropos* of the extravagance of the nobles, he has a curious remark, which very possibly has a modicum at least of historical truth imbedded in it: "They say it was the late King, the father of this one, that encouraged the *grandees* to indulge in expenditure of this sort and to run in debt, no doubt in order that, being short of money, they might not recover their old spirit." Of course it was a matter of vital importance to Philip II. to maintain the policy of his father and great-grandfather, and keep the nobles from regaining any portion of their old power; and a device of this sort was not unlike the man. The State itself, however, was not much less reckless. It is clear that in Pinheiro's opinion the only thing that kept Spain from financial ruin was the silver poured into the country from the mines on the other side of the Atlantic. "But for this," he says, "you would very soon see the Spanish supremacy disappear; and it was this that supported the Emperor's armies, the wars of Flanders, and the other monstrous expenses of the last century." He quotes a current saying, to the effect that arms and letters ennoble and enrich kingdoms; but the arms of Flanders and the letters of exchange of Genoa had ruined the Spanish monarchy. If it was not for these two "mouths of hell," as he calls them, that swallow all, the roads of Castile, he says, might be paved with silver, so much comes into the country annually from the Indies.

The portrait he draws of the all-powerful Duke of Lerma is curious and not unfavorable. It bears out the character for good-nature which all historians give the Minister of Philip III. Nobody, we are told, ever quitted his presence dissatisfied, and had he not been so inaccessible he would have been idolised. His own reason for being difficult of access was, that he was unable to refuse when favors were begged of him. According to Pinheiro, he owed a portion of his vast wealth to a singular custom that obtained at the Spanish Court. When the doctors ordered any great man to be bled, it was the correct thing for every one who wished to stand well with him to send him a present "to comfort

his blood"; and as the Duke's good-will was desired throughout the length and breadth of the Spanish dominions, gifts poured in upon him from all quarters whenever bloodletting was prescribed for him by the faculty. "Last year," says the Diary, "a slight indisposition brought him 200,000 *crúzados*." If so, his wealth, had he been a covetous man, need only have been limited by his blood-making powers, for by all accounts the Spanish doctors of the period were remarkably ready with their lancets.

There are portraits, too, of the Duke's lieutenants, his *braços*—"arms"—as the Diary calls them, Pedro Franqueza and Rodrigo Calderón, the two most powerful men in the kingdom after himself. Of the more famous of the two, Calderón, the sketch is slight; but the account of Franqueza is very interesting, and has a value for any future historian of the reign of Philip III. For one thing, it fully justifies Lerma's choice of the man for his secretary, and the confidence he reposed in him. According to Pinheiro, Franqueza was a man of rare capacity and attitude for business, an indefatigable worker, and a zealous and faithful servant. With dignity he combined great courtesy and admirable temper, and remained wholly unspoiled by the Duke's favor and the height of power to which he had been raised. "He is, in a word," says the Diary, "the best and ablest minister of King Philip III., and the one most deserving of the high office he discharges." A little more than a year from the time when this was written Franqueza was in prison, where he died shortly afterwards raving mad; and but a few years later the other arm, Calderón, paid the penalty of Lerma's favor on the scaffold. Thomé Pinheiro was a shrewd man of the world, and no doubt knew well how unstable was the position of a favorite's favorite; but what would he have said to such a forecast as this when he was making his notes?

Of the King personally there is not much in the Diary; but what little there is said of him conveys somehow the idea of an amiable, well-meaning man, who, in a more bracing political atmosphere, might have been a good king, if not a very great or wise one. A pleasant little picture is given of the King and Queen

away from Valladolid, strolling about the streets of a country town in the full enjoyment of trusting themselves to the affection of their people, without their usual following of attendants or Flemish guard; and for a man who is commonly represented as the embodiment of bigotry and superstition, what it says of Philip in another place is remarkable. Mentioning the King's departure for Burgos on a Tuesday, an unlucky day according to the ideas of the ignorant and superstitious, it adds that he and the royal family made a point of setting out on their journeys on that day, in order to uproot and do away with the idea. It is hardly worth observing that Pinheiro had no motive for flattering portraiture of potent personages in a diary which, it is clear, was originally intended only for the eye of some friend who was interested in Spain, and who appears to have accompanied him on the occasion of his first visit.

He was greatly struck by the general affability and condescension of the grandees, but at the same time he was amused by the childish lengths to which punctilio was carried in Castile, more especially in the matter of titles; one of the minor consequences, very likely, of the diminished power and political importance of the nobility since the time of Charles V. Dukes and grandees considered themselves aggrieved if the title of *Excelencia* was withheld from them; not to address a Conde as *Señoría* was in the highest degree offensive; while the *Vuestra merced*, the universal *usted*—"your worship"—of the present day, almost amounted to a downright insult. Things had even come to such a pass that damages for non-observance of these points were recoverable in the law courts. He cites a case which is in its way an illustration of feminine pertinacity. An old lady who strongly objected to these niceties, and called every one indiscriminately *Merced*, visiting the Dowager Condesa de Lemus, addressed her in that form. The Condesa, urged by her relatives, took her remedy at law, and obtained a decree. When they came to enforce payment, the old lady called out to her major-domo, "Go, pay this servant of her worship the Condesa at once; and tell him that if her worship wants to find out a way

of making herself rich and me poor, all she has to do is to meet me very often."

He reports an encounter of the same sort between two famous men in the preceding reign—the great Duke of Alva and Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, the soldier, statesman, diplomatist, poet, historian, and, greatest distinction of all, author of "*Lazarillo de Tormes*." Meeting Mendoza by chance, the Duke, fancying that he might take a liberty with a man who had formerly served under him, threw his arms round his neck and hailed him with, "Welcome, Caballero!" A Mendoza, and least of all Don Diego, was not likely to stand this familiarity, even from a Toledo and a descendant of the Emperors of the East; so the poet capped the salutation by returning the embrace with, "Very welcome, my tulip!"—if it be allowable so to translate the Spanish familiar term of endearment, "*mi cara de Pascua*."

The British Museum MS. of the Diary has no title-page or description prefixed to it; but these are supplied by the other, a more recent one, Señor Gayangos thinks, which was sent to him from Portugal by its owner, Dr. Peres. In imitation of the pompous pedantry of the then dominant "*culto*" school, Pinheiro calls his notes "*Fastigenia*" or "*Fastos Geniaes*," and says they were found in Merlin's tomb, along with the "*Quest of the Holy Grail*," by the Archbishop Turpin. He divided them into two sections—the Philipistrea, dealing with the festivities on the occasion of the birth of the Prince Philip; and the Pratilogia, which treats of the humors, manners, and conversation of the Prado, more especially of the ladies frequenting it. To these he added afterwards a third, with the title of Pincigrafía, an account, historical and descriptive, of Valladolid (*olim* Pincia), which Don Pascual considers to be the fullest and most accurate description extant of Valladolid as it was in the seventeenth century, and of which he has given a translation *in extenso*, as he has also of a sort of appendix, possibly not the work of Thomé Pinheiro, describing a not over-creditable adventure of that brilliant scamp Juan de Tassis, second Count Villamediana, whose tragic end early in the next reign is still one of the mysteries of Spanish history.

From the Pratilogia he gives no extracts, as it is, he says, merely a record of the diarist's gallantries and amatory adventures, which, moreover, seem to be told in a style formed on that of the romances of chivalry, and stuffed with whole passages taken from the Palmerins, Primaleón, Florisel de Niquea, and Amadis of Greece; and very likely Thomé Pinheiro is not, in this division of his diary, a particularly edifying writer. It is clear, indeed, from divers of the extracted passages, that he was not, any more than his successors, De Grammont, Pepys, or D'Aulnoy, one who wrote *virginibus puerisque*; and he himself confesses—as much with great candor and sprightliness in some preliminary observations addressed to the friend for whose benefit he recorded his experiences. "To prevent any misunderstanding," he says, "I must warn you not to be shocked if you find any objectionable expressions in my book, for I never learned theology, and very likely have said hundreds of indecorous things in this diary of life at Court. If I seem to you rather too free-spoken in the stories and anecdotes I repeat, remember that it is only in the house of a man that has been hanged that we must not on any account mention a rope; the virtuous and pure like myself have more freedom of speech." As has been already said, the worthy judge never for an instant betrays his calling, or drops a hint of the business that brought him to Valladolid. So far as the reader of the Diary can perceive, his only serious occupation there was, in point of fact, gallivanting. His mornings may have been taken up with arguing the case of his jurisdiction with Franqueza, and poring over dry precedents; but if so, he amply indemnified himself afterwards. Whenever he caught sight of a mantilla that seemed to hold out a promise of a pretty face, or got a glimpse of a pair of bright eyes in a passing coach, he was off at once in pursuit, and never slackened sail until he had overhauled the chase and poured in a broadside of blandishment and *badinage*. On his own showing, he was by no means victorious in these encounters; but this, of course, may possibly be only the magnanimity of a conqueror. Don Pascual de Gayangos, however, says that in the

Pratilogia, which specially treats of this kind of skirmishing, the fair Vallesolitanas seem always to have held their own, and given him at least as good as he brought. Be that as it may, he always acknowledges their wit and readiness of repartee handsomely, and even more than handsomely. "With the Valladolid girls," he says, quoting one of Sancho Panza's proverbs, "there's no good in trying to play with false dice;" and the numerous instances he gives of their "quick answers" prove them to have been mistresses of what would be called in the vulgar tongue "chaff"—though, as he himself admits, these things transferred to paper lose a great deal of their point and sparkle, and to us, of course, they are necessarily flatter than yesterday's champagne.

Now and then, it is true, we get a droll story, as in the explanation of "Talk as you go, as the wife of the man that was hanged said,"—referring to the case of the man on his way to execution, who stopped every instant to give his wife some fresh instructions as to what she was to do after his death, until at length the good woman, losing patience, exclaimed, "Talk as you go, husband, for it's getting late." But for the most part, though we must admit the promptitude of the replies, we have to take their point on trust, and make allowance for that occasional flavor of *double entendre* that gave them piquancy for Thomé Pinheiro. But free-spoken and free in their manners, as the Valladolid ladies undoubtedly were, it would be a mistake, he asserts again and again, to impute any further laxity to them as a body; and he contrasts them with his own countrywomen, who, with all their prudery, he hints, were too often no better than they should be. He was evidently a staunch advocate of the enfranchisement of women. He attributes the greater charm of the Castilians, and their superiority in wit, gaiety, and ease of manner, to the liberty they enjoyed. "I should very much like to know," he says, "what harm there is in it, compared with the hypocrisy and seclusion of Portugal, where, as if the women of our country were not our own sisters, and the daughters of our fathers, we treat them like irrational beings, shutting them up and not allowing them to see or

speak to anybody." At the same time, it is clear that he could not quite understand the husbands of these very free-and-easy Castilian ladies, or make up his mind whether to regard them as fools or philosophers. The unconcern with which they looked on at the flirtations of their wives, and listened to the things their admirers said to them, filled him with amazement.

But the fathers of Valladolid seem to have been equally philosophical. At least he tells a story to the point,—and of no less a personage than Gondomar, afterwards ambassador to England, who, when one of his daughter's admirers was about to treat her to a serenade, and the musicians he had brought were beginning to tune their instruments, appeared at a window, and called out to them, "For God's sake, gentlemen, take my daughter away with you at once, and don't deafen me with all that guitar-strumming at my own door!" Bacon, who seems to have relished the dry Spanish humor, and Gondomar's sayings in particular, would, no doubt, have included this in his collection if it had reached him.

According to Pinheiro, it was a very butterfly existence that of the Valladolid ladies. With them, he says, there were 365 *fête-days* in the ordinary year, and 366 in leap-year. Dressing for the Prado was the chief business of their life, and to be admired its main object. "See, my dear, how we have wasted our time this morning," he overheard one say to another one day; "we have been two hours at the dressing-table, and those gentlemen pass by and don't say a word to us." He did not think very much of their piety, but he admits that they were very steady church-goers; and, indeed, next to the Prado, the church seems to have been his own favorite cruising-ground. It enabled him to kill two birds with one stone, so to speak. Thus, on one occasion, seeing some very attractive ladies leaving the church, he says, "As we had already heard Mass, we made after them and followed them." "As we had already heard Mass" is delicious: a whole essay on Pinheiro and his diary would fail to give as complete an idea of the man and the book as we get from this half-dozen words.

His *naïveté*, indeed, is perhaps his most charming characteristic, and all the more charming for being a rare quality in a diarist. Keeping a diary seems to be a somewhat self-conscious occupation; and diary-keepers, as a rule, give one an idea of writing before a looking-glass, with a careful consideration of their own features and expression. There is, to be sure, a certain Cockney *naïveté* about Pepys; but Pinheiro's is of the exuberant Southern sort, which is incomparably more delightful. It is a thousand pities that this record of his flirtations, as he calls it himself, cannot well be made available for general amusement; but it is to be feared the difficulties in the way are insuperable. A diary is not a sort of composition that lends itself readily to translation. Even translating into a language so closely allied to the original as the Spanish, Señor Gayangos finds it necessary repeatedly to give the Portuguese in a footnote in order to preserve the full flavor. From what he says, too, as well as from sundry quoted passages, it is clear that no editor, be he ever so little of a Bowdler, could possibly give Master Thomé Pinheiro's very frank statements and meditations *in extenso*; and another objection, apparently, in Don Pascual's eyes is that the diarist deals a great deal too freely with the names of personages about the Court; though one would fancy that the lapse of nearly three centuries would have made the lively judge's gossip quite harmless by this time.

But if it is vain to look for an edition that would put Pinheiro within the reach of the readers that enjoy Count de Grammont and Madame d'Aulnoy, it is not unreasonable to hope, at least, that such a lucky "find" will not be allowed to remain in manuscript, but that it will be sooner or later made accessible in print to scholars and students. "Works of this sort," says Don Pascual, "diaries, memoirs, letters, in which the writer puts into shape his impressions of the society in which he lives, and unbosoms himself to a friend, without any fears of Inquisition or other danger, are, in my opinion, a valuable addition to

history;" and this accurately describes Pinheiro's diary, and indicates its peculiar value to the historical student. The society that furnished him with materials for his notes was a curious and in many ways an interesting one, and one, besides, of which we have very few trustworthy pictures. And, moreover, in this case the diarist was clearly a reporter of exceptional qualifications. He was a shrewd, clever man of the world, who knew life and men and women well. He was an acute observer, and shows signs of a political sagacity that does not seem to have been very common among his contemporaries. His opportunities, too, were excellent; he did not live inside the magic circle of the Court, but he could come close enough to observe all that went on within it. It is plain that he was on familiar terms with many of the leading men of the day, and no doubt his business at Valladolid and his professional status gave him an insight into affairs such as no mere outsider or passing traveller could hope to obtain; and if to these advantages are added wit, humor, unfailing animal spirits, and a lively pen, it is not easy to see what more can be desired to make a good diary.

In the meantime, the two pamphlets in which Don Pascual de Gayangos has reprinted the articles contributed by him to the "Revista de España" will be welcome as a substitute, and all the more so for being illustrated by notes such as he only could have supplied. It was, indeed, a lucky chance that put Pinheiro's manuscript into his hands. Of necessity it deals largely with personages and events that have dropped out of history, or never had a place in it, and he alone, perhaps, could have explained its allusions, and furnished the key to the references. He is as intimately acquainted with the Court of Philip III., and the family histories, intermarriages, and connections of the Spanish nobility of 1605, as the editor of a "Society Journal" pretends, or is believed by his readers, to be with the private affairs of the English aristocracy of 1886—and more than that need not be said for the extent of his knowledge.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



## THE RELATIONS OF HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.\*

BY JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

THE subject of which I have to treat—a subject so large that I shall not be expected to do more than touch on a few of its salient features—is the relation which ought to exist between the study and the teaching of history and the study of geography. What are the points in which chiefly these two subjects touch one another. What is the kind of geographical knowledge which the teacher of history ought to possess in order to make his historical teaching as exact and complete, as philosophical and suggestive, as possible. I will attempt to indicate some of the points where geography and history touch one another, and to show from what sort of treatment of geography it is that light may be thrown on the progress and life of nations and of States.

Geography is as a meeting-point between the sciences of Nature and the sciences of man. I do not say it is the only meeting-point, for there are others; but it is one of the most conspicuous and important, for geography has to look upon man as being a natural growth—that is to say, a part of Nature, a part of the physical world—w<sup>h</sup>o is conditioned in his development and progress by the forces which Nature brings to bear upon him. In other words, he is in history the creature of his environment, not altogether its creature, but working out also those inner forces which he possesses as a rational and moral being; but on one side, at all events, he is largely determined and influenced by the environment of Nature. Now, this environment is not everywhere in Nature the same. There are certain elements of environment which belong to the whole world, and affect all its inhabitants, but there are others in which different countries and different parts of a country differ; and it is in discovering the varying effects produced on the growth of man as a social and political, a wealth-acquiring and State-forming

creature, by the geographical surroundings in which he is placed, that we find the meeting-point of geography and history. If we were studying zoology and investigating the history and peculiarities of any species of animal, we could not do so apart from a knowledge of the country which it inhabits and the kind of life which the character of that country compels it to lead. In the same way, if we look at man as a part of animate Nature, we must have the same regard to the forces Nature brings to bear upon him, and the opportunities Nature holds out to him. Of course, in the case of man, the problem is far more complex and interesting than in the case of any other creature, because man is a more varied and intricate being, with his activities more multiform, and because these activities have been continually expanding themselves and establishing fresh relations between himself and the rest of the world. Therefore the study of man in Nature is far more vast and difficult than the study of other types of life. Yet even man, although he may lift himself above his environment, cannot altogether escape from its power. He must obey, suiting himself to the conditions and to the influences in and through which the environment plays upon him.

We may divide these influences of the Environment under three heads or groups. The first will include those due to the configuration of the earth's surface; that is to say, to the distribution of land and sea, the arrangement of mountain chains, table-lands and valleys, the existence of rivers and the basins which they drain. These features of the configuration of the earth's surface act upon man in a great variety of ways. I will endeavor presently to illustrate some of them, but for the moment it may be enough to say that in early times it is they which determine the directions in which races move,\* the

\* An address delivered to the Royal Geographical Society on January 19th, 1886, in the rooms of their Geographical Exhibition.

\* Sir J. D. Hooker made *à propos* of this the interesting remark that some of the lowest and apparently oldest of the races of man are found

spots in which civilization first develops itself, the barriers which separate races and States from one another. Upon them depend, in more advanced periods, the frequency and ease with which communication takes place between two races or political communities. The configurations of land and sea are, of course, the dominant factors in fixing the lines which commerce takes. Even if we come down to such a minor point as the character which the structure of the land gives to the coast, we remark that it depends on this structure whether there are many ports and harbors or not. In Norway, for instance, one perceives that a mountainous land, raised at a very remote geological epoch, has caused the coast to assume its present highly indented form, and has fringed it with a line of sheltering islands. Hence an abundance of safe ports and inlets giving opportunities for the growth of a seafaring people, who at one time became famous for piracy, at another wealthy by their mercantile marine. Compare such conditions with those of countries where the want of harbors makes it difficult for the people to turn to account the advantages which the sea offers them.

A second class of Environment influences would be those belonging to meteorology and climate, meaning thereby the conditions of heat and cold under which a race of men develops itself, with the amount of rain and frequency of drought. Such influences tell upon the strength and stature, as well as upon the health, of a race. There are also the winds, whose importance is not confined to commerce, but powerfully affects climate also. Heat and cold make all the difference to the kind of life which primitive man leads. Rain and drought are prime factors as regards the fertility of a country, its products and the habits of life of the people who dwell in it; for instance, a race will become settled and agricultural in a well-watered country, while remaining nomads

in one subject to extreme droughts; and all the influences that bear on the healthiness of the people of a particular country have an immense deal to do with the degree of civilization which the population attains, and the capacity of the territory to become the home of immigrants from other regions. I may, perhaps, tell you of a remark I once heard on the subject from the most illustrious patriarch of modern science. The last time I saw Mr. Darwin, shortly before his death, but when he was apparently in good health, the conversation happened to turn on the parts of the earth which still remain available for occupation by civilized man; and it was remarked that as North America was now nearly filled up, it was not to be expected that there would be in any other region an equally great development of civilized nations, since such comparatively thinly peopled regions as exist in Central Africa and South America suffer from the prevalence of malarial fever and other maladies incident to hot and moist climates. Mr. Darwin observed that this might depend on the progress of medical science, that it was quite possible discoveries might be made in medical science which would render tropical countries less dangerous to the white races, referring to the researches of M. Pasteur, and the probability that that line of medical research might be worked out much further by discovering methods of inoculation which would preserve the human body against the attacks of intermittent fevers. Any one can see how important a factor in the future of the human race is the circumstance that nearly all the regions which can be inhabited by civilized European man, with our present knowledge of medicine, are fast being occupied, and that some further discovery in medical science or change in modes of life will be necessary if the Equatorial regions are to become available for European immigration.

We may, I think, put into the third class of influences of Environment the products which a country offers to human industry. There are its mineral products, which become valuable by mining, or digging for sulphur and gypsum, or quarrying building-stone. It is worth observing that you may classify countries and parts of countries according as they

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at the extremities of the continents, to which they would seem to have been pressed down by more vigorous tribes. Thus the Bushmen are at the southern end of Africa, the Fuegians of South America, the Tasmanians of the Asiatic-Australian group of lands, the Veddahs of Ceylon at the southern extremity of Asia.

are stone-building or brick-building regions, and you will be surprised to find the difference in architecture between the two. If you travel across Italy from east to west, for instance, you constantly get out of brick and into stone regions as you enter the mountains, and you find the character of the cities alters immediately. In civilized States, the products of a country obtain their chief importance as determining the extent and nature of its commerce. But in primitive times they affect the type of the race itself through the primary necessities of life, such as food, clothing, fuel. A race, however naturally vigorous, which finds itself in a country where the severity of the climate or sterility of the soil limits production, will find its progress in the arts and refinements of life fatally restricted. This has happened in Iceland, where the race is of admirable quality, but the country produces nothing save a few sheep and horses, and some sulphur; it has not even fuel, except such driftwood as is cast on the shores. And if you take such a part of the world as Central or Northern Asia, you will see that the highest European races would, if placed there, find it almost impossible to develop a high type of civilization for want as well of fuel as of the sources of commercial wealth. The same considerations apply to the animals the country produces. The animals affect man in his early state in respect to the enemies he has to face, in respect to his power of living by the chase, in respect to the clothing which their furs and skins offer to him, and in respect to the use he is enabled to make of them as beasts of burden or for food. Therefore, zoology comes to form a very important part of the environment out of which historical man springs.

The consideration of these various kinds of influence will suggest a number of heads or branches of geography which may be worked out, each of which may be found to have an important bearing on history. I will suggest a few.

There is ethnological geography, which will be concerned with the races of men, their distribution and mutual relations to one another. There is sanitary geography, in which we shall examine the extent to which different parts of the earth's surface are fit for the main-

tenance of man with a prospect of long and vigorous life, what kinds of diseases dangerous to man each region gives rise to, what influence these health conditions will exert on the capability of the region to receive or permit the increase of a race accustomed to a different climate. Then there is commercial geography, which is concerned with the interchange of products. There is linguistic geography, showing the distribution of languages and examining the causes which diffuse some tongues and extinguish others. The constant diminution in the number of languages spoken in the world is among the most striking facts of history, and proceeds faster now than in earlier times. There is political geography, which shows what are the relations of the artificial boundaries of States to the natural boundaries which Nature has tried to draw, and which have become of later years more important by the consolidation of small States into large ones. It is a subject with several subdivisions, such as military geography, legal geography, the geography of religions. Military geography will show how mountain chains and passes and the courses of rivers determine the lines followed by national immigrations, by invasions, and by the march of armies, and will indicate particular parts of the world, such as the plains of Lombardy, Belgium, the north-east of France, or, to take a familiar instance from our own island, that part of Scotland on the middle course of the river Forth, as the places where we must look for the theatre of military history. With regard to the military study of the geography of the Alps, I do not know any more interesting work for a member of the Geographical Society or of the Alpine Club to devote himself to than a history of the Alps, showing what during the Dark and Middle Ages were the means of transit across this great mountain barrier, and the routes followed by the armies which so frequently marched from Germany or France into Italy.

There is also legal geography, which is concerned with the relations which law bears to geography in respect to the special provisions that have been made regarding those particular parts of the world where different States are concerned in securing free transit through

arms of the sea. Legal geography has had a great deal to do with regulating the navigation of the Sound between Denmark and Sweden, and of the Great and Little Belts, as also with the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, as being sea channels in which several States are interested, and which therefore cannot be surrendered to the absolute control of one State. And I need not say that in respect of that half-artificial, half-natural passage, the Suez Canal, one finds geography intimately connected with a subject apparently so remote from it as law. Then there is Commercial Geography. The science of commerce depends so directly upon the configuration of the earth and the productive aptitudes of its countries, and in its turn affects so potently the course of economic and political history, that I shall be content with one illustration—that drawn from the Suez Canal, which has just been referred to in its legal aspect. The line of the Red Sea, and the passage from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, through Egyptian territory, was a very important trade route in ancient times, and it was with a view to the trade coming from the East that Alexander the Great did one of the most considerable acts of his life when he founded Alexandria. That continued to be an important route during the later Roman Empire and through the Dark Ages, so far as those troublous times permitted, and the products of India and Equatorial Africa came up the Red Sea and across the Isthmus, and were shipped at Alexandria to the Western world. There was also an important trade route through Central Asia, which coming down through Persia and Mesopotamia to the Levant, reached the sea in Northern Syria, and another through Northern Persia and Armenia to the easternmost ports of the Black Sea. These trade routes assumed enormous importance in the earlier Middle Ages, and upon them great political issues turned. Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and the other commercial cities of Italy, depended on this Eastern trade. The Genoese had for a time a monopoly of that in the Black Sea, and founded settlements and built forts of which the ruins may still be seen on the north coast of Asia Minor. So things went on till the Portuguese discoveries of the

fifteenth century. After the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, these trade routes into the Mediterranean fell into disuse. Thus withered the commercial greatness of Venice. She ceased to be a great trading power, and had to live on her Italian territories and such fragments of dominion as she was able to pick up out of the wreck of the Eastern Roman Empire. Venice was in most intimate relations with the other States of Italy—with Germany, with the Pope, and with France—and all these political relations were affected by the discovery of the route round the Cape. In the course of the last century the sea traffic with the East, which had been divided between Portugal, England, and Holland, for the share of Spain had become small, passed chiefly into the hands of English merchants. England has become the great maritime power, for the purposes of commerce as well as of war, and it is her commercial interests that led her to acquire dominions on the Asiatic continent, and made her at last the imperial power of the East. Then comes M. Ferdinand De Lesseps. When the Suez Canal is opened the trade route round the Cape suddenly stops, as the passenger route had ceased some time previously, and trade again begins to flow through the Red Sea and by the new canal into the Mediterranean, and the products which came round the Cape now come to Southern Europe direct, and the Russians get their tea straight from Canton or Shanghai by steamers which run from those ports to Odessa, and Southern France gets her cotton and silk through the Suez Canal to Marseilles; whereas formerly the great bulk of Eastern imports were shipped to England and the other ports of North-Western Europe, and were thence distributed over the Continent. Thus the result of the making of the Suez Canal is that we are no longer the great centre of European distribution. We are still a financial centre, where the financial part of the business is mainly transacted; but we are no longer a country which receives and distributes the products, as we were before the Suez Canal was opened. This change is obviously fraught with results which may be of great importance in the future. We know what a large part the Suez Canal

has played in the politics of Europe during the last ten or fifteen years, and herein we see how much may be due to one single change in the relations of land and sea.

So, also, it would be easy to show how the opening of the Panama Canal (if it ever is opened, and its prospects are for the moment not encouraging) will affect trade, and through trade, political history. It would powerfully tell upon the commerce of Europe with Australasia, a great part of which would be diverted from the Suez to the Panama route. A great development would be given to Oregon, British Columbia, and the western coast of South America. The Californians would be able to defy that great trans-continental railroad company which now controls them in so many ways. Chili, Peru, and Ecuador would be brought within the closer touch of the great European Powers and of the United States. In fact, the history of all the countries bordering on the Pacific would be absolutely changed if this cut were made between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific.

Perhaps no two illustrations could be more to the point than these of the two inter-oceanic canals. But a simple method of endeavoring to apply such general considerations as have been put forward is to run through some of the leading countries of the world, and show how we can bring the light of geography to bear on their political, social, and economical history. Such illustrations will explain how the possession of geographical knowledge and a full grasp of the geographical conditions under which nations and States grow up will enable a person studying their history to comprehend it more adequately and realize it more vividly.

Let us begin with the largest of the continents and the one where the curtain first rises on civilized man. What light on the historical growth and progress of Asia will be thrown by a knowledge of her natural conditions? We perceive that the whole centre of Asia is a mass of high land, of dry land, and of land not pierced by any inlet from the sea. This is the dominant fact of Asiatic geography. Consequently, we shall not expect to find in this central area wealth, or the commerce which

grows out of wealth, or any large population, because the conditions for the growth of wealth and population do not exist in a lofty and arid table-land. We shall rather be led to look for such growth of population in the river valleys which fall in different directions from the great central plateau of Asia; but we shall find it in the east and south, not in the north, because the rigorous climate of the north will not permit the production of wealth by agriculture, or of the existence of a large population. The north of Asia is cold, not only in respect to its latitude, which is, after all, a secondary condition in these matters, but because it is cut off by the great intervening mass of high land from the kindly influences of the south and exposed to blasts from the Frozen Ocean. We shall find, therefore, that the inhabitants of the centre of Asia will not be in very close commercial or political relation with the north, because the north is poor and thinly peopled; nor in active relation with the west, because the west is mainly desert down to the Sea of Aral and the Caspian. Neither will there be a great deal of intercourse with the south, because Tibet and Eastern Turkestan are cut off by the great snowy barrier of the Himalaya from the plains of India. This barrier is indeed pierced by passes, but owing to the very heavy rainfall on its southern face, forms a belt of country which the masses of snow and glacier above, the deep and densely wooded valleys below, make more difficult to traverse than are the dreary plateaux of Tibet.

These things being so, the historical relations of Central Asia must obviously be rather with the east than with the west, but more with both east and west than with the north and the south. Such has been the case. Central Asia has come comparatively little into the history of the world. When she has done so by sending out swarms of invaders, as in the days of Attila, or again in those of Zinghis Khan and Timour, these invading tribes have seldom maintained their connection with the centre. Sometimes they have shrunk back, their empires being broken up after one or two generations. Sometimes they have become absorbed in the population of the conquered country, and lost their hold on

their old home. This has been the case with the Ottoman Turks, who are to a comparatively small extent of pure Tartar or Turcoman blood. A Central Asiatic race may form an empire—a vast one like that of Zinghis, or a smaller one like that of the Ephthalites; but such an empire either swiftly dissolves, owing to its wanting a nucleus of settled and civilized population, or else the race which creates it becomes practically merged in the inhabitants of the conquered districts. It is thus that the Turkish Empire lives on now after two centuries of steady decay. The Mogul Empire in India lasted to our own day, for it was not absolutely put an end to till the Queen of Great Britain assumed the direct sovereignty of British territories in that country after the Mutiny of 1857, although it had practically ceased to exist a good while before. Here you have the fact that wherever the Central Asiatic races come down to the west or south, they get severed from the original stock. Whether they found empires or are absorbed and so disappear, in neither case is the connection a lasting one. But in the east they have more than once conquered China, and their connection with China is maintained because there is no such marked barrier between the great central plateau of Asia and the valleys of China, as is constituted by the deserts of the west, or the mountains in the south. To this day China rules as far west as the Thian Shan, her own present dynasty being sprung from the sons of the desert. The tie between Central Asia and China has thus been maintained, whereas that between Central Asia and the rich southern and south-western countries of Asia was soon broken.

One may apply what has been said about Asia to Asia Minor. The inner part is a high, dry, bare plateau, not so inhospitable as the great central plateau of Asia, but presenting, in miniature, similar features; and you will find here, also, that civilization has sprung up round the coast, but has attained less high development in the interior, that the influence and importance of the interior has therefore been comparatively slight, and that some of its mountainous regions have been but little affected by the great changes which passed upon

Asia Minor as a whole. It was the nature of his territories that enabled Mithridates to give so much trouble to the Romans. Later on, we observe that the Isaurians were but little affected by the Roman Empire down to the seventh or eighth century; as similarly the people of the hill country of Cilicia remained scarcely touched by the tides of invasion and conquest which swept past them. Thus a body of Armenian Christians has in its mountain fastnesses north of the Gulf of Scanderoon maintained a freedom almost amounting to legal independence from the fourteenth century down to our own days. This was due to the fact that there was little in these countries to attract invaders, and that they were difficult of access owing to the mountain structure.

I pass to Greece. You all know how much the circumstance that the territory of Greece is cut up by the sea and mountains into small plains and valleys, into peninsulas and islands, has had to do with all the salient features of Greek history. Some minor points deserve notice. I mention one as an example of the new light to be got by actually seeing a thing, because I do not recollect it as referred to in any book, and yet it is the very first thing that impresses itself on you when you travel in Greece. From most parts of Greece you can see Mount Parnassus. I suppose no one ever realizes how small Greece and Palestine are unless he goes there. One is misled by the atlas, because in the same atlas we see Greece, Russia, France, and Palestine all as maps of the same size, each occupying a quarto or double-quarto page. It is hardly going too far to say you can see Parnassus from all the higher ground of eastern and central Greece. You can see it from all Bœotia, from the long valley of which it stands up as the church of St. Mary does when you look along the Strand. You can see it from many parts of Attica, from the Acropolis of Athens, for instance; you see it from Ægina, in the Saronic Gulf; you see it from most parts of Argolis; you see it from the northern coast of Achaia. Of course you do not see it in the middle of Arcadia or in Laconia; but when you go west to Ithaca to visit Ulysses in his home, you see Parnassus again stand up grand and gray

on the eastern horizon. Think what an importance that fact has had. The central point of Greek history for many purposes is Delphi, and a great deal of Greek history centres round the god who has there his sanctuary. How much this visible presence of Apollo must have affected his worship, and all the associations which the Ionic race had with him. What a difference it must have made when you were actually able from your own home, or when you went to the top of your own Acropolis, or sailed to the neighboring port, to see this Parnassus, to know that hard by the cleft beneath the two peaks there was this oracle and this sacred home of the lord of light and song. That gives you an idea of the extent to which Apollo and his dwelling-place came to be a living factor in Greek history, which is not possible before you know the fact that Parnassus is in sight from almost any part of Greece.

To the north-west of Greece we find the people of the Skipetar or Albanians. They are one of the earliest races in Europe. Their language and the language of the Basques are the only two still surviving European languages whose relations with other languages it has been found very difficult to determine, although I believe that philologists are now disposed to hold that Albanian belongs to the Indo-European (or, as it is now commonly but somewhat incorrectly called, Aryan) family of tongues. Northern Albania is a country of wild and savage mountains, exceedingly bold and precipitous, and forming a sort of knot at the head of the upper valleys of the Drin and Vardar. When you sail across the Lake of Skodra (Scutari), and see this splendid mass of rocky mountains towering above the smooth lake bosom on the east, deep gorges below, and patches of snow on the summits even in midsummer, you begin to understand why the Albanians should have remained a distinct people, preserving their ancient tongue and their primitive usages, many of them singularly like those recorded in Homer. It is a remarkable fact that to the south and south-east of the city of Skodra, for seventy or eighty miles, scarcely any remains of buildings, roads, or bridges have been found that point to Roman occupation; and yet this country was for many centuries an integral part

of the Roman Empire. The conclusion is that the Romans did not trouble themselves to civilize it; they left the tribes to their own independence. That independence they have in substance retained ever since. Even in the less difficult regions of Southern Albania Ali Pasha ruled as a sovereign at Janina, and the tribes of the northern mountains are the most troublesome of all the nominal subjects of the Sultan in Europe, a standing menace to the peace of those countries.

Montenegro is an extremely curious instance of the way in which favorable geographical conditions may aid a small people to achieve a fame and a place in the world quite out of proportion to their numbers. The Black Mountain is the one place where a South Slavonic community maintained themselves in independence, sometimes seeing their territory overrun by the Turks, but never acknowledging Turkish authority *de jure* from the time of the Turkish Conquest of the fifteenth century down to the Treaty of Berlin. Montenegro could not have done that but for her geographical structure. She is a high mass of limestone: you cannot call it a plateau, because it is seamed by many valleys, and rises into many sharp mountain-peaks. Still, it is a mountain mass, the average height of which is rather more than 2000 feet above the sea with summits reaching 5000. It is bare limestone, so that there is hardly anything grown on it, only grass—and very good grass—in spots, with little patches of corn and potatoes, and it has scarcely any water. Its upland is covered with snow in winter, while in summer the invaders have to carry their water with them, a serious difficulty when there were no roads, and active mountaineers fired from behind every rock, a difficulty which becomes more serious the larger the invading force. Consequently it is one of the most impracticable regions imaginable for an invading army. It is owing to those circumstances that this handful of people—because the Montenegrins of the seventeenth century did not number more than 40,000 or 50,000—have maintained their independence. That they did maintain it is a fact most important in the history of the Balkan Peninsula, and may have great consequences yet to come.

The Illyric Archipelago suggests another illustration of the influence of geography on the life and character of a people. The coast of Illyria or Dalmatia is a mass of promontories and islands, all rocky, unfit for tillage, but usually well wooded, separated by narrow arms of the sea. It is just the sort of place where a fierce maritime people would spring up. It was *par excellence* the pirate country of the ancient world; its rovers were the scourge of the Adriatic and Ionian seas until Rome, not without great trouble, suppressed them. For some centuries it supplied light and nimble galleys and skilful sailors for the Roman fleets; and when in the disorders of the fifth and following centuries these fleets disappeared, the Illyrian pirates were again the terror of the Adriatic and the seas opening into it during the earlier Middle Ages. Now the Dalmatians feed the navy of Austria, and send out bold sailors over the world. In fact, you have very much the same conditions which made Norway the home of the pirates of the Atlantic. Just as the Norse and Danish Vikings undertook the whole of the piracy for the Western world between the eighth and thirteenth centuries, so in the same way the Illyrians did in the ancient world, a parallel which adds interest to the history of both those countries as well as to their geography as soon as it is made clear. It is easy for any one studying the geography of Norway, as of Illyria, to understand why the Norwegians should have been, in ages of disorder a piratical people, in ages of peace the owners of a great mercantile marine.

We pass to Italy. The dominant feature of the Italian Peninsula is the fact that the Apennines are nearer the east coast than the west; consequently civilization and empire begin and grow on the southern and western side of the Apennines rather than on the northern and eastern side, and you have the ruling powers of Italy, the Etruscans, the Samnites, and lastly the Romans, on the Arno and Tiber side of the Apennines. Hence also the history of Rome brings her into early relations with Carthage as the mistress of the western seas, whereas she had comparatively little intercourse with the States of continental Greece. She comes into relation with

Greek civilization, but it is through the Greek colonies in Southern Italy and Sicily. And when we come to the Middle Ages, we find that the first conspicuous development of wealth and the arts in Italy took place in the great Lombard plain, with its immense fertility, and in Tuscany. And here we come upon an ethnological influence, because the admixture of the northern races with the Italic population had been chiefly in Lombardy and in Northern and Central Italy, whereas Teutonic conquest and settlement had scarcely affected the countries of Southern Italy. Hence it is chiefly in the north and centre that we find the new republics springing up, filled with an active and industrious population, soon displaying a wonderful creative power in art and literature. Thus the brilliant and eventful annals of mediæval Italy are conditioned partly by the circumstances of soil and climate, which are more generally favorable in Lombardy and Tuscany than in Southern Italy, since in the plains of Apulia and Lucania the richness of the soil is balanced by its unhealthiness; partly by an ethnological influence, that of the Teutonic invaders, who coming from the north settled in the northern parts of the peninsula, and reinvigorated its decaying population; partly by the hold which the East Roman Empire maintains on South Eastern Italy, because that region lies near the coast of Epirus, which still obeyed the Emperors.

France offers herself for a few remarks, which show the connection of her geographical structure with her history. The salient facts in French geography are the sharp lines of demarcation between France and Spain, created by the Pyrenees, and between France and Italy, created by the Alps. It has been found extremely difficult to maintain any political connection across these. Among the Romans there was a marked distinction between Cis-Alpine Gaul and Trans-Alpine Gaul, though the population of both sides was Gallic; and you find that when the French kings, at the end of the Middle Ages, endeavored to keep a hold on Northern Italy, the existence of the Alps was a fatal obstacle. They could carry an army across the Alps, but they found the greatest possible difficulty in keeping a country



in subjection divided by that great mountain barrier. The same remark applies to the Pyrenees. No opposition in Europe is sharper than that between the French and the Spaniards, and yet you are struck by the fact that along the Eastern Pyrenees the language is almost the same in Catalonia on the south, and in Foix and Roussillon on the north, while at the western end of the chain the Basque race and tongue occupy both slopes of the mountains. The antagonism of Frenchmen and Spaniards lies not so much in a difference of race as in the fact that history has impressed so deep and diverse a stamp of nationality on each people. The political history of the two countries has been so much severed by the existence of this mountain chain, that the Pyrenees always became a political boundary, even when territories belonging to Spain were added to France. Charles the Great, for instance, held the north-east corner of Spain, but it was soon lost. Some one said after a famous Franco-Spanish marriage, "The Pyrenees have ceased to exist." They soon reappeared, and Spain was again the enemy of France. The debatable ground in France is in the north-east. That is the region through which the immigrations come. It was the open gate whereby the Burgundian and Frankish tribes entered Gaul. So far as there is a natural boundary on this side, it is constituted, not as geographers used to allege, by the Rhine, but by the mountains, the principal part of which we know under the name of the Vosges, which are really the dividing line between the Latinized Celtic population on the one side and the Germanic population on the other. It is also a remarkable fact that you have got no division of mountains or high land running across France from east to west; consequently, although ethnological or linguistic differences have at various times existed between Northern and Southern France, these have tended to disappear. There have been many times in the history of France when, if there had been a chain of mountains from the mouth of the Loire, or the neighborhood of La Rochelle, across to Lyons and Geneva, there might have befallen a permanent separation of France into northern and southern; but such a

separation has never taken place. There was a time when the *langue d'oc* was more different from the *langue d'oïl* than from the speech of Northern Italy; and even now, in the lower valley of the Rhone, the passing traveller is struck by the difference between the dialects there and those of Northern France; but the fact that there is nothing that constitutes a natural boundary has prevented a sharp separation of north and south in France, and has made France what it is, an eminently unified country, in spite of the original diversity of its races.\* On the other hand, the Burgundian kingdom, which was an important political factor at one time, found itself cut in two by the Jura Mountains. Its northern part included both Western Switzerland and Franche Comté; but these regions, because severed by the Jura, fell asunder, and while Eastern Burgundy became the western part of modern Switzerland, Western Burgundy dropped into the hands of the French kings, and is now as French as any other part of France.

The British Isles do not offer us quite as much opportunity for observing the influences of physical geography as those other countries that I have mentioned. The scale of physical phenomena in our isles is comparatively small, and the features of our history so peculiar as to require a long examination in order to trace their relation to our physical geography. But one may attempt to indicate a few points. It is remarkable that the balance of population and political influence should have, within the last hundred years, shifted from the south to the north of England. This is mainly due to the mineral wealth of the north of England; perhaps also to the larger immixture in the north-eastern counties of Scandinavian blood. The discovery of the coal-fields and deposits of iron-stone has given an immense impetus to wealth, to manufactures, and to population there, and has correspondingly shifted the balance of power. In the days of the early Plantagenet kings the north was of no account whatever. Eng-

\* It is worth remarking that there are considerable differences between the population, as also between the architecture, of the parts of France to the east and west respectively of the Cevennes and mountains of the Ardèche.

lish history, except in connection with the wars with the Scots, lay south of the Trent, but it now lies quite as much to the north as to the south. The same remark may be made with regard to Scotland. There you have the Highlands dividing the northern part from the southern, and until a century ago the inhabitants of the Highlands were almost foreigners to the inhabitants of the south; and it was not until after 1745, when roads were introduced into the Highlands, and the country was reduced to peace and order, that the population began to become assimilated to that of the Lowlands. The battle-fields of Scotland lie either between Edinburgh and the English border, or about the frontier line of the Lowlands and the Highlands. Within a radius of ten miles from Stirling Castle there are four famous battle-fields (Bannockburn, Abbey Craig, Falkirk, Sheriffmuir); and the history of Scotland, in the romantic times of the Stuart kings, centres itself in the piece of country from Edinburgh to Perth and Stirling, including the so-called kingdom of Fife.

In our most recent political history it is worth while to notice how the results of the late general election have been affected by the physical geography of the country. Some people have been astonished to find that Eastern and Western Lancashire have returned members of a different political complexion, as have also Western and Eastern Yorkshire; but the reason is very obvious if you look at the geology and mineral-bearing character of the district. Eastern Yorkshire is mainly agricultural, and all the influences which the upper class and the farmers can bring to bear on the agricultural population have full scope there; while South-Western Yorkshire is manufacturing and mining, with a population inclined to Radical opinions. In the same way Eastern Lancashire is manufacturing and mining; while Western Lancashire is agricultural, and disposed to follow the lead of the old land-owning families. Those who examine Lancashire schools are struck by the difference between the sharpness of the boys in the East Lancashire hill country and the sluggishness of those who dwell on the flats along the coast between Liverpool and Morecambe.

Another illustration is found in the case of Ulster. The Scotch colony which entered Ulster in the seventeenth century penetrated almost an equal distance in every direction from the point where it crossed the North Channel from Southern Scotland to the Bay of Belfast; and if you put one end of a compass on that bay and describe a semi-circle, you find the Scotch Protestant population goes to almost an equal distance all round, from the Atlantic coast near Londonderry until you strike the Irish Sea in the neighborhood of Newry. But there is one exception to this. It is found in the south-western division of Down. The north and east of that county are mainly occupied by the descendants of the Scotch settlers. But in the south-west there is a group of lofty mountains, the mountains of Mourne. Into those mountains the aboriginal Irish retired, and therefore South-West Down returns a Catholic and Nationalist member to Parliament, while the other parts of Down and Antrim return Protestant and Conservative members.

Time fails me to show with proper detail the relations between the geography and the history of North America, a continent where we see many of the features of Europe repeated on a larger scale, but with some striking differences. I may, however, observe how much the economical conditions of North America are affected by the fact that the great valley plain of the Mississippi River lies open towards the north, permitting the cold influences to be felt down to the Gulf of Mexico, while there does not exist to the south any great reservoir of hot air similar to the Sahara. From these and other causes we find much colder temperature in the same latitude in North America than in the Old World. New York is in about the same latitude as Madrid and Naples, but has a more severe climate. New Orleans is in about the same latitude as Cairo: but, as you know, Cairo is practically tropical, whereas New Orleans is not. It is hot in summer, but has a totally different kind of climate from Cairo. That is a fact of the utmost importance with regard to the political and economical history of America. The white race maintains itself and is capable of labor in the Gulf States, al-

though, to be sure, the black race works more easily and increases more rapidly. All America east of the Rocky Mountains seems likely to cohere in one political body, because the West is firmly linked to the East and the South through which its commerce reaches the sea ; and because there is nothing resembling a natural boundary to sever any one part of the country from any other. It is only in a few places that the Alleghanies are a barrier interrupting communication. On the other hand, huge mountains and wide deserts part California from the Mississippi States, and although economic and political forces will probably continue to bind the Pacific States to their older sisters, there is to some extent already a Californian type of manners and character different from that which prevails through other parts of the West.

Before I close, I will make two general observations as to the different relations that exist between man and Nature as time runs on and history works herself into new forms. The first of these is that man in his early stages is at the mercy of Nature. Nature does with him practically whatever she likes. He is obliged to adapt himself entirely to her. But, in process of time, he learns to raise himself above her. It is true he does so by humoring her, so to speak, by submitting to her forces. In the famous phrase of Bacon, *Natura non nisi parendo vincitur*, Nature is not conquered except by obeying her ; but the skill which man acquires is such as to make him in his higher stages of development always more and more independent of Nature, and able to bend her to his will in a way that aboriginal man could not do. He becomes independent of climate, because he has houses and clothes ; he becomes independent of winds, because he propels his vessels by steam ; to a large extent he becomes independent of daylight, because he can produce artificial light. Think what a difference it makes to the industries carried on in our manufactories that we can carry them on by night as well as by day, because we have gas and electricity ; whereas six centuries ago the workman in the south of Europe was able to get many more working hours than a workman in

Northern Europe. You may say that the Northern workman was recompensed for his winter darkness by longer summer days ; but there must be a certain regularity about labor, and in the case of great industrial establishments it is essential that work should proceed during a certain number of hours all the year round. Therefore, the discovery of artificial light has been a most important factor in changing the industrial and economical conditions of Northern countries. In the same way, the early races of man were only able to migrate as Nature made it easy for them, by giving smooth or narrow seas and favoring winds ; but in a more advanced state, man is able to migrate where and how he pleases, and finds conveyance so cheap that he can carry labor from one continent to another. Think of the great migration of the Irish to America, of the great migration of the Chinese to Western America and the isles of the Pacific. In Hawaii the Chinese now begin to form the bulk of the laboring population ; and they are kept with difficulty from occupying Australia. The enormous negro population of North and South America is due to the slave trade. We have in our own times begun to import Indian coolies into the West India islands, whose staple products are now due to their labor. Such transfers of population would be impossible but for the extreme cheapness of transport due to recent scientific discovery. In considering how geography and natural conditions affect the development of man we must therefore bear in mind that the longer he lives on this planet and becomes master of the secrets of science, the more he is able to make the forces of Nature his servants.

Another observation is, that as the relations of remote parts of the world to one another have become a great deal closer and more intimate than formerly ; so that the whole system of politics and commerce is now more complex than it was in the ancient or in the mediæval world. In fact, one of the greatest achievements of science has been in making the world small, and the result of its smallness is that the fortunes of every race and state are now, or may at any moment become, involved with those of any other. This is due partly

to the swiftness of steam communication, partly to the invention of the telegraph, partly to cheapness of transit, which makes such progress that an invention like the compound steam engine reduced the charge for marine transportation something like 20 or 30 per cent, and one hears that during the last two or three years improvements in machinery and in the economizing of fuel have reduced it 25 per cent more. I will give two instances of how this works. One is the enormous development of pilgrimages, particularly in the Mohammedan world. Hosts of pilgrims from Turkestan, from Morocco, from India and the farthest East, now find their way to Mecca by steamships, and thereby the intensity of Mussulman feeling, the sense of solidarity in the Mohammedan world, has been powerfully quickened. Another is the cheapening of the conveyance of food products. See how that works. Our English agriculturists have been ruined, not merely by the greater richness of virgin American soils, but also by cheap transportation from the North-Western States; and now the farmers of these States are feeling the competition of Indian wheat coming through the Suez Canal; and every railway that is made in India, cheapening the conveyance of wheat from the inland towns to Bombay, and every improvement in marine engines, tells on the farmers in Minnesota, and by inflaming their animosity against the railroad and elevator companies, affects the internal politics of these new democratic communities. In the same way, the relations of the different States of Europe to one another are altered, because the wealth and trade of each depend on various articles of exchange; and so the political measures to which each ruling

statesman resorts are largely suggested by the commercial problems he has to face. The protective system of Prince Bismarck has been mainly due to the cheaper importation from abroad into Germany of the staple articles of food; and the attempts to foster the sugar industries in the States of Central Europe by bounties, all tell upon the commercial relations of those States with one another and with ourselves. It is not too much to say that this whole planet of ours, as we now know it, is for practical purposes very much smaller than the world was in the time of Herodotus. To him it extended from Gades and the Pillars of Hercules to the farther end of the Black Sea at the river Phasis and the Caucasus Mountains. He just knew of the Danube on the north, and of Ethiopia on the south, and that was all. Yet that world of his, 2,500 miles long by 1,500 wide, was a far larger world, with more human variety in it, more difficult to explore, with fewer and fainter relations between its different parts, than the whole planet is to us now, when nearly all its habitable parts have been surveyed, when the great races, the great languages, the great religions, spreading swiftly over its surface, are swallowing up the lesser. Yet, though the earth has become so much smaller, it is not either less interesting or less difficult to interpret, and the problems with which a philosophical geographer has now to deal in making his science available for the purposes of practical economics and politics, are as complex and difficult as they ever were before, and indeed grow more complex and more difficult as the relations of peoples and countries grow closer and more delicate.—*Contemporary Review*.

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## FRANCE UNDER RICHELIEU.

BY EMILIA F. S. DILKE.

THE life of France in the seventeenth century wears, throughout all its phases, a political aspect. The explanation of changes in the social system, in letters, in the arts, in fashions even, has to be sought for in the necessities of the political position; and the seeming caprices

of taste take their rise from the same causes which went to determine the making of a treaty or the promulgation of an edict. This seems all the stranger because, in times preceding, letters and the arts at least appeared to flourish in conditions as far removed from the

on of statecraft as if they had been  
owth of fairyland. In the Middle  
s they were devoted to the embod-  
it of a virgin image of virtue ; they  
ned in the shades of the sanctuary an  
l shining with the beauty born of  
renunciation, of resignation to self-  
osed conditions of moral and physi-  
suffering. By the queenly Venus of  
Renaissance they were consecrated  
he joys of life, and the world saw  
through their perfect use men might  
w their strength, and behold virtue  
beauty with clear eyes. It was,  
ever, reserved for a ruler of France,  
ate as the seventeenth century, fully  
ealise the political function of letters  
the arts in the modern state, and  
r importance in connection with the  
perity of a commercial nation.

When the reign of Henri IV. came to  
fatal close, men weary of combat  
e ready to barter liberty for law.  
ideal to which the sixteenth century  
aspired—the ideal which had in-  
ed the liberation of human life from  
the restraints which prevented its  
nonious development—was replaced  
the vision of order. This love of  
er was the passion of the day, and in  
name of order all tyranny was justi-  
. To this attitude of mind, innova-  
s, political or religious, were alike  
ous, and power awaited those alone  
either divined or shared it. Step  
step, every aspiration after freedom  
freedom of thought, freedom of ex-  
pression, freedom of life—was sup-  
pressed, and the desire for individual  
rty which the sixteenth century had  
ered encountered everywhere a royal  
nny, the very existence of which de-  
ded on its destruction.

he work of establishing this tyranny  
of destroying the liberties of France  
to the lot of Richelieu. Trained  
as a soldier and a priest, equally  
ly with measures of red-handed re-  
sion or secret police, Richelieu was  
bly fitted for the task. All that the  
naissance prized most highly had no  
ie for him, and if he had little love  
liberty, for letters he had still less.  
must not, however, be supposed that  
system on which he worked—the  
em which ultimately gave France  
leading place in Europe which she  
ever since maintained—was the out-

come of mere personal and arbitrary  
caprice. Every great political and social  
system which has given a new aspect to  
history, and constituted itself a power  
among men, has necessarily had for the  
very principle of its existence the con-  
sent of some great moral truth. In the  
affirmation of this truth has lain the  
source of strength, but also of weakness,  
for in pushing it to extreme conclusions  
the negation has been reached of other  
truths, opposite in character, but equal  
in value, which have in their turn as-  
serted their existence and put to confu-  
sion those who had ignored their force.

Richelieu was deeply imbued with  
the importance of truths diametrically  
opposite to those which were embodied  
in the movement of the Renaissance.  
For the Renaissance had proclaimed  
that the most noble fruits of life are pro-  
duced only when complete scope is  
allowed to the development of the indi-  
vidual, but Richelieu remembered that  
the individual counts for very little in the  
development of a people. The affirma-  
tion of the supreme rights of the in-  
dividual, having been carried to its ex-  
treme, had ended in reaction, and the  
whole tendency of Richelieu's policy  
was necessarily governed by the con-  
sequences which this reaction had im-  
posed. The day had not yet come for  
the asking in what way individual liberty  
might be secured, whilst at the same  
time there should be created in the mass  
that unity of purpose which alone en-  
sures collective action and leads to  
national greatness. The task of the  
moment was only the simple task of cre-  
ating this unity of purpose and of realis-  
ing this ideal of collective action ; to  
this task Richelieu devoted the most  
splendid energies which ever inspired a  
suffering human body, and he accom-  
plished that which he set himself to do.

The Renaissance in its devotion to a  
noble moral ideal which had for its object  
the making of a great man had over-  
looked the value of the social and polit-  
ical ideal which inspires to the making  
of a great nation ; but if the Renais-  
sance paid dear for its neglect of the  
claims of citizenship, the reaction by  
which it was followed was destined to  
pay no less dear for its neglect of in-  
dividual claims. The principles of ab-  
solutism have now, in spite of slight

vicissitudes, dominated in one shape or another the social and political world of Europe for two centuries ; and just as in the sixteenth century we see the individual upraising himself against moral and religious oppression, even so we see to-day the revolt of those who have suffered from the social and political tyranny inherent to that ideal of the State which was inaugurated by Richelieu and Colbert. That they did so inaugurate it was a necessity of their position, a necessity of the reaction of which they were the exponents. It is easy to represent Richelieu as an ambitious priest who, making himself the tool of absolute monarchy, seized on wealth and power, crushing out popular liberties and destroying alike free cities and free thought. In truth Richelieu cared for none of these things ; the royal power was not to him an object for reverence, but for use, and if Protestantism were to be put down and the power of the great nobles broken, it was not in the interest of the throne or the church but to clear the way for the welding of all the forces of the nation into one giant whole. The welfare of the people, the glory of letters and the arts, the development of trade, and industrial resources, were matters for consideration, not in and for themselves, but only inasmuch as they contributed to the building up of that fabric of national grandeur which was the supreme object of Richelieu's policy. It was not a selfish policy ; his ambition was not for himself, but for the nation to which he belonged ; it was not a servile policy, he cared nought for Louis and much for France ; but he was utterly indifferent as to whether the people he was called to govern were happy, or enlightened, or prosperous, so long as by their united forces the State grew strong. To bring about this result Richelieu labored, taking no rest, and as he worked he ruthlessly destroyed all life and liberty the existence of which was incompatible with regular growth. No cruelty was too pitiless, no treachery too base, if required to maintain the pressure necessary to force into even channels all the springs of national energy. The pride of the great nobles was brought to the scaffold ; the pride of the magistracy broken to the task of registering decrees to order ; stiffnecked

members of Huguenot consistories stooped to accept civilities accorded to them solely as men of learning, whilst learning and letters themselves were forced to put on a royal livery as the price of bare existence.

The pressure of things without coincided with the necessities of the internal situation. On every frontier of France the deadly presence of Austria-Spain made itself felt, and helped to impose on Richelieu those conditions which he in his turn imposed on France. All internal dissensions, all seeds of domestic opposition had to be utterly destroyed, so that he might use the whole resources of the nation in the struggle to maintain her place in Europe. The Huguenots challenged their own ruin by striving to take him at a disadvantage during his first campaign in the Valtelline. The Cardinal turned and temporised with them at Montpellier (1626), but having gained time he deliberately negotiated the Peace of Monzon with the enemy in order that he might be free to crush Protestant France. Until the walls of La Rochelle had fallen (1628) Richelieu scrupulously avoided all foreign complications ; when that terrible hour of reckoning had struck, when fire and famine and the sword had carried ruin, with every circumstance of anguish inconceivable to the most heroic source of energy in France, then he felt free once more to take the field. But again, the Italian campaign had scarcely opened when a second desperate rebellion, under the Duke de Montmorency, compelled Richelieu to abandon his footing. He drew back but for a moment, and the execution of the Duke at Toulouse gave the signal for the third renewal of the never-ending struggle with Austria-Spain. For five long years it now continued with varying fortunes, till in 1635 all seemed lost and Paris herself was actually threatened by the Spaniard ; but the tide turned at its worst, Savoy was mastered, Alsace was secured, and Richelieu, before his death, had the good fortune to see his highest hopes on the verge of fulfilment and to hear the news of victory for once ringing louder than the echoes of defeat. If ever during his long tenure of power the fight with dangers without seemed to slacken for a moment, then indeed be sure that

the fiercest internal effort was being made in preparation for its renewal; only once, and that when he employed the prestige of his brilliant successes in Italy (1629) to overawe Languedoc, had the Cardinal felt himself sufficiently strong to face, at the same time, his foes both foreign and domestic. The national existence was at stake throughout these long years of unequal struggle, during which the treachery of those within her borders was an even greater menace to the life of France than all the forces of her foes without. To secure victory, to prevent defeat abroad, lives and liberties were freely sacrificed at home, and any act however oppressive or illegal became just.

It was thus that the Cardinal was forced to have recourse to the most bloody and unlawful measures in order to crush the power of the great nobles of the realm. He had founded his rule, curiously enough, on a mock appeal to the popular will. The Assembly of Notables which he called together in 1626 was, like the plébiscite of 1852, a farce intended to preface the exercise of arbitrary power. The country gentlemen and tradesmen who had been invited to join the magistracy at Paris\* were flattered by the prospect of a direct influence on public affairs, and Richelieu desired them to counsel him "sans crainte ni désir de déplaire ou complaire à personne."† But the line they were expected to take on each point submitted to them was distinctly indicated from the outset, and on assembling in the great hall of the Tuileries, the notables heard, from the lips of the Cardinal's mouthpiece, Marillac, the Keeper of the Seals, that it was necessary, in order to check the lightness with which men engaged in seditious practices, that new laws should be enacted against political offenders, so that justice might be done without awaiting the results of legal procedure.‡

It is clear that to obtain these laws was the chief if not the sole object for which Richelieu had called the assem-

bly together. On its dispersal there instantly followed, one after another, the judicial murders of the greatest nobles of France. The temper of these men was an undoubted danger which threatened not only the unity but even the very existence of the power which Richelieu sought to establish. Cornille, in the opening scene of the *Cid*, records the arrogance of their tone and pretensions. The speeches of Don Gomez are evidently inspired by memories of the rebel Duke de Montmorency, who had perished on the scaffold in 1632, just four years previous to the appearance of this famous play.

The death of the Duke de Montmorency—a man who by marriage stood very near the king, for his wife was a cousin of the queen-mother, in whose interest he had taken up arms—was preceded and followed by the fall of other victims hardly less illustrious. In all these cases, judgment was procured by wholly illegal expedients. It is, however, certain that it was in each instance absolutely necessary, not only to Richelieu's safety, but necessary in the interests of France, that a conviction should be obtained at any price. It was impossible to deal effectively with dangers abroad whilst domestic plots and conspiracies required to be strictly watched. Foreign complications were actually made the signal for home intrigues; every threat of disaster to the national arms was welcomed as giving fresh opening for an endeavor to compass the downfall of the Cardinal. To achieve this result the nobles of France intrigued with England or Spain abroad, and stirred up the Huguenots to revolt at home. Thus Soubise, at a critical moment of the Italian campaign in 1625, embarrassed Richelieu by rousing the country at his back, obliging him to sacrifice the prospects of the war and the interests of his allies by the hasty conclusion of peace. To accomplish the like end princes of the blood crossed the frontier, and negotiated with the deadliest enemies of France. Nor negotiated only; secret treaties were actually signed by them with Austria-Spain. Things went so far that in 1632 the French saw their territory invaded by the heir to the crown; they saw Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the son

\* *Procès-Verbal de ce qui s'est passé à l'assemblée des Notables, tenue au Palais des Tuileries en l'année 1626.* Extrait du *Mercure Français* de la même année. Paris, 1787.

† *Procès-Verbal*, &c., p. 39

‡ *Idem*, p. 20.

of Henri IV., in arms, and accompanied by the very dregs of the Spanish forces.

As it was impossible to inflict on Gaston himself the punishment which his crimes and his cowardice deserved, the chastisement of his accomplices—whom he always unscrupulously betrayed—had to be obtained by fair means or foul. On this, the first occasion of a serious plot against Richelieu's policy and life, there was no evidence of the guilt of one of the chief culprits, the young Count de Chalais, which could have been laid before Parliament. The Cardinal, therefore, had recourse to a commission, irregular both in its constitution and in its forms of procedure. At the arbitrary decree of this chamber of justice, the young Count and Marshal de Marillac died by the hand of the executioner in 1632. In 1638, in spite of repeated appeals to the Parliament of Paris, by whom alone he could have been legally tried, the Duke de Montmorency was brought before a similar tribunal. The deliberations of the Parliament of Toulouse were openly directed, in virtue of a royal warrant, by an officer of the crown specially despatched for the purpose of obtaining a verdict. In justification of these high-handed severities, Richelieu pleaded that it would be unjust to try to set an example "*par la soumission des petits*;" but he did not suffer "*les petits*" to escape, for on this occasion the minor culprits received their full share of penalties, some being condemned to be torn by four horses, whilst others were to be broken on the wheel.

Having once entered on this course, Richelieu was unable to draw back: he was forced to take the same steps over and over again—steps which, theoretically at least, he did not approve. Not only were the proceedings of these irregular commissions directed by crown officers, but the creatures nominated to sit were bought, and bound to return a verdict in accordance with the exigencies of the political situation. Thus, whilst the Cardinal was announcing his desire to reform the magistracy and to put an end to the sale of officers of trust, his practice was in direct opposition to his principles.

A year after the execution of the Duke de Montmorency, the lengths to

which Richelieu found himself forced to go are even more plainly illustrated by the steps taken in reference to the trial of the Duke de la Valette. The duke, who was reckoned the best match in France, had been forced, in 1633, to marry a niece of Richelieu's in order to make terms for his father, the Duke d'Epemon, who had, as Governor of Guienne, been involved in a desperate quarrel with the Archbishop de Sourdis, apparently sent to Bordeaux by the Cardinal for the express purpose of provoking it. De la Valette revenged himself for being forced into a connection which he regarded as a disgrace, by ironical jests which are said to have wounded Richelieu so deeply that, in 1639, he declared that should the duke, his niece's husband, be put upon his trial for his alleged incompetence or treachery at the siege of Fontarabia, he himself was ready to play the part of *procureur-général*. Warned by the fate of others, de la Valette fled to England; and as England refused to give him up, the trial was proceeded with in his absence.

The officers of the Parliament of Paris were summoned to St. Germain, where a curious mixture of cajolery and coercion was employed to bring them to compliance. No explanation was given of the object for which they had been convoked until they had eaten a splendid dinner, to which they had been set down on their arrival. Not until they had well dined were they informed that the king had required their attendance in their capacity of Councillors of State. In the council-chamber, the king himself curtly informed them that they had been sent for to try the Duke de la Valette. Though thus taken at a disadvantage, Le Fay, the *premier président*, had the courage to represent that the proposed course was illegal, and humbly to entreat his Majesty to act according to law. "*Je ne le veux pas*," was the answer; "*vous faites les difficiles, et il semble que vous voulez me tenir en tutelle; mais je suis le maître. et je saurai me faire obéir.*" The report was then read to them, and the king himself solicited the votes, challenging those present, one by one, and returning to their abject protestations the same answer: "*That's not a vote. Vote.*"



The Cardinal looked on without speaking, but the fear which he inspired was so great that only one man dared stand firm. De Bellelièvre courageously declared that the course adopted was incompatible with the royal dignity, and refused, in answer to the king's repeated demands, to swerve from his original statement. He alone, too, when the second sitting of this arbitrarily-constituted commission took place, on the 14th May, 1640, coolly discussed the evidence, and protested that it was absolutely insufficient to sustain the charge of high treason. The others, to a man, gave their vote for death, justly alarmed at what might be the consequences of any exercise of independent judgment; for Louis, in dismissing them on the first occasion of their meeting, had made use of these significant words:—"Ceux qui disent que je ne puis pas donner les juges qu'il me plaît à mes sujets quand il m'ont offensé sont des ignorants qui sont indignes de posséder leurs charges."

On this wise Richelieu intimidated the magistracy, strained, and even violated, the laws. To make head against the foreign enemies of France he had to crush all opposition at home; to crush all opposition at home he forced the guardians of justice to become the mere tools of Government. The Parliament of Paris went on protesting, but in vain, against his illegalities. It has, indeed, been contended that the spirit displayed by this body, its resistance to the high-handed exercise of absolute power, was never inspired by the love of civic liberties, but was prompted only by professional jealousy, zealous in the tenacious observance of the letter of the law, eager to defend details of effete procedure and all vested interests, however obnoxious to the light of reason or the common good. If, however, the Parliament had confined its action to matters such as these, it would not have become the object of extreme measures of coercion on the part of the crown; if it contained many who were mere lawyers, it also numbered among its members those who believed in their responsibilities as magistrates, as citizens, as men, and occasionally the whole body would be thus inspired to active protest in the cause of liberty and justice.

In their dealings with Richelieu the Parliament were always forced in the end to bow to his will, but they seized on every opportunity of marking their disapproval, and the infinite annoyance with which he regarded their attitude of irreconcilable opposition is illustrated by many maxims laid down in the *Testament Politique*. It is not safe, of course, to take a work of doubtful authenticity as an authority for what the Cardinal wished to do, but it is an instructive commentary on what he really did. Perhaps, too, in this lies the best evidence against Richelieu's having had any direct concern in its composition, otherwise he would afford an unique example of public performance in perfect harmony with private intentions, of success attained, not only in the very direction, but by the precise measures by which it was intended to be compassed. According to the *Testament*, that very suppression of venality which Richelieu is elsewhere represented as having had at heart was a reform wholly inexpedient, for the sale of public posts acted as a bar to men of low birth, and men of low birth ought to be kept out of high office, for "les esprits de telles gens sont d'ordinaire difficiles à manier." Richelieu—governing always with one great object in view, determined to enforce that union within, which alone could make France externally powerful, having need at every turn of facile tools—found himself forced to break the neck of theory in practice, and thus as late as 1639, just before proceeding to try the Duke de la Valette, he refreshed his supply of persons easy to handle by creating and selling no less than four hundred places of "procureur au Parlement de Paris."

Whilst he crushed the great nobles, and forced the magistracy to become the tools of authority, Richelieu was not slack to follow up the same lines of policy in other directions. The benefices of the Church, as well as the offices of State, were reserved for the poor in spirit; a little learning was no drawback, but the recognised qualifications for a bishop were humility, good birth, and general respectability unblemished by any touch of prickly austerity. Of these humility alone was indispensable, and throughout the days of Richelieu

the humble "petit collet" invariably received preferment. Now and then a high post was attained by a great militant ecclesiastic, like de Sourdis, who was, as we have seen, sent to Bordeaux to worry the Duke d'Epemon; but Godeau, bishop of Grasse, is a better representative of Richelieu's bishops. As the Abbé Antoine, Godeau was renowned as a scribbling *pique-assiette*, a hanger-on at the Hôtel Rambouillet, who played lacquey to Julie, and afforded a daily butt for the witticisms of Voiture. He had just enough pride left to feel uneasy in his position, and to show it, whereupon his successful rival in the good graces of the *précieuses* counselled him in rhyme:—

"Quittez l'amour, ce n'est votre métier :  
Faites des vers, traduisez le psautier."

Godeau took the hint, bethought himself of the Cardinal, and fell at his feet with a translation of the *Benedicite*, done into French verse. "Monsieur l'Abbé," graciously replied Richelieu, "vous me donnez *Benedicite*, et moi je vous donnerai Grasse." The "nain de Julie," as he called himself, accordingly became a bishop, and in that position admirably fulfilled his benefactor's ideal of respectable mediocrity, unblemished by any touch of "austérité épineuse."

This same prickly austerity would alone have sufficed to make the Huguenots hateful in Richelieu's eyes, even if he had not seen in them "des âmes rebelles à la légitime autorité;" but in the hands of the Dukes de Rohan and de Soubise the organisation of the party assumed an aggressive character, so that in the interests of legitimate authority its destruction became necessary. Nor could a man of Richelieu's peculiar genius ever regard with toleration those who had once thwarted his plans and resisted his power. Although the edict of 1629, which deprived the Huguenots of their right of public meeting, expressly maintained their freedom of worship, Richelieu always refused to recognise, even by implication, their ecclesiastical constitution. When the Consistory of Montauban came to do homage to the great Cardinal—who, with the ruins of La Rochelle at his back, had carried fire and sword throughout the province of Languedoc and deprived the Protes-

tants of their last city of refuge—they were at once informed that as men of letters they would be always welcome, though as an ecclesiastical corporation they could not be received.

Nor was it possible, under this general and arbitrary pressure, that even letters and learning should be free. Having established his power, and obtained a firm hold upon all civil and ecclesiastical organisations, it would seem as if Richelieu had been in full possession of the means of government, but he saw his way to a further and more complete security by the vigilant direction and control of all the opinions as well as of all the acts of men. Those of independent spirit soon became sensible of the weight of his intentions in this direction. In the very year of that same "pacification" of Languedoc, Descartes quitted France for Holland, foreseeing that in his native country he would be neither "assez seul ni assez libre." Balzac retired to Angoulême; Corneille, after a moment of revolt, humbly gave in his submission, and so obtained the protection of the tutelary god of letters,— "une protection," said Sarrasin, "qu'on serait plus que sacrilège de violer."\* Nor did minor men escape watchful observation. The Cardinal, having strained the quality of justice and of mercy in the service of a power to which he was himself a slave, came to live on the breath of spies, came to fear not only the influence of the great with his weakly master, but the influence of the infinitely little with the great. He would take note of the social relations of even quite obscure persons: when the name of Jacques Hillerin, *conseiller au parlement*, came up on one occasion when arbitrary measures were in contemplation against some of the body to which he belonged, "Let him alone," said the Cardinal, "aussi n'y a-t-il rien à gagner avec lui qui vit de telle sorte qu'il ne voit princes n'y grands, n'y se trouve en compagnie."† The less fortunate Scarron, *conseiller de grand'chambre*, whose life was more worldly, and whose tongue had something of the bitter wit which distinguished his more

\* *Discours sur la Tragédie*. See *L'Amour tyrannique de Scudéri*.

† *Lettres Chron.*, p. 116.

celebrated son, not only lost his place, but was finally exiled from France.

The true reason for the extreme measures taken against Scarron is doubtful, but it was known that when the letters patent creating the Académie Française came before Parliament for verification (1635), he sarcastically remarked, "This reminds one of the emperor who, having forbidden the senate to deal with public affairs, consulted it as to what sauce should be eaten with a large turbot, which had been sent to him from a distance."\* Scarron, it would seem, did not realise that the Academy itself was called into existence to render definite political services, and that its members were destined to discharge at the will of the Cardinal, in a very practical fashion, the functions of a literary police.

The list of the original members does not contain a single name of note. Its nucleus was indeed formed by a small society styling itself Académie des Beaux Esprits, which, in 1630, had begun to meet at the house of Valentin Conrart to read the rhymes of his gallant relative, the Abbé Godeau. Conrart himself was a Calvinist, who had retouched Marot's version of the Psalms, but was better known by his rhymes in reply to the popular ballad of "Le Goutteux sans pareil." At a later date his name figured on Colbert's list of literary pensioners,† "au sieur Conrart, lequel sans connoissance d'aucune autre langue que sa maternelle est admirable pour juger toutes les productions de l'esprit—1500 liv." Those who met at Conrart's house were mostly rhymesters like himself; one only—Gombault—was a man of quality who had contributed to the "Guirlande de Julie," and therefore reckoned as a poet at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. With two exceptions—Malleville, a hanger-on of Bassompierre's (then confined to the Bastille) and Serizay, who owed his fortunes to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, whom the Cardinal had practically exiled to Poitou—all were devoted to Richelieu: the negotiations for the official organisa-

tion of their body were carried on by the Abbé Boisrobert, who had been brought to their meetings by Nicolas Faret, whose name, rhyming with *cabaret*, now lives only in a satire of Boileau's. Boisrobert, who describes himself as *un grand dupeur l'oreilles*, occupied in the Cardinal's court the post that fifty years earlier would have been conferred on an official fool, and his jests were so necessary to his master's digestion that on one occasion Richelieu, having fallen ill, whilst the Abbé happened to be in disgrace, his doctor would give no other prescription than "Recipe Boisrobert."

Throughout the whole transaction Boisrobert was actively supported by two other members of the society who lived, like himself, in dependence on the Cardinal. Chapelain, the whipper-in of Richelieu's private pack of poets, and Sirmond, a paid political pamphleteer, who had replaced Mathieu de Mergues in the Minister's service. It is then no matter for surprise that we find the newly constituted body bound by their prefatory article to absolute submission to the Cardinal's wishes: "And firstly," the statutes begin, "personne ne sera reçu dans l'Académie qui ne soit agréable à Monseigneur le Protecteur."\* The members were not, indeed, long left in doubt as to the precise nature of the duties which they were expected to perform in return for official recognition and protection, for the appearance of Corneille's famous play the *Cid* gave their protector an early opportunity of testing the docility of his creatures.

The disgust with which Richelieu viewed the popular success of this play has been usually explained by the fact of a previous quarrel with Corneille, who had been one of the paid poets attached to the Cardinal's court for the purpose of putting into shape dramas of which he himself suggested the subject. The freedom with which on one occasion Corneille had departed from his instructions brought on him an angry reproof, to which he replied by instantly quitting the Cardinal's service, boasting publicly as he did so of his independence. But all this does not fully explain the persistence with which Richelieu fought

\* Pellisson, vol. i. p. 45. Note by d'Ormesson.

† Clement, *Hist. de Colbert*, p. 187, et Bourgoïn, *Un bourgeois lettré de Paris*.

\* Pellisson, vol. i. p. 489.

against the success of the *Cid*. He is represented as having spitefully set himself to injure the man who had vexed his vanity, but another reason is evident to any attentive reader of the play, a reason which explains both its extraordinary vogue and Richelieu's obstinate ill-will. The heroes of the *Cid* are the "grands de la cour," the very class with which Richelieu was engaged in perpetual and deadly warfare; these are the men to whom the king is represented as owing his kingdom and his crown, it is they whose quarrels shake the empire, but it is the force of their arms which repels the foreign invader and gives safety and splendor to the throne. There are many passages which may well have been publicly applauded by the enemies of the Cardinal with special intention, and the whole tendency of the situation was such as must have inspired him with disgust and anger. Instead, however, of taking up the point really at issue, Richelieu probably thought it wiser to dispute the public enthusiasm on literary grounds. He, therefore, requested the Academy to pronounce judgment, and the Academy, after months of negotiation, published their "Sentiments on the *Cid*" (1638).

The character of their official utterances had not been calculated to give weight to the literary decisions of the new Academy. Gombault, the man of quality, had lectured on the "Je ne sçais quoi;" Racan had followed suit with a diatribe, *Contre les Sciences*.\* Habert, a young artillery officer, had published three hundred lines on the *Temple de la Mort*, whilst his brother, the Abbé Cérisy, was pronounced to have dethroned Ovid by his masterpiece, *La Métamorphose des yeux de Philis en Astres*. The public, it must be confessed, who compared Corneille's work with these productions, was likely rather to find justification for its enthusiasm than reasons for damning the too-successful play.

The embarrassment of the unfortunate Academicians was indescribable. They were indeed in a position of great difficulty; such a measure of criticism as would have fully satisfied their Protector would not only have alienated the pub-

lic, but have caused divisions in their own councils. One of the four representatives deputed by the Academy to review the expression of their "sentiments" before submitting them to the Protector himself, was Serizay, a man who, as we have seen, shared to the full both the popular feeling for Corneille's play and the popular hostility to the Cardinal Minister. The *Sentiments*, as handled by him, did not, as might have been expected, meet the Cardinal's approbation. Serizay was summoned to come to him at once in order that he might "better explain his intentions."\* Serizay, however, promptly escaped to Poitou, pleading engagements to his master, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and the Cardinal's "intentions" were carried out by more docile instruments.

The publication of the *Sentiments* thus reformed sufficed to bring Corneille on his knees. Coupled with the violent attacks of a host of scribblers eager, like Scudéri, to pay court to the sole dispenser of patronage, the action of the Academy was an evident manifestation of a displeasure which at any moment might visit him with serious consequences. He, therefore, who had once bravely boasted that his work should secure an audience *sans appui*, hastened to appease the offended Cardinal by the submissive dedication prefixed to *Horace*.

These details of Richelieu's proceedings against Corneille plainly show that the lines of policy which he pursued in his dealings with letters were precisely the same as those followed by him in all other directions. He put Corneille on his trial, just as he had put the Duke de la Valette on his trial, and when the verdict of the Academy did not fulfil his requirements, just as in the case of the duke he had said to the Parliament by his mouthpiece the king, "That's not a vote. Vote," until he got the reply he wanted—even so he sent back their *Sentiments* to the united body of Academicians until they had been brought into strict conformity with his own.

There is, however, another aspect under which the operations of the Academy, as influenced by Richelieu, must be considered; for the character of the whole brilliant future of French

\* Pellisson, vol. i. p. 76.

\* Pellisson, vol. i. pp. 118-19.

literature was so much the very flower and outcome of the general conditions created in France by the great Cardinal's rule, that no review of the salient features of his policy can pass over in silence those secret workings by which the world of letters was brought into harmony with the new political and social system. It was with his express approval, if not at his instigation, that the great work of the *Dictionary* was undertaken and pushed forward by the French Academy. The two Academicians who specially devoted themselves to the task, Chapelain and Sirmond, were both in the Cardinal's paid service. Sirmond, on joining the first meeting at Conrart's house, had proposed that all the members of the Académie des Beaux Esprits should bind themselves by an oath to employ only words which had been approved by a majority of votes, so that, as Pellisson observes, he who failed to keep his engagement would have been guilty "not of a fault only, but of a crime." This was the proposal which, rejected in its original form, actually gave birth to the great project of the *Dictionary*. The work, from first to last, progressed but slowly, and in one of his epistles the Abbé Boisrobert tells us :—

"Depuis six mois dessus l'F on travaille,  
Et le destin m'aurait fort obligé  
S'il m'avait dit tu vivras jusqu'au G."

But the effect which it had on French literature was none the less certain and immediate. An overwhelming importance came to be attached to the use only of such words as had been approved by the official judges of taste ; many in the highest degree valuable as means of expression were irrevocably ostracised on grounds of euphony. The use of such as were old-fashioned, or any approach to what Voltaire has termed "la malheureuse facilité du langage marotique," was strictly forbidden, for this might have led to obscurity of style, and "ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas Français" had already become a ruling precept. The compass of the French tongue was thus greatly reduced ; but within given limits, it was rendered an instrument of remarkable perfection. All that it was permitted to say it could soon say perfectly. It was, however, no more free than the Parliament or the Academicians

themselves to say all that was to be said about anything. The mechanical pressure applied destroyed the flexibility of the language, destroyed its powers of suggestion, and thus acted even as a restraint upon thought. There could be no shadowing forth of those imaginative states of feeling, of those vague emotions under whose inspiration language becomes something other than a tool of the intellect. For the very essence of such states of feeling and emotion is indefinite and refuses to submit itself to the most delicate analysis ; they could find therefore no adequate form of expression in a language to every particle of which had been assigned a precise meaning distinctly recognised and exactly defined.

A literature fostered under these influences was characterised as might have been expected, by the lustre of intelligence rather than by warmth of feeling. The very consciousness of the determination to produce that which was pronounced admirable prevented spontaneity of purpose. The intention to work up to a fixed pattern of excellence called forth splendid qualities of mind, of judgment, of taste, but shackled the movement of the passions, and thus the most magnificent effects of the noble literature born under the auspices of the Academy seem to have been conceived with preoccupations which barred the action of great enthusiasm. These very conditions were, however, specially favorable to the production of work which, in its commonest forms, would receive an exquisite finish. Words having all been prepared for use, like highly cut gems, the whole skill of a writer could be solely devoted to employing them in such wise as should bring out their full, recognised and legitimate value. Narrative, whether historical or familiar, the exposition of critical or scientific analysis, and rhetoric, in all its branches, profited by the purity which the French tongue thus acquired. The art of oratory, of dramatic declamation especially, obtained a splendid brilliance and polish, whilst the French stage was carried to a point of regularity which made it the model and admiration of Europe.

When Richelieu constituted the French Academy the political organisation of France was accomplished. The fears

and interests of the great nobles were combining to bring them to the foot of the throne; law and civil order lay within the grasp of the rulers of the State. By the formation of the Académie Française he began the work of bringing under the direction and control of the central authority those social forces which had never before been made the servants of direct political purpose. Swiftly and surely the action which he had taken in respect of literature was destined to be extended to the sciences and the arts. All the forces of thought, all the energies of labor, were now ready to be held by similar ties to the administration, to accept popular tasks, and to conform to an officially recognised standard of excellence. This part of his task the Cardinal was not, indeed, destined to complete, nor could he even attempt those large measures, connected with the various branches of the public service and the general economy of the State, which were necessary in order to bring the whole conditions of the national life into perfect harmony with the principles of his rule. The vast administrative reforms required in order to place the financial system on a satisfactory footing and in order to relieve industry, commerce, and agriculture, from the obsolete trammels of another age, were left to be dealt with by Richelieu's successors. But the solution of all these problems had to be sought by them in the direction and by the methods which his rule had imposed.

"Ce qui est libre dans son commencement devient quelquefois nécessaire dans la suite." The rising passion for order which had seconded the Cardinal in every direction, had aided the rapid absorption into the national system of the principles on which he governed, so that although death came (1642) before he had filled in the outlines of his great system, its completion in future days had become a necessity. For the Cardinal had struck at the root of every force capable of offering any resistance to the central authority. As he lay in his dying agony, his enemies rejoiced, and believed that as he passed away their own strength would return. Never did men more gravely miscalculate their own weakness and the might of the

forces arrayed against them. The Cardinal dead, the great nobles who had disputed his power found themselves face to face with France; the new France, unknown to them, which he had created; a France in which every organisation, civil and ecclesiastical, had begun to fear the central authority, in which every corporation was looking to the crown for protection and countenance; a France in which they themselves, the proudest princes in Europe, should count but as the ornaments of a court. For it was no phantom greatness that Richelieu had given to his country, and although the royal power, which had been but an instrument in his hands, became a scourge to those who followed him, yet its utmost excesses could not destroy the bond into which he had knitted the very nerves and sinews of France. That strange duality of mind which characterises the whole nation, and gives a practical strain to all their speculation, leads them, also, to idealise their practical life; and the large lines of Richelieu's policy with its equally ordered hierarchy of labor and service to the State, with its contingent and rising scale of reward and consideration maintained in harmonious action by supreme authority duly invested with the splendid symbols as well as with the grave reality of power, appealed not only to the national vanity and love of show, but to that profound passion for symmetrical unity and completeness which is the leading, and perhaps the noblest, trait of the French genius.

Richelieu himself had been the first to set the example of that self-abnegation in the service of the State which he rigorously exacted of others. He has been reproached with the fortune which he amassed, with the number of his more than royal residences, with the splendor of his more than princely household, with the pomp and circumstance with which he surrounded every act of his life. But these were the incidents, not the objects of Richelieu's career; ambitious schemes for self-aggrandisement waited on the uses of power. To him everything had a political significance, and everything was therefore a matter for the care of government; so letters and the arts, for which he had no natural interest, could not be overlooked in

this connection. They were fitting attendants in the train of the great, and as such it was necessary to give them due protection and acknowledgment.

Union, direction, and protection, in these lay the future greatness of France as conceived by Richelieu—a greatness which should be over and above all a political greatness dominating the rest of Europe. To lay the foundations of this political greatness, oppression and cruelty labored hand in hand with statecraft. But, to rate Richelieu and his policy, foreign and domestic, by the prejudices of a liberal and the principles of a Freetrader, would be equally futile and inartistic. His political ideal, if contrasted with that of others who have controlled the destinies of France, attains a lofty standard. His conception of the State, embracing in its logical perfection the minutest details of life as well as the vast interests of the nation, justifies itself as perhaps the only political Utopia which has ever had a practical value.

After the wasteful husbandry of the Renaissance, after its one-sided reclamation of individual liberty, France had need to be recalled, even harshly, to opposite considerations; France had need to be reminded that the life of the State, like the life of the family, is founded on much renouncement of personal liberty, on much self-restraint, and self-abnegation. Her great ruler had no free field to work in; the nation was bound to learn, with him, at the cost of blood and tears, the value of unity in great things and small, to be lessoned in self-sacrifice, moral and physical, and to count all sacrifice but a part of the just debt due from the citizen to the Republic. The teaching of the Renaissance was thus set at nought, for the fatal condition of learning one thing well seems to be that, for the moment, everything else shall be forgotten, and France was now destined to forget—but too completely—the sacredness of liberty and of life.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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### SOME FRENCH POETS.

BY J. P. M.

CHANSON.

“Un doux trait de vos yeux, O ma fière Déesse !”

—DES PORTES.

ONE soft glance from your eyes, proud Goddess-love !—

Bright eyes, my only joy,—

Can bring me back existence, and remove

Death's dreary-dark annoy.

Bend on me those bright suns ; and in their flame

Let me my death forego.

One look will serve for me : will you, fair Dame ?

No. You will not. Ah, no !

From your lips, one word, whispered to my grief,

(But full of peace, and true,)

Can to sad lover's fate bring blest relief,

Who worships only you.

One “Yes,” were all it needs ; with gentle smile

Wherein all graces flow :

Good Heavens, why this delay ? How long the while !

No. You will not. Ah, no !

O ice-girt rock, deaf while I cry in vain !

Soul with no trace of friend !

While I was colder, you were more humane,

And did more pity lend.

Then, let me cease to love her : and forget :  
 - And turn, elsewhere to go.  
 But, can it be, that I can quit her yet ?—  
 No. I cannot. Ah, no !

## VILLANELLE.—ROZETTE.

“ Rozette, pour un peu d'absence.”

—DES PORTES.

Rozette, though my absence was brief,  
 You've shifted your heart from my love :  
 Inconstant !—And I, in my grief,  
 My heart to another remove.  
 No more of one breezy as air  
 Will I to the thralldom consent :  
 We'll see, fickle Shepherdess fair,  
 Which first of us twain will repent !

In weeping, my life I consume ;  
 Of this cruel parting complain ;  
 You, love like your fashions assume,  
 Caressing a newly-found swain.  
 Light weathercock by the breeze ne'er  
 So swiftly would flying be sent :  
 We'll see, Rozette, Shepherdess fair,  
 Which first of us twain will repent !

Your sacred vows,—whither now flown ?  
 Your tears, shed at sorrow to part ?  
 Did ever so anguished a moan  
 Come forth from a volatile heart ?  
 Good Heavens ! What falseness is there !  
 What treachery snared my content !  
 We'll see, fickle Shepherdess fair,  
 Which first of us twain will repent !

Your new suitor never like me  
 Can love you :—you know that is true :  
 And she whom I now love, I see ;  
 In beauty, love, troth, passes you.  
 Hold fast your new friendship :—I swear,  
 That mine shall no longer relent :  
 We'll see by the trial, my fair,  
 Which first of us twain will repent !

## BON JOUR, BON SOIR.

“ Je peindrai sans détour.”

I'll tell, in simple way,  
 How I employ my life :  
 Alternately, *Good Day !*  
 And then, *Good Eve !* I say.  
*Good Day !* to buxom wife,  
 When she doth me receive ;  
 To fool, with boredom rife,—  
*Good Eve !*



Frank Troubadour, *Good Day!*  
 Right joyously prepare  
 Of peace, and seasons gay,  
 And wine, and loves, thy lay :  
 But if mad rhymester dare  
 With long romance to cleave  
 My ear,—to him declare  
*Good Eve!*

*Good Day*, good neighbor mine !  
 Thirst draws me unto thee :  
*Good Day!*—If that thy wine  
 Be Beaune, or of the Rhine,  
 My throat shall funnel be  
 That nectar to receive :  
 But, if Surêne,—dost see ?—  
*Good Eve!*

If my verse pleasure bring,  
 Sweet guerdon I receive ;  
 And, happy as a king,  
*Good Day!* for me shall ring.  
 If my muse, wandering,  
 Betray my hopes, I grieve ;  
 And then, can only sing,—  
*Good Eve!*

#### LE PAPILLON.

“ Naître avec le printemps, mourir avec les roses.”  
 —DE LAMARTINE.

Born with the Spring, and with the rose to die ;  
 In ether pure to float on Zephyr's wing ;  
 Or, on the bosom of new-budding flowers,  
 In azure, light, and perfumes revelling,  
 To shake the dust, in youth's untroubled hours,  
 Off from its wings, and seek th' eternal sky,—  
 Behold the Butterfly's charmed destiny !

So doth Desire, which never is at rest,  
 Tasting, unquenched, of every earthly thing,  
 To Heaven return, that there it may be blest.

#### THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

“ Qu'entends je ? Autour de moi l'airain sacré resonance ?”  
 —DE LAMARTINE.

#### I.

What sounds are these ? Why tolls that solemn bell ?  
 What sobs, what prayers of mourners do I hear ?  
 What mean those tapers pale, that chanted knell ?  
 Dost thou, O Death, thus whisper in mine ear  
 For the last time ? On the grave's brink I break  
 My earthly slumbers ;—and to Life awake !

## 2.

Soul, spark most precious of a flame divine,  
 Immortal dweller in a frame that dies,  
 Hush these alarms : for freedom shall be thine.  
 Break from thy fetters : on thy wings arise !  
 To quit the load of mortal misery,—  
 Is that, O timid soul ! is that—to die ?

## 3.

Yes, Time hath ceased my hours and days to tell.  
 Ye sun-orbed heralds, in what mansions bright  
 Will your high guidance usher me to dwell ?  
 E'en now, e'en now, I bathe in floods of light,—  
 The earth beneath me flees,—before my face  
 Unfolds the infinite expanse of space.

## 4.

But hark ! what vain laments, what choking sighs,  
 At this last moment agitate my sense ?  
 Comrades in exile, why should dirges rise  
 For him who homeward now is passing hence ?  
 You weep ! While I, by Heaven absolved and blest,  
 Enter with joy the port of halcyon rest !

## “ ON THE DAUGHTER OF MY FRIEND,

AT WHOSE FUNERAL I WAS YESTERDAY PRESENT, IN THE CEMETERY OF  
 PASSY, 16TH JUNE, 1832.”

“ Il descend ce cercueil ! et les roses sans taches.”—CHATEAUBRIAND.

The bier descends, strewn with the snow-white rose,  
 A Father's tribute in this tearful hour.  
 Earth, thou didst bear them : now in thee repose  
 Young maiden and young flower !

Ne'er to this world profane let them return,  
 Where mourning, anguish, and misfortune lower ;  
 The storm doth crush, the sun doth fade and burn  
 Young maiden and young flower !

Thou slumberest, poor Elise ! Thy years how few !  
 No more thou fear'st the day's scorching power :  
 Their morn hath closed, still fresh with heavenly dew,—  
 Young maiden and young flower !

## FROM “ L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE.”

“ Moi-même, un jour, après la mort, je connaîtrai.”

—VICTOR HUGO.

Myself shall one day, after death, be taught  
 My unknown destiny ;  
 And bend o'er you from realms celestial, fraught  
 With dawn and mystery.

Shall learn, why exiled ; why a shroud was thrown  
 Over your childhood's sense ;  
 And why my justice and my love alone  
 To all seem an offence.

Shall learn why, as you gaily carolled songs,  
 O'er my funereal head,—  
 Mine, to whom pity for all woe belongs,—  
 Such gloomy darkness spread.

Why upon me the ruthless shadows lie ;  
 Why all these hecatombs ;  
 Why endless winter wraps me round ; and why  
 I flourish over tombs.

Why such wars, tears, and misery should be ;  
 Why things with grief replete ;—  
 Why God willed me to be a cypress-tree,  
 While you were roses sweet !

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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#### AUTOGRAPHS.

"Il y a tout dans les lettres autographes ; elles promettent autre chose que la satisfaction d'une stérile curiosité ; une riche moisson de révélations inespérées y dort en attente. Quelle belle occasion de ne pas laisser périr sur pied les sottises instructives de l'homme ! Et puis, à côté des défaillances de la raison et des consciences, que de saintes larmes ! quels nobles secrets d'abnégation et de vertu !"

So wrote Feuillet des Conches, one of the most learned, enthusiastic, and indefatigable of modern collectors ; whose treasures, now broken up and scattered in Boston, London, Paris, and Chicago, enrich the cabinets of two hemispheres. For the splendid harvest of chance and unlooked-for revelations, no one who has lingered long—as we have lately done—over the folios and the cases where lie the letters and the papers of so many great, so many infamous, so many noteworthy in so many different ways, no one who has done this can fail to echo the truth of the judgment which the author of the "*Causeries d'un Curieux*" delivers. Before, then, we consider, however lightly, anything of the history or antiquity of the taste, let us—opening the pages at random—examine the nature of the harvest they will yield ; truly, as it seems to us also, something more than the satisfaction of a barren curiosity.

"More last words," writes Byron to his wife, his last letter before leaving

England, as it proved forever, in April 1816, "more last words—not many—but such as you will attend to." There it lies before us, the large sheet of post, creased and folded and directed to the house in Piccadilly, written on both sides, and signed *your truly, Byron*. Every line speaks to-day to us of the poet's pain and grief ; every line of it seems to throb with wounded pride and resentment. He writes of the sister to whom he was so tenderly attached ; gradually robbed, he cries in bitterness, of all of whom she was ever fond and now finally of himself ; he writes of his child, but scarcely in tones of affection, more indeed in tones of business, of future settlement ; and towards the close refers to their travelling carriage, which, as they took but one short journey in it together, maybe she will have no objection to keep. The letter lies among many others, many of his sister's and his wife's, and next to one from Fletcher, his valet, dated from Missolonghi, April 20, 1824, the day after his death, that touchingly describes the last hours of *the best and kindest of masters to Turk or Christian*, the incoherence, the painful efforts to speak and be understood—"I told my lord I was very sorry, but I had not understood one word of what he'd been saying"—the long night of watching and delirium, the morning's gradual

silence, and the peaceful dissolution without a sigh or groan.

Turn a few pages and the stately hand of Charles I. lies before us in all its royal shape and dignity. It is a letter, dated May 29, 1630, to Marie de Medicis, the mother of his wife Henrietta Maria, announcing the birth of the future Charles II., and at the foot of the sheet, in a trembling scrawl, evidently written in bed, runs the signature, "votre très humble et très obéissante fille et serviteuse, Henriette Marie." Later, when the Civil War had well begun and troubles were thick, the noble formation of the unfortunate king's hand seems to dwarf and dwindle under the stress of misfortune and disappointment. What a difference between the proud and splendid *Madame* of 1630, the hand of the Stuart strong enough then to rule without his parliament, what a difference between the conscious magnificence of Whitehall and an heir to an unshaken throne that seems to breathe through all that letter to Marie de Medicis, and the nervous and shrunken *4 a cloke this Sunday morning*, on the eve of Edge Hill, when the king writes in haste to Rupert—"Nepveu, I have given order as you have desyred, so that I doubt not but all the foot and cannon will be at Egge Hill betymes this Morning, where you will also find your loving oncle and faithfull frend, Charles R."

And three years later, in July 1645, after Naseby's disaster, are there not humility and almost despair plainly visible in the broken lines wherein he appeals so pathetically to the Irish governor, the faithful James Butler? He calls for arms and help to be despatched at once, at whatever cost to the tranquillity of the country. "Ormond," he writes, "it hath pleased God by many successive misfortunes to reduce my affaires of late from a very prosperous condition to so low an eb as to be a perfect tryal of all men's integrities to me, and you being a person whom I consider as most entyrelly and generously resolved to stand and fall with your king, I doe principally rely upon you for your utmost assistance in my present hazards."

The spirit which in those three letters, from Whitehall, from Oxford, and

from Cardiff, gradually failed the king—if we may judge from his handwriting—is not wanting in the last letter written by his grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, dated from Fotheringay, *à deux heures après minuit*, six hours before her execution in the hall of the castle. Here there is no sign of faltering, no haste, no carelessness. Dignity and resignation seem to exhale from the paper whereon the unhappy Mary's hand rested for the last time so steadily, whereof the ink is scarcely faded and the two broad pages scarcely embrowned by time. If you close your eyes you can almost hear her read aloud what she has written. Simply and affectionately she commends her servants to her *beau-frère*, Charles IX. of France, hardly murmurs at or reflects on the sentence that day announced to her by the governor after dinner in the hall as though she were a common felon; merely mentions, and without complaint, that she has not been allowed to make a will; again commends her servants and their wages to him, and sends two precious stones for his health's sake, to be worn round the neck. The letter is well-nigh three hundred years old, and still across that spacious gulf of time seems to touch some of those *saintes larmes* of which the French collector writes so eloquently.

And for *saintes larmes*, what tears more sacred than those that blister old love-letters, than those that have fallen over the trembling signature of the dying? In tender reproach Déjazet cries to one for whom alone she acts, for whom alone she lives; *je ne puis ni lire ni écrire*, sighs Balzac heavily, the day before his death, at the foot of a letter of his wife's; and Eugénie, fond record "of the old glad days and the old glad life of Spain," murmurs her happy thanks to a dear friend for his beautiful present, and assures him of her unalterable devotion. What a tragedy here suggested!—*quel noble secret d'abnégation et de vertu* lies behind that thin scrawl, sunk into the flimsy paper, which of us now can know? Family pride or her own ambition, force from without or free-will from within, who can tell which it was that made her put aside the quiet days in the white country-house with its green blinds and long cool corridors, among the olive groves and cork trees,

for the uneasy splendor of the Tuileries and the glitter of Trouville—choose, instead of the peace of the Spanish mountains, the yelling rabble of Paris, the disguise, the hurried flight, the exile?

Turn the pages were you will, anyhow, anywhere—there is always something to make you laugh, to make you sigh, to make you think. "As to the k—," scribbles the Princess Charlotte, "I understand he is as mad as puss, and no chance, I believe, whatever of his recovery." Over that, can you not both laugh and sigh?

Hear giddy Kitty Clive to her dear Garrick, from Twickenham, in the frost and snow of January 1776. "I schreemed at your parish business. I think I see you in your church warden-ship quariling with the baker for not making their Brown loaves big enough; but for God sake never think of being a justice of peice, for the people will quarill on purpos to be brought before you to hear you talk, so that you may have as much business upon the lawn as you had upon the boards; if I should live to be thaw'd I will come to town on purpos to *kiss* you, and go the summer as you say. I hope we will see each other ten times as often, when we will talk and dance and sing, and send our hearers Laughing to their Beds." *Il y a tout dans les lettres autographes*—one must be surprised at nothing on which one lights. Not even at a letter from the arch-rogue Cagliostro, written to his wife in terms of the deepest affection, during his detention in the Bastille for the "affaire du Collier," and assuring his "amata sposa e cara Sarafina" of his complete innocence. The innocence was a lie, but the affection was true; one has only to read through the letter to be sure of that.

And not far from Cagliostro lies the passport of "la citoyenne Marie Corday," dated from Caen, April 8, 1793, the passport that gave her authority and assistance to go to Paris and assassinate Marat. From it we learn that Charlotte Marie Corday was "agé de 24 ans; taille de 5 pieds 1 pou.; cheveux et sourcils châains; yeux gris; front élevé; nez longue; bouche moyenne; menton rond, fourchu; yisage oval." Friends of the Republic are bidden to give her every help *en route* to make her

journey plain; the same friends, we imagine—*aux Français, amis de loix et de la paix*—to whom the address found in her pocket after the murder was directed; an address rambling, incoherent, breaking into an occasional irregular chant of verse; that declares, moreover, her conviction how the well-being of France depends alone on the death of the tyrant.

Here, too, on grey paper in villainous blunt type, lowers the condemnation of the infamous Carrier for his participation in, nay, instigation of, the *noyades* at Nantes; if, indeed, that condemnation were still wanting to the minds of any. It is dated the 4 frimaire, An. 2 (November 24, 1793), and orders the naval authorities to compel boatmen on the Loire between Nantes and Saumur to keep the left bank—"sous peine d'être regardés et punis comme traitres à la patrie." Jacques Carrier, it is clear, was fearful of the rescue of his victims.

Here is the original despatch of Monk and Blake, announcing the victory over the Dutch under Van Tromp, in June 1653; here, a humorous letter of Beethoven's, with the usual illegible signature; here, on April 13, 1564, Cellini excuses himself from attending the obsequies of Michael Angelo on the ground of ill-health; and here, in 1593, Cervantes acknowledges a sum of money, probably from a bookseller, for the sum is small.

So much in brief support of the quotation from Feullet des Conches with which we head this paper. Let us now consider rapidly, with what lightness of touch the lumber of the many centuries we have searched will permit, the antecedents and historical position of the collector of autographs.

First, for antiquity. Down the long corridor of time, dim in the distance is descried one Atossa, of whom no more is known than the somewhat negative term—that she was *not* the mother of Darius. But if not the mother of Darius, she was, maybe, the grand *parent à tous* of the autograph collector, for—*πρώτην ἐπιστολὰς συντάξει Ἀτοσσᾶν τὴν Περσῶν βασιλεύσασάν φησιν Ἑλλήνικος*; unless, indeed, *συντάσσω* is here equivalent to *συγγράφω*—which to us appears more than probable—and then must Atossa step from her proud pedes-

tal of the first of amateurs to become the first of lady-correspondents ; a class held, be it said, somewhat at a distance by the collector, almost his bane, from their vice of rarely dating their letters. From the uncertain Atossa down to Cicero is a breathless, but a necessary, leap ; and there the flight is worth it, for with Cicero we are on solid ground and not on cloud shapes, as with Atossa. Cicero, as every schoolboy will expect, draws a just distinction between the judicious and the injudicious amateur, between the monomaniac and him who intelligently follows a sequence of interest and history. "Ista studia," he writes, "si ad imitandos summos viros spectant, ingeniosorum sunt ; sin tantummodo ad indicia veteris memoriæ cognoscenda, curiosorum." Is there not there plainly visible, or audible, what is vulgarly called a *slap* at those absurdities of collections, or collections of absurdities, we all have met with or heard of ? A *slap* at the imbecile who collects only love-letters, or only mad letters, or only letters written by those of one and the same name, or of criminals, or even stray papers of any kind, the *papiers abandonnés* of the French amateur ? The fact is, men can be found to collect anything ; they have been found to collect only ropes that have, as one may delicately put it, passed through the hands of Calcraft and his successors ; nay, in the old days, to collect the very bodies themselves, and inscribe the cabinet with the terrible legend in letters of gold :—

A case of skeletons well done,  
And malefactors every one !

*Istud studium*, then, Cicero was of opinion might well claim the attention of the educated and accomplished, so long only as it afforded some example, fit and proper for imitation, of the most distinguished of the day or of the past. Of his collection, beyond that he had a very fine one, we know next to nothing ; scarcely anything, indeed, of any of the collections of antiquity beyond the fact that they once existed. Quintilian speaks of seeing manuscripts of Cicero, Virgil, Augustus, and Cato the Censor, but believed that when once copied they were not kept ; Aulus Gellius had seen a manuscript of the "Georgics ;" Suetonius, letters and memoirs of Cæsar.

Pliny the Elder mentions as a great collector one Pompeius Secundus, eminent citizen and poet, and writes he had seen at his house papers by Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, and autographs of Cicero, Augustus, and Virgil. Pliny himself had a collection valued during his lifetime at over 3,000*l.*, chiefly formed as it appears from that of Mucianus, thrice consul, who is quoted by Tacitus as having published of his treasures fourteen volumes, eleven of letters, and three of *causes célèbres*. This collection of Pliny the Elder was kept by Pliny the Younger, and has gone now who can tell where, unless it be into the maw of the northern barbarians. Or, perhaps, *lent and lost*, as pathetic a title it seems to us as *loved and lost* ; *lent and lost*, that accounts for the disappearance of so much ; that unhappily accounts for the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," contemporary with Homer, seen at Athens by Libanius, sophist of Antioch, and gone to the sausage-maker or the pie-seller ; that accounts for the papers of Burnet the historian, original documents and letters lent to him and by him sent in their integrity to the printer to save the trouble of copying, and so lost ; that accounts for the correspondence between Maitland and Mary Queen of Scots, lent to a Lauderdale, and by him, judiciously, lost.

Egypt is the only country in the world where, thanks to the manners—for you cannot very well lend out of a relative's hermetically sealed tomb—and thanks to the climate, papyri have come down to us older than Moses. Two more references to the antique and we have done with it, for the antique is out of fashion. We have quoted from modern letters, the actual documents, to give some idea of what may be the interest of their contents ; let us quote now from ancient tablets, or rather from their transcripts as they appear in the annals of Suetonius. In his Life of Cæsar Augustus, in the seventy-first chapter, referring to Augustus' gaming propensities, Suetonius quotes from a letter under the emperor's own hand, in which he says, "I supped, my dear Tiberius, with the same company. We had, besides, Vinicius and Silvius the father. We gamed at supper like old fellows, both yesterday and to-day. And as any one threw

upon the *tali* [dice with four oblong sides] aces or sixes, he put down for every *talus* a denarius; all which was gained by him who threw a Venus [the highest cast].” In another letter he writes, “We had, my dear Tiberius, a pleasant time of it during the festival of Minerva: for we played every day and kept the gaming-board warm. Your brother uttered many exclamations at a desperate run of ill-fortune: but, recovering by degrees and unexpectedly, he in the end lost not much. I lost twenty thousand sesterces for my part; but then I was profusely generous in my play, as I commonly am; for had I insisted upon the stakes which I declined, or kept what I gave away, I should have won about fifty thousand. But this I like better; for it will raise my character for generosity to the skies.” In a letter to his daughter: “I have sent you two hundred and fifty denarii, which I gave to every one of my guests; in case they were inclined at supper to divert themselves with the *tali*, or at the game of even-or-odd.” And in the eighty-seventh chapter, in commenting upon the peculiarities and affectations of Augustus in ordinary conversation—how, for instance, he would substitute one word for another, and the accusative plural for the genitive singular, and, in a word, have all the tricks of fashionable talk—Suetonius concludes by saying, “I have likewise remarked this singularity in his handwriting; he never divides his words, so as to carry his letters which cannot be inserted at the end of a line to the next, but puts them below the other, inclosed by a bracket.”

Our second reference is to the Life of Nero, where in the fifty-second chapter we hear of the emperor's turn for poetry, which he composed both with pleasure and ease; nor did he, says Suetonius, as some think, publish those of other writers as his own. In fact, writes his biographer, “several little pocket-books and loose sheets have come into my possession, which contain some well-known verses in his own hand, and written in such a manner that it was very evident, from the blotting and interlining, that they had not been transcribed from a copy, nor dictated by another, but were written by the composer of them.”

So much for the handwriting of Cæsar Augustus and the poetry of Nero. From them both must we now turn to a Bohemian country gentleman (there being nothing between), who, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in a book that contained his exploits of the chase, first collected the signatures of his friends; in testimony, we imagine, either the truth of what he wrote or of some similar adventures of their own. Between Cæsar Augustus and the Bohemian squire lie the dark ages of the autograph collector, the good times for the mediæval pastry cook, when ignorance and the barbarian did their worst on the treasures of the past. Documents so carefully kept were in those days as carelessly destroyed, either from the popular suspicion that they treated of magic—for instance, the manuscripts of Pythagoras at Athens—or were accounted for by the ravaging Northmen, or consumed by a more inexcusable process even still—by which some of the most interesting records of this country met their fate about forty years ago—and to which we shall presently revert. From whatever cause, autographs follow much the same upward and downward career as *belles lettres*, and, owing to wholesale destruction, until the renaissance of learning, when copies of important manuscripts began to be kept by the monks and to pass to the libraries, there is scarcely a writing handed down to to-day on which the gravest suspicion of its genuineness has not been cast by the expert.

The Bohemian squire of 1507, with his *Album Amicorum*, the signatures and the marks of his great hunter friends, is the first of modern collectors, and he it noted that he collected only the signatures of his *friends*, for friendship's sake and not for curiosity. The custom became fashionable and almost universal in Germany, not only with the hunter but with the traveller; young fellows on the grand tour, who on returning would produce their *alba* in proof of the good company they kept while on the road; and of these little books there are five or six hundred to be seen in the manuscript department of the British Museum, the earliest dated 1554, in the Egerton collection, and one containing the almost priceless signature of Milton.

By that time, the time of Milton, the friendly habit of the Bohemian squire had grown and altered, and at the close of the century the *alba* contained the names and sentiments of mere acquaintances and strangers, written often under their coats-of-arms, splendidly illuminated with their legends and mottoes; and often were mere registers of genealogy, proofs of gentility for tourneys, *Stammbücher* as they were called, whereby a gentleman could give evidence of his breeding and the right to match his quarterings against another's. From the nobility the *Stammbücher* descended to the gentry and the *bourgeoisie*—there is one extant, peculiarly magnificent, the property once of a Nuremberg master-flautist—nor was it long before the usage became entirely general, nor long before every student possessed one to identify his origin, his faith, his university, his titles, and his patrons. The wandering seeker after knowledge who passed through the different universities, or the Leipsic freshman newly arrived, would present himself before the world-renowned professor or college tutor for advice and guidance in general or particular, and at the same time produce his album for some scrap of learning to be inserted in it. "I shall not leave you," says the scholar in Goethe's tragedy to Mephistopheles, dressed in the robe and bonnet of the learned doctor Faust, "I shall not leave you without presenting my album: deign to honor it with a souvenir from your hand." "Very gladly," replies Mephistopheles, and writing in it returns it to him; and the scholar reads, "'Thou shalt be like unto God, knowing the good and the evil!'" Whereupon, having got his advice and now his sentiment, the scholar salutes the fiend respectfully and withdraws.

There is a story told in Izaak Walton's "Life of Sir Henry Wotton" that very clearly illustrates the mode of writing in these *alba*, at any rate in the seventeenth century. Sir Henry was at the time our ambassador at Venice, and passing thence through Germany stayed at Augusta, a town we take to be now better recognized as Dresden. There, being well known from his former travels, he spent many evenings in decorous merriment, and one in particular at

the house of a certain Christopher Flecamore, where there was presented to him an album for some sentiment, opinion, or apothegm, to be graciously written in it above his signature. Sir Henry might, indeed, have followed the practice of that archbishop who to such an application is wont to reply, "Sir, I never gave my autograph and I never will. Yours truly, Ebor"—or Cantuar, as the case may be; or, at least, of the politic bishop who invariably inscribes his at the top of the sheet, leaving no room above it for an I O U; but unfortunately he did neither, for not being then so industriously watchful over tongue and pen as he claims the incident later made him, he in thoughtlessness placed over his indisputable signature this pleasant and light-hearted definition of an ambassador: "Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causâ"—an ambassador is a worthy soul sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country—a pun, no doubt, of one kind or another in English, but none in Latin. There, in the album, slept the pleasant definition of an ambassador for eight long years, slept there unregarded except by mirth, until one Jasper Scioppius, a Romanist, of a restless spirit and a malicious pen, who had vented much gall on the royal James himself, the principles of his religion, and his representative at Venice, there discovered, unearthed, and published it, with the observation that this was ever the practice of the English in general and Sir Henry Wotton in particular—*mentiri reipublicæ causâ*. The pleasant definition was even scrawled on many windows of Venetian glass, and declared by countersign to be Sir Henry's. Then did Sir Henry, startled and hurt, write two *apologia*, or explanations, one in Latin to Velsenus, literary chief of Augusta, by him printed and scattered over Germany and Italy; and one to King James, in *genius clear*, says Walton, and *choicely eloquent*; and thereupon did the royal scholar, a *pure judge* in such matters, publicly declare before the court that Sir Henry Wotton had commuted publicly for a far greater offence; and as broken bones well set will become the stronger, so for this slight fracture did Sir Henry's friends become trebly dear, for the incident taught him which were



the friends of fair and which of foul weather, who would stand by him in storm and who were only for the sunshine. And, further, it taught him that industrious guard over tongue and pen which never after slumbered or grew weary.

Later, each chose his book, whatever it might be, and interleaved and illustrated it; and as sects and parties flourished, with their various literature and various chiefs, so flourished these *alba*, and presented with quotations and signatures an epitome of the matters in dispute and the men disputing.

It was in the seventeenth century that the collector of documents and autographs for curiosity's sake, and not for friendship's, first appears in the person of Loménie de Brienne, ambassador of Henry IV., who died in 1638, and whose collection, arranged by Dupuy, was acquired by Louis XIV. and placed by him in the royal library. This Dupuy, with his brother Paul, were about the same time for forty years engaged in forming a collection of crown treaties and letters, ultimately left by them to Louis XIII. These were the first collections, for curiosity's sake, of documents and letters of eminent officials, accumulating in the hands of the ambassadors and other public men, and by them exchanged and sold. And as in France so in England, where Evelyn and Ralph Thoresby the antiquary, and a little later Harley and Sir R. Cotton, began to arrange the letters of their eminent friends and to see the future historical value of the papers of the day. Until the year 1822 all transactions connected with collections, all sales and transfers, were effected privately; in that year, for the first time, autographs were disposed of publicly and singly.

We have written at some length of the main and legitimate treasures of a great collection: it will not, then, perhaps be altogether out of place if we refer briefly to some of the lighter pieces, the clipt coins, the make-weights as it were, of which most portfolios, unless ruthlessly purged, have their share. Sometimes it is an array of the signatures of forgers, the receipts of Fauntleroy, the letters of Roupell, Paul, and Sadleir, sometimes the scrawl of Calcraft, or of Oxford the would-be regicide; sometimes the early

efforts of those afterwards destined to greatness, the copy-book of "William Pitt, July 19, 1770," in which in a great round pothook hand is to be seen: "True glory is scarcely known: *Virtus parvo pretio licet omnibus*." Such seem to us, as we have said in echo of Cicero, scarcely worthy of the *ingeniosus*, and better fitted for the *curiosus*; though to which the following should be relegated;—Falconer's log-book, his marine observations of flying fish and sharks, interspersed with snatches of verse; a letter of Charles Lamb's, recommending a nurse for any one requiring restraint; a poem of Cotton's, the friend of Walton, "Against old men taking physic;" a strange up-and-down performance of John O'Keefe's, the blind dramatist; fragments bearing the bold *Jacques R.* of the Old Pretender; a scrawl of Morland's, declaring how "damned drunk" he had been the night before; receipts for Jamaica negroes and negresses in 1800, from which we find they averaged, both sexes alike, from a hundred to a hundred and ten pounds;—whether those are best suited to the *curiosus* or the *ingeniosus*, we leave others to decide.

It can readily be guessed that to so many records of so many great, so many notorious, there must be strange stories attached; that there must be thefts, concealments, abstractions, substitutions, and many of them, before Henry VIII. can rest at last in a private portfolio, or Shakespeare lie even in the sanctuary of the British Museum. Some of the most interesting of the Byron correspondence was purloined by a housemaid of his sister's, and by that housemaid's admirer pawned, of which illegal pledge in a fit of remorse and impecuniosity he delivered the tickets. How strange must have been the career of that last letter of Mary Queen of Scots, to get into the archives of the Irish college at Paris, and thence into the private hands it did at the Revolution! The Revolution goes for much in autographs, for much change, for much displacement, and, above all, for much destruction. Those days, when the archives of the Vatican and the libraries of the conquered towns were brought to Paris, were great days for pastrycooks and, through them, for amateurs; but they were days that had their dark hours as

well, for in 1789 some of the most precious of the public documents of France were used as "*propres à faire des gargousses*"—just the thing for cartridge-cases!—and, in 1793, numbers of invaluable letters, among them the whole correspondence of Turenne and Louis XIV., were burnt amid cries of "*Plus de nobles, plus de titres de noblesse, plus de savans, plus d'écrits d'eux, plus de livres!*"

We, too, here in England have had our Vandalism, not of passion and ignorance, but of carelessness and indifference. It was to that we referred above when we wrote of an inexcusable destruction of records of forty years ago, of public documents that contained much of the history of the country from Henry VII. to George IV. To expose it dramatically, in action, the story is briefly this.

On a day in the year 1840, there calls at a fishmonger's shop in Old Hungerford Market, kept by a Yarmouth man named Jay, a friend, himself from Yarmouth, no fishmonger, but a connoisseur and collector of autographs—with, moreover, a sick son, for whom he desired to buy soles. He buys his soles, and they are wrapped for him in a large stiff sheet of paper, torn from a folio volume that stands at Jay's elbow on the dresser, and with that the connoisseur goes home, and, unwrapping the soles, delivers them to the cook; when, there on the large stiff sheet of paper his well-trained eye catches the signatures of Godolphin, Sunderland, Ashley, Lauderdale. The wrapping of the soles is a sheet of the victualling charges for prisoners in the Tower, in the reign of James II., and the signatures are those of his ministers.

Any other man must have given some sign, have gone off to tell somebody; not so the connoisseur, but he takes his hat and stick, and, whistling a bit, walks back straight into Jay's shop, the shop of his fellow-townsmen, and he buys a whiting, and he says, "That's pretty good paper of yours, Jay," says he; and Jay says, "Yes, it is, but plaguy stiff," wrapping the whiting in another great sheet of the folio, and adds, "I've got a good bit of it, too; I got it from Somerset House."

The connoisseur's heart gives a great

leap, but, the hero of a hundred bargains, he remains cool and asks the price of cod. "Fivepence," returns Jay: "they advertised ten ton of waste paper, and I offered seven pound a ton, which they took, d'ye see? And I've got three ton of it in the stables, and the other seven they keep till I want it." "All like this?" asks the connoisseur, faint with expectancy. "Pretty much," replies Jay, "all odds and ends."

The connoisseur goes home, with whiting, with cod, with mackerel, with skate, with parcels of every kind of fish for his poor fanciful sick son, and moreover with a great bundle of these precious papers from Somerset House, handed over to him carelessly by his fellow-townsmen Jay, who knows his friend's little weakness for rubbish and fragments, and obligingly sends round to the stables for an armful for him. And, safe at home, the connoisseur casts the fish on the floor, and uncreases the papers, and his head swims as he looks on accounts of the Exchequer Office signed by Henry VII. and Henry VIII., wardrobe accounts of Queen Anne, and dividend receipts signed by Pope, Newton, Dryden, and Wren. He is obliged to throw up the window for air, as in his armful he discovers secret service accounts marked with the E. G. of Nell Gwynne, a treatise on the Eucharist in the boyish hand of Edward VI., and a disquisition on the Order of the Garter in the scholarly writing of Elizabeth. The Government, in disposing by tender of their old papers to Jay, the fishmonger, have disposed of memorials of those whom, if the country has not most reason to be proud of, she has at least most reason to remember.

During the next week or so the connoisseur is scarcely ever out of Jay's shop, and shows so lively a regard for Jay's conversation and old rubbishing papers that Jay scarcely knows whether to admire or pity him. On one pretext or another he constantly carries off little bundles and wrappers, and so might have continued till the supply was exhausted had he not, like a true connoisseur, begun to exhibit his treasures, and with many pokes and winks detail his own astonishing astuteness and Jay's credulity. First, cautiously enough, to his own immediate relatives, to an uncle

whose tastes are similar, and who raids on Jay with a spring cart ; but soon the news spreads, and there are so many of these fishy visits paid to Jay that he begins to suspect their purport, and, overhauling what is left of his three tons, forthwith and henceforth wraps his turbot in the "Morning Star" and gives the wardrobe accounts of Queen Anne a rest. And now the Government are roused to a sense of their loss. Are there thieves at Somerset House ? Whence, otherwise, comes it that letters of Cardinal Wolsey to his king are in the market ? Whence, that the correspondence between Clement VII. and Henry VIII. on the subject of his divorce are in the possession of a dealer willing to part with them again for gold ? These precious papers are, and ever have been, Government property : what rat has gnawed his way into the ancient chests and let the winds of heaven so wantonly scatter them ?

Then the whole affair is blown, and the public clamor for a committee of inquiry ; and, while the committee sits, hirelings descend into the vaults of Somerset House, and by the official order so mutilate poor Jay's remaining seven tons (with which he had flattered himself he would much more advantageously deal than with the first three), that except for sprat-wrapping and the veriest herring purposes, for which, after all, they were sold, they are useless ; and, to complete the tale of his misfortunes, the devouring element makes short work of his stables and all that was left of the early delivery of these priceless records ; so that at the end Jay, of Hungerford Market, finds himself pretty much where he began, except for the reputation so hardly won of having for some three weeks wrapped soles in official folio documents which the British Museum would have been only too proud to place under their best ground glass. In the words of the old law reports, Jay takes scarcely anything by his inotion.

Finally, your committee exonerate and acquit every one blamed or accused, with the exception of the thoughtless Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Monteagle ; though, be it said, they are wound somewhat to frenzy pitch on learning from the mouth of an expert

that this 70*l.* tender of old paper was at the lowest worth some 3,000*l.*

One little incident that, like a mountain daisy, turns up among these rather arid questions and answers, may be culled and preserved with care. Among all these papers there were some hundreds and thousands of parchment strips, the meaning and use of which has never been quite clear, unless, as occurs to us, they are the writs delivered to the burgesses and knights of the shire, and by the sheriffs redelivered on the members' attendance. Whatever their object and explanation, many sacks full of them were bought from Jay by one Isinglass, a noted confectioner of the year 1840. But what Isinglass could want with strips of parchment in which he could not possibly wrap anything—except, perhaps, ladies' fingers, which he didn't manufacture—was a puzzle to your committee, who, objecting to being puzzled, pressed the unhappy confectioner on the point, and he, driven into a corner, admitted that, when reduced by boiling, they made the most admirable jelly.

If the above experience of the connoisseur will not entirely account for many strange documents in many strange hands, there are a hundred other ways by which Oliver Cromwell may descend to a scrap-album and Catherine of Aragon find herself at last in a portfolio in incongruous companionship with Almagro, Alfieri, and Ariosto. There are old houses, are there not, and old chests that remain spring-locked for almost as many centuries as the years during which the bride of the "Mistletoe Bough" lay cramped and caught in one of them ? There are niches and vases—elsewhere than at Batheaston—that still contain their verses and love letters, as the Flora holds hers in the play, while the places where they lie hid pass through hands as unsuspecting as those through which the *secrétaire* with guineas in the secret drawer passes, till some odd accident brings them both to light, a housemaid more conscientious than any these hundred and fifty years, or a chance touch of the secret spring. For 1,700 years, love messages slumbered on the walls of Pompeii—*Sylvanus is my heart's darling !—Julia I burn for only !—Evander is my dear !* scratched with

a *stylus*, as the baker's boy scratched his impudences on Mr. Briggs' front gate. For a hundred years a packet of love letters was tucked away in a niche in Westminster Abbey: a correspondence between whom; intercepted who can tell how? For four hundred years letters of Warwick the king-maker have lain at Belvoir, and have only just been unearthed in a trunk over the stables; and for two hundred, and more, all the correspondence between Cromwell and *Dear Dick*, his son, relative to the choice of the lady he subsequently married, remained unsuspected in an old house in Hampshire.

As when a family breaks and flies asunder like a fractured wheel, and each lays hands for himself on the fragments he most covets, as they steal at a fire and the thief makes off unnoticed, so, are there not servants sufficiently composed in the disorder to pass over watches and snuff-boxes and buckles, and carry off the correspondence of the founder of the house with William of Orange, or the love letters of Pope to the charming woman whose portrait once smiled in the eating-parlor, and smiles now, alas! in King Street, St. James's? For a watch is ever a watch, consider, and in the march of fashion, crabbed though it often is, still will lose its value and fall to be worth only its mere metal weight; but time that steals is ever elsewhere adding, as the sea adds and steals, and each day that passes, to thin the dial-plate and rob the buckle of its elegance, flips an infinitesimal doil of gold-dust into the scale, wherein, in the other balance, there hangs the original of "Auld Lang Syne," or the actual copy of "When We Two Parted."

In the story-telling vein, and as a pendant to Mr. Jay, let us give a melancholy instance of this, how it comes to pass that Queen Anne, with her *Monsieur mon frère* to Louis XIV., has the thumb-mark of a potboy immediately under her royal sign-manual, and is for sale at Shepherd's Bush. In the frost and the snow of the Crimean winter, there was to be seen, shuffling with broken boots through Wild Street, Drury Lane, one of those melancholy figures the observant Londoner will usually associate with the wheeze of a clarionet and the glare of a public-house door. Under Miser-

rimus' arm, almost the only dry part of him, was tightly held a little brown paper parcel, which, presently, entering a small bookseller's shop, was unfastened and the contents spread on the counter for sale. There happened to be present at the time a well-known dealer, who with half a glance detected the value of the store exposed. He had heard of the crumpled and sodden figure, hanging about with his mysterious parcel and timidly trying unfrequented shops to see if they would buy, and had long been on the look-out for him, and now the wash of a London backwater had thrown him at his feet. He waited about outside till Miserrimus had driven his bargain, and then, getting along side of him shuffling off in the slush, remarked that if ever he saw a man whom brandy-and-water would in that weather do no harm to, Miserrimus was he. It was the work of a moment—as the elder novelists say—to get Miserrimus into a neighboring bar parlor, and, once there, to induce him to open his parcel and let the dealer see what it still contained.

Most strange! Why, one would fancy the poor wretch had had the ransacking of Longwood after great Cæsar's death; one would fancy him let loose in the little room with military furniture, diving and groping among the papers and stuffing his pockets with them, while the little corporal, scarcely cold, lay still and with his terrible brow and eye at rest now, prevented him not! For there, in the bar parlor on the stained table, Miserrimus turned out half the secrets of St. Helena! Under the reeking paraffine lamp lay letters to the ministry on the conduct of the exile and prisoner; complaints of the illustrious prisoner himself as to his brutal *espionage*; letters of Bertrand, Montholon, Las Casas, O'Meara; reports even of the sentries under the sitting-room window, returned from hour to hour, almost from minute to minute: 5.40: *N. rises from the table and crosses the room—* 5.45: *returns and seats himself—* 6.10: *comes to the window—* 6.20: *lamp brought and blind drawn—* 6.40: *shadow on blind in conversation—Who?—Not O M.*

Miserrimus gulps his brandy-and-water, and the dealer purchases, asking no senseless questions. What does it matter to him who his client may be?

A St. Helenist, with a soft corner for the girl who did the great man's room ; a drunken, discharged footman ; a son of Bertrand's who has quarrelled with his father ; a fortunate speculator in old papers when Longwood was cleared ; nay, even if it were Sir Hudson himself, disclaimed by the ministry, down on his luck and dogged by imperialist avengers, what does it matter to him, so long as he gets the pick of the basket and gives a fair price ? And that is just what he does, and so entirely to Miserrimus' satisfaction, that he eschews the gentleman in Wild Street, Drury Lane, and henceforth restricts himself to his new friend, to whom during the next ten or eleven months he constantly shuffles, with his little brown paper parcel under his arm, ever containing something astonishing, interesting, and, above all, genuine. They are his only means of livelihood now, he explains, these papers, however they came into his possession ; and for the next ten or eleven months he spins for himself a resting-place out of them, like the spider out of his bowels ; keeps a roof over his head, as it appeared later, at the cost of his very entrails.

At length the end comes, and Miserrimus trudges his last journey down to Fleet Street, throws the last of them down on the counter. "That's all !" says he, blinking his creasy eyelids and rubbing his trembling knuckles—"that's all, the rest's rubbish !" The dealer, who knows the different views of rubbish taken by different authorities, persuades his friend to allow him to go home with him, and see this rubbish for himself ; and there, at the crazy top of a crazy Clare Market house, dives among the residue at the bottom of a huge trunk, and, among other strange fragments, turns up a cross of the Order of St. Catherine of Jerusalem, an order instituted by the unfortunate Brunswick with the precious Bergamo as Grand Master. "Mine !" chuckles Miserrimus, and, with a yell of laughter, pins the flimsy over a stain on his coat and struts up and down the attic in it.

And who was Miserrimus, who had shuffled backwards and forwards for well-nigh a year between Clare Market and Fleet Street, with the materials for secret history under his tattered arm and

the cross of St. Catherine of Jerusalem at the bottom of his trunk ; who had purveyed and parted with in that time more than eleven hundred documents of the deepest interest—who was he to have in his custody these so-precious papers, that were afterwards eagerly bought by the French Emperor and the representatives of the families to whom they related ? Miserrimus, who then straightway disappeared and was no more seen in Fleet Street, went elsewhere, either to earn a livelihood some other way, or to go the road of all who will not work and so shall not eat—who, indeed, was he ? Truly, as the song says, *truly we know, but may not say*. Sufficient, surely, that whatever way you regard him, whether from above or below, he was, indeed, as we have named him—Miserrimus !

And now it will be expected that we write something on the subject of forgeries, which are, after all, more or less closely connected with autographs ; though, as our space narrows, we will not treat, as at length we might, of the shameless rogue who, after a long and successful career among the inexperienced, overleaps himself at last by the production of Julius Cæsar's despatches in the original French, or the correspondence between Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot in the original German ! Nor of him, a little higher in the scale of cheats, who in the guise of Dr. Goldsmith writes to Reynolds as *My dear Sir Joshua*, two years before he was made a knight, or indites an elegant epistle of Dr. Doddridge on paper that, when held up to the light, discovers a watermark of 1824. These are trifles of accuracy that may well escape a mind full of other more important detail, and must not detain us now. Turn we instead to the ingenious manufacturer of letters of Henry VIII., Rabelais, and Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans ; masterpieces which, long the gem of many a well-known collection, first saw the light in an obscure garret *au sixième* in Paris : masterpieces which, once the pride and glory of the *virtuoso*, unhappily reached their *αἰσχροῦ ἥμαρ* when Dunois was knocked down amid derision for a pound, the fair price of ingenuity ; and Rabelais, discovered to be a *pasticcio* of phrases picked from other correspond-

ence, went for five-and-twenty shillings.

The true artist in antique letters has two main difficulties to contend with—paper and ink ; for he must be supplied with paper of the time, that is indispensable to his craft. No doubt our friend Jay, though not of course intentionally, would have been able to drive a fine trade in this commodity, but for misadventure and interference. Next he takes an ink which, as far as chemical ingredients can help him, will assume quickly the decomposed appearance true ink acquires with age, and therein lies the forger's weak point. No chemical knowledge has yet enabled him to obtain the peculiar look of old ink which has decomposed gradually, and which shows the thinner and thicker flow as the pen is laid on. The false ink decomposes equally, the letters being of the same regular tone of color, but often varying in depth, from pale and thin to dark and thick in places. As for his models for working from, they are to be found and are easily accessible in any of the great national libraries, and an abundant source is also available in all works of facsimile, notably the famous "Isographie des Hommes Célèbres." The close imitation of these is a study of a life, and leads to such perfection that it demands the highest skill to enable an expert to detect the falsity where the forger has not ventured so boldly upon his work as to produce an original letter.

Then it is he makes his mistake, the inevitable mistake of the rogue—then comes the *αλαμουν ήμαρ*. "One can be sharper than the individual," says La Rochefoucauld, "but not sharper than all the individuals."

As for instance. In the year of the Great Exhibition of 1851 there flashed on London a brilliant young man, of distinguished appearance and manner, who announced himself, though not loudly or obtrusively, as Byron's son ; with a quantity of his father's correspondence and Shelley's, which he was anxious to edit ; and further anxious to rearrange and collate many of the poet's letters which had already appeared, and some which had not. With an engaging air, then, and, be it said, the strongest personal resemblance to

his supposititious father, he set about borrowing from the best known collectors such of Byron's letters as he thought would best suit his purpose. These he laboriously copied, sent back the copies, and disposed of the originals for what he could get. Then with the halo of a preface from Mr. Browning he published the Shelley letters from the respectable firm of Moxon, and they by the literary world were accepted as genuine ; until—and here was the mistake of the ardent Guiccioli—they fell into the hands of Crofton Croker, who, much struck with a passage they contained, believed he recognized it, and, turning to an old volume of the "Quarterly Review," found that there sure enough was the passage, and that he sure enough—Croker, and not Shelley—was the author of it. The hue and cry was set to work, assisted by the collectors, astonished to find copies of their own Byron letters figuring at sales, but young Childe Harold had flown and was over the blue wave. He came, it is believed, to an end one can scarcely call untimely, as a petty officer in the American Civil War.

To resume. The forger is again, as we have shown, besides the dangers of his paper and ink, sometimes condemned by the watermark ; though it is only just to him to say that in this respect as a rule he takes care to be safe. Sometimes he is so rash as to run a date rather fine, as in the case of the Rabelais letter, when it was observed that the paper bore a mark which very closely corresponded, if it were not identical, with that on a letter of Michael Angelo in the British Museum, dated Rome, 1555, while the Rabelais letter bore date more than twenty years earlier. But it was not so much the watermark—that might have been suffered to pass—as the R of the signature, with too long a tail to it and a general air of *gêne* and the complete want of freedom about the *paraphe*, coupled with the misfortune that he was made to write from Italy when he was known to be at Montpellier, that raised the scoff at the last sale at which it figured, and cut short its career by a solitary and an insulting bid of five-and-twenty shillings.

In conclusion, we offer a few general remarks, observations which have pre-

sented themselves to notice during the course of our study of this interesting subject. As to the rarity of famous signatures, Shakespeare's is of course the rarest. There are but six of them known : three to the will, two to conveyances of property, and one in Giovanni Florio's translation of Montaigne of 1603, in the British Museum ; of which six, two out of the three on the will are, by some experts, supposed to be written by an amanuensis. To these there may possibly be added one other, of which the Americans claim the discovery, found in a folio edition of the plays, formerly owned by Dr. Ward, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon in 1662. It is, of course, extremely likely that Dr. Ward, who was settled in Stratford within fifty years of Shakespeare's death, should have known several who knew the poet intimately, and from any one of whom he might easily have obtained the signature pasted in his folio. Signatures of Shakespeare are not to us of extreme interest, so long as we have "Hamlet" and "King Lear;" but for many they are so, no doubt, and for all they have a financial value ; this is a matter for the expert to whom the American discovery is, we believe, to be submitted. The book itself was found out west of the Rocky Mountains, in the Mormon country, and is supposed to have been brought over by the Mormon immigrants of forty years ago. But from 1662 to 1835, we hear nothing of it ; is it believed in that interval the signature lay there unregarded, or covered over ; to have been considered of no value or interest, to a century too which produced young Master Ireland ? Whatever the explanation, it has been secured by Mr. Gunther of Chicago, the best known of American collectors, of mark over here as the purchaser of the original of "Auld Lang Syne." That there is no other signature of Shakespeare's to be hoped for, in this country at any rate, has been made tolerably clear by Mr. Halliwell Phillips, who for the last thirty years has been searching the archives of the kingdom, and has not found even a suggestion of one.

Next to Shakespeare in rarity comes Molière, perhaps before him if numbers are reckoned ; for of Molière we believe the only signatures known are, at the

most, five ; of which one was the other day presented by Dumas to the Comédie Française. Of his plays, no more than of Shakespeare's, no fragment is known to exist. There is, it is true, a legend that somewhere in the heart of France, in an ancient château that escaped the storms of 1793, there is treasured the whole of one of the comedies in manuscript, one that has lain there restfully since its first possessor carried it off from Versailles in 1665. He was, the legend declares, the original of one of Molière's silly marquises, who, retiring from the Court in dudgeon, took with him the play, to wreak his vengeance on it, like a bull on an empty coat. But, on examination, it all appears to be only what is very likely rather than what is true. At least, if it *be* true, the present owner can prove in no better way that he has not inherited the qualities of his ancestor than by coming forward and letting us have a sight of his heirloom.

To confine ourselves to the celebrities of our own country, the signatures of General Wolfe, of Lord Clive, of Algernon Sidney, of Defoe (whose papers were destroyed while he was standing in the pillory), of George Eliot, of Charlotte Brontë, are among the rarest. Milton's is the rarest of all English literary signatures after Shakespeare. Letters of the queens of Henry VIII. are very scarce ; one from Catherine of Arragon has quite recently realized 75*l*. Possibly the king unconsciously followed the advice of Sganarelle in "L'Ecole des Femmes," who in the seventh maxim makes Agnes recite : "Amongst her furniture, however she dislike it, there must be neither writing-desk, ink, paper, nor pens. According to all good rules, everything written in the house should be written by the husband."

The earliest signatures known are those of laymen of rank in the reign of Richard II., whose sign-manual is itself regarded as the rarest of the English sovereigns. Letters, as we understand them, do not appear till Henry V., and among the first specimens are those well-known of the Paston family, in which is given almost as complete a picture of the condition of the country gentry and aristocracy during the troubles of the Roses as you would gather of the pro-

vincial matters of to-day from the correspondence of the rector's or the squire's wife with her relatives in town. Of sovereigns since Henry VII., Edward VI. and Mary are those most uncommonly met with; indeed, none of our royal signatures are at all, in the autographic sense, common; not half so common, for instance, as those of France, where Louis le Grand signed so freely that his autograph is now scarcely worth the paper it is written on. Later, in the early fighting days of the Republic, there were so many *sabres d'honneur* decreed by a grateful country, that Buonaparte, Berthier, and Bassano (who mostly signed them) go for next to nothing. It is curious to note the rarity of comparatively small names and the often abundant stock of those of greater moment. Somerville, for instance, the poet of "The Chase," commands a far higher price than Dickens, simply because he wrote fewer letters; William Blake is valuable not so much for his own sake as because he did not often bring his large and vague mind down to the level of ordinary correspondence; Leech is scarce, whereas the market has been swamped, since Nugent's sale, with Edmund Kean; and Cowper has been wholly spoilt, from the dealer's point of view, by the publication of his voluminous correspondence with Hayley. Judges, who are only of contemporary interest (*pace* the Lord Chief Justice), go down, while Keats and Mendelssohn go up. In short, in autographs, as in other matters where human reputations are concerned, there goes forward that ceaseless and general *bouleversement* that time so often chuckles to effect.

Sometimes there are of the same letter two copies in existence, and no man can tell which is genuine of the three; sometimes there are copies which, though copies, still have an interest of their own; as, for example, spurious despatches of Parliament and king, sent from headquarters for deception's sake; imitations of Charles' hand, containing false news and purported to fall into Cromwell's, and *vice versa*. There are, moreover, whole copies of correspondence which have been prepared merely for the printer—as in the case of the letters of the author of "Clarissa"—destined later in their career to cause acute

disappointment to the collector who had for years imagined he possessed the Simon Pure. Only a few years back a careful tracing of the famous receipt for "Paradise Lost" sold for 43% to America—of course, by accident.

Fish in the shallows will make a great splash to regain the river-flow, and humanity in low water will fight desperately to feel once more the tide and current of their former comforts and existence; financial low-water has a balance almost even of great crimes and great virtues—can show well-nigh as long a record of continued effort and continued self-denial as of instant failure and dishonesty. The following does not clearly seem to us to illustrate either one or the other extreme, and so is, perhaps, "doubly dear." There was, thirty years ago, a young Frenchman who in pathetic terms addressed himself to almost every great name in Europe, humbly requesting the favor of a reply—*bien entendu*. He was, he cried, *un homme fini, décaqué!* his life was at its lowest ebb, and before him there lay no prospect but that of mud flats and sterile marshes, mouldering timbers and rotting wickerwork; in a word, such was his position, and such his misery, that he proposed at once to commit suicide. Could the recipient of the letter give him any reason why he should stay his hand, any reason why he should drag out a life so utterly barren, hopeless, useless?

The great names of Europe responded like men—and women; some brief, some long, some persuasive, eloquent, tearful even; some curt, scornful, jesting; but they all answered—that was the point. Espartero wrote: "Sir, I do not advise you to kill yourself. Death is a bullet which we must all encounter sooner or later in the battle of life; and it is our part to wait for it patiently." Lacordaire wrote at great length, eight or ten pages in his best style, and there were admirable specimens (both for moral and saleable purposes) forthcoming from Montalembert, Antonelli, Fenimore Cooper, Xavier de Maistre, Sophie Gay, Abd-el-Kader, Alexander Humboldt, Taglioni, Heine, Alfred de Vigny, Rachel, Sontag, Dickens, Georges Sand, Emile Souvestre, Jules Lacroix, and many, many others.



Then, like the Casino Gardens suicides of Monaco, who walk off with their pockets full of notes while the gendarmes go for a stretcher—*solvitur ambulando!*—so did the suicide of thirty years ago walk off, with his pockets also full of notes, and they being disposed of for the highest price they would fetch, took a new lease of life, forswore sack, and looked about him for a way to live cleanly. And it was not until an ardent collector discovered that a large portion of his treasures, newly acquired, consisted of arguments against the folly and criminality of suicide, that the ingenuity of the scheme was as fully appreciated as it deserved.

There are other *saintes larmes* of which we find traces in turning over these portfolios, tears which though not perhaps so sacred are not for that the less bitter; tears of humiliation, almost of despair; tears wrung from proud natures by indifference, by neglect, by want. Often the money such appeals fetch now is far more than the sum appealed for in the letter itself.

Here, for instance, is nine guineas for a letter from Swift, who groans in it over the poverty that follows him. "If I

come to Moor Park," he writes, "it must be on foot." Here is Fielding's complaint of money disappointments, worth 6*l.* 10*s.*; here is Sterne trying to borrow 50*l.*, and poor Goldy writing of his doleful travels and his want of pence, fetching 40*l.* Forty pounds? Why, the very poem sold for only twenty guineas, and here a letter in which he speaks of how much suffering those travels cost him, the auctioneer knocks down for twice the sum! For a few sheets of Burns there is more given to-day than he drew in three years from the excise; and a page of Defoe, on which he writes bitterly of the treatment he had received, goes cheap at eleven guineas.

Is it not pitiful that, to quote the fine image of Swift, Fame so commonly selects the eminence of the tomb, the funeral mound, as a vantage spot to sound her trump from?

*Ut clavis portam, sic pandit epistola pectus*—these proud hearts speaking after death, these sombre voices from their ashes, how much might not have been spared them if the blast had only sounded on the plain, or called to them in the hollows and depressions of their lives?—*Cornhill Magazine.*



#### EDUCATION AND DISCONTENT.

THE old idea that education would of itself extirpate crime has gradually been dissipated by experience. It was a foolish idea *à priori*, for there is nothing in the mere development of intelligence to remove the original causes of crime or to cure either malice, or lust, or greed; and it died away before the evidence which shows that education rather changes the form of some kinds of criminality, than extinguishes criminality itself. The educated man swindles when the boor would steal, but the instinct of thievishness is the same in both, while greed is slightly increased by education. The man who can read knows better than the illiterate man what money can do for him, and, therefore, desires it a little more. While, however, instruction will not make men good, one would have thought it would make them intelligent; but in some departments of life it does not appear even to do that.

The new Anarchist faction, which rejects all the teaching not only of history, but of the commonest facts of experience, and even the conclusions of arithmetic, is led by educated men, sometimes of high intellectual attainments. There is no reason to doubt that M. Élisée Reclus is in opinion an Anarchist; and his geographical works are the delight of students, not only for the stores of knowledge contained in them, but for their broad and highly intellectual generalizations. Prince Krapotkine, who, in his final lecture in Paris, as reported in the *Daily News*, counselled the destruction of society by force, is a man of unusual cultivation. Mr. Hyndman, who, though he condemns Anarchism as individualism gone mad, still admits, in his recent conversation with a reporter from the *New York Herald*, that he desires to seize all capital, to equalize all men, and to compel all to

labor, took a fair degree in the London University; and many of the cosmopolitan revolutionists are men familiar with many literatures. Even a man like this Gallo, just arrested in Paris for an attempted massacre of stockbrokers, though widely separated from those we have named by having been convicted of ordinary crime (coining), speaks five languages, and defends himself with the coherent firmness possible only to the educated. He says quite coolly that when he threw a bottle of chemicals on the floor of the Bourse, he hoped the asphyxiating vapor would kill forty brokers, and that when he fired five shots from his revolver, he intended to kill five men. He wanted, he said, to give a shock to the *bourgeoisie* and their system in its central home. That men so trained should not see the moral evil of their purposes is nothing new, for we have had educated criminals by the thousand, and most of the leading Terrorists were educated; but that they should not see the folly of their ideas is, we confess, perplexing, and the more so because in many cases it must be the intellect rather than the heart that is going wrong. Many of the most dangerous Anarchists who profess to despise the old moral law, sacrifice themselves to their cause as readily as the innocent, and live lives of privation and pain for, as they think, the benefit of other people. Even this man Gallo, who avows a design of murder against men he never saw, cannot have hoped to escape, or have looked for any reward from success except the guillotine; while we presume, like every other Anarchist, he would treat the notion of reward in another existence as an idle figment of priests. It is often suggested that Anarchists are insane; but there is no evidence of the fact, which is constantly contradicted by the evidence of their lives. What, in fact, does sanity mean, if men like M. Delescluze or M. Reclus are to be held insane? They differ from other men only in their ideas being self-generated and self-sustained, without help from facts, or any liability to be overthrown by experience. Knowledge leaves their minds unaffected, to work as if knowledge were not; that is all we can say, and that does not in the least explain one of the most perplexing as

well as most disheartening phenomena of modern society.

Connected with this is another symptom, which, if it continues, will kill hope even more, though it is perhaps not so inexplicable. Up to a very recent period, all advocates for popular education were firmly convinced that it would be in itself a strong guarantee for social order. They spoke of Ignorance as a blind giant, who one day would pull down the columns of the social fabric, and never tired of denouncing those who said that education, though good in itself, would increase, and not decrease, social discontent. The American educationists were unanimous upon this point, and used to repeat everywhere a story about the people of Rhode Island being frightened into an education law by an attack on property. It seemed to be so true, too. The people of the educated Eastern States, the people of Prussia, the people of our own Scotland, all seemed to be among the most orderly of mankind, and much more intent than other men on remedying the evils of poverty by industry, thrift, and simplicity of living. The educating process has continued a few more years, and now in Germany there are five hundred thousand Socialists; and all over the Western world, discontent with the order of society, especially upon points which cannot be altered, appears to grow deeper and more violent. So far from the "patience of the poor" growing deeper, it decreases day by day. Look at the new generation in Ireland! Compared with their fathers, they are educated; yet they are distinctly less content, more inclined to a violence which involves rapine, more eager to seek unattainable relief from suffering through courses forbidden by conscience as well as creed. Can the wide spread of education be the cause of the growing restlessness, or is it only synchronous with it? Of the fact there can be no doubt, but the explanation may yet have to be sought through miserable generations.

The facts do not fit each other, and we confess, as fairly impartial observers, to great perplexity. That education should make men more sensitive to any ill conditions in their lot, and more sympathetic with, because more percipient of, the woes of others, would seem nat-

ural enough ; but then, education among the educated makes them more orderly, more gentle, less inclined to violence, even when violence is justifiable. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of manners than the comparative gentleness and tolerance which have entered into the English educated classes within the last seventy years. To those who read carefully the history of those classes before Waterloo, they seem hardly the same people, either in their ideas or their ways. They are three times as contented, to begin with ; take frightful blows, like the recent fall of landlords' incomes, with almost inexplicable patience ; and avow on all sides a dislike for violence which occasionally rises to a perceptible error of judgment, iron requiring to be welded by blows as much as ever it did. Why, then, does partial education among the masses not produce the same effect, but instead of it, discontent, impatience, and an increasing belief that force is, after all, the remedy ? We suppose the truth is that education at first only awakens and makes men perceive what they were blind to before, and that tolerance of what they perceive is of much slower growth. The petulance of the schoolboy comes on the nation, as well as the new apprehension ; while the belief, or partial belief, in violence is a consequence not so much of new knowledge, as of a new sense of power. The strength of the masses has become so apparent to the masses, that they think it can do anything, and ask why, if they can make or abolish any law, they cannot make laws against poverty and suffering. They think, with the schoolboys, that they can do anything, and require the training of life before they can recognize the fixedness

of conditions. That is a fair explanation, but still, it is not perfectly satisfactory. It would leave us the hope that wisdom would come with more and longer education,—as, indeed, it has come to part of the population of Scotland. But still, education, however slight, ought to produce in all directions an increase of sense, an improvement in true mental balance ; and there are directions in which this is not apparent. Prussia improves in education every day, and if ever people had cause to be satisfied with themselves, Prussians have ; yet the inclination to revolutionize society in Prussia in a senseless way, by destruction and not construction, decidedly increases. One would suppose that if everybody could count, capital would be a little safer from attack ; but to all seeming, it is a little less safe. Mr. Goschen would answer, that if men were completely educated, it would be completely safe ; but it is not so, for, as we have said, most Anarchists are even exceptionally well-taught men. Imagine a conspicuous mathematician who believes that the taking of interest must be of necessity a crime against the poor ; yet the case has certainly occurred, and the mathematician faced all manner of disagreeables to make his conviction concrete. Education will give us much in the end, we hope and believe ; but the old enthusiastic hopes from it were, as regards the time of their fruition, evidently illusory. It is no more a panacea than any other, and the good it does is as slow to develop itself as the good that rain does. We have all been just like the poor, and have expected pleasant results too soon, and from mere decrees, and from too little labor.—*The Spectator*.

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## ON THE PLEASURE OF READING.

BY SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

OF all the privileges we enjoy in this nineteenth century there is none, perhaps, for which we ought to be more thankful than for the easier access to books. In the words of an old English song—

“ Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,  
Eythir in-a-doore or out ;

With the grene leaves whispering overhede,  
Or the streete cries all about.  
Where I maie reade all at my ease,  
Both of the newe and olde ;  
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,  
Is better to me than golde.”

The debt we owe to books is well expressed by R. de Bury, Bishop of Dur-

ham, author of "Philobiblon," published in 1473, and the earliest English treatise on the delights of literature :— "These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep ; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing ; if you mistake them, they never grumble ; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you."

This feeling that books are real friends is constantly present to all who love reading.

"I have friends," said Petrarch, "whose society is extremely agreeable to me ; they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of Nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits ; while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I may safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all their services, they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace ; for these friends are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumults of society."

"He that loveth a book," says Isaac Barrow, "will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

Southey took a rather more melancholy view—

"My days among the dead are pass'd,  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old ;  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day."

Imagine, in the words of Aikin—

"that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that

ever existed, and oblige them to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what an inestimable privilege should we think it !—how superior to all common enjoyments ! But in a well-furnished library we, in fact, possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Cæsar on their campaigns, make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress."

"Books," says Jeremy Collier, "are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burthen to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things ; compose our cares and our passions ; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation."

Cicero described a room without books as a body without a soul. But it is by no means necessary to be a philosopher to love reading.

Sir John Herschel tells an amusing anecdote illustrating the pleasure derived from a book, not assuredly of the first order. In a certain village the blacksmith had got hold of Richardson's novel, "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," and used to sit on his anvil in the long summer evenings and read it aloud to a large and attentive audience. It is by no means a short book, but they fairly listened to it all. "At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived, which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing."

"The lover of reading," says Leigh Hunt, "will derive agreeable terror from 'Sir Bertram' and the 'Haunted Chamber ;' will assent with delighted reason to every sentence in 'Mrs. Barbauld's Essay ;' will feel himself wandering into solitudes with 'Gray ;' shake honest hands with 'Sir Roger de Coverley ;' be ready to embrace 'Parson Adams,' and to chuck 'Pounce' out of the window instead of the hat ; will travel with 'Marco Polo' and 'Mungo Park ;' stay at home with 'Thomson ;' retire with 'Cowley ;' be industrious with 'Hutton ;' sym-

pathizing with 'Gay and Mrs. Inchbald;' laughing with (and at) 'Buncle;' melancholy, and forlorn, and self-restored with the shipwrecked mariner of 'De Foe.'"

The delights of reading have been appreciated in many quarters where we might least expect it. Among the hardy Norsemen Runes were supposed to be endowed with miraculous power. There is an Arabic proverb, that "a wise man's day is worth a fool's life," and though it rather perhaps reflects the spirit of the Califs than of the Sultans, that "the ink of science is more precious than the blood of the martyrs."

Confucius is said to have described himself as a man who "in his eager pursuit of knowledge forgot his food, who in the joy of its attainment forgot his sorrows, and did not even perceive that old age was coming on."

Yet, if this could be said by the Chinese and the Arabs, what language can be strong enough to express the gratitude we ought to feel for the advantages we enjoy. We do not appreciate, I think, our good fortune in belonging to the nineteenth century. A hundred years ago many of the most delightful books were still uncreated. How much more interesting science has become especially, if I were to mention only one name, through the genius of Darwin. Renan has characterized this as a most amusing century; I should rather have described it as most interesting: presenting us with an endless vista of absorbing problems, with infinite opportunities, with more than the excitements, and less of the dangers, which surrounded our less fortunate ancestors.

Reading, indeed, is by no means necessarily study. Far from it. "I put," says Mr. Frederick Harrison in his excellent article on the "Choice of Books" (*Fortnightly Review*, 1879)—"I put the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use."

In the prologue to the "Legende of Goode Women," Chaucer says—

"And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,  
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,  
And to him give I feyth and ful credence,  
And in myn herte have him in reverence,  
So hertely, that ther is game noon,  
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,  
But yt be seldome on the holy day,  
Save, certynly, when that the monthe of May

Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,  
And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,  
Farwel my boke, and my devocion."

But I doubt whether, if he had enjoyed our advantages, he could have been so certain of tearing himself away even in the month of May.

Macaulay, who had all that wealth and fame, rank and talents could give, yet, we are told, derived his greatest happiness from books. Mr. Trevelyan, in his charming biography, says that—

"of the feelings which Macaulay entertained towards the great minds of bygone ages it is not for any one except himself to speak. He has told us how his debt to them was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory, and in obscurity. Great as were the honors and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards which he gained by his own works were as nothing in the balance as compared with the pleasure he derived from the works of others."

There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or at dinner to the company of Sterne or Fielding, Horace Walpole or Boswell.

The love of reading which Gibbon declared he would not exchange for all the treasures of India was, in fact, with Macaulay "a main element of happiness in one of the happiest lives that it has ever fallen to the lot of the biographer to record."

Moreover, books are now so cheap as to be within the reach of almost every one. This was not always so. It is quite a recent blessing.

Mr. Ireland, to whose charming little "Book Lover's Enchiridion," in common with every lover of reading, I am greatly indebted, tells us that when a boy he was so delighted with White's "Natural History of Selborne," that in order to possess a copy of his own he actually copied out the whole work.

Mary Lamb gives a pathetic description of a studious boy lingering at a book-stall:—

"I saw a boy with eager eye  
Open a book upon a stall,  
And read, as he'd devour it all;  
Which, when the stall man did espy,  
Soon to the boy I heard him call,

'You, sir, you never buy a book,  
Therefore in one you shall not look.'  
The boy passed slowly on, and with a sigh  
He wished he never had been taught to  
read.  
Then of the old churl's books he should have  
had no need."

Such snatches of literature have, indeed, a special and peculiar charm. This is, I believe, partly due to the very fact of their being brief. Many readers, I think, miss much of the pleasure of reading, by forcing themselves to dwell too long continuously on one subject. In a long railway journey, for instance, many persons take only a single book. The consequence is that, unless it is a story, after half an hour or an hour they are quite tired of it. Whereas, if they had two, or still better three, on different subjects, and one of them being of an amusing character, they would probably find that by changing as soon as they felt at all weary, they would come back again and again to each with renewed zest, and hour after hour would pass pleasantly away. Every one, of course, must judge for himself, but such at least is my experience.

I quite agree, therefore, with Lord Iddesleigh as to the charm of desultory reading, but the wider the field the more important that we should benefit by the very best books in each class. Not that we need confine ourselves to them, but that we should commence with them, and they will certainly lead us on to others. There are of course some books which we must read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. But these are exceptions. As regards by far the larger number, it is probably better to read them quickly, dwelling only on the best and most important passages. In this way, no doubt, we shall lose much, but we gain more by ranging over a wider field. We may in fact, I think, apply to reading Lord Brougham's wise dictum as regards education, and say that it is well to read everything of something, and something of everything. In this way only we can ascertain the bent of our own tastes, for it is a general, though not of course an invariable, rule, that we profit little by books which we do not enjoy.

Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take

bags of wind for sacks of treasure—not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash. There are many books to which one may apply, in the sarcastic sense, the ambiguous remark said to have been made to an unfortunate author, "I will lose no time in reading your book."

It is wonderful, indeed, how much innocent happiness we thoughtlessly throw away. An Eastern proverb says that calamities sent by heaven may be avoided, but from those we bring on ourselves there is no escape. Time is often said to be money, but it is more, for it is life itself. Yet how many there are who would cling desperately to life, and yet think nothing of wasting time!

"For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves."

"I remember," says Hillard, "a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his bait to the tastes and temperaments of his prey; but the idlers were the easiest victims, for they swallowed even the naked hook."

"Ask of the wise," says Schiller, in Lord Sherbrooke's translation,

"the moments we forego  
Eternity itself cannot retrieve."

Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son," with a great deal that is worldly and cynical, contain certainly much good advice. "Every moment," for instance, he says, "which you now lose is so much character and advantage lost; as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully is so much time wisely laid out at prodigious interest." "Do what you will," he elsewhere observes, "only do something." "Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it."

Is not happiness indeed a duty, as well as self-denial? It has been well said that some of our teachers err, perhaps, in that "they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but exhibit not the duty of delight." We must, however, be ungrateful indeed if we cannot appreciate the wonderful and beautiful world in

which we live. Moreover, how can we better make others happy than by being cheerful and happy ourselves?

Few, indeed, attain the philosophy of Hegel, who is said to have calmly finished his "*Phaenomenologie des Geistes*" at Jena, on October 14, 1806, not knowing anything whatever of the battle that was raging round him. Most men, however, may at will make of this world either a palace or a prison, and there are few more effective and more generally available sources of happiness than the wise use of books.

Many, I believe, are deterred from attempting what are called stiff books for fear they should not understand them; but, as Hobbes said, there are few who need complain of the narrowness of their minds, if only they would do their best with them.

In reading, however, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I remember years ago consulting Mr. Darwin as to the selection of a course of study. He asked me what interested me most, and advised me to choose that subject. This indeed applies to the work of life generally.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborer and mechanic. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer or mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work-time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and could therefore give any leisure they might have to reading and study. They have not done so as yet, it is true; but this has been for obvious reasons. Now, however, in the first place, they receive an excellent education in elementary schools, and have more easy access to the best books.

Ruskin has observed he does not wonder at what men suffer, but he often wonders at what they lose. We suffer much, no doubt, from the faults of others, but we lose much more by our own.

It is one thing, however, to own a

library; it is another to use it wisely. Every one of us may say with Proctor—

"All round the room my silent servants wait—  
My friends in every season, bright and dim,  
Angels and seraphim  
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,  
And spirits of the skies all come and go  
Early and late."

Yet too often they wait in vain. I have often been astonished how little care people devote to the selection of what they read. Books we own are almost innumerable; our hours for reading are, alas! very few. And yet many people read almost by hazard. They will take any book they chance to find in a room at a friend's house; they will buy a novel at a railway-stall if it has an attractive title; indeed, I believe in some cases even the binding affects the choice. The selection is, no doubt, far from easy. I have often wished some one would recommend a list of a hundred good books. If we had such lists drawn up by a few good guides they would be most useful. I have indeed sometimes heard it said that in reading every one must choose for himself, but this reminds me of the recommendation not to go into the water till you can swim.

In the absence of such lists I have picked out the books most frequently mentioned with approval by those who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasure of reading, and have ventured to include some which, though less frequently mentioned, are especial favorites of my own. Every one who looks at the list will wish to suggest other books, as indeed I should myself, but in that case the number would soon run up.\*

I have abstained, for obvious reasons, from mentioning works by living authors, though from many of them—Tennyson, Ruskin, and others—I have myself derived the keenest enjoyment; and have omitted works on science, with one or two exceptions, because the subject is so progressive.

I feel that the attempt is overbold; and I must beg for indulgence; but in—

\* Several longer lists have been given; for instance, by Comte ("*Catechism of Positive Philosophy*"); Pycroft ("*Course of English Reading*"); Baldwin ("*The Book Lover*"); and Perkins ("*The Best Reading*").

deed one object which I have had in view is to stimulate others more competent far than I am to give us the advantage of their opinions.

Moreover, I must repeat that I suggest these works rather as those which, as far as I have seen, have been most frequently recommended, than as suggestions of my own, though I have slipped in a few of my own special favorites.

In the absence of such lists we may fall back on the general verdict of mankind. There is a "struggle for existence" and a "survival of the fittest" among books, as well as among animals and plants.

As Alonzo of Aragon said, "Age is a recommendation in four things—old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old books to read." Still, this cannot be accepted without important qualifications. The most recent books of history and science contain, or ought to contain, the most accurate information and the most trustworthy conclusions. Moreover, while the books of other races and times have an interest from their very distance, it must be admitted that many will still more enjoy, and feel more at home with, those of our own century and people.

Yet the oldest books of the world are remarkable and interesting on account of their very age; and the works which have influenced the opinions or charmed the leisure hours of millions of men in distant times and far-away regions are well worth reading on that very account, even if they seem scarcely to deserve their reputation. It is true that to many of us such works are accessible only in translations; but translations, though they can never perhaps do justice to the original, may yet be admirable in themselves. The Bible itself, which must stand at the head of the list, is a conclusive case.

At the head of all non-Christian moralists, I must place the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, certainly one of the noblest books in the whole of literature; so short, moreover, so accessible, and so well translated that it is always a source of wonder to me that it is so little read. Next to Marcus Aurelius I think must come Epictetus. The "Analects" of Confucius will, I believe, prove disap-

pointing to most English readers, but the effect it has produced on the most numerous race of men constitutes in itself a peculiar interest. The "Ethics" of Aristotle, perhaps, appear to some disadvantage from the very fact that they have so profoundly influenced our views of morality. The Koran, like the "Analects" of Confucius, will to most of us derive its principal interest from the effect it has exercised, and still exercises, on so many millions of our fellow-men. I doubt whether in any other respect it will seem to repay perusal, and to most persons probably certain extracts, not too numerous, would appear sufficient.

The writings of the Apostolic Fathers have been collected in one volume by Wake. It is but a small one, and though I must humbly confess that I was disappointed, they are perhaps all the more curious from the contrast they afford to those of the apostles themselves. Of the later Fathers I have included only the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, which Dr. Pusey selected for the commencement of the "Library of the Fathers," and as he observes has "been translated again and again into almost every European language, and in all loved;" though Luther was of opinion that he "wrote nothing to the purpose concerning faith;" but then Luther was no great admirer of the Fathers. St. Jerome, he says, "writes, alas! very coldly;" Chrysostom "digresses from the chief points;" St. Jerome is "very poor;" and in fact, he says, "the more I read the books of the Fathers the more I find myself offended;" while Renan, in his interesting autobiography, compared theology to a Gothic Cathedral, "*elle a la grandeur, les vides immenses, et le peu de solidité.*"

Among other devotional works most frequently recommended are Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," Pascal's "Pensées," Spinoza's "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," Butler's "Analogy of Religion," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Keble's beautiful "Christian Year," and last, not least, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Aristotle and Plato again stand at the head of another class. The "Politics" of Aristotle, and Plato's "Dialogues," if not the whole, at any rate the "Prædo"



and the "Republic," will be of course read by all who wish to know anything of the history of human thought, though I am heretical enough to doubt whether they repay the minute and laborious study often devoted to them.

Aristotle being the father, if not the creator, of the modern scientific method, it has followed naturally—indeed, almost inevitably—that his principles have become part of our very intellectual being, so that they seem now almost self-evident, while his actual observations, though very remarkable—as, for instance, when he observes that bees on one journey confine themselves to one kind of flower—still have been superseded by others, carried on under more favorable conditions. We must not be ungrateful to the great master, because his own lessons have taught us how to advance.

Plato, on the other hand, I say so with all respect, seems to me in some cases to play on words: his arguments are very able, very philosophical, often very noble; but not always conclusive; in a language differently constructed they might sometimes tell in exactly the opposite sense. If this method has proved less fruitful, if in metaphysics we have made but little advance, that very fact in one point of view leaves the "Dialogues" of Socrates as instructive now as ever they were; while the problems with which they deal will always rouse our interest, as the calm and lofty spirit which inspires them must command our admiration.

I would also mention Demosthenes' "De Coronâ," which Lord Brougham pronounced the greatest oration of the greatest of orators; Lucretius, Plutarch's Lives, Horace, and at least the "De Officiis," "De Amicitia," and "De Senectute" of Cicero.

The great epics of the world have always constituted one of the most popular branches of literature. Yet how few, comparatively, ever read the "Iliad" or "Odyssey," Hesiod or Virgil, after leaving school.

The "Nibelungenlied," or great Anglo-Saxon epic, is perhaps too much neglected, no doubt on account of its painful character. Brunhild and Kriemhild, indeed, are far from perfect, but we meet with few such "live" women

in Greek or Roman literature. Nor must I omit to mention Sir T. Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," though I confess I do so mainly in deference to the judgment of others.

Among the Greek tragedians, Æschylus, if not the whole, at any rate "Prometheus," perhaps the sublimest poem in Greek literature, and the "Trilogy" (Mark Pattison considered "Agamemnon" "the grandest work of creative genius in the whole range of literature"); or, as Mr. Grant Duff recommends, the "Persæ;" Sophocles ("Edipus"), Euripides ("Medea"), and Aristophanes ("The Knights"); though I think most modern readers will prefer our modern poets.

I should like, moreover, to say a word for Eastern poetry, such as portions of the "Mahabharata" and "Ramayana" (too long probably to be read through, but of which Talboys Wheeler has given a most interesting epitome in the two first volumes of his "History of India"); the "Shahnameh," the work of the great Persian poet, Firdusi; and the Sheking, the classical collection of ancient Chinese odes. Many, I know, will think I ought to have included Omar Khayyam.

In history we are beginning to feel that the vices and vicissitudes of kings and queens, the dates of battles and wars, are far less important than the development of human thought, the progress of art, of science, and of law, and the subject is on that very account even more interesting than ever. I will, however, only mention, and that rather from a literary than an historical point of view, Herodotus, Xenophon (the "Anabasis"), Thucydides, and Tacitus ("Germania"); and of modern Historians, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Hume's "History of England," Carlyle's "French Revolution," Grote's "History of Greece," and Green's "Short History of England."

Science is so rapidly progressive that, though to many minds it is the most fruitful and interesting subject of all, I cannot here rest on that agreement which, rather than my own opinion, I take as the basis of my list. I will therefore only mention Bacon's "Novum Organum," Mill's "Logic," and Darwin's "Origin of Species;" in Political Economy, which some of our rulers now scarce-

ly seem sufficiently to value, Mill, and parts of Smith's "Wealth of Nations," for probably those who do not intend to make a special study of political economy would scarcely read the whole.

Among voyages and travels, perhaps those most frequently suggested are Cook's "Voyages," Humboldt's "Travels," and Darwin's "Naturalist on the *Beagle*;" though I confess I should like to have added many more.

Mr. Bright not long ago specially recommended the less-known American poets, but he probably assumed that every one would have read Shakespeare, Milton ("Paradise Lost," "Lycidas," and minor poems), Chaucer, Dante, Spenser, Dryden, Scott, Wordsworth, Pope, Southey, Heine, and others, before embarking on more doubtful adventures.

Among other books most frequently recommended are Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," White's "Natural History of Selborne," Burke's Select Works (Payne), the Essays of Addison, Hume, Montaigne, Macaulay, and Emerson; the plays of Molière and Sheridan; Carlyle's "Past and Present," Smiles' "Self-help," and Goethe's "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister."

Nor can one go wrong in recommending Berkeley's "Human Knowledge," Descartes' "Discours sur la Méthode," Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding," Lewes' "History of Philosophy;" while, in order to keep within the number one hundred, I can only mention Molière and Sheridan among dramatists. Macaulay considered Marivaux's "La Vie de Marianne" the best novel in any language, but my number is so nearly complete that I must content myself with English: and will suggest Miss Austen (either "Emma" or "Pride and Prejudice"), Thackeray ("Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis"), Dickens ("Pickwick" and "David Copperfield"), G. Eliot ("Adam Bede"), Kingsley ("Westward Ho!"), Lytton ("Last Days of Pompeii"), and last, not least, those of Scott, which indeed constitute a library in themselves, but which I must ask, in return for my trouble, to

be allowed, as a special-favor, to count as one.

To any lover of books the very mention of these names brings back a crowd of delicious memories, grateful recollections of peaceful home hours, after the labors and anxieties of the day. How thankful we ought to be for these inestimable blessings, for this numberless host of friends who never weary, betray, or forsake us.

#### LIST OF 100 BOOKS.

*Works by Living Authors are omitted.*

- The Bible
- The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius (Long's translation)
- Epictetus
- Aristotle's Ethics
- Analects of Confucius (Legge's trans.)
- St. Hilaire's *La Bouddha et sa religion*
- Wake's *Apostolic Fathers*
- Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*
- Confessions of St. Augustine (Dr. Pusey)
- The Koran (portions of)
- Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*
- Comte's *Catechism of Positive Philosophy* (Congreve)
- Pascal's *Pensées*
- Butler's *Analogy of Religion*
- Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*
- Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*
- Keble's *Christian Year*
- Plato's *Dialogues*; at any rate, the *Republic* and *Phædo*
- Aristotle's *Politics*
- Demosthenes' *De Coronâ*
- Cicero's *De Officiis, De Amicitia, and De Senectute*
- Plutarch's *Lives*
- Berkeley's *Human Knowledge*
- Descartes' *Discours sur la Méthode*
- Locke's *On the Conduct of the Understanding*
- Homer
- Hesiod
- Virgil
- Maha Bharata
- Ramayana
- The Shahnameh
- The Nibelungenlied
- Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*
- The Sheking
- Æschylus' *Prometheus*
- Trilogy of *Orestes*
- Sophocles' *Œdipus*
- Euripides' *Medea*
- Aristophanes' *The Knights*
- Horace
- Lucretius
- Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (perhaps in Morris's edition; or, if expurgated, in Mrs. Haweis')
- Shakespeare
- Milton's *Paradise Lost, Lycidas, and the shorter poems*

Dante's *Divina Commedia*  
 Spenser's *Fairie Queen*  
 Dryden's *Poems*  
 Scott's *Poems*  
 Wordsworth (Mr. Arnold's Selection)  
 Southey's *Thalaba the Destroyer*  
     *The Curse of Kehama*  
 Pope's *Essay on Criticism*  
     *Essay on Man*  
     *Rape of the Lock*

Burns  
 Heine  
 Gray  
 Herodotus  
 Xenophon's *Anabasis*  
 Thucydides  
 Tacitus' *Germania*  
 Livy  
 Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*  
 Hume's *History of England*  
 Grote's *History of Greece*  
 Carlyle's *French Revolution*  
 Green's *Short History of England*  
 Lewes' *History of Philosophy*

Arabian *Nights*  
 Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*  
 Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*  
 Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*  
 Cervantes' *Don Quixote*  
 Boswell's *Life of Johnson*  
 Molière  
 Sheridan's *The Critic*, *School for Scandal*, and  
     *The Rivals*

Carlyle's *Past and Present*  
 Smiles' *Self-Help*

Bacon's *Novum Organum*  
 Smith's *Wealth of Nations* (part of)  
 Mill's *Political Economy*  
 Cook's *Voyages*  
 Humboldt's *Travels*  
 White's *Natural History of Selborne*

Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and *Naturalist's Voyage*  
 Mill's *Logic*  
 Bacon's *Essays*  
 Montaigne's *Essays*  
 Hume's *Essays*  
 Macaulay's *Essays*  
 Addison's *Essays*  
 Emerson's *Essays*  
 Burke's *Select Works* (Payne)

Voltaire's *Zadig*  
 Goethe's *Faust*, and Wilhelm Meister  
 Miss Austen's *Emma*, or *Pride and Prejudice*  
 Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*  
 Pendennis  
 Dickens' *Pickwick*  
     *David Copperfield*  
 Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*  
 George Eliot's *Adam Bede*  
 Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*  
 Scott's *Novels*

NOTE.—The lists which have been given in some papers were not complete or correct.

—*Contemporary Review*.

## THE EVOLUTION OF THEOLOGY :

### AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

I CONCEIVE that the origin, the growth, the decline, and the fall of those speculations respecting the existence, the powers, and the dispositions of beings analogous to men, but more or less devoid of corporeal qualities, which may be broadly included under the head of theology, are phenomena the study of which legitimately falls within the province of the anthropologist. And it is purely as a question of anthropology (a department of biology to which I have at various times given a good deal of attention) that I propose to treat of the evolution of theology in the following pages.

With theology as a code of dogmas which are to be believed, or at any rate repeated, under penalty of present or future punishment, or as a storehouse of anæsthetics for those who find the

pains of life too hard to bear, I have nothing to do ; and, so far as it may be possible, I shall avoid the expression of any opinion as to the objective truth or falsehood of the systems of theological speculation of which I may find occasion to speak. From my present point of view, theology is regarded as a natural product of the operations of the human mind, under the conditions of its existence, just as any other branch of science, or the arts of architecture, or music, or painting are such products. Like them, theology has a history. Like them also, it is to be met with in certain simple and rudimentary forms ; and these can be connected by a multitude of gradations, which exist or have existed, among people of various ages and races, with the most highly developed theologies of past and present times. It

is not my object to interfere, even in the slightest degree, with beliefs which anybody holds sacred ; or to alter the conviction of any one who is of opinion that, in dealing with theology, we ought to be guided by considerations different from those which would be thought appropriate if the problem lay in the province of chemistry or of mineralogy. And if people of these ways of thinking choose to read beyond the present paragraph, the responsibility for meeting with anything they may dislike rests with them and not with me.

We are all likely to be more familiar with the theological history of the Israelites than with that of any other nation. We may therefore fitly make it the first object of our studies ; and it will be convenient to commence with that period which lies between the invasion of Canaan and the early days of the monarchy, and answers to the eleventh and twelfth centuries B.C. or thereabouts. The evidence on which any conclusion as to the nature of Israelitic theology in those days must be based is wholly contained in the Hebrew Scriptures—an agglomeration of documents which certainly belong to very different ages, but of the exact dates and authorship of any one of which (except perhaps one or two of the prophetic writings) there is no evidence, either internal or external, so far as I can discover, of such a nature as to justify more than a confession of ignorance or, at most, an approximate conclusion. In this venerable record of ancient life, misnamed a book, when it is really a library comparable to a selection of works from English literature between the times of Bede and those of Milton, we have the stratified deposits (often confused and even with their natural order inverted) left by the stream of the intellectual and moral life of Israel during many centuries. Imbedded in these strata, there are numerous remains of forms of thought which once lived, and which, though often unfortunately mere fragments, are of priceless value to the anthropologist. Our task is to rescue these from their relatively unimportant surroundings, and by careful comparison with existing forms of theology to make the dead world which they record live again. In other words, our problem is palæontological,

and the method pursued must be the same as that employed in dealing with other fossil remains.

Among the richest of the fossiliferous strata to which I have alluded are the books of Judges and Samuel.\* It has often been observed that these writings stand out in marked relief from those which precede and follow them, in virtue of a certain archaic freshness and of a greater freedom from traces of late interpolation and editorial trimming. Jephthah, Gideon, and Samson are men of old heroic stamp, who would look as much in place in a Norse Saga as where they are ; and if the varnish-brush of later respectability has passed over these memoirs of the mighty men of a wild age, here and there, it has not succeeded in effacing, or even in seriously obscuring, the essential characteristics of the theology traditionally ascribed to their epoch.

There is nothing that I have met with in the results of biblical criticism inconsistent with the conviction that these books give us a fairly trustworthy account of Israelitic life and thought in the times which they cover ; and, as such, apart from the great literary merit of many of their episodes, they possess the interest of being perhaps the oldest genuine history, as apart from mere chronicles on the one hand and mere legends on the other, at present accessible to us.

But it is often said with exultation by writers of one party, and often admitted more or less unwillingly by their opponents, that these books are untrustworthy, by reason of being full of obviously unhistoric tales. And, as a notable example, the narrative of Saul's visit to the so-called "witch of Endor" is often cited. As I have already intimated, I have nothing to do with theological partisanship either heterodox or

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\* Even the most sturdy believers in the popular theory that the proper or titular names attached to the books of the Bible are those of their authors will hardly be prepared to maintain that Jephthah, Gideon, and their colleagues wrote the book of Judges. Nor is it easily admissible that Samuel wrote the two books which pass under his name, one of which deals entirely with events which took place after his death. In fact, no one knows who wrote either Judges or Samuel, nor when, within the range of 100 years, their present form was given to these books.

orthodox, nor, for my present purpose, does it matter very much whether the story is historically true, or whether it merely shows what the writer believed; but, looking at the matter solely from the point of view of an anthropologist, I beg leave to express the opinion that the account of Saul's necromantic expedition is quite consistent with probability. That is to say, I see no reason whatever to doubt, firstly, that Saul made such a visit; and, secondly, that he and all who were present, including the wise-woman of Endor herself, would have given, with entire sincerity, very much the same account of the business as that which we now read in the twenty-eighth chapter of the first book of Samuel; and I am further of opinion that this story is one of the most important of those fossils to which I have referred in the material which it offers for the reconstruction of the theology of the time. Let us therefore study it attentively—not merely as a narrative which, in the dramatic force of its gruesome simplicity, is not surpassed, if it is equalled, by the witch scenes in *Macbeth*—but as a piece of evidence bearing on an important anthropological problem.

We are told (1 Sam. xxviii.) that Saul, encamped at Gilboa, became alarmed by the strength of the Philistine army gathered at Shunem. He therefore "inquired of Jahveh," but "Jahveh answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets." \* Thus deserted by Jahveh, Saul, in his extremity, bethought him of "those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards," whom he is said, at some previous time, to have "put out of the land;" but who seem, nevertheless, to have been very imperfectly banished, since Saul's servants, in answer to his command to seek him a woman "that hath a familiar spirit," reply without a sign of hesitation or of fear, "Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor;" just as, in some parts of England, a countryman might tell any one who did not look like a magistrate or a policeman, where a "wise-woman" was to be met with. Saul goes to this

woman, who, after being assured of immunity, asks, "Whom shall I bring up to thee?" whereupon Saul says, "Bring me up Samuel." The woman immediately sees an apparition. But to Saul nothing is visible, for he asks, "What seest thou?" And the woman replies, "I see Elohim coming up out of the earth." Still the spectre remains invisible to Saul, for he asks, "What form is he of?" And she replies, "An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a robe." So far, therefore, the wise-woman unquestionably plays the part of a "medium," and Saul is dependent upon her version of what happens.

The account continues:—

And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he bowed with his face to the ground and did obeisance. And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed: for the Philistines make war against me, and Elohim is departed from me and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams: therefore I have called thee that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do. And Samuel said, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing that Jahveh is departed from thee and is become thine adversary? And Jahveh hath wrought for himself, as he spake by me, and Jahveh hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand and given it to thy neighbor, even to David. Because thou obeyedst not the voice of Jahveh and didst not execute his fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath Jahveh done this thing unto thee this day. Moreover, Jahveh will deliver Israel also with thee into the hand of the Philistines; and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: Jahveh shall deliver the host of Israel also into the hand of the Philistines. Then Saul fell straightway his full length upon the earth and was sore afraid because of the words of Samuel. . . . (v. 14-20).

The statement that Saul "perceived" that it was Samuel is not to be taken to imply that, even now, Saul actually saw the shade of the prophet, but only that the woman's allusion to the prophetic mantle and to the aged appearance of the spectre convinced him that it was Samuel. Reuss\* in fact translates the

\* I need hardly say that I depend upon authoritative Biblical critics, whenever a question of interpretation of the text arises. As Reuss appears to me to be one of the most learned, acute, and fair-minded of those whose works I have studied, I have made most use of the commentary and dissertations in his splendid French edition of the Bible. But I have also had recourse to the works of Dillman, Kalisch, Kuenen, Thenius, Tuch, and others, in cases in which another opinion seemed desirable.

\* My citations are taken from the Revised Version; but for LORD and GOD I have substituted *Jahveh* and *Elohim*.

passage "Alors Saul reconnut que c'était Samuel." Nor does the dialogue between Saul and Samuel necessarily, or probably, signify that Samuel spoke otherwise than by the voice of the wise-woman—the Septuagint does not hesitate to call her *ἐγγαστριμυθός*, that is to say a ventriloquist, implying that it was she who spoke—and this view of the matter is in harmony with the fact that the exact sense of the Hebrew words which are translated as "a woman that hath a familiar spirit" is "a woman mistress of *Ob*." *Ob* means primitively a leather bottle, such as a wine-skin, and is applied alike to the necromancer and to the spirit evoked. Its use in these senses appears to have been suggested by the likeness of the hollow sound emitted by a half-empty bottle of this kind, when struck, to the sepulchral tones in which the oracles of the evoked spirits were uttered by the medium. It is most probable that, in accordance with the general theory of spiritual influences which obtained among the old Israelites, the spirit of Samuel was conceived to pass into the body of the wise-woman, and to use her vocal organs to speak in his own name—for I cannot discover that they drew any clear distinction between possession and inspiration.

If the story of Saul's consultation of the occult powers is to be regarded as an authentic narrative, or, at any rate, as a statement which is perfectly veracious so far as the intention of the narrator goes—and, as I have said, I see no reason for refusing it this character—it will be found, on further consideration, to throw a flood of light, both directly and indirectly, on the theology of Saul's countrymen—that is to say upon their beliefs respecting the nature and ways of spiritual beings.

Even without the confirmation of other abundant evidences to the same effect, it leaves no doubt as to the existence among them of the fundamental doctrine that man consists of a body and of a spirit, which last, after the death of the body, continues to exist as a ghost. At the time of Saul's visit to Endor, Samuel was dead and buried; but that his spirit would be believed to continue to exist in Sheol may be concluded from the well-known passage in

the song attributed to Hannah, his mother :—

Jahveh killeth and maketh alive,  
He bringeth down to Sheol and bringeth up.  
(1 Sam. ii. 6.)

And it is obvious that this Sheol was thought to be a place underground in which Samuel's spirit had been disturbed by the necromancer's summons, and in which, after his return thither, he would be joined by the spirits of Saul and his sons when they had met with their bodily death on the hill of Gilboa. It is further to be observed that the spirit, or ghost, of the dead man presents itself as the image of the man himself—it is the man not merely in his ordinary corporeal presentment (even down to the prophet's mantle) but in his moral and intellectual characteristics. Samuel, who had begun as Saul's friend and ended as his bitter enemy, gives it to be understood that he is annoyed at Saul's presumption in disturbing him; and that, in Sheol, he is as much the devoted servant of Jahveh, and as much empowered to speak in Jahveh's name, as he was during his sojourn in the upper air.

It appears now to be universally admitted that, before the exile, the Israelites had no belief in rewards and punishments after death, or in anything similar to the Christian heaven and hell; but our story proves that it would be an error to suppose that they did not believe in the continuance of individual existence after death by a ghostly simulacrum of life. Nay, I think it would be very hard to produce conclusive evidence that they disbelieved in immortality; for I am not aware that there is anything to show that they thought the existence of the souls of the dead in Sheol ever came to an end. But they do not seem to have conceived that the condition of the souls in Sheol was in any way affected by their conduct in life. If there was immortality, there was no state of retribution in their theology. Samuel expects Saul and his sons to come to him in Sheol.

The next circumstance to be remarked is that the name of *Elohim* is applied to the spirit which the woman sees "coming up out of the earth," that is to say from Sheol. The authorized version translates this in its literal sense "gods." The revised version gives

"god" with "gods" in the margin. Reuss renders the word by "spectre," remarking in a note that it is not quite exact; but that the word Elohim expresses "something divine, that is to say superhuman, commanding respect and terror" (*Histoire des Israelites*, p. 321). Tuch, in his commentary on Genesis, and Thenius, in his commentary on Samuel, express substantially the same opinion. Dr. Alexander (in Kitto's *Cyclopædia*, s. v. "God") has the following instructive remarks:—

[*Elohim* is] sometimes used vaguely to describe unseen powers or superhuman beings that are not properly thought of as divine. Thus the witch of Endor saw "*Elohim* ascending out of the earth" (1 Sam. xxviii. 13), meaning thereby some beings of an unearthly, superhuman character. So also in Zech. xii. 8, it is said "the house of David shall be as *Elohim*, as the angel of the Lord," where, as the transition from *Elohim* to the angel of the Lord is a *minori ad majus*, we must regard the former as a vague designation of supernatural powers.

Dr. Alexander speaks here of "beings;" but as *Elohim*, a plural form, is very often used elsewhere with a verb in the singular, there is no reason to suppose that the wise-woman of Endor referred to anything but a solitary spectre, and it is quite clear that Saul understood her in this sense, for he asks, "What form is HE of?"

This fact that the name of *Elohim* is applied to a ghost, or disembodied soul, conceived as the image of the body in which it once dwelt, is of no little importance. For it is well known that the same term was employed to denote the gods of the heathen, which were thought to have definite quasi-corporeal forms and to be as much real entities as any other *Elohim*.<sup>\*</sup> The difference which was supposed to exist between the different *Elohim* was one of degree, not one of kind. *Elohim* was, in logical terminology, the genus of which ghosts, Chemosh, Dagon, Baal, and Jahveh were species. The Israelite believed

Jahveh to be immeasurably superior to all other kinds of *Elohim*. The inscription on the Moabite stone shows that King Mesa held Chemosh to be as unquestionably the superior of Jahveh. But if Jahveh was thus supposed to differ only in degree from the undoubtedly zoomorphic or anthropomorphic "gods of the nations," why is it to be assumed that he also was not thought of as having a human shape? It is possible for those who forget that the time of the great prophetic writers is at least as remote from that of Saul as our day is from that of Queen Elizabeth, to insist upon interpreting the gross notions, current in the earlier age and among the mass of the people, by the refined conceptions promulgated by a few select spirits centuries later. But if we take the language constantly used concerning the Deity in the books of Genesis, Exodus, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, or Kings, in its natural sense (and I am aware of no valid reason which can be given for taking it in any other sense), there cannot, to my mind, be a doubt that Jahveh was conceived, by those from whom the substance of these books is mainly derived, to possess the appearance and the intellectual and moral attributes of a man, and indeed of a man of just that type with which the Israelites were familiar in their stronger and intellectually abler rulers and leaders. In a well-known passage of Genesis (i. 27) *Elohim* is said to have "created man in his own image, in the image of *Elohim* created he him." It is "man" who is here said to be the image of *Elohim*—not man's soul alone, still less his "reason," but the whole man. It is obvious that for those who called a manlike ghost, *Elohim*, there could be no difficulty in conceiving any other *Elohim* under the same aspect. And if there could be any doubt on this subject, surely it cannot stand in the face of what we find in the fifth chapter, where, immediately after a repetition of the statement that "*Elohim* created man, in the likeness of *Elohim* made he him," it is said that Adam begat Seth "in his own likeness, after his image." Does this mean that Seth resembled Adam only in a spiritual and figurative sense? And if that interpretation of the third verse of the fifth chapter of Genesis is absurd, why does it become rea-

\* See, for example, the message of Jephthah to the King of the Ammonites: "So now Jahveh, the *Elohim* of Israel, hath dispossessed the Amorites from before his people Israel, and shouldest thou possess them? Wilt not thou possess that which Chemosh, thy *Elohim*, giveth thee to possess?" (Judges xi. 23, 24). For Jephthah, Chemosh is obviously as real a personage as Jahveh.

sonable in the first verse of the same chapter?

But let us go further. Is not the Jahveh who "walks in the garden in the cool of the day;" from whom one may hope to "hide oneself among the trees;" of whom it is expressly said that "Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel," "saw the Elohim of Israel" (Exodus xxiv. 9-11); and that, although the seeing Jahveh was understood to be a high crime and misdemeanor, worthy of death, under ordinary circumstances, yet, for this once, he "laid not his hand on the nobles of Israel;" "that they beheld Elohim and did eat and drink;" and that afterwards Moses saw his back (Exodus xxxiii. 23)—is not this Deity conceived as manlike in form? Again, is not the Jahveh who eats with Abraham under the oaks at Mamre, who is pleased with the "sweet savor" of Noah's sacrifice, to whom sacrifices are said to be "food"—is not this Deity depicted as possessed of human appetites? If this were not the current Israelitish idea of Jahveh even in the eighth century B. C., where is the point of Isaiah's scathing admonitions to his countrymen: "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith Jahveh: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats" (Isaiah i. 11). Or of Micah's inquiry, "Will Jahveh be pleased with thousands of rams or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?" (vi. 7). And, in the innumerable passages in which Jahveh is said to be jealous of other gods, to be angry, to be appeased, and to repent; in which he is represented as casting off Saul because the king does not quite literally execute a command of the most ruthless severity; or as smiting Uzzah to death because the unfortunate man thoughtlessly, but naturally enough, put out his hand to stay the ark from falling—can any one deny that the old Israelites conceived Jahveh not only in the image of a man, but in that of a changeable and, occa-

sionally, violent man? There appears to me, then, to be no reason to doubt that the notion of likeness to man, which was indubitably held of the ghost Elohim, was carried out consistently through the whole series of Elohim, and that Jahveh-Elohim was thought of as a being of the same substantially human nature as the rest, only immeasurably more powerful for good and for evil.

The absence of any real distinction between the Elohim of different ranks is further clearly illustrated by the corresponding absence of any sharp delimitation between the various kinds of people who serve as the media of communication between them and men. The agents through whom the lower Elohim are consulted are called necromancers, wizards, and diviners, and are looked down upon by the prophets and priests of the higher Elohim; but the "seer" connects the two, and they are all alike in their essential characters of media. The wise-woman of Endor was believed by others, and, I have little doubt, believed herself, to be able to "bring up" whom she would from Sheol, and to be inspired, whether in virtue of actual possession by the evoked Elohim, or otherwise, with a knowledge of hidden things. I am unable to see that Saul's servant took any really different view of Samuel's powers, though he may have believed that he obtained them by the grace of the higher Elohim. For when Saul fails to find his father's asses, his servant says to him—

Behold now, there is in this city a man of Elohim, and he is a man that is held in honor; all that he saith cometh surely to pass: now let us go thither: peradventure he can tell us concerning our journey whereon we go. Then said Saul to his servant, But behold if we go, what shall we bring the man? for the bread is spent in our vessels and there is not a present to bring to the man of Elohim. What have we? And the servant answered Saul again and said, Behold I have in my hand the fourth part of a shekel of silver: that will I give to the man of Elohim to tell us our way. (Before time in Israel when a man went to inquire of Elohim, thus he said, Come and let us go to the seer: for he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer.)\* (1 Samuel ix. 6-10.)

In fact, when, shortly afterwards, Saul

\* For example: "My oblation, my food for my offerings made by fire, of a sweet savor to me, shall ye observe to offer unto me in their due season" (Numbers xxviii. 2).

\* In 2 Samuel xv. 27 David says to Zadok the priest, "Art thou not a seer?" and Gad is called David's seer.



accidentally meets Samuel, he says, "Tell me, I pray thee, where the Seer's house is." Samuel answers, "I am the Seer." Immediately afterwards Samuel informs Saul that the asses are found, though how he obtained his knowledge of the fact is not stated. It will be observed that Samuel is not spoken of here as, in any special sense, a seer or prophet of Jahveh, but as a "man of Elohim"—that is to say, a Seer having access to the "spiritual powers," just as the wise-woman of Endor might have been said to be a "woman of Elohim"—and the narrator's or editor's explanatory note seems to indicate that "Prophet" is merely a name introduced later than the time of Samuel for a superior kind of "Seer," or "man of Elohim." \*

Another very instructive passage shows that Samuel was not only considered to be diviner, seer, and prophet in one, but that he was also, to all intents and purposes, priest of Jahveh—though, according to his biographer, he was not a member of the tribe of Levi. At the outset of their acquaintance, Samuel says to Saul, "Go up before me into the high place," where, as the young maidens of the city had just before told Saul, the Seer was going, "for the people will not eat until he come, because he doth bless the sacrifice" (1 Sam. ix. 13). The use of the word "bless" here—as if Samuel were not going to sacrifice, but only to offer a blessing or thanksgiving—is curious. But that Samuel really acted as priest seems plain from what follows. For he not only asks Saul to share in the customary sacrificial feast, but he disposes in Saul's favor of that portion of the victim which the Levitical legislation, doubtless embodying old customs, recognises as the priest's special property. †

\* This would at first appear to be inconsistent with the use of the word "prophetess" for Deborah. But it does not follow because the writer of Judges applies the name to Deborah that it was used in her day.

† Samuel tells the cook, "Bring the portion which I gave thee, of which I said to thee, Set it by thee." It was therefore Samuel's to give. "And the cook took up the thigh (or shoulder) and that which was upon it and set it before Saul." But in the Levitical regulations it is the thigh (or shoulder) which becomes the priest's own property. "And the right thigh (or shoulder) shall ye give unto the

Although particular persons adopted the profession of media between men and Elohim, there was no limitation of the power, in the view of ancient Israel, to any special class of the population. Saul inquires of Jahveh and builds him altars on his own account; and in the very remarkable story told in the fourteenth chapter of the first book of Samuel (v. 37-46), Saul appears to conduct the whole process of divination, although he has a priest at his elbow. David seems to do the same.

Moreover, Elohim constantly appears in dreams—which in old Israel did not mean that, as we should say, the subject of the appearance "dreamed he saw the spirit;" but that he veritably saw the Elohim which, as a soul, visited his soul while his body was asleep. And in the course of the history of Israel Jahveh himself thus appears to all sorts of persons, non-Israelites as well as Israelites. Again, the Elohim possess, or inspire, people against their will, as in the case of Saul and Saul's messengers, and then these people prophesy—that is to say "rave"—and exhibit the ungoverned gestures attributed by a later age to possession by malignant spirits. Apart from other evidence to be adduced by-and-by, the history of ancient demonology and of modern revivalism does not permit me to doubt that the accounts of these phenomena given in the history of Saul may be perfectly historical.

In the ritual practices of which evidence is to be found in the books of Judges and Samuel, the chief part is played by sacrifices, usually burnt offerings. Whenever the aid of the Elohim of Israel is sought, or thanks are considered due to him, an altar is built, and oxen, sheep, and goats are slaughtered and offered up. Sometimes the entire victim is burnt as a holocaust; more frequently, only certain parts, notably the fat about the kidneys, are burnt on the altar. The rest is properly cooked; and, after the reservation of a part for

priest for an heave-offering," which is given along with the wave breast "unto Aaron the priest and unto his sons as a due forever from the children of Israel" (Leviticus viii. 31-34). Reuss writes on this passage: "La cuisine n'est point agitée, mais simplement *prélevée* sur ce que les convives mangeront."

the priest, is made the foundation of a joyous banquet, in which the sacrificer, his family, and such guests as he thinks fit to invite, participate.\* Elohim was supposed to share in the feast; and it has been already shown that the portion which was set apart on the altar or consumed by fire was spoken of as the food of Elohim, who was thought to be influenced in favor of the sacrificer by the costliness, or the pleasant smell, of the sacrifice.

All this bears out the view that, in the mind of the old Israelite, there was no difference save one of degree between one Elohim and another. It is true that there is but little direct evidence to show that the old Israelites shared the widespread belief of their own, and indeed of all, times that the spirits of the dead not only continue to exist, but are capable of a ghostly kind of feeding and are grateful for such aliment as can be assimilated by their attenuated substance and even for clothes, ornaments, and weapons.† That they were familiar with this doctrine in the time of the captivity is suggested by the well-known reference of Ezekiel (xxxii. 27) to the "mighty men that are fallen of the uncircumcised, which are gone down to Sheol with their weapons of war and have laid their swords under their heads." Perhaps there is a still earlier allusion in the "giving of food for the dead" spoken of in Deuteronomy (xxvi. 14).‡

\* See, for example, Elkanah's sacrifice, i Sam.

† The ghost was not supposed to be capable of devouring the gross, material substance of the offering; but his vaporous body appropriated the smoke of the burnt sacrifice, the visible and odorless exhalations of other offerings. The blood of the victim was particularly useful because it was thought to be the special seat of its soul or life. A West African negro replied to a European sceptic: "Of course, the spirit cannot eat corporeal food, but he extracts its spiritual part, and, as we see, leaves the material part behind" (Lippert, *Seelencult*, p. 16).

‡ It is further well worth consideration whether, as Lippert suggests, indications of former ancestor-worship are not to be found in the singular weight attached to the veneration of parents in the fourth commandment. It is the only positive commandment in addition to those respecting the Deity and that concerning the Sabbath, and the penalties for infringing it were of the same character. In China, a corresponding reverence for parents

It must be remembered that the literature of the old Israelites, as it lies before us, has been subjected to the revision of strictly monotheistic editors, violently opposed to all kinds of idolatry, who are not likely to have selected from the materials at their disposal any obvious evidence, either of the practice under discussion, or of that ancestor-worship which is so closely related to it, for preservation in the permanent records of their people.

The mysterious objects known as *Teraphim*, which are occasionally mentioned in Judges, Samuel, and elsewhere, however, can hardly be interpreted otherwise than as indications of the existence both of ancestor-worship and of image-worship in old Israel. The teraphim were certainly images of family gods, and, as such, in all probability represented deceased ancestors. Laban indignantly demands of his son-in-law "Wherefore hast thou stolen my Elohim?" which Rachel, who must be assumed to have worshipped Jacob's God, Jahveh, had carried off, obviously because she, like her father, believed in their divinity. It is not suggested that Jacob was in any way scandalised by the idolatrous practices of his favorite wife, whatever he may have thought of her honesty, when the truth came to light; for the teraphim seem to have remained in his camp, at least until he "hid" his strange gods "under the oak that was by Shechem" (Genesis xxxv. 4). And, indeed, it is open to question if he got rid of them then, for the subsequent history of Israel renders it more than doubtful whether the teraphim were regarded as "strange gods" even as late as the eighth century B.C. The writer of the books of Samuel takes it quite as a matter of course that

is part and parcel of ancestor-worship; so in ancient Rome and in Greece (where parents were even called *δούτεροι καὶ ἐπίγειοι θεοί*).—The fifth commandment, as it stands, would be an excellent compromise between ancestor-worship and monotheism. The larger hereditary share allotted by Israelitic law to the eldest son reminds one of the privileges attached to primogeniture in ancient Rome, which were closely connected with ancestor-worship. There is a good deal to be said in favor of the speculation that the ark of the covenant may have been a relic of ancestor-worship; but that topic is too large to be dealt with incidentally in this place.

Michal, daughter of one royal Jahveh worshipper and wife of the servant of Jahveh *par excellence*, the pious David, should have her teraphim handy in her and David's chamber, when she dresses them up in their bed into a simulation of her husband, for the purpose of deceiving her father's messengers.

Even one of the early prophets, Hosea, when he threatens that the children of Israel shall abide many days without "ephod or teraphim" (iii. 4), appears to regard both as equally proper appurtenances of the suspended worship of Jahveh, and equally certain to be restored when that is resumed. When we further take into consideration that, only in the reign of Hezekiah, was the brazen serpent, preserved in the temple and believed to be the work of Moses, destroyed, and the practice of offering incense to it, that is, worshipping it, abolished—that Jeroboam could set up "calves of gold" for Israel to worship, with apparently none but a political object, and certainly with no notion of creating a schism among the worshippers of Jahveh, or repelling the men of Judah from his standard—it seems obvious, either that the Israelites of the tenth and eleventh centuries B.C. knew not the second commandment, or that they construed it merely as part of the prohibition to worship any supreme god other than Jahveh, which precedes it.

In seeking for information about the teraphim, I lighted upon the following passage in the valuable article on that subject by Canon Farrar, in Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, which is so much to the purpose of my argument, that I venture to quote it in full:—

The main and certain results of this review are that the teraphim were rude human images; that the use of them was an antique Aramaic custom; that there is reason to suppose them to have been images of deceased ancestors; that they were consulted oracularly; that they were not confined to Jews; that their use continued down to the latest period of Jewish history; and lastly, that although the enlightened prophets and strictest later kings regarded them as idolatrous, the priests were much less averse to such images, and their cult was not considered in any way repugnant to the pious worship of Elohim, nay even to the worship of him "under the awful title of Jehovah." In fact, they involved a *monotheistic idolatry very different indeed from polytheism*; and the tolerance of them by

priests, as compared with the denunciation of them by the prophets, offers a close analogy to the views of the Roman Catholics respecting pictures and images as compared with the views of Protestants. It was against this use of idolatrous symbols and emblems in a monotheistic worship that the *second* commandment was directed, whereas the first is aimed against the graver sin of direct polytheism. But the whole history of Israel shows how utterly and how early the law must have fallen into desuetude. The worship of the golden calf and of the calves at Dan and Bethel, against which, so far as we know, neither Elijah nor Elisha said a single word; the tolerance of high places, teraphim and betylia; the offering of incense for centuries to the brazen serpent destroyed by Hezekiah; the occasional glimpses of the most startling irregularities sanctioned apparently even in the temple worship itself, prove most decisively that a pure monotheism and an independence of symbols was the result of a slow and painful course of God's disciplinary dealings among the noblest thinkers of a single nation, and not, as is so constantly and erroneously urged, the instinct of the whole Semitic race; in other words, one single branch of the Semites was under God's providence *educated* into pure monotheism only by centuries of misfortune and series of inspired men. (Vol. iii. p. 986.)

It appears to me that the researches of the anthropologist lead him to conclusions identical in substance, if not in terms, with those here enunciated as the result of a careful study of the same subject from a totally different point of view.

There is abundant evidence in the books of Samuel and elsewhere that an article of dress termed an *ephod* was supposed to have a peculiar efficacy in enabling the wearer to exercise divination by means of Jahveh-Elohim. Great and long continued have been the disputes as to the exact nature of the ephod—whether it always means something to wear, or whether it sometimes means an image. But the probabilities are that it always signifies a kind of waistcoat or broad zone, provided with shoulder-straps, which the person who "inquired of Jahveh" put on. In 1 Samuel xxiii. 2 David appears to have inquired without an ephod, for Abiathar the priest is said to have "come down with an ephod in his hand" only subsequently. And then David asks for it before inquiring of Jahveh whether the men of Keilah would betray him or not. David's action is obviously divination pure and simple; and it is curious that he seems to have worn the ephod himself and not

to have employed Abiathar as a medium. How the answer was given is not clear, though the probability is that it was obtained by casting lots. The *Urim* and *Thummim* seem to have been two such lots of a peculiarly sacred character, which were carried in the pocket of the high-priest's "breast-plate." This last was worn along with the ephod.

With the exception of one passage (1 Sam. xiv. 18) the Ark is ignored in the history of Saul. But in this place, the Septuagint reads "ephod" for ark, while in 1 Chronicles xiii. 3 David says that "we sought not unto it [the Ark] in the days of Saul." Nor does Samuel seem to have paid any regard to the ark after its return from Philistia; though, in his childhood, he is said to have slept in "the temple of Jahveh where the ark of Elohim was" (1 Sam. iii. 3) at Shiloh, and there to have been the seer of the earliest apparitions vouchsafed to him by Jahveh. The space between the cherubim, or winged images, on the canopy or cover (*Kapporeth*) of this holy chest was held to be the special seat of Jahveh—the place selected for a temporary residence of the Supreme Elohim who had, after Aaron and Phineas, Eli and his sons for priests and seers. And when the ark was carried to the camp at Eben-ezer there can be no doubt that the Israelites, no less than the Philistines, held that "Elohim is come into the camp" (iv. 7), and that the one as much as the other conceived that the Israelites had summoned to their aid a powerful ally in "these (or this) mighty Elohim"—elsewhere called Jahve-Sabaoth, the Jahveh of Hosts. If the "temple" at Shiloh was the Pentateuchal tabernacle, as is suggested by the name of "tent of meeting" given to it in 1 Sam. ii. 22, it was essentially a large tent, though constituted of very expensive and ornate materials; if, on the other hand, it was a different edifice, there can be little doubt that this "house of Jahveh" was built on the model of an ordinary house of the time. But there is not the slightest evidence that, during the reign of Saul, any greater importance attached to this seat of the cult of Jahveh than to others. Sanctuaries, and "high places" for sacrifice, were scattered all over the country from Dan to Beersheba. And as

Samuel is said to have gone up to one of these high places to bless the sacrifice, it may be taken for tolerably certain that he knew nothing of the Levitical laws which severely condemn the high places and those who sacrifice away from the sanctuary hallowed by the presence of the ark.

There is no evidence that during the time of the Judges and of Samuel, any one occupied the position of the high-priest of later days. And persons who were neither priests nor Levites sacrificed and divined or "inquired of Jahveh" when they pleased and where they pleased, without the least indication that they, or any one else in Israel at that time, knew they were doing wrong. There is no allusion to any special observance of the Sabbath; and the references to circumcision are indirect.

Such are the chief articles of the theological creed of the old Israelites, which are made known to us by the direct evidence of the ancient records to which we have had recourse, and they are as remarkable for that which they contain as for that which is absent from them. They reveal a firm conviction that, when death takes place, a something termed a soul, or spirit, leaves the body and continues to exist in Sheol for a period of indefinite duration, even though there is no proof of any belief in absolute immortality; that such spirits can return to earth to possess and inspire the living; that they are, in appearance and in disposition, likenesses of the men to whom they belonged, but that, as spirits, they have larger powers and are freer from physical limitations; that they thus form one of a number of kinds of spiritual existences known as Elohim, of whom Jahveh, the national God of Israel, is one; that, consistently with this view, Jahveh was conceived as a sort of spirit, human in aspect and in senses, and with many human passions, but with immensely greater intelligence and power than any other Elohim, whether human or divine. Further, the evidence proves that this belief was the basis of the Jahveh-worship to which Samuel and his followers were devoted; that there is strong reason for believing, and none for doubting, that idolatry, in the shape of the worship of the family

gods, or teraphim, was practised by sincere and devout Jahveh-worshippers ; that the ark, with its protective tent or tabernacle, was regarded as a specially but by no means exclusively favored sanctuary of Jahveh ; that an ephod appears to have had a particular value for those who desired to divine by the help of Jahveh ; and that divination by lots was practised before Jahveh. On the other hand, there is not the slightest evidence of any belief in retribution after death, but the contrary ; ritual obligations have at least as strong sanction as moral ; there are clear indications that some of the most stringent of the Levitical laws were unknown even to Samuel ; priests often appear to be superseded by laymen, even in the performance of sacrifices and divination ; and no line of demarcation can be drawn between necromancer, wizard, seer, prophet, and priest, each of whom is regarded, like all the rest, as a medium of communication between the world of Elohim and that of living men.

The theological system, thus defined, offers to the anthropologist no feature which is devoid of a parallel in the known theologies of other races of mankind, even of those who inhabit parts of the world most remote from Palestine. And the foundation of the whole, the ghost theory, is exactly that theological speculation which is the most widely spread of all, and the most deeply rooted among uncivilised men. I am able to base this statement, to some extent, on facts within my own knowledge. In December 1848, H.M.S. "Rattlesnake," the ship to which I then belonged, was anchored off Mount Ernest, an island in Torres Straits. The people were few and well disposed, and when a friend of mine (whom I will call B.) and I went ashore we made acquaintance with an old native, Paouda by name. In course of time we became quite intimate with the old gentleman, partly by the rendering of mutual good offices, but chiefly because Paouda believed he had discovered that B. was his father-in-law. And his grounds for this singular conviction were very remarkable. We had made a long stay at Cape York hard by, and, in accordance with a theory which is widely held among the

Australians, that white men are the re-incarnated spirits of black men, B. was held to be the ghost, or *narki*, of a certain Mount Ernest native, one Antarki, who had lately died, on the ground of some real or fancied resemblance to the latter. Now Paouda had taken to wife a daughter of Antarki's, named Domani, and as soon as B. informed him that he was the ghost of Antarki, Paouda at once admitted the relationship and acted upon it. For as all the women on the island had hidden away in fear of the ship, and we were anxious to see what they were like, B. pleaded pathetically with Paouda that it would be very unkind not to let him see his daughter and grandchildren. After a good deal of hesitation and the exaction of pledges of deep secrecy, Paouda consented to take B., and myself as B.'s friend, to see Domani and the three daughters, by whom B. was received quite as one of the family, while I was courteously welcomed on his account.

This scene made an impression upon me which is not yet effaced. It left no question on my mind of the sincerity of the 'strange ghost theory of these savages, and of the influence which their belief has on their practical life. I had it in my mind, as well as many a like result of subsequent anthropological studies, when, in 1869,\* I wrote as follows :—

There are savages without God in any proper sense of the word, but none without ghosts. And the Fetishism, Ancestor-worship, Hero-worship, and Demonology of primitive savages are all, I believe, different manners of expression of their belief in ghosts, and of the anthropomorphic interpretation of out-of-the-way events which is its concomitant. Witchcraft and sorcery are the practical expressions of these beliefs ; and they stand in the same relation to religious worship as the simple anthropomorphism of children or savages does to theology.

I do not quote myself with any intention of making a claim to originality in putting forth this view ; for I have since discovered that the same conception is virtually contained in the great *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* of Bossuet, now more than two centuries old :—

\* "The Scientific Aspects of Positivism," *Fortnightly Review*, 1869, republished in "Lay Sermons."

Le culte des hommes morts faisoit presque tout le fond de l'idolâtrie : presque tous les hommes sacrifioient aux mânes, c'est-à-dire aux âmes des morts. De si anciennes erreurs nous font voir à la vérité combien étoit ancienne la croyance de l'immortalité de l'âme, et nous montrent qu'elle doit être rangée parmi les premières traditions du genre humain. Mais l'homme, qui gâtoit tout, en avoit étrangement abusé, puisqu'elle le portoit à sacrifier aux morts. On alloit même jusqu'à cet excès, de leur sacrifier des hommes vivans : on tuoit leurs esclaves, et même leurs femmes, pour les aller servir dans l'autre monde.\*

Among more modern writers J. G. Müller, in his excellent *Geschichte der amerikanischen Urreligionen* (1855) clearly recognises "gespensterhafter Geisterglaube" as the foundation of all savage and semicivilised theology, and I need do no more than mention the important developments of the same view which are to be found in Mr. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, and in the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer, especially his recently published *Ecclesiastical Institutions*. †

It is a matter of fact that, whether we direct our attention to the older conditions of civilised societies, in Japan, in China, in Hindostan, in Greece, or in Rome, ‡ we find, underlying all other theological notions, the belief in ghosts, with its inevitable concomitant, sorcery ; and a primitive cult in the shape of a worship of ancestors, which is essentially an attempt to please, or appease, their ghosts. The same thing is true of old Mexico and Peru, and of every semicivilised or savage people who have developed a definite cult ; and in those who, like the natives of Australia, have not even a cult, the belief in, and fear of, ghosts is as strong as anywhere else. One of the most clearly demonstrable articles of the theology of the Israelites in the eleventh and twelfth centuries B.C. is therefore simply the article which is to be found in all primitive theologies ;

\* *Œuvres de Bossuet*, ed. 1808, t. xxxv, p. 282.

† I should like further to add the expression of my indebtedness to two works by Herr Julius Lippert, *Der Seelencult in seinen Beziehungen zur alt-hebräischen Religion*, and *Die Religionen der europäischen Culturvölker*, both published in 1881. I have found them full of valuable suggestions.

‡ See among others the remarkable work of Fustel de Coulanges, *La cité antique*, in which the social importance of the old Roman ancestor-worship is brought out with great clearness.

namely, the belief that a man has a soul which continues to exist after death for a longer or shorter time, and may return, as a ghost, with a divine or, at least, demonic character, to influence for good or evil (and usually for evil) the affairs of the living. But the correspondence between the old Israelitic and other archaic forms of theology extends to details. If, in order to avoid all chance of direct communication, we compare the former with the theology of semicivilised people, separated by the greatest possible distance and by every conceivable barrier from the inhabitants of Palestine, such as the Polynesian Islanders, we shall find, not merely that all the features of old-Israelitic theology which are shown in the records cited are found among them, but that exact information as to the inner mind of these people tends to remove many of the difficulties which those who have not studied anthropology find in the Hebrew narrative.

One of the best sources, if not the best source, of information on these topics is Mariner's *Tonga Islands*, which tells us of the condition of Cook's Friendly Islanders eighty years ago, before European influence was sensibly felt among them. Mariner, a youth of fair education and of no inconsiderable natural ability (as the work which was drawn up from the materials he furnished shows), was about fifteen years of age when his ship was attacked and plundered by the Tongans ; he remained four years in the islands, familiarized himself with the language, lived the life of the people, became intimate with many of them, and had every opportunity of acquainting himself with their opinions as well as with their habits and customs. He seems to have been devoid of prejudices, theological or other, and the impression of strict accuracy which his statements convey has been justified by all the knowledge of Polynesian life which has been subsequently acquired.

It is desirable, therefore, to pay close attention to that which Mariner tells us about the theological views of these people :—

The human soul,\* after its separation from

\* Supposed to be "the finer or more aeri-

the body, is termed a *hotooa* (a god or spirit), and is believed to exist in the shape of the body; to have the same propensities as during life, but to be corrected by a more enlightened understanding by which it readily distinguishes good from evil, truth from falsehood, right from wrong; having the same attributes as the original gods but in a minor degree, and having its dwelling for ever in the happy regions of Bolotoo, holding the same rank in regard to other souls as during this life; it has, however, the power of returning to Tonga to inspire priests, relations, or others, or to appear in dreams to those it wishes to admonish; and sometimes to the external eye in the form of a ghost or apparition; but this power of reappearance at Tonga particularly belongs to the souls of chiefs rather than of matabooles. (Vol. ii. p. 130.)

The word "*hotooa*" is the same as that which is usually spelt "*atua*" by Polynesian philologues, and it will be convenient to adopt this spelling. Now under this head of "*Atuas* or supernatural intelligent beings" the Tongans included—

1. The original Gods.
2. The souls of nobles that have all attributes in common with the first but inferior in degree.
3. The souls of matabooles\* that are still inferior, and have not the power as the two first have of coming back to Tonga to inspire the priests, though they are supposed to have the power of appearing to their relatives.
4. The original attendants or servants, as it were, of the gods, who, although they had their origin and have ever since existed in Bolotoo, are still inferior to the third class.
5. The *Atua pou* or mischievous gods.
6. The *Mooi*, or the god that supports the earth and does not belong to Bolotoo. (Vol. ii. pp. 103-4)

From this it appears that the "*Atuas*" of the Polynesians are exactly equivalent to the "*Elohim*" of the old Israelite.† They comprise everything spiritual, from a ghost to a god, and from "the merely tutelar gods to particular private families" (vol. ii. p. 104), to Tá-li-y-Toobó, who was the national god of Tonga. The Tongans had no doubt that these *Atuas* daily and hourly influenced their destinies and could conversely be influenced by them. Hence their "piety," the incessant acts of sacrificial worship which occupied their lives, and

form part of the body," standing in "the same relation to the body as the perfume and the more essential qualities of a flower do to the more solid substances." (Mariner, ii. p. 127.)

\* A kind of "clients" in the Roman sense.

† It is worthy of remark that *daiuon* among the Greeks, and *Deus* among the Romans, had the same wide signification. The *dii manes* were ghosts of ancestors=*Atuas* of the family.

their belief in omens and charms. Moreover, the *Atuas* were believed to visit particular persons—their own priests in the case of the higher gods, but apparently anybody in that of the lower—and to inspire them by a process which was conceived to involve the actual residence of the god, for the time being, in the person inspired, who was thus rendered capable of prophesying (vol. ii. p. 100). For the Tongans, therefore, inspiration indubitably was possession.

When one of the higher gods was invoked through his priest by a chief who wished to consult the oracle, or, in old Israelitic phraseology, to "inquire of," the god, a hog was killed and cooked over night, and, together with plantains, yams, and the materials for making the peculiar drink *kava* (of which the Tongans were very fond) was carried next day to the priest. A circle, as for an ordinary kava-drinking entertainment, was then formed; but the priest, as the representative of the god, took the highest place, while the chiefs sat outside the circle, as an expression of humility calculated to please the god.

As soon as they are all seated the priest is considered as inspired, the god being supposed to exist within him from that moment. He remains for a considerable time in silence with his hands clasped before him, his eyes are cast down and he rests perfectly still. During the time the *vituals* are being shared out and the *kava* preparing, the matabooles sometimes begin to consult him; sometimes he answers, and at other times not; in either case he remains with his eyes cast down. Frequently he will not utter a word till the repast is finished and the *kava* too. When he speaks he generally begins in a low and very altered tone of voice, which gradually rises to nearly its natural pitch, though sometimes a little above it. All that he says is supposed to be the declaration of the god, and he accordingly speaks in the first person, as if he were the god. All this is done generally without any apparent inward emotion or outward agitation; but, on some occasions, his countenance becomes fierce, and as it were inflamed, and his whole frame agitated with inward feeling; he is seized with an universal trembling, the perspiration breaks out on his forehead, and his lips turning black are convulsed; at length tears start in floods from his eyes, his breast heaves with great emotion, and his utterance is choked. These symptoms gradually subside. Before this paroxysm comes on, and after it is over, he often eats as much as four hungry men under other circumstances could devour. The fit being now gone off, he remains for some time calm and then takes up a

club that is placed by him for the purpose, turns it over and regards it attentively; he then looks up earnestly, now to the right, now to the left, and now again at the club; afterwards he looks up again and about him in like manner, and then again fixes his eyes on the club, and so on for several times. At length he suddenly raises the club, and, after a moment's pause, strikes the ground or the adjacent part of the house with considerable force; immediately the god leaves him, and he rises up and retires to the back of the ring among the people. (Vol. i. pp. 100-101.)

The phenomena thus described, in language which bears the stamp of fidelity to any one who is familiar with the manifestations of abnormal mental states among ourselves, furnish a most instructive commentary upon the story of the wise woman of Endor. As in the latter, we have the possession by the spirit or soul (Atua, Elohim), the strange voice, the speaking in the first person. Unfortunately nothing (beyond the loud cry) is mentioned as to the state of the wise woman of Endor. But what we learn from other sources (e.g. 1 Samuel x. 20-24) respecting the physical concomitants of inspiration among the old Israelites has its exact equivalent in this and other accounts of Polynesian propheticism. An excellent authority, Moerenhout, who lived among the people of the Society Islands many years and knew them well, says that, in Tahiti, the rôle of the prophet had very generally passed out of the hands of the priests into that of private persons who professed to represent the god, often assumed his name, and in this capacity prophesied. I will not run the risk of weakening the force of Moerenhout's description of the prophetic state by translating it.

Un individu, dans cet état, avait le bras gauche enveloppé d'un morceau d'étoffe, signe de la présence de la Divinité. Il ne parlait que d'un ton impérieux et véhément. Ses attaques, quand il allait prophétiser, étaient aussi effroyables qu'imposantes. Il tremblait d'abord de tous ses membres, la figure enflée, les yeux hagards, rouges et étincelants d'une expression sauvage. Il gesticulait, articulait des mots vides de sens, poussait des cris horribles qui faisaient tressaillir tous les assistants, et s'exaltait parfois au point qu'on n'osait pas l'approcher. Autour de lui, le silence de la terreur et du respect. . . . C'est alors qu'il répondait aux questions, annonçait l'avenir, le destin des batailles, la volonté des dieux; et, chose étonnante! au sein de ce délire, de cet enthousiasme religieux, son langage était grave, imposant, son éloquence noble et persuasive.\*

\* *Voyages aux îles du Grand Océan*, t. i. p. 482.

Just so Saul strips off his clothes, "prophesies" before Samuel, and lies down "naked all that day and night."

Both Mariner and Moerenhout refuse to have recourse to the hypothesis of imposture in order to account for the inspired state of the Polynesian prophets. On the contrary, they fully believe in their sincerity. Mariner tells the story of a young chief, an acquaintance of his, who thought himself possessed by the Atua of a dead woman who had fallen in love with him, and who wished him to die that he might be near her in Bolotoo. And he died accordingly. But the most valuable evidence on this head is contained in what the same authority says about King Finow's son. The previous king, Toogoo Ahoo, had been assassinated by Finow, and his soul, become an Atua of divine rank in Bolotoo, had been pleased to visit and inspire Finow's son—with what particular object does not appear.

When this young chief returned to Hapai, Mr. Mariner, who was upon a footing of great friendship with him, one day asked him how he felt himself when the spirit of Toogoo Ahoo visited him; he replied that he could not well describe his feelings, but the best he could say of it was, that he felt himself all over in a glow of heat and quite restless and uncomfortable, and did not feel his own personal identity, as it were, but seemed to have a mind different from his own natural mind, his thoughts wandering upon strange and unusual subjects, although perfectly sensible of surrounding objects. He next asked him how he knew it was the spirit of Toogoo Ahoo? His answer was, "There's a fool! How can I tell you *how* I knew it? I felt and knew it was so by a kind of consciousness; my *mind* told me that it was Toogoo Ahoo." (Vol. i. pp. 104-105.)

Finow's son was evidently made for a theological disputant, and fell back at once, on the inexpugnable stronghold of faith when other evidence was lacking. "There's a fool: I know it is true, because I know it," is the exemplar and epitome of the sceptic-crushing process in other places than the Tonga Islands.

The island of Bolotoo, to which all the souls (of the upper classes at any rate) repair after the death of the body, and from which they return at will to interfere for good or evil with the lives of those whom they have left behind, obviously answers to Sheol. In Tongan tradition, this place of souls is a sort of elysium above ground and pleas-



ant enough to live in. But, in other parts of Polynesia, the corresponding locality, which is called Po, has to be reached by descending into the earth, and is represented as dark and gloomy as Sheol may have been. But it was not looked upon as a place of rewards and

punishments in any sense. Whether in Bolotoo or in Po, the soul took the rank it had in the flesh ; and, a shadow, lived among the shadows of the friends and houses and food of its previous life.—*Nineteenth Century.*

(To be concluded.)

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### THE OFFICE OF LITERATURE.

DR. JOHN BROWN'S pleasant story has become well-known of the countryman who being asked to account for the gravity of his dog replied, "Oh sir ! life is full of seriousness to him—he can never get enough o' fechtin." Something of the spirit of this saddened dog seems lately to have entered into the very people who ought to be freest from it—our men of letters. They are all very serious and very quarrelsome. To some of them it is dangerous even to allude. Many are wedded to a theory or period, and are the most uxorious of husbands—ever ready to resent an affront to their lady. This devotion makes them very grave, and possibly very happy after a pedantic fashion. One remembers what Hazlitt, who was neither happy nor pedantic, has said about pedantry :

"The power of attaching an interest to the most trifling or painful pursuits is one of the greatest happinesses of our nature. The common soldier mounts the breach with joy, the miser deliberately starves himself to death, the mathematician sets about extracting the cube-root with a feeling of enthusiasm, and the lawyer sheds tears of delight over Coke upon Lyttelton. He who is not in some measure a pedant though he may be a wise cannot be a very happy man."

Possibly not ; but then we are surely not content that our authors should be pedants in order that they may be happy and devoted. As one of the great class for whose sole use and behoof literature exists—the class of readers—I protest that it is to me a matter of indifference whether an author is happy or not. I want him to make me happy. That is his office. Let him discharge it.

I recognise in this connection the corresponding truth of what Sydney Smith makes his Peter Plymley say about the private virtues of Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister :—

"You spend a great deal of ink about the character of the present Prime Minister. Grant all that you write—I say, I fear that he will ruin Ireland, and pursue a line of policy destructive to the true interests of his country, and then you tell me that he is faithful to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to the Master Percevals. I should prefer that he whipped his boys and saved his country."

We should never confuse functions or apply wrong tests. What can Books do for us ? Dr. Johnson, the least pedantic of men, put the whole matter into a nutshell (a cocoanut shell, if you will—Heaven forbid that I should seek to compress the great doctor within any narrower limits than my metaphor requires), when he wrote that a book should teach us either to enjoy life or endure it. "Give us enjoyment !" "Teach us endurance !" Harken to the ceaseless demand and the perpetual prayer of an ever unsatisfied and an always suffering humanity !

How is a book to answer the ceaseless demand ?

Self-forgetfulness is of the essence of enjoyment, and the author who would confer pleasure must possess the art, or know the trick of destroying for the time the reader's own personality. Undoubtedly the easiest way of doing this is by the creation of a host of rival personalities—hence the number and the popularity of novels. Whenever a novelist fails his book is said to flag ; that is, the reader suddenly (as in skating) comes bump down upon his own personality, and curses the unskilful author. No lack of characters and continual motion is the easiest recipe for a novel, which, like a beggar, should always be kept "moving on." Nobody knew this better than Fielding, whose novels, like most good ones, are full of inns.

When those who are addicted to what is called "improving reading" inquire

of you petulantly why you cannot find change of company and scene in books of travel, you should answer cautiously that when books of travel are full of inns, atmosphere, and motion they are as good as any novel; nor is there any reason in the nature of things why they should not always be so, though experience proves the contrary.

The truth or falsehood of a book is immaterial. George Borrow's "Bible in Spain" is, I suppose, true; though now that I come to think of it, in what is to me a new light, one remembers that it contains some odd things. But was not Borrow the accredited agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society? Did he not travel (and he had a free hand) at their charges? Was he not befriended by our minister at Madrid, Mr. Villiers, subsequently Earl of Clarendon in the peerage of England? It must be true; and yet at this moment I would as lief read a chapter of the "Bible in Spain" as I would "Gil Blas;" nay, so pleasantly have my Borrowian memories been stirred by Mr. Saintsbury in the January number of this magazine that I positively would give the preference to Señor Giorgio.

Nobody can sit down to read Borrow's books without as completely forgetting himself as if he were once more a boy in the forest with Gurth and Wamba.

Borrow is provoking and has his full share of faults, and though the owner of a style, is capable of excruciating offences. His habitual use of the odious word "individual" as a noun-substantive (seven times in three pages of "The Romany Rye") elicits the frequent groan, and he is certainly once guilty of calling fish the "finny tribe." He believed himself to be animated by an intense hatred of the Church of Rome, and disfigures many of his pages by Lawrence-Boythorn-like tirades against that institution; but no Catholic of sense need on this account deny himself the pleasure of reading Borrow, whose one dominating passion was *camaraderie*, and who hob-a-nobbed in the friendliest spirit with priest and gipsy after a fashion as far beyond praise as it is beyond description by any pen other than his own. Hail to thee, George Borrow! Cervantes himself, Gil Blas, do not more effectually carry their read-

ers into the land of the Cid than does this miraculous agent of the Bible Society, by favor of whose pleasantness we can any hour of the week enter Villafraanca by night, or ride into Galicia on an Andalusian stallion (which proved to be a foolish thing to do) without costing anybody a *peseta*, and at no risk whatever to our necks—be they long or short.

Cooks, warriors, and authors must be judged by the effects they produce: toothsome dishes, glorious victories, pleasant books—these are our demands. We have nothing to do with ingredients, tactics, or methods. We have no desire to be admitted into the kitchen, the council, or the study. The cook may clean her saucepans how she pleases—the warrior place his men as he likes—the author handle his material or weave his plot as best he can—when the dish is served we only ask is it good? when the battle has been fought, who won? when the book comes out, does it read?

Authors ought not to be above being reminded that it is their first duty to write agreeably—some very disagreeable men have succeeded in doing it, so there is no need for any one to despair. Every author, be he grave or gay, should try to make his book as ingratiating as possible. Reading is not a duty, and has therefore no business to be made disagreeable. Nobody is under any obligation to read any other man's book.

Literature exists to please; to lighten the burden of men's lives; to make them for a short while forget their sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures—and those men of letters are the best loved who have best performed literature's truest office. Their name is happily legion, and I will conclude these disjointed remarks by quoting from one of them, as honest a parson as ever took tithe or voted for the Conservative candidate, the Rev. George Crabbe. Hear him in "The Frank Courtship":

" 'I must be loved;' said Sybil; 'I must see  
The man in terrors, who aspires to me:  
At my forbidding frown his heart must ache,  
His tongue must falter, and his frame must  
shake;  
And if I grant him at my feet to kneel  
What trembling fearful pleasure must he  
feel:

Nay, such the raptures that my smiles inspire  
 That reason's self must for a time retire.  
 'Alas ! for good Josiah,' said the dame,  
 'These wicked thoughts would fill his soul  
 with shame ;  
 He kneel and tremble at a thing of dust !  
 He cannot, child :—the child replied, 'He  
 must.'"

Were an office to be opened for the insurance of literary reputations no critic at all likely to be in the society's service would refuse the life of a poet who can write like Crabbe. Cardinal Newman, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Swinburne are not always of the same way of thinking, but all three hold the one true faith about Crabbe.

But even were Crabbe now left unread, which is very far from being the case, his would be an enviable fame—for was he not one of the favorite poets of Walter Scott, and whenever the closing scene of the great magician's life is read in the pages of Lockhart, must not Crabbe's name be brought upon the reader's quivering lip ?

To soothe the sorrow of the soothers of sorrow, to bring tears to the eyes and smiles to the cheeks of the lords of human smiles and tears is no mean ministry, and it is Crabbe's.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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### EMIGRATION.

THE influential deputation which not long ago addressed the Government on the subject of emigration touched on questions of the first interest and importance to those who have the welfare of the working classes at heart. The subject can now be considered in the light of an experience and practical knowledge which was not possessed by those who half a century ago used to point to emigration as a panacea for all social evils. What was reasonable and what was deceptive in the expectations once formed respecting it can now be decided with some approach to accuracy. One illusion, which was none the less powerful because it appealed to the imagination rather than to the reason, has been dissipated by the teaching of facts. The supposed "boundlessness" of the resources of the New World or of the unused regions of the Old World has lost the fascination which it once seemed to exert. That these resources are limited in extent, that population is in many regions fast growing up to them, that the problems brought into prominence by overcrowding and an unequal distribution of wealth are entering into the practical phase in new as in old countries, and that by-and-bye there will be no part of the world in which these questions will not have to be faced, are salutary truths which cannot be too widely recognized. Emigration, however, even after making all allowances, has no doubt during the last half-century been of enormous, and per-

haps of vital, service to this country, partly by relieving our congested population, partly by giving us vast supplies of cheap food and by furnishing us with fresh markets for our commodities, and partly also by diffusing among the poor the sense that if they found their lot too hard at home, a better one was within their reach on the other side of the ocean. The effect of this latter influence in allaying discontent has probably been greater than is often supposed. But, granting all the good which has accrued to this country from emigration in the past, it is clear that, as time goes on, we shall profit by it in a diminishing ratio. In one respect, indeed, experience has already falsified the predictions of those who expected most from it. It was prophesied, not as a matter of likelihood, but as a certainty, that the development of new countries would not only furnish us with practically unlimited supplies of food, but also with a vast and growing market for our manufactures. The New World, however, though willing enough to send us its corn, cattle, and raw material, declines to receive, except on onerous terms, our manufactured goods in return. And, even if it should be in time converted to a policy of Free-trade, its virgin soil will become less and less in quantity, and its products more and more in demand for home consumption. Not to speak further of the decreasing advantages which emigration now offers, there is another and very prac-

ical aspect under which the question has to be considered. When emigration first began on a large scale, emigrants of all kinds found, if not an equal welcome, at least an open field in the Colonies and in the United States. The ne'er-do-weels and black sheep of the old countries formed a large percentage of those who sought their fortune in the new. That they were a good riddance for the former was clear; whether they were a desirable acquisition for the latter was quite another question. In some cases—as in that of the establishment of penal settlements—the Colonies have rightly and successfully resisted the pretensions of European countries to use them as moral sewers. But, on the whole, the matter has been left to the operation of natural causes. Labor has flowed where it was most in demand and where it obtained the highest remuneration. Energy, industry, and integrity have there, as elsewhere, won the chief prizes; but multitudes have also thriven and prospered who in the old country, owing to lack of opportunity or of incentive, or to excessive competition or to the demoralizing circumstances of their inherited lot, were struggling on the verge of starvation, pauperism, and crime. The weakest in all countries go to the wall; but in old societies the walls hem in the path more closely than in new. But the more the condition of the New World approximates to that of the Old the less will there be to be gained by quitting the one for the other.

These facts would tend to discourage the immoderate hopes cherished as to the results of State-aided emigration. It is hard to see what the State can usefully do in the matter beyond collecting and diffusing information as to the best markets to which emigrants can carry their labor and capital. Unfortunately, the classes which we are most anxious to get rid of are those which the Colonies are least anxious to receive, while the best emigrants are just those whom we should most like to keep at home. Any attempt on our part artificially to foster pauper emigration would probably be soon met by prohibitive legislation on the part of other countries. Even if this were not the case, there is every reason to suppose that, with the

present habits of the working classes, the relief thus afforded would be steadily neutralized by an increase of population. The problem, from whatever point of view we look at it, is one beset with difficulties. The chances of doing harm while meaning and trying to do good are so great that the safest course would seem to be for the State to leave the question to work out its own solution.

There is, however, one form of artificially-promoted emigration which has been tried, though only on a limited scale, and which has stood the test of experience. It is free from the objections which attend all the other methods, and it has merits peculiarly its own. Below those classes whom it is commonly proposed to aid by means of emigration there lies a mass of habitual paupers and criminals who are hopeless beyond redemption. They constitute for us a permanent social danger and a steady drain on the resources of the country. Whatever may be done to better the lot of those a few steps higher in the scale, for the grown-up men and women of this lowest stratum of all nothing, except in the rarest instances, can be done. What they are they will remain as long as they live. It may be that the existence of such a class in the heart of our civilization is due in no small degree to the faults, past and present, of our social organization. But there the evil is, and as it stands it is irremediable. But what cannot be done for the present generation of adult criminals, paupers, prostitutes, drunkards, and the like, can be done for their offspring and for the little ownerless waifs and strays who, if left to themselves, drift inevitably into the criminal classes. At present, as the older criminals and paupers die off, a constant supply of fresh ones is growing up under very similar conditions who will in due time take their place. It is from this source that their numbers are chiefly, though not wholly, kept up. Now experience shows that children born of criminal parents and bred in apparently the most hopeless circumstances will, if removed when still young to favorable conditions, furnish as good material for purposes of emigration as could be desired. The experiment has been tried in various

quarters, and by no one with more care, method, and success than by Mr. John Middlemore, of Birmingham, who in the course of the last dozen years has trained in England and settled in Canada over a thousand children of this description. A main principle in this system is that those children only are taken in hand who belong to, and would certainly in time reinforce, the most vicious and degraded classes; while those who have a trace of respectability about them or a chance of doing well in this country are left to other agencies. The children have nearly all lost one or both parents. After undergoing a training of about a year in institutions provided for the purpose in Birmingham, they are then taken to Canada, and there settled chiefly in agricultural homes. Not only is no unwillingness shown to receive such emigrants, but they are actually competed for by the Canadian farmers. Of those already placed in the colony, the majority of the male sex either are, or have a prospect of being, landowners and farmers on their own account; many of the girls are well and respectably married. The transference of the children to another and distant country is one of the essential features of the system. Were they settled in England instead of on the other side of the Atlantic, there would be always the danger either of their slipping back of their own accord into the mode of life from which they have been rescued, or of their relatives and early associates fastening themselves on to them and hindering their progress to a respectable position. To sever once for all the ties which bind these children to the past, and to place them in an absolutely new set of conditions, is found to be the only way to ensure success. It is a curious and striking fact, and one which runs counter to a very common

prepossession, that the children of habitual and hereditary criminals turn out, as far as can be judged, just as well as any others, the two things needful being that they should be removed when quite young from the vicious atmosphere in which they are born, and that the severance from the old influences should be complete and final. There is no doubt that the influence of heredity has been in such cases very greatly overestimated, and that, even in the instances when a direct tendency to vice is transmitted from parent to child, this tendency may not develop or even show itself at all unless fostered by outward circumstances. By the system of which several of the main points are here indicated, some of the chief difficulties which attend other schemes of emigration are overcome. We remove from England those who would grow up to be a curse to their country and to themselves; we cleanse and divert the streams by which our crime and pauperism is fed; we place a useful, healthy, and honorable career within the reach of those to whom it is denied at home; and in doing so we supply young and expanding colonies with the kind of emigrants whom they need and whom they gladly welcome. How far a plan which has worked so well where already tried is capable of development is a question well worthy of full consideration. Much of its success depends, no doubt, on the personality of those by whom it is managed, and much, too, on a rigid adherence to the principle on which it is founded—namely, in the first place, to help only those of our population who have no natural helpers, and who, humanly speaking, are powerless to help themselves; and, in the second, to give to our Colonies those only whom it is both a gain for us to lose and a gain for them to acquire.—*The Saturday Review*.

## THE AROLLIAD:\*

## AN EPIC OF THE ALPS.

AUGUST 20, 1885.

In the guest-house at Arolla sat Caleb and Outis,† and with them,  
 Brownd by Italian suns, and longing for home and for England,  
 Cedric the blond, and Mentor the whilom Fellow of All Souls :  
 Came they from regions diverse, but in Harrow their hearts were united.

Outspake Cedric the tall, broad-shouldered, strong as a giant,  
 Gentle I ween were his words, but his heart was as stout as his limbs were.

"Many the cities and men we have seen, many wearisome journeys  
 Made with unparalleled speed, and homeward our footsteps are tending ;  
 Yet would I, ere the close, some deed of prowess accomplish  
 Here on the Alpine heights. Not for me is the Matterhorn's summit,  
 No, nor the dire Dent Blanche. 'Tis not in my feats I would glory,  
 But that I fain would see what others have seen and delight in.  
 Who will go over with me by the snows and the ice into Zermatt?"

Gently then stroking his nose, with a smile that was bland and superior,  
 Mentor thus made reply : "I grow old, I've a wife, I have children ;  
 Think of the baby at home, and of Millicent, Edith, and Annie,  
 Think of my flock untended, and tempt me no longer to danger.  
 Slippery ice I detest, sharp rocks, and the rending of garments.  
 Hold me excused, an you love me. The way too is short for my liking :  
 Give me the long railway journey, the heat and the dust of the highway."

Next spake Caleb, the wily, with smells scientific acquainted :  
 Grimly he turned up his nose, and his smile was serenely sardonic :  
 "No Alp climber am I ; 'Alp viewer' you rather may call me.  
 Precious to me are my bones, and whole I prefer them ; but you may  
 Go to the crows if you wish it, or Jericho ; my mountaineering  
 'Harris' ‡ does for me at present ; and yet in the far distant future  
 I too may turn mountaineer,—when I steer a balloon o'er the Andes.  
 Meanwhile precious to me the resources of civilization,  
 Telegraph posts are a feast to my eyes, and the safe locomotive."  
 Such were the words of the wily, the framer of gibes scientific.

Gently the rest all smiled, and remarked, "It is Caleb !" but Outis  
 Turned him to Cedric the tall, and said "I will go with thee to Zermatt.  
 True I am no mountaineer, but the air of the ice-fields is cooler,  
 Cooler by far than Visp and the fly-haunted chambers of Sion.§  
 Let us call Joseph the Hun,|| and his worship 'the Judge' ; ¶ they may haply  
 Find us a true, stout man, who shall guide us aright into Zermatt ;  
 Let him be strong and stout, lest a trip of the earth-shaking Saxon  
 Us, ourselves and our guide, engulf in abysmal crevasses."  
 Such was the council of war, and such the words of the speakers.

\* Critics of a future age will beware of confounding the "Arolliad" with the "Rolliad," the political poem of a century ago.

† Outis, or No-man : the name under which Ulysses disguised himself in the cave of the Cyclops.

‡ Readers of the "Tramp Abroad" will recognize in "Harris" the "fidus Achates" of Mark Twain, who preferred doing his mountains by proxy in the person of Harris to climbing them himself.

§ Visitors to the Rhone valley need not be told that the populations of Visp and Sion, and of other towns in that valley during the summer months, consist mainly of flies.

|| There is a tradition that a colony of Huns settled in the Arolla valley, and the names of places in it are said to indicate this. Certainly the physiognomy of some of its best-known inhabitants gives support to such a belief.

¶ "Mine host" of Arolla is also guide and J. P. of the district.

But when the evening fell o'er the dark-feathered pines of Arolla,  
 Early to bed they hied them, for early the start on the morrow.  
 Half-past two by the clock was the hour they had fixed for departure,  
 Trusting the promise of Joseph, the flat-visaged Hun, and the porter.  
 False was the promise of Joseph, and heavy the eyes of the porter,  
 False, boot-polishing knave. But ere half-past three they had started  
 Into the darkness of night, and blindly they groped in the darkness.  
 With them, in front, as they went, with his brother went Martin Métrailler,  
 Summoned from green Evolena, professional climber of mountains.  
 Handsome was Martin and tall, narrow-faced, wide-chested, and lissom,  
 Ready to help when the need was, a courteous man and a sure one :  
 Brown were his chin and moustache, and tawny his skin, as a Kaffir's.

Forth they went into the night from the pine-clad slopes of Arolla,  
 Threading their way over boulder and stream, and around and above them  
 Infinite shimmer of starlight and infinite roar of the torrents.  
 Forty long minutes were sped, and the glacier's back they were mounting,  
 'Mid the grey glimmer of ice and of snow, in ghostly procession.  
 Brightly the Bear of the North and the spangled belt of Orion  
 Shone with a distant light, and the myriad hosts of the star-world,  
 Strange, inscrutable, cold ; nor of aught that was kindly they whispered,  
 Gleaned they never so brightly. But one fair star in the gloaming  
 Peeping all shyly upon them, athwart the shoulder of Collon,—  
 One particular star in the midst of an alien concourse,—  
 Beamed with a friendly regard : so, flashing a glance sympathetic,  
 Heart speaks voiceless to heart in assemblies of men and of women.

Soon the moraine they had struck, and o'er rocks big as houses they clambered,  
 Then up the rough hill-side, and their breath came in gasps : and below them  
 Down on the glacier's face, to the foot of the Collon ascending,  
 Travellers three they descry : stout men though they were and good climbers,  
 Painfully crawling flies, by the distance enchanted, they deemed them.  
 Here the last vestige is lost of the pine-crowned vale of Arolla ;  
 Boulder again and snow and the face of the Col is before them  
 Far up a steep slope of ice, with crevasses abysmal indented.  
 Slowly above in the heaven the ineffectual starlight  
 Paled ; and the flush of the dawn had illumined the peaks, as their feet stood  
 Now on the glacier's edge, in the mountain valley of Bertol.

Then spake Martin the prudent, whose home is in green Evolena :  
 " Come, let us rope us together, with good English rope, that our strength may  
 Be as the strength of four, and that each one may help his companions."  
 So spake Martin the sage, on the glacier's edge : and they roped them.  
 Martin, with ice-axe in hand and the rope round his waist, was the foremost,  
 Then followed Outis, and Cedric, and Joseph the brother of Martin.

And as a ship on the sea in a head-wind labors, and hardly,  
 Tacking now right and now left, with many a devious winding,  
 Wins her way o'er the watery waste : so then did Métrailler,  
 Keen-eyed, now to the right and now to the left, the crevasses  
 Warily ever avoid ; thus obliquely they mounted and slowly.  
 Now and again with his axe he hewed for them steps, and the ice rang  
 Clear to the tingling heights ; and at last with laborious effort  
 Up a sheer wall, of rock and of ice, he clammers, and firmly  
 Planting himself in his steps, hales after him Outis and Cedric,  
 Cedric the tall, wide-chested, whose limbs were as stout as his heart was.  
 Oh ! but the icy North Wind struck home through the joints of their harness,  
 While they were climbing. A step : and the Sun and the South were before them  
 Warmth, Hyperborean splendor, and blinding glare of the snowfields.  
 Full to the front rose the Matterhorn's peak, unapproachable, peerless.  
 Here for a while they rested and drank the red wine of Arolla,  
 Feasting their eyes and their hearts with the view : nor long did they linger,

When they had taken away the desire of eating and drinking.  
 Onward they fared to the South, black-spectacled, marching in order ;  
 Crisp was the snow, and in ripples it lay, white crested, in furrows  
 Plowed with the plow of the wind, while sparkling crystals of ice flash'd  
 Bright in the bright sunshine, but of life no vestige apparent  
 Showed on the wintry face of those wilds, no roaring of torrents  
 Varied that stillness unearthly, no cry of eagle or chamois.  
 Endless the levels of snow, and the cloudless expanse of the heavens  
 Rivalled the gentian's blue, and the wine-dark depths of the Ocean.  
 Slowly they gain Tête Blanche : not steep was the climb, but incessant.  
 Many and short were their steps, and weary they grew in their upward  
 Course, till at last they reached the crown of the white-headed mountain.  
 Italy lay at their feet, but the clouds stood white in her hollows,  
 Envious guards of her beauty. Nor long did the travellers linger  
 There on the wind-swept top, but away to Col d'Hérens glissading,  
 Sliding and slipping and bounding, in order disorderly hurried ;  
 Easy I ween the descent, like the fabled descent to Avernus.  
 But when they came to the Col, perpendicular rocks and an ice-wall  
 Led to the glacier's brink, and again the strong arm of Métrailler  
 Hewed for them steps in the ice, and safely in turn they descended.  
 Thence down the glacier's face, where they daintily probed the crevasses,  
 Passing the hut of the Stockje, and hard by the Matterhorn's shoulder,  
 Down the moraine of the Zmutt, under many an aëry cornice,  
 Many a pendulous arch of the wind-swept snows of the mountain,  
 Into the green alp-meadows, embowered in odorous pine trees,  
 'Mid the soft jangling of bells and the rills' multitudinous echoes,  
 Down to the valley they came, to the long sought valley of Zermatt.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## TELL-TALE FINGERS.

BY A BELIEVER IN PALMISTRY.

"Es nuestra alma en nuestra palma."—SPANISH PROVERB.

DESBAROLLES is dead, but the art for which he did so much lived long before him, and will grow and flourish after him. If any doubt that the system deserves to grow let the sceptic experiment on the hands of his friends and acquaintances, guided by a few of the plainest rules laid down in "Les Mystères de la Main." No sign stands alone, but some signs are less than others beset by palliations, exceptions, or enhancements. A hand should be half palm, half fingers. This is the proper balance of parts in a hand of faculty. Desbarolles says this proportion denotes a mind which is at once synthetical and analytical. The hand with much palm and little fingers goes with a strongly material character—love of eating, perhaps, and of comfort ; a vulgar soul, content with a vulgar paradise. Much finger, and hardly any

palm, connote the opposite characteristics—unpracticalness, neglect of the body, and absorption in less material concerns. Mrs. Jellyby, who was often "looking into Africa," and who postponed maternal and household cares in order to correspond about the affairs of Borrioboola, had doubtless great length of finger and very little palm. The palm may be normal, considering the size of its owner, and the fingers may be exceptionally long. Had this been Mrs. Jellyby's case, the mission to Africa might have gone on all the same, but the children would not have fallen downstairs quite so often, the house would have been less uninviting, and the lady would have been less untidy in her own person. Long fingers give power over detail. "Finish" belongs to the drawings of the long-fingered and to their musical performances. With them gen-



ius may well seem "nothing but labor and diligence," as Hogarth defined it, for the longer they work at a task the more they infuse into it of careful and successful elaboration. It is the short-fingered who, striving to better their performance, spoil what they would mend. Short fingers go with gifts (if any) of the impressionist sort in art and letters. It is partly true that "conversation is a lost art;" but the poor survival from better days is worth considering in this connection. There is a "type of man who loves clear intellectual light before everything, and who derives pleasure from objects and ideas only so far as he defines and understands them. . . . Social intercourse is to him simply an opportunity for exchanging clear ideas and sharing in sentiments which repose on definite convictions." This is the man with very long, taper, rather pointed-tipped fingers. "For another class converse owes its value to the opportunity it affords for indulging in vague emotions." This class has short fingers, very taper, and very pointed at the tips. The hands are probably very white. They are certainly soft and fleshy. Short fingers (always supposing a "hand of faculty" before us) denote a power of seizing things by their essential points—quickness, "all-there-ness." With them often goes that "sense of proportion" which Plato quaintly said "saves men's souls." The short-fingered know the intrinsic from the merely extrinsic. With them, "Things done well, and with a care, exempt themselves from fear." They succeed at once or not at all. But it must be said that in an otherwise unpromising hand short fingers may mean nothing more than impulsiveness, and the inability to go deeply into anything; and long fingers, which in a good hand may mean thoroughness, often "denote love of trifles and want of that saving sense of proportion." Beau Brummel had, doubtless, very long fingers. So probably had his valet, who pointed to "our failures."

There are two hinges (it is more convenient so to call them, for "joint" means the whole space from hinge to hinge, or hinge to tip) in the finger besides the hinge attaching finger to palm. If the hinge nearest the finger-tip be

strongly marked, order in the ideas may be inferred. Desbarolles calls this developed hinge when it occurs in the first finger the *nœud philosophique*. Of a person possessed of this, it will generally be safe to say that he questions everything, and that his doubts are a pain to himself. Religious controversies agitate him peculiarly. He seldom sits through a sermon without longing to interrupt the preacher and set him right. A great many owners of *nœuds philosophiques* do not go to church at all. From the point of view of the rest of the congregation, the room of these fidgety, critical worshippers is better than their company. A large middle hinge promises order in material things—tidiness, punctuality, and many serviceable work-a-day qualities. It is common enough to find this hinge large. It is comparatively rare to find order in the ideas marked in the other hinge. Large hinges take away from the spontaneity of the qualities indicated in a finger. The large-hinged hands belong to beings of the plodding order—to the inductive, rather than the deductive, philosophers.

Lithe and supple hands are eloquent of faculty—the hands of dull people often move as if made out of wood. Tradition says fingers that show light between them belong to sturdy, independent characters. There is a kind of hand in which, in repose, the fingers fall back one upon the other, with not a hair's breadth between. This hand is one much like that cut out of a sheet of putty, or in unbaked pastry; and it indicates great want of originality, conventionality, and reverence for the opinion of others. In the color of the lines of the palm is found the signs of temper. The color ought to be pink. If red, it augurs hot temper; if crimson, violent; if livid, brutally violent; and if pale and wide (other things concurring), it probably denotes a sulky temper. Generosity is plainly indicated; but not so its degree and kind. The first finger, which turns away from the thumb, proclaims love of giving, or at worst love of spending—open-handedness. The same finger running towards the thumb, and making the hand look clawlike, means miserliness.

One of Oscar Wilde's much-quoted

sayings is, "There is so much soul in teeth!" Palmistry declares that there is "much soul in nails." The hand with small nails buried in flesh is like a face with sightless eyes, or no eyes. The nearly nailless may be kind, useful people, but they discover no Utopias—they won't even tolerate ideality. The high things of holiness, of art, of human character, are not within their field of vision. They "fag in paltry works, no god attending." Shakspeare says, "There's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand," and palmistry supports the view, if by "brave" Shakspeare meant long-enduring and energetic. Energy is also shown in the width of the hand across the knuckles; and endurance in a curved outline from the base of the little finger to the wrist. Experience proves that wit is indicated by long, taper fingers which curl slightly upwards at the tips. Desbarolles makes no mention of the quality of humor, perhaps because there is no French word for it, or because humor is moribund, or extinct. A crooked middle finger is the sign of mendacity. These are a few of the signs which are the most trustworthy when viewed apart from the whole hand. The great difficulty of

palmistry is that all the signs have to be summed up, and a balance struck. Sometimes single signs directly contradict other signs. Desbarolles claims the power of prediction for his art, and bases palmistry on astrology; but Sephardo, not Desbarolles, is right—

True; our growing thought  
Makes growing revelation. But demand not  
Specific augury, as of sure success  
In meditated projects, or of ends  
To be foreknown by peeping in God's scroll.  
I say—nay, Ptolemy has said it, but wise books  
For half the truths they hold are honored  
tombs—

Prediction is contingent, of effects  
Where causes and concomitants are mixed  
To seeming wealth of possibilities  
Beyond our reckoning, . . .

O my lord, the stars  
Act not as witchcraft or as muttered spells.  
I said before they are not absolute,  
And tell no fortunes.

Yet, in two senses, a man has "his fate in his hands." The hands tell his qualities. His qualities are responsible for more than half his destiny; for do we not see, every day, how little outer circumstances affect us, how much we ourselves make our own fate? The honest sceptic, before he spurns palmistry, will experimentalize with the rules here laid down.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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#### SOCIALIST RAGE.

MR. CHAMPION announced the principle on which he, as one of the Socialists, was prepared to act, in words which he expressly declared to be carefully considered and "sober," when he said on Sunday, at the meeting of the unemployed, that "if he thought the miserable system under which they lived, and all its attendant horrors, could be done away with to-morrow by cutting the throats of that million and a quarter of people who took so much more than their share of the bounties of Nature, he would, if it was possible, do it with his own hand that minute;" and this announcement was received by (we hope) the very few who distinctly heard him, with "loud cheers." Can we be face to face with a more momentous fact than that an educated man should make such a speech as this to a miscellaneous crowd in London, and that that miscellaneous crowd should applaud the

remark? What does the sentence really mean? Certainly one of two things,—either that Mr. Champion and those who cheered him think there is no moral law of any kind in existence to compare in sacredness and obligation with the duty of sharing equally the bounties of Nature amongst all the human race; or else that there is no moral law at all, and that pity is an emotion which deliberately counts the number of those who compete for it, and makes no scruple of wringing the necks as well as the hearts of the few in order to fill the pockets of the many. Well, if there is any appreciable number of average men to be found who accept either position, and are able to act upon it, we should certainly expect that the anarchists will soon get the best of it, and throw everything into confusion. For it does not take a large minority of society,—it takes a very small minority indeed, if completely

bereft of principle and fear,—to make the structure of human society simply impossible. Conceive for a moment what a very small organisation acting steadily on either position would mean. Take the position that there is no moral law to compare in sacredness and obligation with the duty of sharing equally the bounties of Nature with all the other members of the human race. What will it imply? It will certainly imply, as Mr. Champion frankly puts it, that murder on an enormous scale will become a duty whenever and wherever it affords a reasonable certainty to those who undertake it, of promoting a more equal division of property among the great human family; nor will murder stop, as Mr. Champion, in his great moderation, proposed to stop, at the million and a quarter, while so many millions remain who will still have “so much more than their share of the bounties of Nature.” If a league of dynamiters really see their way to inspiring such a panic as would upset the present order of things entirely, and putting a Socialistic party at the head of affairs, it would then become the bounden duty of that league to blow up not merely the Houses of Parliament, but all the richer quarters of London, in order to achieve the ruin out of which a new division of property might proceed. It is true that even when that was effected, if the English Socialists knew that under their revised system they were much richer than the Swiss, or the Belgians, or the Spaniards, there ought to be a new league organised to terrorise the English Socialists into dividing their wealth with the Swiss, or the Belgians, or the Spaniards; and then, again, if it appeared that the Esquimaux, or the natives of Terra del Fuego, were enjoying only a very minute share of the bounties of Nature, another burst of terrorism to enforce a large export of wealth to those humble tribes would become a duty. In a word, take the duty of ensuring an equal division of the bounties of Nature amongst the inhabitants of the earth for the primary moral principle, and a reign of unlimited terrorism, lasting till an impossible task had been completed, ought to be organised by those who accepted that principle as the regenerating force of human society. There is no conceivable crime

which could not be legitimately committed under the sanction of such a principle as this. What are the bounties of Nature? Is not domestic peace and affection one of them? Why is a man to have “more than his share” of domestic peace and affection? A man with a bad wife, or a woman with a bad husband, would be justified by such a principle in undermining the peace of any other family if thereby the misery at home could be alleviated. Then, again, do not the bounties of Nature include such gifts as genius, beauty, talent, even the capacity for industry? Why should men be endowed with such unequal shares of these bounties? And as they are so endowed, why are not men as much justified in trying to redress the balance by insisting that the man of genius or talent shall at least hand over his gains to men of no genius or talent as a small compensation for the absence of that genius or talent, as they are in trying to redress the balance by dividing amongst the poor the wealth which has been inherited by the rich from their ancestors under the usual laws of inheritance? Take for your first principle, as Mr. Champion would appear to do in the better of the two constructions which we have put on his announced belief,—that there is no duty to compare with the duty of compelling a more equal division of the bounties of Nature,—and it follows absolutely that even robbery, murder, adultery, prolonged terrorism, if they do but result in taking a good deal away from the happier possessors of blessings of any kind, and in giving a good deal to those destitute or comparatively destitute of those blessings, are *not* sins and crimes, but of the very essence of virtue. Such a principle results in pure anarchy. And if there be any appreciable number of people who hold Mr. Champion's view, and have the audacity to act upon it, unquestionably the existing provisions for maintaining order in the highly complex society of modern days could never hold out for many months against them. We are not so much shocked by Mr. Champion's own assertion, as by the cheers with which it was received. He, for all we know, may be simply moonstruck with these wild Socialistic ideas. But that even the most wretched out of

London streets should not recoil from such an announcement as his, does, we admit, alarm us.

Of course, if we take the other construction of his meaning, which denies all moral law at all, while it makes pity at once an overpowering and a calculating instinct,—for Mr. Champion's pity counts heads before deciding whither it shall lead us,—the confusion is worse still. For if there be no moral obligation in existence, those who do not feel the prick of this calculating pity have quite as much right to resist the cut-throat pity to which Mr. Champion, under certain conditions, proposes to surrender himself, as Mr. Champion himself has to yield to it. If the reason why he would not hesitate to begin the job of a million odd murders, supposing he thought it likely to lead to a more equal distribution of the bounties of Nature, be that his pity for the miserable multitude is much deeper than his pity for the victims of his knife, then any one who finds that his pity for special individuals whose qualities have a personal attraction for him, is much deeper than his pity for the "dim, common populations," would evidently be fully justified in murdering Mr. Champion in the effort to save some of the more attractive of Mr. Champion's victims. Indeed, once get rid of all trace of the moral law, and there is no more to be said either for one form of pity than for another form of it, or, indeed, for pity of any kind as compared with selfishness of any kind. On that principle, selfishness and pity stand on the same level, and have a perfect right to fight it out as best they may.

Indeed, the only true province in which the instinct of justice can work wisely to diminish the inequalities of the human lot, is the province of those artificial arrangements by which society sometimes renders it more difficult than it need be for the poor and miserable to improve their condition, and more easy than it should be for the rich and happy to do so. As for the notion of really rendering the different lots of different men *equal*, that notion strikes at the very constitution of the universe as we know it. Even plants are not equal,—one growing on a poor soil and flourishing only because it can extract more

nourishment from a poor soil than its more delicate and luxuriant competitors which need a richer soil. Animals are not equal, the bird of swifter flight and keener eye enjoying vast advantages over the bird of slow flight and dim eye. As for men and women, they are unequal in their gifts from birth, and unequal in their power of improving those gifts. It would be as impossible to keep their property equal without the most frightful waste of power, as it would be to render their happiness exactly equal where the temperaments which condition happiness are so various. And if it could be managed, the result would be purely mischievous. Some people have a genius for deriving real happiness from property, and for distributing happiness through their possession of property. It is in every respect desirable that they should exercise these gifts. Others have no such faculty, and are both happier and better as poor men than they would be as rich men. What is needed is to increase indefinitely men's wish to help each other, and to diminish all the many artificial difficulties placed in the way of that true help. What is thoroughly mischievous is to attempt to parcel out property equally amongst all, in spite of the fact that the faculty for acquiring, and using, and distributing property is divided so very unequally amongst all. The object for which Mr. Champion is willing to begin the butchery of a million and a quarter of human beings is an utterly mischievous object. If he could effect it *artificially*, even without that butchery, he would do nothing but harm. If he could effect it naturally, by greatly increasing the thrift of the poor, and the opportunity for putting that thrift into exercise, he would do, no doubt, infinite good; but that is not an object which can be carried out without a very potent and impressive moral law, which not only paralyses the hands of murderers and visits their hearts with remorse, but which is so "exceeding broad" that it hampers the acquisition of wealth by a thousand honorable scruples, and moulds the generous man into comparative indifference to wealth before it confers upon him any wealth that can be truly regarded as a privilege or a blessing.—*London Spectator.*

## . COINCIDENCES.

FICTION sometimes precedes fact—that is to say, it occasionally happens that a story of no very probable kind, or possibly rather complex in its details, which has been entirely due to the invention of the novelist or dramatist, is afterwards repeated in real life. Nature is occasionally the plagiarist, and as she cannot unfortunately be made to pay damages, or even be affected by an injunction of the Court of Chancery, the writer who has been borrowed from must be content with the barren honor of being the first inventor of what is commonly thought to be due to the course of events; and this honor he may not always obtain, for people are slow to recognize the fact that romance has come before truth; but that it may sometimes be due to him we propose to show by three instances.

The first is a very singular one, from the relationship of the two actors in the fictitious and in the real drama, a drama of flesh and blood as it certainly turned out to be. Some years ago there appeared in an Indian periodical a brief story of two brothers who were much given to fencing together, and who, as sometimes happens with men who fence together, got jealous of each other's skill, and one day grew so excited by a sharp assault and disputed hits, that they resolved to use sharpened foils for one bout, so that there might be no doubt who received the hit, palpable or otherwise. Only a light touch was to be given; but the writer seems to have reflected justly enough that a fencer cannot put on half-speed as an engineer puts half-speed on an engine, and he made one of his characters inflict a severe wound on the other. A critic might, without seeming harsh, have stigmatized the story as improbable, even as wild, but the course of events would have shown him to be wrong, for the incident actually occurred. Two brothers, who practised in an English fencing-room, fell out over a *coup de bouton*, and, after a warm discussion, determined to have a contest of such a kind as would make the hit indisputable. There were duelling-swords in the room, and, by an ingen-

ious contrivance which it would take too long to explain now, they were rendered comparatively innocuous, the point of each blade being so treated that it could only penetrate a very little way, and it was thought that all chance of a serious result was thus avoided; but nature proved a determined plagiarist. Not only were two brothers to fight—and certainly here the coincidence was most remarkable—but one of them was to be gravely hurt. A vigorous parry met a vigorous lunge just after the point had touched the body, and, although it could not penetrate far, it inflicted a very serious jagged wound, as it was driven right across the chest. Many a duel has come to an end with much less injury to the combatant who was worsted.

The second case of fact after fancy was in its way as curious as that which we have just described, but was of a totally different nature. In this instance two dramatists took the liberty of anticipating matters, and devised an imaginary situation which was afterwards realized with great pain and suffering in actual life. Some of our readers may remember the singular play *Forget-Me-Not* produced at the Lyceum in 1879, afterwards acted at another London theatre, and for a considerable time in the United States. That the plot of this piece was entirely new there cannot be the slightest doubt, as what amounted to a challenge from the authors to point to the original in any language met with no answer. The story is based on the power which the French law gives to a parent of annulling the marriage of a son who has married under the age of twenty-five without the consent of his father and mother. The wicked character of the piece threatens, if her demands are not complied with, to annul a marriage contracted between her son and a young Englishwoman of good family, who has married, of course, in utter ignorance of the French law. A child has been born; but at the time when the action begins the son is dead, and the evil genius can, if she will, make the hapless infant illegitimate. This is the main *motif* of an elab-

orate plot, into the carefully devised complications of which we need not further enter. The way in which the story was confirmed by truth following romance was not a little striking. The piece was brought out in August 1879. In the *Times* of August 12, 1880, there was a painful account of the position of an unfortunate Englishwoman who had married in England a Frenchman who gave his age as twenty-two. The father was not made acquainted with the marriage till three years after it had taken place; but at first he did not seem to object to it, and talked of his son being naturalized in England. For some reason unexplained he after awhile changed his mind, and the wife, having followed her husband to Paris, learnt that she was not a wife at all, and that her children were illegitimate; and, a suit being instituted, the marriage was declared null by the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. Of course the case was not quite on all fours with the story of *Forget-Me-Not*, as the authors necessarily gave their piece a happy conclusion; but the main idea of the piece was certainly adhered to with fair fidelity, and on an essential point the drama of real life followed the drama of fiction.

The third case of reality after romance occurred much later than the two we have described, and was certainly most remarkable, as the incident imagined by the novelist was of a very peculiar kind, and might indeed have been called extravagant if it had not received an indisputable imprimatur. In the current

number of a well-known annual there is a story of an operatic singer who, having quarrelled with the woman he cares for, shoots her on the stage in the last act of the *Huguenots*. She is playing Valentine; he is one of the King's troops, and he fires in grim earnest, sending a bullet through her heart. Now it might naturally have been thought that the author would be left in undisturbed possession of this very dramatic *finale*; but again nature proved a determined plagiarist. A short time after the annual appeared there came a strange story from South America of an Italian, called—or calling himself with some faint recollection of Flaubert's novel—Salambo, who conceived a violent passion for the leading actress of a dramatic company, and, being rejected by her, managed to get engaged as supernumerary, and to secure the part of the executioner in *Theodora*. When the time came he did his best to strangle the unfortunate lady in real earnest, and very nearly succeeded. Now it is not too much to assume that he thought his crime an entirely original one, and probably he would have been greatly surprised if he had been told that his striking idea was not new; and his curious attempt to treat murder as one of the fine arts should be a lesson at once to assassins and to critics. What seems original may turn out not to be original at all, and what seems to be a strange wild fancy may be translated into actual fact.—*Saturday Review*.

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### "MULTIPLE PERSONALITY."

THE Society for Psychical Research probably does more good by the curious facts on which it fixes the attention of the public, than by the theories which its many able members put forth to account for those facts. Amongst the most interesting of the cases on which it has recently centred the thoughts of psychological investigators, is one of a patient at present, we believe, in Rochefort Asylum, a very careful summary of whose case is given by Dr. Myers in the January number of Dr. Tuke's and Dr. Savage's *Journal of Mental Science*,

published by Messrs. Churchill,—a case specially commented upon by Mr. F. W. H. Myers at the meeting of the Society for Psychical Research held on March 6th last. The patient in question, who is called "Louis V.," and who was born in 1863, is said in the summary of his case to have six different states of consciousness, all of them more or less accompanied by distinct physical conditions; but only in one of these six states is his memory something like that of an ordinary man,—that is, able to recall the larger number

of the various phases through which his life has passed. Even in this sixth state there are a few blanks in his memory ; but in all the others he appears to remember only a few discontinuous portions of his history, and to forget completely those years in which his physical state was quite different from that in which he then finds himself. Thus, when he has paralysis of the *right* side,—which is connected with a morbid condition of the left side of the brain,—nearly twenty-one years of his twenty-three years of life are entirely wiped out for him. But even then a certain application of soft iron to his right thigh restores to him the memory of the greater part of his life, dispels temporarily all paralysis, and leaves only a few comparatively small gaps in his memory of his career. Again, under certain magnetic conditions, the hysterical paralysis,—for the *origin* of the whole complaint seems to be a kind of hysteria,—can be transferred from the right side (which involves a morbid condition of the left brain) to the left side, involving the same inertia of the right side of the brain ; and this change, which is quite sudden, is accompanied by a very curious change in the apparent aspect of his character. From being arrogant, violent, and profane, with indistinct utterance and complete inability to write (owing to the paralysis of the right hand), "Louis V." becomes instantaneously quiet, modest, and respectful, speaking easily and clearly, and able to write a fair hand ; but the greater part of his life is still a blank to him. In a word, the change from "Louis V." with paralysis of the right side, to "Louis V." with paralysis of the left side, is not very different from the change which Mr. Louis Stevenson has described in the weird tale called "The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," when Mr. Hyde is suddenly transformed into Dr. Jekyll,—except, of course, that there is no alteration in the general bulk or stature of the body. The hysterical paralysis of the right side (involving the opposite side of the brain) leaves him a rude, presumptuous, illiterate boor ; while the paralysis of the left side (involving the right side of the brain) finds him a docile, respectful, respectably educated young man. The

other five states of consciousness, induced by different physical means, though in some cases, indeed, not by physical means at all, but merely by authoritatively telling the young man that he is in one of his other states, are more or less intermediate between these two ; and in one of them,—the sixth described in the *Journal of Mental Science*,—the man's character, though not apparently so good as in his best state,—when the left side of the brain, the side supposed to be most frequently exerted in thinking and speaking, is active, and the right side is passive,—is much better than in his worst, while his memory commands the greater part of his life, and the paralysis vanishes altogether ; but in this state, apparently, it is not possible to keep him long, for his normal condition is at present that in which he forgets all the best part of his life, and is violent, arrogant, and profane.

Now, Mr. F. W. H. Myers apparently desired to persuade the Society for Psychical Research, of which he is one of the pillars, that this case points to a double personality in each of us, one represented by the predominant activity of the left side of the brain,—the ordinary personality,—while the other, occasionally manifested in dreams or abnormal conditions of any kind, represents, for any one in whom it is manifested, what Mr. Hyde was to Dr. Jekyll, the more savage and brutal side of the man, the coarser, vulgarer, unreflective, overbearing side. And he even goes so far as to suggest that the activity of each separate side of the brain represents the command of a quite different sphere of knowledge, so that a man whose right brain is suddenly called into activity while his left brain is lulled to sleep, may manifest not only a quite different character from his ordinary character, but also a quite different range of positive knowledge. In Mr. Myers's belief, the ruder character, which is best manifested by the activity of the right hemisphere of the brain, may yet have an instinctive insight to which the more normal and better-disciplined character which uses most easily the left hemisphere of the brain is a stranger, so that, in a sense very different from that of the original saying, the left hand does not indeed know what the right hand doeth. Well,

if there be any truth in that theory, it must certainly be extended. In the case of "Louis V.," there appear to be no less than six different conditions of consciousness, in each one of which there must be some different proportion between the activity of the right and left brain. It is not merely a case of Right Brain *v.* Left, but of various proportions of activity,—say, all right and no left, three-quarters right and one-quarter left, half right and half left, one-quarter right and three-quarters left, no right and all left, and lastly, perhaps, the equal co-operation of right and left. To each of these conditions a different personality would correspond, so that "Louis V." instead of being two different persons in turns, is, perhaps, six different persons in turns, according to the variety of the mixture.

Of course, if this were an adequate explanation of the case, the application of a bar of steel to one arm, or of soft iron to the right thigh, would change one person into another person; or, in other words, personality would express nothing more than certain temporary phenomena which, by the use of either physical or moral agencies, you could transform at will, if not into their opposites, at least into qualities as different as arrogance from modesty, or irritability from patience. We say "by either physical or moral agencies," because, as we have already said, it did not necessarily take any magnetic influence to produce the change; the change was also effected by simply assuring the young man that he was once more what he had once been, even though he had then absolutely forgotten this antecedent condition of his own consciousness; and with the belief, the physical state of the body as regarded paralysis or activity, itself changed. That is, as amongst his various selves, you could determine for him *which* of them he should be. But what does all this prove? It proves not in any sense multiple identity, but what we have all of us always known,—that a man may easily lose the conscious clue which connects one phase of his life with another phase. We all lose, and lose for the most part completely, the clue connecting infancy with childhood. The very aged often lose, and sometimes completely lose, the clue con-

necting manhood and age. Even in the fulness of our strength illness often wipes completely out of our memory a certain limited term of weeks or months. But then, it will be said, a man seldom or never loses the connecting link of *character*. A selfish and irritable man is selfish and irritable throughout all his phases. A self-forgetful and patient man is self-forgetful and patient throughout all his phases; whereas in this case of "Louis V.," we have a man transformed in the twinkling of an eye from an arrogant and ignorant boaster, into a quiet and docile learner. Does not that imply more than a change of memory or mental *scenery*? Does it not imply a change in the attitude of the will? Is it conceivable that a will trained to defer to the lessons of higher minds in one state, should lose all the training it had acquired, even though it had lost the memory of all who had given that training? If humility and arrogance are qualities only superficially distinct, and really severed from each other only by the memory or oblivion of a year or two of personal training, they are not moral qualities at all. Unless through every change of circumstances the thread of personality is continuous, personality is an illusion; and if it is continuous, then nothing can charm away a quality of the will, once genuinely acquired, unless it be the voluntary treachery and default of the will itself. If the left brain is a "new creature," but the right brain is unregenerate, then the two brains are not brains of the same person, and one of those persons is not responsible for the other person. But the truth is that nothing of this kind is even rendered plausible as a hypothesis by the cases of alternating consciousness of which morbid pathology treats. We might almost as seriously treat the healthy man as responsible for his delirious ravings in fever, as treat one of these hysteric patients as responsible for what he thinks and does under hysterical conditions. Grant, if there be evidence for it, that the abnormal activity of the right hemisphere of the brain implies the activity of the lower nature. If that activity be caused by disease alone, the patient is not responsible; but we all know that the activity of the lower nature may be caused not by disease alone, but by



either the application of a stimulus which we know we could withhold, or the neglect of a self-restraint which we know we could exercise. The attempt to draw inferences as to our normal and healthy state from the consideration of abnormal and unhealthy states, is a radically misleading one. All double or multiple identities are signs of disease. And of all mistakes in psychology, perhaps the worst is that which takes its standard of health from the study of disease, instead of taking the cue for the healing of disease from the study of health. One essential note of mental

health is a strong personal identity. A certain sign of disease is that hysterical multiplicity of states which presents its most typical forms either in the rapidly changing phantasmagoria of delirium, or in the multiple vision of an over-stimulated brain. Exactly that which is chiefly conspicuous by its absence or its attenuation in all forms of hysteric disease, is personal identity,—of which some of the pillars of the "Society for Psychical Research" mistakenly hope to find the secret, by studying the cases of those who pass their lives in disordered dreams.—*London Spectator.*

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#### TO BEETHOVEN.

##### ON HEARING HIS CHORAL SYMPHONY.

BY HERBERT B. GARROD.

MASTER ! whose hearing, closed to grosser sound,  
 Quickened for all the subtler harmonies  
 Of soul-entrancing chords, e'en as the eyes  
 Of sightless Milton saw beyond the bound  
 Of earth, to where the white-stoled host surround  
 The Holiest of the Holy—in what guise,  
 Of bird or seraph, through the immensities  
 Of interstellar avenues profound

Hied thy bright spirit, lifting its grand refrain  
 Up, up through throbbing ether, with the beat  
 Of mighty wings, to where the listening throng  
 Wait breathless, while glad throats take up the strain,  
 When string and trumpet fail, and at the feet  
 Of God lay tribute of immortal song ?

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#### DIABLERIE IN PARADISE, OR THE CARNIVAL OF CONFETTI.

NICE, *Sunday.*

THE glass has risen, the gale has blown itself out, the leaden skies have vanished, the clouds have been dispelled by the magic sun. How lovely on this Sunday morning in March to bask in the full wealth of Mediterranean sunshine, to think of the deep snow drifts and the bone-piercing blasts in dear old England ! The blue sky is without a cloud, the sun beats down on the white roads, the waters dance and sparkle in the sunlight, and the tiny breakers throwing up a glittering shower of spray curl lazily on the shore, forming a narrow belt which stretches like a

white thread all along the coast line. It is yet early morning, but the people are already sunning themselves and inhaling the soft, warm air, fragrant with aromatic scents. The picturesque market-women and fish-wives are driving a brisk trade under the colonnades, the sidewalks are brilliant with glowing flowers and fruit fresh from the hillsides. Afar off on the horizon may be seen the white sail of some wine-laden argosy bound for port. Nice is to be *en fête* to-day, though the great battle of the *confetti* does not begin until two. But it is easy to while away a few hours among the picturesque streets, watching the prep-

arations for the great event. All that was prayed for was fine weather. Even the great King Carnival must have that. In England we pray for Queen's weather. In Nice they pray for King's—the King of the Carnival. The gods were propitious, and Nice was correspondingly grateful. To-day we eat, drink, and are merry; to-morrow we die—"gaudeamus igitur."

A more glorious panorama painter never pictured than the noble inlet which is part of the Gulf of Genoa. The eye is surfeited with the lovely contrasts of land and sea and mountain. The frowning belt of hills, which yesterday were enveloped in a gauzy veil of delicate mist, to-day stand out sharply in the clear air. The sun lights up the great brown patches, and accentuates the whiteness of the villas which nestle prettily on the hill slopes far and near, their whiteness thrown up the more sharply by the sombre tints of the surrounding groves. To those who stand on the summit of one of the promontories the panorama unfolds itself in full glory. Far away are the Alpes Maritimes, their tops and sides clothed in snow, forming a white semicircle which stretches far away for miles. The eye follows the range as it gradually falls off and declines to the distant neck of land half hidden in the misty haze. An inner circle is formed by the lower hills, over which are scattered thousands of lovely villas, mountain settlements, orange groves, lemon groves, olive orchards, and vineyards. Then comes a third white circle made by the town, and a fourth along the sea beach by the great hotels and lofty houses, their windows flashing in the sun like so many silver panels. The thin belt of tropical foliage, of cactus, of tree ferns, with their great drooping fronds, the wide-leaved palms of all varieties, aloes, and the white glistening road, with a background of vine-covered house fronts, red-roofed and pink-fronted, form another belt. The *blanchisseuses* are at work on the stony rim of beach, which is covered with the snowiest of linen fluttering in the gentle breeze. Then there is the blue of the sea and the flashing line of gentle breakers, which complete the circles—not of hell but of Paradise. Nice is fairyland. Already by ten

o'clock the holiday-makers are abroad, flitting hither and thither across the streets. Every one is taking a sun bath and revelling in the change from the gloomy skies and the depressing drizzle. Two days of wet weather in Nice and they begin to "damn the cursed climate." Walking along the road which has been rescued from the stern, jagged-faced rocks round to the harbor one sees that the spirit of the day has infected the only part of Nice which works. From every masthead the gayest of bunting is flying. James Gordon Bennett has his floating palace here, and his crew are smoking cigarettes on the forecastle. The port is full of craft, all spreading their salt-stained canvas to the sun—wine-laden craft mostly, manned by handsome, picturesque-looking fellows bronzed and fiercely moustachioed, who are leaning lazily over the bulwarks smoking the national cigarette. A few Customs officers are strolling about, attired in their magnificent official costumes, blue and silver caps, sea-blue trousers, set off by a red stripe, black coats bedecked with lace.

The Place Massena at midday is a sight to see. At every corner they are selling masks and dominoes. You may buy your *confetti* by the sackful or in paper bags at the rate of three for a penny. Here, too, they are selling tin scoops large and small, with their supple handles made of cane to give force and direction to the plastic projectiles. The cafés beneath the shade-giving colonnades are doing a roaring business. Gay awnings are stretched everywhere; the brightest of bunting flies from every point. The shops, more *recherché*, where you may buy dominoes bizarre or simple according to your taste; painted masks—the most revolting or the most bewitching, as it pleases your fancy—these are thronged with purchasers. In self-defence every one buys the protecting vizor, from the beggar to the prince, for an hour later millions of *confetti* will be hurtling through the air. Effectually disguised in robes of flowing red, reaching down to the feet, and enveloping the head in an ample and picturesque hood of the same color, one's face vizored in a painted wire mask, with a bag laden with *confetti*, and scoop in hand, one reaches the Prefecture, in

the Rue François St. Paul, one of many thousands of fantastic creatures. For a long time the unaccustomed eye cannot take in the perpetual feast of color which the street presents. The signal for the battle has not yet been given, so it is safe to walk about and try to analyse the component parts of the extraordinary medley called the Carnival of the *Confetti*. Imagine a street—not the width of the Strand—formed by two sides of white and yellow fronted houses, ten and twelve stories in height, the street sloping gently as it approaches the Prefecture. Imagine each window filled with dominoes of every hue, of every dye, the lower windows taken out, and each forming a box lined with the most vivid and yet the most artistic combinations of draperies. Some are festooned with cardinal red and yellow, looped up in graceful knots, surmounted with monograms worked in gorgeous flowers, serpentine hues of fresh blossoms twine from point to point, forming a living trellis work of flowers and green leaves. The interiors of the boxes are heavily draped in colored stuffs, and the occupants are clad in dominoes in harmony. Here we have windows draped in violet and white, with festoons of violets; there in orange, in green, in blue, of every tint. Even the ledges are lined with lovely cushions, set off by a hanging fringe of lacework. Every impression that infinite combination of colors can give is here. As the street is straight, you have your view from end to end—that is, about the length of the Strand from Charing-cross to the Gaiety Theatre. Look where you will there is color. Gracefully tapering Venetian masts, gaily decorated, run along both sides of the street, joined at intervals of a few yards by festoons of flags of all nations, which form a gaudy and striking series of canopies waving to and fro in the breeze. The Prefecture, which is the starting-point of the procession, occupies and forms three sides of a small, but imposing, square of lofty white-faced buildings, below which there had been erected grand stands to accommodate the mayor, his court, and friends. The mayor comes and takes his seat, the stands are crowded with ladies clad in the most brilliant and extraordinary dominoes,

the bands strike up, the cannons boom out, and long before their rolling echo ceased the signal was given, a great roar ran along from the crowd which packed the street, and in a moment the air was thick with clouds of *confetti*, which rattled sharply on mask and window, and the dust of the broken missiles rose up like clouds of steam, and the wild *diablerie* began.

Who could describe the motley thousands that form the crowd? Who could resolve them into their elements? Picture the most fantastic scene and the most fantastic pantomime that was ever seen in theatre or circus, and multiply the effect ten-thousandfold, picture thousands of masked and dominoed men and women, attired as demons, as *Mephistopheles*, as imps and apes, as cats and dogs, as frogs and vegetables, conjure up hosts of ghosts, think of the most horrible nightmare or the awful things of an opium orgie, and you will have something of the effect produced on the mind by one's first impressions of a Nice carnival. Imagine this great pantomime, in which fifty or sixty thousand people take part, giving themselves up to the daring frivolities of the carnival for three or four hours in the open air with a burning, blazing sun. The ingenuity and the taste which are expended upon this wonderful ceremony are extraordinary, and not less impressive is the astonishing variety of the costumes assumed by the crowd which has flocked here to take a deep draught of *diablerie*. The tops of the long colonnade were black with people, and there was no window and no point of vantage which was unoccupied. Up aloft some were contented to brave the dangers without masks, but the majority were both masked and dominoed. Opposite the prefecture was placed the throne of King Carnival, and the enormous figure of that awful potentate towered thirty feet up in the air, a Gargantuan monarch, with features modelled in proportion to his height. Like the horse of Troy his belly serves as a receptacle, not for men but for fireworks. On the last night of the revelries a fuse is lighted, and the King flies up to the starlit heavens, illumining the evening sky with a million lights, crimson, golden, silvern, shooting hither and

thither, and dropping their liquid fire on the crowd. "The King is dead. Long live the King!" cry the fickle plebs, and until 1887 the King and his Court are forgotten. Round this huge figure, standing out like some savage idol, file the procession, slowly moving up the street to the braying of trumpets, and the beating of drums, and the fire of guns. The grotesque throng keeps admirable order as the procession marches slowly past, cheering and shrieking with laughter and cries of admiration, keeping up a fierce fire of *confetti* the while. Bands of men, women, and children pass, clad in long, flowing dominoes of every conceivable cut and fashion, red, pink, blue, green, violet, slashed with trimmings of other colors, affording vivid contrasts to the body of the fabric. The masks are hideous and beautiful, with eyes bleared or languishing, mouth all awry or of perfect form, noses dwarfed, noses elongated, hooked, bent, broken; faces bloody, faces rouged, ochred; wigs of pink, tresses of flowing yellow or of coal black. Many wear paper masks, which admit of even more startling effects. One sees clowns in sugar-loaf hats and parti-colored robes, pantaloons and harlequins, and troops of devils. Even the babes and children are disguised, and mother would not recognize son, nor husband wife.

To describe the procession with any minuteness would be impossible, but a few of the features were too noteworthy to be passed over without a few words of description. Take the huge carriages drawn by four or six horses, fitted up as platforms, on which is built up an enormous structure, emblematical, perhaps, of some trade or business of the Riviera. These reach high up into the air, and totter and creak as they move slowly along. One of the most grotesque of these was fitted as a monkey house. From side to side were stretched bars and poles and ropes on which swung a score of mimics made up as monkeys, revolving round the bars, twisting their tails, chattering and jibbering, in the most realistic manner, to the strains of a band which was perched high up in the golden cage. These enormous structures resemble the great car of Juggernaut, except that no one is trodden be-

neath the advancing car. Each one is accompanied by an attendant group of dancers, who are never still. Take, again, a second, which represents a thirty-foot cook in white stirring up a seething mixture in a cauldron nearly as big as one of the fountains in Trafalgar-square. A third was emblematical of the gaming-table, and was draped with white emblazoned with all the cards in the pack, with roulette tables and all the mysteries known to Monte Carlo, attended by scores of kings and queens who danced to the music. Another showed the process of wine manufacture, another a windmill at work grinding the corn, groups of children sitting composedly on the revolving sails. But no words could convey the vastness of these Brobdingnagian erections, upon each of which large sums must have been expended. Another bore a man-eating monkey, whose arm descended slowly to the group of prisoners far below him, with outstretched fingers, seized one of them, and partook of him as Cyclops did of the friends of Ulysses, grinning with satisfaction. By the side of these the ordinary carriages which went in procession were but as Lilliputians to Gulliver, but they were none the less attractive for that. Each was draped in stuffs of vivid colors, even the wheels being hidden. Then again the groups who went on foot were most cleverly and grotesquely got up. Here was a species of French Falstaff, in yellow and black trousers, catching the *confetti* in a green butterfly net. Here was a band of dancing devils in black and red, with active tails and fiery eyes. There was a ten-foot organ-grinder carriage—the familiar Italian instrument, with the equally familiar monkey on board. There was a group of ten-foot boots—Wellingtons and sea boots, ladies' boots, boots for hunters, and boots for every conceivable person and all weathers. All these boots walked along at their own free will, without bodies to support or feet to trouble them. There was a dog walking on its hind legs, covered with rats, brown and black and white, and every now and then he would put one carefully into his mouth. Here were the wolf and the lamb dancing a voluptuous waltz together; there a noble army of vege-

tables, presumably on their way to market—marrows and cabbages, turnips and carrots, the savory onion and the bilious radish, instinct with animal passions and emotions. A band of realistic Indians, almost *au naturel*, armed as if for mortal combat, with shining spears, gibbering and shrieking, and dancing a fearful dance of triumph. Did they not carry their victim in a cage, cowering and shuddering with fear? Here were nodding mandarins, there a humming-top spun along, here a figure of Christmas wheeling a barrow of snow; there a small army of pipes strolling along, with stems three or four feet long and white bowls like fireplaces, the smoke rising, apparently impelled by no living agency, like so many craters of so many volcanoes. Some of the figures rode on donkeys, some trotted on horses: knights in shimmering armor pranced along on mettlesome steeds, the mettle being supplied by their own two legs. Here were crabs with backs as broad as a dining-table, lobsters dripping with slimy seaweed, and oysters such as we never see even at Mr. Rule's famous establishment. A barber is making a lady's coiffure, a boy is climbing a tree to catch the glowing oranges, an awful schoolmaster is birching a bad boy who would not learn his lessons, and—ah! but let us stop, for the varieties were almost endless. Here again is a corps of Bacchus, in green costume draped with grapes, with casks at their backs and miniature champagne bottles in their hair. Again are tortoises, cocoanuts, cats, sausages, parrots. Those who would see a carnival must look for themselves. They will never see anything prettier, more fantastic—more unusual to the sober eye of the Englishman, at any rate. But let us remember that all this time the procession is moving and toiling along, up and down, down and up, the crowds are dancing and laughing, and crying, and fighting till the ground is thick with the crumbled comfits which cover it as if after a heavy hailstorm. For hours the battle rages on both sides, until we are bruised and weary. The wounded are many, for sharp is the shock from a well-aimed pellet which hits you on a tender part of the ear you fondly thought protected, awful the shudder when some fiend of evil lifts up your

neck-protecting hood and pours a handful down your back. A terrific artillery goes on, the pellets fly in showers through the air, from balcony to balcony, from carriage to carriage, in scoops, by hand, hurled with a judgment which becomes consummate as the practice grows longer. The sun is sinking, and the air is chill. It is time to disperse for reflection. A gun booms forth the signal to stop the fight, and it is a case of gendarmes if you discharge more *confetti*. The crowd breaks up for a while, and hies it hither and thither—some to hotels, some off to their villas, the lowlier seek the cheap restaurants and auberges, the sun disappears, and it is night. An hour or two later the orgie begins again. The sun has disappeared, indeed; but what of that? The strange beasts and birds, the fantastic masks and dominoes, the towering man-eater, the voracious cook, the seething cauldron, the gaudy hues look all the stranger, all the more grotesque, under the million glowing lights which burn from every side, the Chinese lamps, the Venetian lights, stretching in swaying network across the streets.

By eight o'clock the fun is fast and furious, for every one has now returned to the scene of the morning encounter. But the *confetti* no longer disturb the peace. The high-spirited ones dance, and waltz up the street to the music, shouting and screaming, and every one is happy. By eleven it is over, and again the mad crowd disperses, and every street is full of straggling groups, masked and dominoed, making their way perhaps to the brilliantly lighted cafés or to the masked balls which are to wind up this happy day.

Allons, enfants de compagnie,  
 Les jours de joie sont arrivés,  
 Aux chants et sons, à la danse chérie,  
 Aux doux plaisirs ces jours sont consacrés  
 (bis):  
 Voyez-vous ces immenses montagnes  
 De Bonbons, par les marchands étalés!  
 Courage! aux sacs! remplissez-les!  
 Il faut bien que tout ce monde gagne.  
 Jeunesse, amusez-vous bien!  
 Masques, pelles, sacs et Bonbons!  
 Bonbons ça et là! Bonbons ça et là!  
 Le Carnaval à Nice toujours vivra!

Such is the song of the Carnival, and faithfully has it been obeyed.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## THE "LADY GODIVA."

## AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

It happened that one summer, a few years ago, I found myself travelling up the Barwon River, just where it commences to form the boundary between Queensland and New South Wales. The weather was terribly hot, and feed for horses scarce, so that I was only too glad to accept the invitation of a hospitable settler, an old acquaintance in digging days gone by, to stay and "spell" for a week or two, whilst my horses put on a little condition in his well-grassed paddocks. The country round about at that time, even on the river frontages, was very sparsely settled, and comparatively young people could remember when the blacks were "bad." Dingoes, kangaroos, wild-cattle, and "brombees" or wild-horses, roamed the great scrubs in thousands; and with respect to broken-in and branded individuals of the two latter species, the laws of *meum* and *tuum* seemed to be very lightly regarded amongst the pioneers of the border; and for a settler to put in an appearance at his neighbor's killing-yard whilst the operation of converting bullock into beef was going on, was deemed the very height of bad manners, inexcusable, indeed, unless perhaps in the newest of new-chums, at least till the hide was off and the brand cut out.

My friend had only recently taken up ground on the river; but his next and nearest neighbor, old Tom Dwyer, who resided about five-and-twenty miles away, was a settler of many years' standing; and it was from him that, towards the end of my stay with the Brays, came an invitation to the wedding festivities of his only daughter, who was to be married to a young cousin, also a Dwyer, who followed the occupation of a drover.

As Bray and myself rode along in the cool of the early morning—the women-kind and children having set out by moonlight the night before in a spring-cart—he gave me a slight sketch of the people whose hearty invitation we were accepting.

"A rum lot," said my old friend—a fine specimen of the bushman-digger

type of Australian-born colonist, hardy, brave, and intelligent, who had, after many years of a roving, eventful life, at last settled down to make himself a home in the wilderness—"a rum lot, these Dwyers. Not bad neighbors by no means, at least not to me. I speak as I find; but people do say that they come it rather too strong sometimes with the squatters' stock, and that young Jim—him as is goin' to get switched—and old Tom his uncle do work the oracle atween 'em. I mind, not so long ago, young Jim he starts up north somewhere with about a score head o' milkers and their calves; and when he comes back again in about six months, he fetched along with him over three hundred head o' cattle! 'Increase,' he called 'em—ha, ha! A very smart lad is Jim Dwyer; but the squatters are getting carefuller now; and I'm afraid, if he don't mind, that he'll find himself in the logs some o' these fine days. He's got a nice bit o' a place over the river, on the New South Wales side, has Jim, just in front o' Fort Dwyer, as they call the old man's camp. You could a'most chuck a stone from one house to the other."

So conversing, after about three hours' steady riding through open box forest country, flat and monotonous, we arrived at "Fort Dwyer"—or Dee-wyer, as invariably pronounced thereabouts—a long, low building, constructed of huge, roughly squared logs of nearly fireproof red coolabah, or swamp-gum, and situated right on the verge of the steep clay bank, twenty feet below which glided sullenly along the sluggish Barwon, then nearly half a "banker."

A hearty welcome greeted us; and the inevitable "square-face" of spirits was at once produced, to which my companion did justice whilst pledging the health of the company with a brief, "Well, here's luck, lads!" For my own part, not daring to tackle the half-pannikinful of fiery Mackay rum so pressing offered, with the assurance that it was "the finest thing out after a warm ride," I paid my respects to an

immense cask of honey-beer which stood under a canopy of green boughs, thus running some risk of losing caste as a bushman by appropriating "the women's swankey," as old Dwyer contemptuously termed it, whilst insisting on "tempering" my drink with "just the least taste in life, sir," of Port Mac-kay, of about 45 o. p. strength.

There must have been fully one hundred people assembled; and the open space just in front of the house was crowded with buggies, spring-carts, wagonettes, and even drays; but the great centre of attraction was the stock-yard, where Jim Dwyer was breaking-in to the side-saddle a mare, bought in one of his recent trips "up north," and intended as a present for his bride, of whom I caught a glimpse as she sat on an empty kerosene tin, with her sleeves rolled up, busily engaged in plucking poultry; a fair type of the bush-maiden, tall and slender, with good, though sharply cut features, deeply browned by the sun, laughing dark eyes, perfect teeth—a rare gift amongst young Australians—and as much at home—so old Bray assured me—on horseback cutting out "scrubbers" or "brombees," as was her husband-elect himself.

The rails of the great stockyard were crowded with tall, cabbage-tree-hatted, booted and spurred "Cornstalks" and "Banana-men" (natives of New South Wales and Queensland respectively); and loud were their cries of admiration, as young Dwyer, on the beautiful and, to my eyes, nearly thoroughbred black mare, cantered round and round, whilst flourishing an old riding-skirt about her flanks.

"She'll do, Jim—quiet as a sheep"—"My word! she'll carry Annie flying"—"What did yer give for her, Jim?"—"A reg'lar star, an' no mistake!" greeted the young man, as, lightly jumping off, he unbuckled the girths and put the saddle on the slip-rails.

Jim Dwyer differed little from the ordinary style of young bush "native"—tall, thin, brown, quick-eyed, narrow in the flanks; but with good breadth of chest, and feet which, from their size and shape, might have satisfied even that captious critic the Lady Hester Stanhope, under whose instep "a kitten

could walk," that the Australians of a future nation would not be as the British, "a flat-soled generation, of whom no great or noble achievement could ever be expected."

I fancied that, as the young fellow came forward to shake hands with Bray, he looked uneasily and rather suspiciously at me out of the corner of one of his black eyes. My companion evidently observed it also, for he said laughingly: "What's the matter, Jim? Only a friend of mine. Is the mare 'on the cross'? And did you think he was a 'trap'?"

"None o' your business, Jack Bray," was the surly reply. "'Cross' or 'square,' she's mine till some one comes along who can show a better right to her, an' that won't happen in a hurry."

"Well, well," replied Bray, "you needn't get crusty so confounded quick. But she's a pretty thing, sure enough. Let's go and have a look at her."

Everybody now crowded round the mare, praising and admiring her. "Two year old, just," exclaimed one, looking in her mouth.—"Rising three, I say," replied another.—"And a clean-skin, and unbranded!" ejaculated Bray, at the same time passing his hand along the mare's wither.

"That's a disease can soon be cured," said Dwyer with a laugh. "I'm agoin' to clap the J. D. on her now.—Shove her in the botte, boys, while I go an' fetch the irons up."

"That mare's a thoroughbred, and a race-mare to boot, and she's 'on the cross' right enough," whispered Bray, as we walked back towards the house.

"She's been shook; and though she ain't fire-branded, there's a half-sovereign let in under the skin just below the wither; I felt it quite plain; and I wouldn't wonder but there's a lot more private marks on her as we can't see."

"Do you think, then," I asked, "that young Dwyer stole her?"

"Likely enough, likely enough," was the reply. "But if he did, strikes me as we'll hear more about the matter yet."

Just at this moment, shouts of, "Here's the parson!"—"Here's old Ben!" drew our attention to a horseman who was coming along the narrow track at a slow canter.

A well-known character throughout the whole of that immense district was the Rev. Benjamin Back, "bush missionary;" and not less well known was his old bald-faced horse Jerry. The pair bore a grotesque resemblance to each other, both being long and ungainly, both thin and gray, both always ready to eat and drink, and yet always looking desolate and forlorn. As the Rev. Ben disengaged his long legs from the stirrups, the irrepressible old Dwyer appeared with the greeting-cup—a tin pint-pot half full of rum—which swallowing with scarcely a wink, to the great admiration of the lookers-on, the parson, commending Jerry to the care of his host, stalked inside, and was soon busy at the long table, working away at a couple of roast-ducks, a ham, and other trifles, washed down with copious draughts of hot tea, simply remarking to "Annie," that she "had better make haste and clean herself, so that he could put her and Jim through, as he had to go on to Bullarora that evening to bury a child for the Lacies."

Having at length finished his repast, all hands crowded into the long room, where before "old Ben" stood bride and bridegroom, the former neatly dressed in dark merino—her own especial choice, as I was told, in preference to anything gayer—with here and there a bright-colored ribbon, whilst in her luxuriant black hair and in the breast of her dress were bunches of freshly plucked orange blossoms, that many a belle of proud Mayfair might have envied. The bridegroom in spotless white shirt, with handkerchief of crimson silk, confined loosely around his neck by a massive gold ring, riding-trousers of Bedford cord, kept up by a broad belt, worked in wools of many colors by his bride, and shining top-boots and spurs, looked the very beau-ideal of a dashing stock-man, as he bore himself elate and proudly, without a trace of that bucolic sheepishness so often witnessed in the principal party to similar contracts.

The old parson, with the perspiration induced by recent gastronomic efforts rolling in beads off his bald head, and dropping from the tip of his nose on to the church-service in his hand, had taken off his long coat of threadbare rusty black, and stood confessed in

shirt of hue almost akin to that of the long leggings that reached above his knees. It was meltingly hot; and the thermometer—had there been such an article—would have registered one hundred and ten or one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade at the least. But it was all over at last. Solemnly "old Ben" had kissed the darkly flushing bride, and told her to be a good girl to Jim—solemnly the old man had disposed of another "parting cup;" and then, whilst the womenkind filled his saddle-bags with cake, chicken, and ham, together with the generous half of a "square-face"—or large square-sided bottle—containing his favorite summer beverage, old Dwyer, emerging from one of the inner rooms, produced a piece of well-worn bluish-tinted paper, known and appreciated in those regions as a "bluey," at sight of which the parson's eye glistened, for seldom was it that he had the fortune to come across such a liberal douceur as a five-pound note; but as old Dwyer said: "We don't often have a job like this one for you Ben, old man. We're pretty well in just now, an' I mean you shall remember it. An' look here; Jerry's getting pretty poor now, an' I know myself he's no chicken; so you'd best leave him on the grass with us for the rest o' his days, an' I'll give you as game a bit o' horse-flesh as ever stepped; quiet, too, an' a good pacer. See! the boys is a-saddlin' him up now."

The old preacher's life was hard, for the most part barren, and little moistened by kind offers like the present; and his grim and wrinkled face puckered up and worked curiously as he gratefully accepted the gift for Jerry's sake, his constant companion through twelve long years of travel incessant through the wildest parts of Queensland; and with a parting injunction to "the boys" to look after the old horse, he, mounting his new steed, started off on his thirty-mile ride to bury Lacy's little child.

The long tables, at which all hands had intermittently appeased their hunger throughout the day, on fowls, geese, turkeys, sucking-pig, fish, &c., were now cleared and removed; a couple of concertinas struck up, and fifteen or twenty couples were soon dancing with might and main on the pine-boarded



floor. Old men and young, old women and maidens, boys and girls, all went at it with a will, whirling, tamping, changing and "chaining" till the substantial old house shook again, and fears were audibly expressed that the whole building would topple over into the river.

"Not to-night, of all nights in the year," said old Dwyer; "although I do believe I'll have to shift afore long. Ye'll hardly think it—would ye?—that when I first put up the old shanty, it stood four chain, good, away from the bank; it was, though, all that; an' many a sneaking, greasy black fellow I've seen go slap into the water with a rifle bullet through his ugly carcass out of that back winder, though it is plumb a'most with the river now."

So, louder and louder screamed the concertinas, faster and faster whirled the panting couples, till nearly midnight, when "supper" was announced by the sound of a great bullock bell, and out into the calm night-air trooped the crowd. The tables this time had been set out on the sward in front of the house, just without the long dark line of forest which bordered the river, through the tops of whose giant "be-lars" the full moon shone down on the merry feasters with a subdued glory; whilst, in a quiet pause, you could hear the rush of the strong Barwon current, broken, every now and again, by a deep-sounding "plop," as some fragment of the ever-receding clayey bank would fall into the water. Four or five native bears, disturbed by the noise, crawled out on the limbs of a great coolabar, and with unwinking, beady-black eyes, gazed on the scene below, expressing their astonishment every now and again in hoarse mutterings, now low and almost inarticulate, then "thrum, thrumming" through the bush till it rang again. From a neighboring swamp came the shrill scream of the curlew; whilst far away in the low ranges of Cooyella could be heard the dismal howl of a solitary dingo coo-ee-ing to his mates.

Scarcely had the guests taken their seats and commenced, amidst jokes and laughter, to attack a fresh and substantial meal, when a furious barking, from a pack of about fifty dogs, announced the advent of strangers; and

in a minute more, three horsemen, in the uniform of the Queensland mounted police, rode up to the tables. One, a sergeant apparently, dismounted, and with his bridle over his arm, strode forward, commanding every one to keep their seats; for several at first sight of the "traps" had risen, and apparently thought of quietly slipping away. This order, however, enforced as it was by the production of a revolver, together with an evident intention of using it on any absconder, brought them to their seats again.

"What's all this about?" exclaimed old Dwyer. "We're all honest people here, mister, so you can put up your pistol. Tell us civilly what it is you're wantin', an' we'll try an' help you; but don't come it too rough. You ought to be 'shamed o' yourself. Don't ye see the faymales?"

"Can't help the females," retorted the sergeant sharply. "I haven't ridden four hundred miles to play polite to a lot of women. I want a man named James Dwyer; and by the description, yonder's the man himself"—pointing at the same time across the table to where sat the newly-made husband, who had been one of the first to make a move at sight of the police.

"What's the charge, sergeant?" asked old Dwyer coolly.

"Horse-stealing," was the reply; "and here's the warrant, signed by the magistrate in Tambo, for his apprehension."

I was sitting quite close to the object of these inquiries, and at this moment I heard young Mrs. Dwyer, whilst leaning across towards her husband, whisper something about "the river" and "New South Wales;" and in another moment, head over heels down the steep bank rolled the recently created benedict, into the curious and cool nuptial couch of swiftly flowing, reddish water, which he breasted with ease, making nearly a straight line for the other bank, distant perhaps a couple of hundred yards.

The troopers, drawing their revolvers, dismounted, and running forward, were about to follow the example set by their superior, who was taking steady aim at the swimmer, perfectly discernible in the clear moonlight, when suddenly half-a-dozen pair of soft but muscular

arms encircled the three representatives of law and order, as the women, screaming like a lot of curlews after a thunder-storm, clasped them in a tight embrace.

Young Mrs. Dwyer herself tackled the sergeant, crying: "What! would you shoot a man just for a bit of horse-sweating! Leave him go, can't you. He's over the border now in New South Wales, mare and all; and you can't touch him, even if you was there."

Just then a yell of triumph from the scrub on the other shore seemed to vouch for the fact, and was answered by a dozen sympathetic whoops and shouts from the afore-mentioned "Cornstalks" and "Banana-men," who crowded along our side of the river.

The sergeant struggled to free himself; and his fair antagonist unwound her arms, saying: "Come now, sergeant, sit down peaceably and eat your supper, can't you! What's the good of making such a bother over an old scrubber of a mare!"

"An old scrubber of a mare!" repeated the sergeant aghast. "D'y'e think we'd ride this far over a scrubber of a mare? Why, it's the Lady Godiva he took; old Stanford's race-mare, worth five hundred guineas, if she's worth a penny. Bother me! if he didn't take her clean out of the stable in Tambo, settling-night, after she'd won the big money! But there, you all know as much about it as I can tell you, that's plain to be seen, for I never mentioned a mare; it was your own self, I do believe; and I'll have him, if I have to follow him to Melbourne.—Just got married, has he? Well, I can't help that; he shouldn't go stealing race-mares.—Well, perhaps you didn't know *all* about it," went on the sergeant, in reply to the asseverations of the Dwyer family as regarded their knowledge of the way the young man had become possessed of the mare. "But," shaking his head sententiously, "I'm much mistaken if most of this crowd hadn't a pretty good idea that there was something cross about her. However," he concluded philosophically, "it's no use crying over spilt milk. I'll have to ride over to G—— at daylight—that's another forty miles—and get an extradition warrant out for him. He might just as well have come quietly at first,

for we're bound to have the two of them some time or other."

It was now nearly daylight; and our party set out on their return home, leaving the troopers comfortably seated at the supper, or rather, by this time, breakfast table; while just below the house, in a bend of the river, we could see, as we passed along, a group of men busily engaged in swimming a mob of horses—amongst which was doubtless the Lady Godiva herself—over to the New South Wales shore, where, on the bank, plainly to be discerned in the early dawn, stood the tall form of her lawless owner.

"How do you think it will all end?" I asked Bray.

"Oh," was the reply, "they'll square it, most likely. I know something of that Stanford; he's a book-maker; and if he gets back the mare and a cheque for fifty or a hundred pounds, to cover expenses, he'll not trouble much after Jim."

"Yes. But the police?" I asked.

"Easier squared than Stanford," answered Bray dogmatically.

That this "squaring" process was successfully put in force seemed tolerably certain; for very shortly afterwards I read that at the autumn meeting of the N. Q. J. C., the Lady Godiva had carried off the lion's share of the money; and I also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer in one of Cobb & Co.'s coaches, bound for the nearest railway terminus, about three hundred miles distant, thence to spend a month or so in Sydney; Jim, as his wife informed me, having done uncommonly well out of a mob of cattle and horses which he had been travelling for sale through the colonies; so had determined to treat himself and the "missis," for the first time in their lives, to a look at the "big smoke."

"That was a great shine at our wedding, wasn't it?" she asked, as the coachman gathered up the reins preparatory to a fresh start. "But"—and here she tapped her husband on the head with her parasol—"I look out now that he don't go sticking-up to any more Lady Godivas."

"That's so," laughed Jim. "I find, that I have my hands pretty full with the one I collared the night you were

there. I doubt sometimes I'd done better to have stuck to the other one; and as for temp" — Here Jim's head disappeared suddenly into the interior of the coach; crack went the long whip; the horses plunged, reared, and went through the usual performance of

attempting to tie themselves up into overhand knots, then darted off at a top-speed on their sixteen-mile stage, soon disappearing in a cloud of dust along the "cleared line."—*Chambers's Journal*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

**THE FIGHT FOR MISSOURI.** From the Election of Lincoln to the Death of Lyon. By Thomas L. Snead. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

The contest for the possession of Missouri was one of the most picturesque of the early phases of our late war, and its importance, perhaps, has been underrated in connection with the more bloody and titanic struggles which followed it. Missouri was in many respects the key of the Union, and the sharp efforts made by the Confederates to hold it was well warranted by its importance. Mr. Snead, the historian of the contest, who now challenges the attention of the reading public, was the editor of the *St. Louis Bulletin*, and was well acquainted, and probably a participant in the intrigues and manœuvres of the Secessionist leaders to secure the political identification of the State with the Confederate cause. He was also aide to Governor Claiborne Jackson, and on General Sterling Price's staff, which gave him a very trustworthy knowledge of all the military operations. Mr. Snead seems to have made a careful study of all the sources of information, and the result is very satisfactory, both in a literary and historical sense. The story may be briefly summed up as follows:

Missouri comprised a resolute loyal majority, and when a convention was ordered for the purpose of taking the State out of the Union, the vote against that scheme was overwhelming. Nevertheless, the State barely escaped being pushed into the Confederacy against her will, through the activity of the Secessionists, and the theories of those who, believing in the Union as essential to the welfare if not the life of every State as well as of all the States, yet clung to the idea that the first duty of Missouri was to warn off her premises the troops who were mustering to defend the Union. These notions seem wild enough now, especially when they are propounded by people who still hold them, as Mr. Snead does; but we cannot understand the contradic-

tions of the Rebellion without taking careful account of the situation of the Border States, where a large party was always trying to hold the North by the throat with one hand and the South with the other—but not holding the South too tight—and was calling that loyalty.

Missouri was in a dubious position: on the one side a popular majority, on the other a highly organized, keen-witted, and intensely zealous minority, who were determined to achieve their purpose at any cost. The turning-point in the scale was General Nathaniel Lyon, the Commander of the Union forces in the field, and the no less capable organizer of the State Union party. Lyon was a brave and able soldier, but above and behind all this he was a fierce, fanatical, uncompromising anti-slavery zealot, who carried with him into the cause not only devotion to a cause, but a passionate hate against slavery and its upholders, which burned like a personal vengeance. Mr. Snead does full justice to this picturesque and heroic figure, than whom few more striking personalities were brought out during the late war. Another striking actor in the drama was General Frank P. Blair, who ably co-operated with General Lyon in saving Missouri from Confederate clutches.

General Blair perceived more clearly than any other politician in the State the pressure of the danger and the folly of the measures popularly relied upon to avert it. While both sides were dallying, he saw at a glance the time and the means for decisive action. He recognized the greatness of Lyon, and it was largely through his untiring exertions that the fiery Yankee captain was intrusted with the responsibilities of which he made such brilliant use. In a few months Lyon defeated the rebel plots for the seizure of the St. Louis arsenal with its sixty thousand stand of arms, and the capture of the city of St. Louis. He broke up the rebel Camp Jackson, and made prisoners of the rebel State militia. He drove Claiborne Jackson from the capital, and held the armies of

McCulloch and Sterling Price at bay until the loyal men could reassemble the State Convention, install a loyal government, and make Missouri, with its great resources and its commanding position, safe for the Union. To do this, Lyon had to make the desperate stand, against overpowering odds, at Wilson's Creek. He accomplished his object, but he paid for it with his life. "By wisely planning, by boldly doing, and by bravely dying, he won the fight for Missouri."

The execution of the work is excellent. The style is graphic, easy, dignified, and the purpose is that of historic impartiality which aims to give due weight to all the factors in the situation. Great attention seems to have been given to the task of verifying all the facts, and the author has done a piece of thoroughly careful and capable work. The book is one which will surely force its way to an important place in the voluminous library of our war histories.

**THE LAST DAYS OF THE CONSULATE.** From the French of M. Fauriel, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and Professor of Foreign Literature at the Sorbonne. Edited, with an Introduction, by M. L. Lalanne. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co.

This graphic and striking contribution to Napoleonic history, though fragmentary, will be swiftly recognized as possessing quite an exceptional value. It has that element which rarely attaches to history—it is the work of a contemporary and eye-witness under whose immediate pen passed the scenes of which he writes. M. Fauriel bitterly hated the Napoleonic character, ideals, and *régime*, though at the outset an official under one of Napoleon's most representative political lieutenants, Fouché. We suspect that Fauriel, when he became known as disaffected to the Government, owed his safety largely to the friendship of his *quondam* chief, though he refrained from political complications, and pursued the career of a reserved and recluse scholar. M. Fauriel's manuscripts were a genuine literary find, and the story of their discovery and identification are so interesting that we give it in the words of the editor.

"Some years ago," says M. Lalanne, "Mme. Fangier, niece of M. Arago, deputed me to offer Condorcet's papers, which had come into her possession on the decease of her uncle, to the library of the Institute. Those papers had been given by Mme. O'Connor, the only daughter of the famous Girondist, to M. Arago, when he was preparing an edition of Condor-

cet's works, and composing his eulogy. In the process of classifying the very numerous and interesting packets, I met with an anonymous manuscript without any general title, and whose subject bore no relation to the papers with which it was tied up. This manuscript, consisting of several copy-books, octavo size, together with separate sheets, notes, fragments and extracts from the newspapers of the year 1804, was divided into four chapters. The first was entitled, 'Historical Sketch of the Events which Preceded and Foreshadowed the Destruction of the Republic, Dating from the First Brumaire;' the second, 'Notes on the Principal Events of the English Conspiracy Prior to the Arrest of Moreau;' the fourth, which was the most extensive, and, unfortunately, unfinished, 'An Historical Picture of the Trial of Georges and Moreau.' I may mention that Georges Cadoudal was known among the Royalist party by his Christian name only; his letters and orders were signed General Georges. The third chapter was missing; a few fragments and notes indicated that it had never been written, and that it was to have treated of the death of the Duc d'Enghien, the Royalist plot, and the creation of the Empire. The mention of Admiral Bruix, who died on the 25th of March, 1805, as still living, enabled me to assign a date to the manuscript. Here, then, was a history, not constructed, like so many histories, after the facts, either from distant and sometimes unfaithful recollections, or from second-hand documents, but a history written at the very moment of the occurrences which it recorded.

"The reading of this manuscript made a vivid impression upon me. The generous sentiments that pervaded it, the vigor of style, the elevation of ideas, the correctness of views which it revealed, struck me all the more forcibly, because I did not know of the existence of any analogous document of the same epoch, one in which the freedom of the press and individual liberty no longer existed, liberty of the tribunal was about to be suppressed, and when 'the Great Nation' was reduced to the rare and too often lying communications which the Government deigned to make through the medium of newspapers entirely in its own hands.

"I have said that the work was anonymous. Nothing in its contents enabled me to discover its author, who never appeared upon the scene; it was, however, evident that he belonged to that *élite* section of Parisian society who would, perhaps, have been impelled by

their dislike and weariness of the Directory to accept the 18th Brumaire, if, as he says, 'Bona-parte had been prudent enough to take away from the French only that portion of liberty whose loss they were not capable of feeling or regretting,' but who could not be resigned to see most of the precious things that had been won by the Revolution perish with the Republic, and who were enabled to preserve, and at a later period to revive the liberal traditions of the generation of '89. The handwriting was small, regular, and elegant; among other characteristic marks, the formation of the letter *l* rendered it easily recognizable. Notwithstanding all my researches among manuscripts, I had never met with this particular handwriting anywhere, and I had almost relinquished the hope of clearing up the mystery, when an entirely unforeseen circumstance dispelled it.

"In 1883, after the death of the learned Orientalist, M. Mohl, and that of his wife (Miss Clarke), the library of the Institute was put in possession of the papers of an intimate friend of theirs, whom Sainte-Beuve called 'one of the most original masters of the present time, an eminent critic, most ingenious and sagacious,' and of whom M. Renan wrote that he was 'indisputably the man of our age who has put in circulation most ideas, inaugurated most branches of study, and traced out most new results in the order of historical investigation.' I speak of Claude Fauriel, born at Saint-Étienne in 1772, died in 1844, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and professor of foreign literature at the Sorbonne.

"Being charged with the arrangement of this mass of correspondence, notes, drafts, and fragments, I had already examined a score of boxes without having my attention arrested by anything, when I came upon a page dating from the writer's youth, and in a hand entirely different from that of the documents which I had already inspected. It was the draft of a letter which he had addressed to his friend Villers in 1803. At the first glance I recognized so striking a resemblance, or, I should say, such complete identity with the writing of the manuscript, that doubt was not possible. Letter and manuscript came from the same hand—from the hand of Fauriel.

"Then arose the questions, how did this manuscript come to be among the papers of the Condorcet family? how had Fauriel, whose life seemed to have been devoted solely to the study of the history and literature of the past, been led to write this narrative of contemporary events? lastly, why had he not finished

and published it? I am about to offer a brief explanation of these points.

"For many years an unbroken intimacy had subsisted between Fauriel and Madame de Condorcet. At the death of the latter in September, 1822, they were still living in the same house, and their books and papers were in common like their existence. The manuscript, either because it was forgotten, or for some other cause, remained in the hands of Madame O'Connor, Condorcet's daughter, and by that circuitous route reached the library of the Institute."

The first chapter, which sketches the events immediately preceding the downfall of the Republic, and Napoleon's election by a gigantic political fraud to be life-consul, the prelude to the bold unmasking of his imperial ambition, is a document of great power and sagacity. Perhaps the political situation of the France of that time was never more boldly and skilfully drawn. We are forced to regret its brevity, and wish the author had entered into a more detailed study. In the second chapter the author describes the condition of the parties into which France was divided, and shows that the Republicans, had they possessed an able and competent leader, might easily have baffled Napoleon's crime against the liberties of France and thus changed the whole course of history. The author also relates the origin and development of the conspiracies of Georges Cadoudal and Pichegru, and the manœuvres of the police to implicate General Moreau, the only man in France whose rivalry or opposition, alike on the ground of his great military genius and the virtues of his private character, the First Consul had to fear. The third chapter is very fragmentary, and its principal interest relates to the death of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, the most promising and brilliant of the Bourbon princes, whose assassination by the greatest brigand of history sent a thrill of horror through Europe.

The fourth chapter is principally devoted to the trial of Georges, Pichegru, Moreau, and their supposed accomplices, on the ground of conspiring to overturn the Government, and plotting to assassinate the Emperor. The extraordinary network of lies and intrigue which was woven by the police at the order of Napoleon to compass the destruction of Moreau were clearly brought out on the trial, which is described at great detail. So palpable were the facts that a majority of a court, organized by Imperial power to convict at any cost, voted for acquittal, though they

were finally induced to sentence Moreau to banishment. We know of few things more dramatic, in spite of its austere and dignified simplicity, than this study of one of the greatest political trials of modern history. M. Fauriel's contribution to French history can hardly fail to attract wide attention. Though fragmentary, it has a special value of its own, and its solid worth is enhanced by an admirably lucid and agreeable style.

**THE IMPERIAL ISLAND.** England's Chronicle in Stone. By James F. Hunnewell, Author of "The Historical Monuments of France," "The Lands of Scott," etc. Boston: *Ticknor & Co.*

In the "Imperial Island" the author has sketched the chief periods of English history in their order of time, and described their monumental works, still spared, by which they are vividly illustrated in what may properly be called a "chronicle in stone." To do this he has travelled over the highways and byways of the country from the Channel to Berwick, selecting examples, day by day writing notes about them, and then arranging materials gathered in a dozen tours. From a very large number of engravings at hand—and not at hand everywhere—comprising many of the best ever made on the subject, and which have also helped him, he has selected over sixty, and reproduced them to show the most notable points of the great variety of works he has described. Among them are copies from King's "Cathedrals," Inigo Jones's "Stonehenge," and Winstanley's "Audley End," all published over two hundred years ago, and among the early and rare books illustrating the arts or antiquities of England. Besides these, many valuable books dating from the earlier part of the present century are referred to in a similar manner, the author giving a reproduction as the only practicable way in which he could open a volume beside him and show the reader a good or curious view of something mentioned beside it in the text. For the historical passages introduced to connect the subject, of course published materials have been used, but for descriptive parts the writer has relied on his own notes and observation, with special reference to the peculiarities of each work, its relative place in the history of the country, and its existing or very recent condition. Thus he has sketched "Stonehenge," the forts of the Roman ports, the fragments of the great wall built from the German Ocean to the Solway, and other relics of the ancient im-

perial age. Then he describes the keeps and strongholds which the Normans in turn placed so wisely for their own purposes; the chain of fortresses drawn around Wales to secure it; the castles to hold the northern frontier; and others which were created by feudalism in the midlands. The vast and romantic mansions of the Renaissance and the palaces of the eighteenth century also in their turn are sketched. Of the 460 pages of the book about 200 are devoted to Christian art and the monuments of the Church, for these are the noblest and best-preserved in the country. Abbeys, minsters, and cathedrals are duly treated, and as each of them, especially the latter, has its peculiarities and special beauties, the chief are in each case pointed out. It is a fashion with some persons to scoff at the English cathedrals, but that they embody a wonderful amount of beauty is a fact which the author evidently believes in common with thousands of other people of cultivated taste. Without mere Anglomania, but with a hearty admiration for a great deal found in England that is precious in history and charming in art, the writer has seen and translated the chronicle of the country so intimately related to our own; "the exquisite old island," as he not untruthfully calls it—that is, an old home of the English-speaking race, and, after all by-gones, full of interest.

Time, labor, reading, and more, are needed to put together a book of this sort, even about a country as well known as England. It serves as a reliable guide-book of its own kind, without being what is called a guide-book, for it is, perhaps, more suggestive of John Leland's "Itinerary," a record of important things seen by the writer, but in the present case of more scope and method. It is similar to the author's "Historical Monuments of France," written on the same basis of observation and notes, and enlarged by references to important books and authors, and by illustrations from the best authorities.

**LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS.** By Andrew Lang. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The brief essays, for so they can be called, which make up the contents of this book, were originally published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and richly deserve the more permanent form which they now take. They are delightful in their rich conjunction of humor, wit and sentiment, and full of the perfume of an admirable scholarship. Mr. Lang has something of the passion of Walter Savage Landor, after whom and Lucian in his "Dialogues with the Dead,"

he takes his literary cue, for the Greek and Latin classics, in which his mind has been steeped and saturated. We cannot help thinking that the letters to Herodotus, Lucian, Theocritus, and Horace are the gems of the book, though those addressed to modern writers are racy and mellow with fine qualities of loving yet subtle criticism. Among those not named above to whom our author addresses himself, are Thackeray, Dickens, Pierre Rousard, Pope, Rabelais, Dumas, Poe, Sir Walter Scott, Shelley, Molière, Burns, Byron, and Omar Khayyám. The easy and colloquial grace which flows through these genial little essays makes them peculiarly sympathetic, and the form enables the author to seize certain elusive qualities of the authors with a vividness that brings out characteristics clearly. The only fault the reader would naturally find would be the brevity of the treatment, but the sketch in each case is so sparkling, yet so suggestive, that it makes one think of some delicious old wine; it is delicious in the draught, and the after-taste lingers lovingly on the mental palate. But the reader must taste for himself to get an idea of a charming little book. We quote from the letter to Horace: "Enough, Horace, of these mortuary musings. You loved the lesson of the roses, and now and again would speak somewhat like a death's-head over thy temperate cups of Sabine *Ordinaire*. Your melancholy moral was but meant to heighten the joy of thy pleasant life, when wearied Italy, after her wars and civil bloodshed, had won a peaceful haven. The harbor might be treacherous; the prince might turn to a tyrant; far away on the wide Roman marches might be heard, as it were, the endless, ceaseless monotone of beating horses' hoofs, and marching feet of men. They were coming, they were nearing, like footsteps heard on wool; there was a sound of multitudes and millions of barbarians, all from the North, *officina gentium*, mustering and marshalling her people. But their coming was not to-day nor to-morrow; nor to-day was the budding princely sway to blossom into the blood-red flower of Nero. In the lull between the two tempests of Republic and Empire, your odes sound 'like linnets in the pauses of the wind.'

"What joy there is in these songs! What delight of life! What an exquisite Hellenic grace of art, what a manly nature to endure, what tenderness and constancy of friendship, what a sense of all that is fine in the glittering stream, the music of the waterfall, the hum of bees, the silvery gray of the olive woods on

the hillside! How human are all your verses, Horace! What a pleasure is yours in the straining poplars, swaying in the wind! What gladness you gain from the white crest of Soracte, beheld through the fluttering snow-flakes, while the logs are being piled higher on the hearth. You sing of women and wine—not all whole-hearted in your praise of them, for passion frightens you, and 'tis pleasure more than love that you commend to the young. Lydia and Elycera and the others are but passing guests of a heart at ease in itself, and happy enough when their facile reign is ended. You seem to me like a man who welcomes middle age, and is more glad than Sophocles to flee from those hard masters, the passions. In the fallow leisure of life, you glance around contented, and find all very good save the need to leave all behind. Even that you take with an Italian good-humor, as the folk of your sunny country bear poverty and hunger."

"*Durum, sed levius fit patientia.*"

Is not this taste, kind reader, sufficient to make you crave a fuller draught?

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THOREAU'S "Walden" is to be the second volume of the cheap "Camelot Classics" which a London house is bringing out.

THE daughter of Alma-Tadema has written a novel which is said to be a tragedy—so much a tragedy that it is asserted by one English critic to be an almost irresistible excuse for tears. *The Spectator* says that the story has considerable power and considerable weakness, and that Miss Alma-Tadema has but a superficial knowledge of men.

THE veteran poet and dramatist, Mr. John A. Heraud, now in his eighty-seventh year, will shortly give to the world his last poem. It is entitled "The Sibyl among the Tombs: An Elegy written in a London Churchyard." The infirmities of age have compelled Mr. Heraud for the past few years to relinquish his literary labors. The present poem was suggested by a little adventure which happened to his daughter, Miss Edith Heraud, in Islington Churchyard. This the lady relates in a short introduction to the elegy. The poem will be issued by Mr. Daniel S. Stacy, of Islington.

DR. DUDGEON, of Pekin, who is said to possess great influence with the leading statesmen of China, is writing a "History of Opium." The work, which is partially in type in Pekin, will contain much novel information concern-

ing the early history of the supply and its introduction into China.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S "History of Our Own Times" has been translated into French and published in Paris under the title of "Histoire Contemporaine d'Angleterre."

FRANCES COLLINS, the widow of Mortimer Collins, novelist and poet, died in England a fortnight ago. She was the author of several novels and of a biography of her husband.

MR. MORSE STEPHENS, who has been for some years contributing biographical articles on the chief leaders of the Revolution to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is bringing out the first volume of a "History of the French Revolution." He attempts to give the results of recent researches, which in many ways modify the received accounts, and has laid especial stress upon the history of the Revolution in the provinces. The work will be completed in three volumes, the second of which goes down to the death of Robespierre, and will probably be published in the summer, and the third to the assumption of power by Bonaparte as First Consul.

THE Longfellow biography is received with graceful appreciation by *The London Times*. It declares that much of the poet's popularity "on both sides of the ocean was due to the success with which he, a New Englander, assimilated Europe. With the single exception of Washington Irving, no American man of letters had up to that time written about the cities and regions of the Old World with insight and eloquence. Longfellow, when thirty years of age, did this, and his success both there and here was great and instantaneous. Any one can do it now; but the reward is not the same. Longfellow had the good fortune to come at the moment when naivete, enthusiasm, openness of mind, and the command of a simple style were just what was wanted to secure success for the young traveller who should visit Europe and reveal it to America."

*The London Standard* holds the self-satisfied opinion that "Longfellow was a European poet—something more than an English poet—born in America. His American birth freed him from insularity, and he strove hard to invest himself with local color as with a garment; but his soul was European, and not American. This is, however unconsciously, brought out in his biography."

In the volume of "Dickensiana" recently published in London there is a reference to an

amusing blunder of a German critic who gravely stated that "The absurdities of English pronunciation are well exhibited in the case of the word 'Boz,' which is pronounced 'Dickens.'" In this volume are reprinted the scattered passages from *Notes and Queries* which show that Sam Weller's story of the muffins is not Wellerian at all, the genuine one being contained in Boswell's "Johnson"; that Sam's "Fleet" story of the prisoner who, on being threatened to be locked outside, trembled violently, and never ventured out of the prison gates afterward, was published in *The Mirror* in 1824, and is, in point of fact, "a well-known Joe Miller"; and that Fagin is but the prototype of Wotton. To crown all, the ferreting contributors to *Notes and Queries* have discovered that Mr. Pickwick's celebrated trouvaille—the stone inscribed with "Bil Stumps, his mark"—was so fully and accurately described in *The Annual Register* for 1771 that no room for speculation on the score of "coincidence" is left.

A MOVEMENT having been started in England to commemorate the centenary of Lord Byron, which will occur in 1888, the poet's grandson, Baron Wentworth, writes that, in his opinion, such a demonstration is not to be approved. Nevertheless, he says: "I feel that if the greatest poets and critics of our time were unanimous in wishing to accord recognition of some kind to the name of Byron, his family must respectfully acquiesce in any legitimate honors that were offered with such sanction. But I do not know how far such unanimity exists or is likely to exist, and it is manifestly unfair that Byron should receive any of the ridicule which might attach to those who make inadmissible claims concerning him. I therefore think it is my duty, as his descendant and in his name, to point out that no mere clique of unknown men without weight or authority would have the smallest right to possess themselves of Byron's memory as if it were their inheritance; and if real men of letters are divided in opinion as to his true place in English literature his representatives would ask that his grave may be left in peace."

"He had found a new mine," says *The London World* of Bret Harte, "and he worked it with rare dexterity. The dexterity remains, but the mine is exhausted."

WITH the multiplication of cheap "Libraries" in England there has been more than a chance that the different firms would reprint the same books. This was actually done by



Routledge and Cassell, and Professor Morley now writes that they "are all agreed that it is against the interests of trade and of the public for two firms to issue the same books at the same price in two different libraries."

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD'S new story, "Sarracinesca," has Cardinal Antonelli for one of its characters. The period of the story is that which immediately followed the expulsion of the Bourbons from Naples. Politics are lightly treated, sentiment and society being the chief themes of the story. It will appear serially in *Blackwood*.

MR. RUSKIN comes to the fore with some characteristic remarks on the education of children, as viewed by himself and Carlyle. "I know of nothing that has been taught the youth of our time," he says, "except that their fathers were apes, and their mothers winkles; that the world began in accident, and will end in darkness; that honor is a folly, ambition a virtue, charity a vice, poverty a crime, and rascality the means of all wealth, and the sum of all wisdom. Both Mr. Carlyle and I," he adds, "knew perfectly well all along what would be the outcome of that education." This utterance was provoked by an article in *The Spectator* setting forth that many Anarchists are persons of culture and that education does not extirpate crime, but rather aggravates it.

*Apropos* of the three-volume novel system, which the English circulating libraries are supposed to consider indispensable to their machinery, an interesting fact has come to light. A thousand copies of Mr. Rider Haggard's one-volume novel, "King Solomon's Wives," have been circulated by Mudie, while hardly more than 500 copies of any recent three-volume novel have been put in circulation by this library. Which way this fact tells it would be hard for one who is not in the secret to say. Since the three-volume novel usually is only circulated one volume at a time, it is quite possible that its 500 copies reached 500 readers more than the 1000 copies of the single volume.

A LIBRARY sale of unusual importance, says a recent London letter, which will probably attract buyers from America as well as Europe, is to commence in Edinburgh very soon. The library to go under the hammer is one of the finest in Great Britain. It belongs to Mr. J. W. MacKenzie, son of Dr. MacKenzie of Mauchline, the friend of Robert Burns, and among other unique works it contains many notable relics of the plowman poet. There are two manuscript volumes, entirely in Burns's

handwriting, containing thirty-three pieces in all, both poems and prose composition, which have never been published. This must be regarded as a precious literary find. Unfortunately, however, a great share of both the prose and poetry is of a religious character, and there is no song in Burns's mighty Doric, the Ayrshire dialect. The writings are dated between 1781 and 1784. Both the volumes are in the nature of commonplace books, and one is described by Burns as "A few miscellanies in prose and verse, designed for the acceptance of a young lady by a hand she well knows, who begs her acceptance." The young lady was Miss Anne Kennedy of Mauchline. For a sample, here is one passage from these Burnsideana: "The benefits which I received in my ambulatory exercise are not confined to the outer shell: the soul has likewise a considerable share; my health and vigor are not only maintained in a degree superior unto that of many of the young washy prigs of the present generation, but my mind also receives more exalted ideas from a nearer view and more abstracted contemplation of nature." In the MacKenzie collection are also many valuable manuscripts and books relating to Mary Queen of Scots, among them Pitcairn's own copy of his "Collections Relative to the Funeral of Mary," which contains letters from Sir Walter Scott and some rare portraits. The sale is to be divided into two parts.

A NOTION of publisher's profits at this side is to be gathered from the balance-sheet of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, limited, which has just been issued. Their profit for 1885 was \$80,885 odd, after deducting all expenses and writing off \$5538 for depreciation of copyrights and making provision for bad and doubtful debts; the directors recommend a dividend with the interim dividend already paid at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum.

#### MISCELLANY.

CHINESE THERAPEUTICAL CUSTOMS.—We have received from Dr. D. J. Macgowan, whose name has for many years been well known to all students of China, a copy of a curious paper by him on the movement cure in China, contributed to the *Medical Reports* of the Chinese Customs. In form the paper (which contains several interesting illustrations of the *modus operandi* of the cure) is a notice of successive writers on the system of therapeutics, which was actually practised on the late Empress by a high official who was supposed to be an adept

in the art. The notion that supernatural power was imparted to the human frame, and that the latter was rendered invulnerable to disease and death by breath-swallowing, or accumulations of air in the system, is a very old one. About the sixth century before our era a celebrated writer recommended a mild form of exercise to effect this, and this exercise, with breath-gulping, now constitutes the Chinese movement cure. After tracing the fluctuations of the practice and their causes, Dr. Macgowan comes to a work published in 1858 by the high official already mentioned. Life, it is taught, depends on the existence of a primary aura; so long as a particle of it is retained in the system, death cannot occur. A deficient supply is the cause of disease; and when it duly permeates the system, every ailment is averted. The object of the postures, motions, and frictions is to promote the due circulation of that vital air. One writer illustrates the state of the system that is thoroughly saturated with air by that of a drunken man who falls from a cart without sustaining injury, because of intoxication; so a man permeated with the vital aura is invulnerable. Disease appears only when the vitiated air can find entrance, when the circulation of the vital air is defective. The air starts in its circulatory movement from the "little heart," which is situated in the pubic region; air-vessels convey it thence upward anteriorly to the forehead, where these vessels become continuous with a similar system that returns the air posteriorly to the "little heart." Without fire this aura is the source of animal heat; without water it lubricates the viscera. Fate, indeed, determines longevity as it does birth, yet disease may be averted by employing the movement cure, which is preferable to delaying until disease sets in, when the art is comparatively useless. These are the principles on which the cure rests. These curious searchings into the mysteries of life and death are followed by a description of the details of the process. These are too numerous and complicated to be mentioned at length. They deal with the periods of air-swallowing and friction, the time for inhaling the sun's air and the moon's air, the time and modes of friction; the implements for shampooing (amongst them being a bag filled with water-worn pebbles, and a pestle or round bat for pounding the abdomen), and the various muscular movements, many of which are exceedingly comical. In gulping the air the east should be faced, and twelve of the various operations described should be gone through,

each forty-nine times. In going through the exercises there is to be no thinking, for the mind must be absolutely quiescent. Reference to this air-swallowing is made in the earliest extant Chinese medical treatises, but regular practitioners have always regarded the exercises as charlatanism.—*Nature*.

USEFUL MARTYRS.—Breton girls who want to get married go to Sené, near Vannes, and stick pins in the foot of the wooden statue of a saint called St. Uferier, who marries his devotees within the year. The pin must be well pushed in, for if it falls out the wedding will fall through; and it must be a strong straight pin, for if it bends the future husband may be a hunchback or a cripple. This is on the Atlantic coast. On the Channel, at Ploumanac'h, on a rock accessible at low tide, there is a little shrine supported by four Roman columns, and dedicated to St. Quirec, who landed there from England in the sixth century. His wooden image is stuck full of pins. So is a statue of St. Laurence near Quintin. Here the pin must stick at the first push, for each failure postpones the marriage for a year. The same practice has been traced farther inland, at Laval, in the ancient province of Maine, where the bare legs and arms of a colossal wooden statue of St. Christopher are covered with pin-holes and pins; and both young men and maidens join in the rite. There is an old tale told of an idiot who broke the statue of St. Mirli on the eve of his *fête*. In order to conceal his crime, his mother made him take the saint's place. Now upon the occasion of his feast there was a great resort of pious pilgrims who stuck pins in St. Mirli's knee for all sorts of wants. The first few pins of the day happened to be those of children, and did not much hurt the saint's representative; a young girl followed and drew blood; a stout old countrywoman then droye a corking pin so far into the poor idiot's leg that he jumped howling over the devout and prostrate bodies, and there and then made a miracle; for St. Mirli is believed to have flown up to heaven. Pins can be made to enter wood; but the old worm-eaten, decaying statues of the past are often replaced by stone figures, which are rebellious to pins. In that case the pins are still brought by the petitioners, but they are merely placed round the base of the effigy.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

PHœNICIAN GRAVES.—In the common fate which attends all men, we feel a touch which makes us kin with the Phœnician, and we sus-

pend our blame as we go with him to bury his dead. We have no record either in literature or in sepulchral inscription from which to learn his belief about the hereafter ; but the remains which we are able to examine point to the conclusion that his notions did not differ widely from those of the Chaldæans and the Syrian nomads. He appears to have held to the idea of a shadowy underground existence after death, but to have formulated no doctrine of immortality, or, indeed, of any larger life, though the myth of Psyche, often represented on the coffin, indicates hope. The skeleton is found surrounded with vases of exhaled perfumes, intended, probably, to arrest decay ; with amphoræ containing a sediment as of evaporated wine ; with philters and patens ; with amulets and charms as a protection against the unknown perils of the under-world ; with rings and seals and statuettes. It is deposited in a spacious cave or vault, perhaps enclosed in a coffin of metal or of cedar ; the chambers, whether subterranean or opened from the face of the rock, are very roomy, and constructed with extreme care ; but neither these nor the colossal piles in some places reared upon the sepulchre, have any indication of art, or any touch characteristic of the maker except the restriction to what he deemed absolutely necessary. The only peculiarities are coffins made of massive plates of lead, moulded, and tightly soldered together ; and what M. Renan calls the "anthropoid sarcophagi"—upon the lids is a swathed human figure, of which, for the most part, the face and throat only have been carved by the sculptor ; but these, even where most highly finished, clearly had their motive in the Egyptian mummy case.—*W. Holmden, in the "Magazine of Art."*

THE PARENTAL "DON'T."—Some parents are continually checking their children. Others, again, seem to have hardly will enough to chide or deny them anything. A little work which has reached us, and which bears the above title, seeks to instruct fathers and mothers how to steer a middle course between these difficulties and to insure a successful future to their offspring. Success, in the words of the author, implies more than financial distinction. There must be true and equal development of the physical, mental, moral, spiritual, and commercial side of life in order to deserve the term. His advice to this purpose is on the whole very sensible, and is given in a terse but interesting style, which renders the paper agreeably readable as well as instructive. We note

with satisfaction that he dissents from the present high-pressure system of school education, and would rather train the mind of childhood than fill it. Physical exercise receives due attention. Practical hints on the teaching of morals and religion are not wanting. A somewhat lengthy section is devoted to home hygiene and the rearing of infants. The observations contained in this chapter are well considered and accurate. We could wish that all parents were equally clear in their understanding of the value of milk alone as an article of infant diet, on the injurious effects of close, hot rooms, long and heavy clothing, empirical sedative remedies, overcrowding, and drainage deficiencies. We do not doubt that readers of this pamphlet will learn from it some points of use in the training of children which they don't know at present.—*Lancel.*

MEDICAL HEROISM IN RUSSIA.—A case of heroic self-sacrifice of medical men has just occurred at Kharkoff. A patient was brought into the lunatic asylum with hydrophobia, who was so violent that he had to be put into a sack and carried along by *gens d'armes*. All the attendants refused to touch the unfortunate man, declaring that they would rather lose their situations ; whereupon two of the medical officers, Dr. Gutnikoff and Davidoff, themselves undertook to wash him and attend to him, though he was in the filthiest condition and covered with vermin. They managed after some time to get him somewhat cleaner and calmer. However, in one of his paroxysms, he bit Dr. Gutnikoff in the finger, and bespattered Dr. Davidoff's hand and eye with his saliva. The man did not live through the night. The two doctors are considered to be in great danger, and the principal, Professor Kovlefski, has written to Pasteur about them. It seems, however, that they have no funds to enable them to undertake such a long and expensive journey. Perhaps, however, public or private generosity may step in, or, as they are Government officials, it is conceivable that the Imperial treasury may be opened for the purpose.—*Lancel.*

WHAT DISRAELI DID.—Without great fortune, without patronage, without popular agitation, without the popular subscription of money which two of his famous contemporaries, Cobden and O'Connell, did not disdain, he raised himself from a very ordinary, though not mean, station to the Prime-Ministership of England, and to something which has been mistaken by men not altogether fools for the

arbitership of Europe. I do not mention his earldom, because that has been obtained by quite otherguess sorts of persons, and because it has been suspected that at least one part of Mr. Disraeli's reasons for accepting it was good-humored delight in feeling that the fact of his acceptance made a similar acceptance by other people, who would really have liked it much more, a political impossibility. As to what he did for England we get once again into contested matter. Let it only be said what the men before referred to, some of whom have not been deemed fools, *thought* he did for England. They thought—and it would appear have not ceased to think after seven twelve-months and a day—that he raised the country once more to its proper position among European nations, after a generation of backsliding ; that he put it in a state to maintain, if it chose, that position ; that he ranked as a kind of pacific Wellington, as a bloodless Marlborough, as a restorer of English honor after a long eclipse. Very likely they were wrong : on that point it would be improper to offer the least opinion here. But who else that can be mentioned has ever spread such an opinion of himself and his actions not among the thirty millions "mostly fools," but among the thousand or hundreds, some, at least, of whom are most certainly not foolish?—*George Saintsbury, in the "Magazine of Art."*

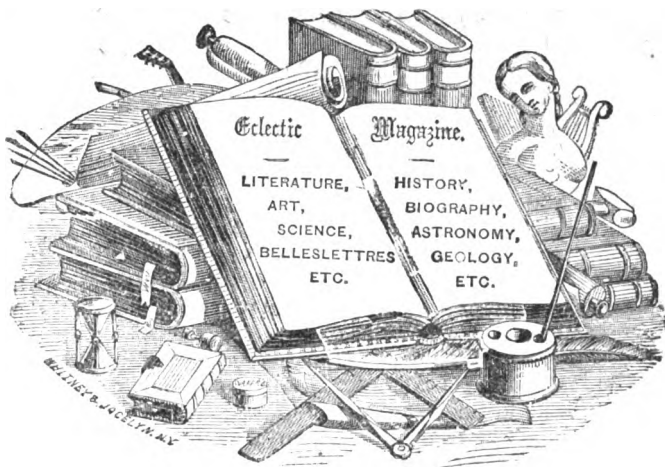
ENSILAGE.—The question of the adaptability of silos to the bulk of tenant farmers appears to be rapidly coming nearer to a solution. The experiments of 1885-86 have shown a decided advance over those of past years, and amongst the results are two of special value. The first is that it is not only unnecessary, but unwise, to weight the silos each time an addition is made whilst in process of filling. When so weighted, fermentation is evidently checked, the stuff never gets the needed heat, and silage more or less sour is the product. Secondly, when time is allowed between the fillings, and the product gets up to a heat of 125 deg., or more, the result is sweet ensilage, a much more palatable, and we may assume, a more healthy food. These conclusions have been abundantly proved by a series of experiments that have been tried in filling silos in the North of England in 1885, and substantiated at the opening of the said silos in 1886. Possibly one of the greatest objections to the ensilage system was the labor and expense involved in putting on and taking off the weights whilst filling the silos ; and now that this objection no longer

exists, the fact will doubtlessly lead more tenant-farmers to adopt the silo system, seeing that a much larger bulk of provender is secured for live stocks than when grass is made into hay. Under the new light thus thrown upon the subject, it is much preferable to build a number of small silos than to have one or two large ones, because with the smaller ones the work of filling can be almost continuous, and the necessity of waiting for the temperature to rise will be obviated. One other lesson seems obvious in my opinion, namely, that it is a mistake to chop the food before putting into silo, as food so treated turns out much more acid than the uncut. The why or wherefore of this must be left to the chemists for solution. Grass appears to be the best product for the silo. To silo immature oats must lead to a loss of feeding product, for the matured grain and the straw, we think, will give better results. It is a wide stretch of the imagination to suppose that weeds or any trash put into a silo will emerge from it as good food. Coarse grass will come out in a state that cattle will eat, but the silo cannot convert a bad product into a good one. The only instance I have seen of an attempt to ensile in stack, made with all care, has been a failure, and a great amount of the grass has been wasted. In building silos, or converting old buildings into silos, which may be done at a light expense, whenever practicable, it should be contrived that the carts can come up to a level with the top of the silo, so as to reduce the labor of the forking of the product into the pits to a minimum. Where the buildings will not admit of this, from the nature of their construction, then it will be found to be true economy to provide for the same object, by sinking the silos so many feet below the natural level of the floors of the buildings.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

A LEGEND OF NAGASAKI.—In the course of prolonged cruises in many waters, it has been my pleasant lot to anchor in many a beautiful harbor, but none, I think, more fascinating in its fairy-like loveliness than that of Nagasaki, on the southern isle of Japan. The pretty town of Nagasaki is quite an idyllic city, where commerce, with its restless hurry and struggle, is singularly unobtrusive ; and the most conspicuous feature is the multitude of large, heavily thatched roofs, half veiled by dark foliage, each marking where some handsome Buddhist temple, with cool, shady courts, has niched itself in one of many pleasant valleys, or on the

terraced sides of the richly wooded hills. Quite as numerous as the temples are the peaceful and carefully tended burial grounds, which in Japan are always points of attraction, and are, moreover, the scenes of most graceful festivals on behalf of the dead. Many a terrible memory of wholesale massacre clings to these fair isles, but two especially belong literally to this now peaceful harbor. The first is the story of Takaboko, a very picturesque islet with pleasant grassy slopes on one side, but faced on the other with precipitous crags. Thither were brought a great multitude of native Christians, who had previously been subjected to all manner of horrible tortures to induce them to renounce the Holy Name; and who, as a last appeal, were led up the grassy bank to the brink of the precipice, and there bidden to choose between trampling on the Cross, or being hurled from the crag to fall in battered anguish on the sea-worn rocks far below. It is said that not one would accept the alternative of a life so basely ransomed; and, in memory of such devotion, the Martyr's Isle is now generally known as Pappenberg—"the crag of the Fathers." The other memory to which I referred is that of a terrible sea fight, *à l'outrance*, which occurred about the year 1637, when these calm waters were reddened with the blood of a host of brave warriors, Spanish and Japanese. In the whole range of naval warfare, I know of no record so startling as that of the fate of the last Spanish three-decker which dared to enter this port. News travelled slow in those days; nevertheless, tidings had reached the Court of Japan that about a year previously a Japanese junk had been seized, robbed, and scuttled off the coast of Manila by the Castilians (generic term for all Spaniards). These sea-pirates had thought to secure secrecy by drowning all the crew, nevertheless some "bird of the air had carried the matter," and the edict went forth that no Spanish ship should ever again dare to approach the shores of Japan. Great, then, was the excitement when it became known that a large Spanish vessel, laden with merchandise from the Philippine Isles, had disregarded all remonstrances of the harbor authorities, and had sailed right up to the town of Nagasaki, and there anchored. The Imperial commands were forthwith issued to the Prince of Arima, bidding him set fire to this invading ship, and utterly destroy all her merchandise and her crew. The proud Spaniards were not to be easily turned aside from their purpose; for Japanese gold they had risked this venture,

and Japanese gold they were resolved to carry with them. So night and day they toiled to dispose of their cargo, and relade their beautiful ship with one more precious. When this was accomplished, they prepared to sail, but the hour of grace was past. Meanwhile the great Prince of Arima had arrived with an army of picked warriors in a fleet of rowing boats. From the height of their majestic three-decker, and confident in the invincibility of their firearms and three tiers of brass cannon, the Spaniards looked down disdainfully on the ant-like multitude who swarmed around them; but their scorn changed to amazement when these athletic little warriors, led by the Prince of Arima in person, scaled the sides of the huge ship, boarded her, and, utterly regardless of their own lives, fought so desperately that they actually obtained possession of the upper deck. It was too late then to repent of the folly of having despised their foe. The position was desperate, and called for a desperate remedy. The retreat was sounded, the Spaniards one and all retired to the lower deck, closing the hatchways after them, and by the aid of many small charges of gunpowder, blew up the main deck. The Prince of Arima narrowly escaped sharing in this wholesale destruction, for, suspecting treachery when the Spaniards retreated, he leapt overboard just in time to avoid the fate of his retainers. Quick as thought he summoned a second scaling party, and again led on the attack with the identical result. The second deck and then the third were thus blown up by the desperate defenders of the great ship, and still fresh boatloads of valiant Japanese warriors pressed on to fill the place of their luckless comrades. The Spaniards had now retreated to the hold of their vessel, and there, fighting with the courage of despair, defended themselves for six hours, till the very last man was dead; and the conquerors, whose victory had cost them the lives of three thousand of their bravest warriors, literally obeyed the Imperial command, and scuttled the invading vessel with all that remained of her goodly merchandise. It is said that in after years no less than three thousand cases of gold and many other treasures were recovered by Japanese divers from the depths of Nagasaki harbor, and wondering children still gather round some gifted teller of old legends to learn how bravely their forefathers gave their lives in obeying the Emperor's behest in that terrible fight with the great Spanish mercantile man-of-war.—C. F. Gordon-Cumming, *in Time*.



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NEWMAN AND ARNOLD.

I.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

BY R. H. HUTTON.

IT may be thought that there is something incongruous between the two subjects of my lectures—Newman and Arnold—the one a prince of the Church which holds as articles of faith the immaculate conception of the Virgin, the invocation of saints, and the efficacy of indulgences; the other a rationalizer who dissolves away the very substance, nay, the very possibility, of Revelation, recognises no God but “a stream of tendency not ourselves which makes for righteousness,” no saviour except “sweet reasonableness” in a human life, and no resurrection except the resurrection from a selfish to an unselfish heart. But the greater you make the contrast between Cardinal Newman and Matthew Arnold, the more remarkable is the relation between them. Newman was far and away the most characteristic and influential Oxonian of the second

quarter of this century; Matthew Arnold the most characteristic and influential Oxonian of its third quarter. Both drank deep of the genius of the great University to which they belong. The Cardinal is perhaps most widely known by his invocation to that “kindly light” which amidst the “encircling gloom” of this troubled existence he implored to lead him on. Matthew Arnold is perhaps most widely known by his description—borrowed from Swift—of the spirit for which we ought to yearn, as one of “sweetness and light.” Both are great masters of the style in which sweetness and light predominate. Both are poets—the one a theologian first and a poet afterwards; the other a poet first, and a theologian, I will not say,—for a theologian without theism is almost a contradiction in terms—but a rationalizer of theology, an anxious inventor of

supposed equivalents for theology—afterwards. In both there is a singular combination of gentleness and irony. Both give you the amplest sympathy in your desire to believe, and both are merciless when they find you practically dispensing with the logic which they have come to regard as final. Both are witnesses to the great power of religion—the one by the imaginative power he shows in getting over religious objections to his faith; the other by the imaginative power he shows in clothing a vacuum with impressive and majestic shadows till it looks something like a faith. Again, both, with all their richness of insight, have had that strong desire to rest on something beyond that insight, something which they can regard as independent of themselves, which led Newman first to preach against the principle of private judgment, and finally to yearn after an infallible Church, while it led Arnold to preach what he calls his doctrine of verification—namely, that no religious or moral instinct is to be trusted unless it can obtain the endorsement on a large scale of the common consent of the best human experience. Surely there is no greater marvel in our age than that it has felt profoundly the influence of both, and appreciated the greater qualities of both—the leader who with bowed head and passionate self-distrust, nay, with “many a start of prayer and fear,” has led hundreds back to surrender their judgment to a Pope whose rashness Dr. Newman’s own ripe culture ultimately condemned—and the poet who in some of the most pathetic verses of modern times has bewailed the loss of the very belief which, in some of the most flippant and frigid of the diatribes of modern times, he has done all that was in his power to destroy. Cardinal Newman has taught men to take refuge in the greatness of the past from the pettiness of the present. Mr. Arnold has endeavored to restore the idolatry of the *Zeitgeist*, the “time-spirit,” which measures truth by the dwindled faith of the existing generation, and which never so much as dreams that one day the dwindled faith of the existing generation may in its turn be judged, and condemned, by that truth which it has denied. Surely, that the great University of Oxford should have produced

first the one and then the other—first the great Romanizer, and then the great rationalizer—is such a sign of the times as one ought not lightly to pass by. When I consider carefully how the great theologian has vanished from his pulpit at St. Mary’s and how, finally transformed into a Cardinal, he has pleaded from his Birmingham Oratory with the same touching simplicity as in his old tutorial days for the truth that to the single heart “there are but two things in the whole universe, our own soul and God who made it,” and then how the man who succeeded him in exercising more of the peculiar influence of Oxford over the world than any other of the following generation—and where is there a promise of any younger Oxford leader who is likely to stand even in the place of Mr. Arnold?—tells us with that mild intellectual arrogance which is the leading characteristic of his didactic prose, “I do not think it can be said that there is even a low degree of probability for the assertion that God is a person who thinks and loves,”—when I consider this contrast, I realize more distinctly than in looking at any of the physical changes of the universe what Shakespeare meant when he wrote, “We are such stuff as dreams are made of.” What are messages flashed under the ocean, what is our more rapid flight through space, what is the virtual contraction of the distances on this little molehill of a planet till the most distant points upon it are accessible to almost all, compared with the startling mental revolution effected within thirty or forty years at most? When the highest intellect of a great place of learning in one generation says in effect, “Because I believe so utterly in God and his revelation, I have no choice but to believe also in the Pope,” while the highest intellect of the same great school in the next generation says, “As there is not even a low degree of probability that God in the old sense exists, let us do all that we can with streams of tendency, and morality touched with emotion, to supply his place,” we must at least admit that the moral instability of the most serious convictions of earth is alarming enough to make the whole head sick and the whole heart faint. Perhaps I may be able in some degree to attenuate, be-

fore I have dealt with both these great men, the more painful aspects of the paradox on which I have insisted.

I dare say you all know, by bust, photograph, or picture, the wonderful face of the great Cardinal; that wide forehead, ploughed deep with parallel horizontal furrows which seem to express his careworn grasp of the double aspect of human nature, its aspect in the intellectual and its aspect in the spiritual world—the pale cheek down which

“long lines of shadow slope  
Which years, and curious thought, and suffering give,”

—the pathetic eye, which speaks compassion from afar, and yet gazes wonderingly into the impassable gulf which separates man from man, and the strange mixture of asceticism and tenderness in all the lines of that mobile and reticent mouth, where humor, playfulness, and sympathy are intricately blended with those severer moods that “refuse and restrain.” On the whole it is a face full in the first place of spiritual passion of the highest order, and in the next of that subtle and intimate knowledge of the details of human limitation and weakness which makes all spiritual passion look so ambitious and so hopeless, unless indeed it be guided amongst the stakes and dykes and pitfalls of the human battlefield, by the direct providence of God.

And not a little of what I have said of Cardinal Newman's face may be said also of his style. A great French critic has declared that style *is* the man. But surely that cannot be asserted without much qualification. There are some styles which are much better than the man, through failing to reflect the least admirable parts of him; and many that are much worse—for example, styles affected by the artificial influence of conventional ideas, like those which prevailed in the last century. Again, there are styles which are thoroughly characteristic of the man in one sense, and yet are characteristic in part because they show his delight in viewing both himself and the universe through colored media, which, while they brilliantly represent some aspects of it, greatly misrepresent or completely disguise all others. Such a style was Carlyle's, who may be said

to have seen the universe with wonderful vividness, as it was when in earthquake and hurricane, but not to have apprehended at all that solid crust of earth symbolizing the conventional phlegmatic nature which most of us know only too well. Gibbon, again, sees everything—even himself—as if it were a striking moral pageant. You remember how he describes his father's disapprobation of his youthful passion for Mademoiselle Curchod (afterwards Madame Necker), —“I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son.” It was the moral pageant of that very mild ardor, and that not too reluctant submission, of which he was thinking, not of the emotion itself. And Macaulay, again, has a style like a coat of mail with the visor down. It is burnished, brilliant, imposing, but it presents the world and human life in pictorial antitheses far more vivid and brilliant than real. It is a style which effectually conceals all the more homely and domestic aspects of Macaulay's own nature, and represents mainly his hunger for incisive contrast. But if ever it were true that the style is the man, it is true, I think, of Newman—nay, of both Newman and Arnold. And therefore, you will, I am sure, bear with me if I dwell somewhat longer on the style of both, and especially of the former, than would be ordinarily justifiable. Both styles are luminous, both are marked by that curious “distinction” which only genius, and in general only poetic genius, can command. Both show a great delight in irony, and use it with great effect. Both can, when the writer chooses, indulge even in extravagance, and give the rein to ridicule without rousing that displeasure which any such excess in men of high intellectual power is apt to excite. Both are styles of white light rather than of the lurid, or glowing, or even rainbow order. Both, in poetry at least, and Newman in both poetry and prose, are capable of expressing the truest kind of pathos. Both have something in them of the older Oxford suavity, though in very different forms. You know that the characteristic Oxford manner is accused of being “ostentatiously sweet,” as the characteristic Cambridge manner is of being ostentatiously clumsy. But while neither Newman nor Arnold have the slightest trace of this



excess of suavity, of the *eau sucrée* attributed to the University, Newman's sweetness is the sweetness of religious humility and ardor, Arnold's is the sweetness of easy condescension. Newman's sweetness is wistful, Arnold's is didactic; the one yearns to move your heart, the other kindly enlightens your intellect. Even Newman's prose style is spiritual in its basis, Arnold's intellectual. Even when treating spiritual topics, even when saying the best things Arnold has ever said as to "the secret of Jesus," his manner, though gracious, is gently dictatorial. Again, when Newman gives the rein to his irony, it is always with a certain earnestness, or even indignation against the self-deceptions he is ridiculing. When Arnold does so, it is in pleasurable scorn of the folly he is exposing. Let me just illustrate the very different irony of the two men by two passages of a somewhat analogous kind, in which each of them repels the imputation of having something new and wonderful of his own to communicate to the world. Here is the striking passage in which Arnold describes the embarrassment with which he should find himself addressing a select circle of his special admirers in the best room of the "Spotted Dog" :—

"The old recipe," he says, "to think a little more and talk a little less, seems to me still the best recipe to follow. So I take comfort when I find the *Guardian* reproaching me with having no influence, for I know what influence means—a party, practical proposals, action; and I say to myself, 'Even supposing I could get some followers, and assemble them, brimming with affectionate enthusiasm, in a committee-room at some inn, what on earth should I say to them? What resolutions could I propose? I could only propose the old Socratic commonplace, *know thyself*, and how black they would all look at that!' No; to inquire, perhaps too curiously, what the present state of English development and civilization is, which, according to Mr. Lowe, is so perfect, that to give votes to the working class is stark madness; and, on the other hand, to be less sanguine about the divine and saving effect of a vote on its possessor than my friends in the committee-room at the 'Spotted Dog'; that is my inevitable portion. To bring things under the light of one's intelligence, to see how they look there, to accustom oneself simply to regard the Marylebone Vestry, or the Educational Home, or our Divorce Court, or our gin palaces open on Sunday and the Crystal Palace shut, as absurdities, is, I am sure, invaluable exercise for us just at present. Let all persist in it who can, and steadily set their

desires on introducing, with time, a little more soul and spirit into the too too solid flesh of English society."

And now hear Father Newman making a somewhat similar protestation. He has been recalling the Tractarian horror of private judgment in theology, and is considering the position taken by some of the Anglicans, that it would be enough if they should succeed only in making a little party of their own, opposed to private judgment, within a Church that rests entirely upon private judgment :

"For me, my dear brethren, did I know myself well, I should doubtless find I was open to the temptation as well as others, to take a line of my own, or what is called, to set up for myself; but whatever might be my real infirmity in this matter, I should, from mere common sense and common delicacy, hide it from myself, and give it some good name in order to make it palatable. I never could get myself to say, 'Listen to me, for I have something great to tell you, which no one else knows, but of which there is no manner of doubt.' I should be kept from such extravagance from an intense sense of the intellectual absurdity, which, in my feelings, such a claim would involve; which would shame me as keenly, and humble me in my own sight as utterly, as some moral impropriety or degradation. I should feel I was simply making a fool of myself, and taking on myself, in figure, that penance, of which we read in the lives of saints, of playing antics and making faces in the market-place. Not religious principle, but even worldly pride would keep me from so unworthy an exhibition. . . . Do not come to me at this time of day with views perfectly new, isolated, original, *sui generis*, warranted old neither by Christian nor unbeliever, and challenge me to answer what I really have not the patience to read. Life is not long enough for such trifles. Go elsewhere, not to me, if you wish to make a proselyte. Your inconsistency, my dear brethren, is on your very front. . . . I began myself with doubting and inquiring, you seem to say; I departed from the teaching I received; I was educated in some older type of Anglicanism; in the school of Newton, Cecil, or Scott; or in the Bartlett's Buildings school; or in the Liberal Whig school; I was a Dissenter or a Wesleyan, and by study and thought I became an Anglo-Catholic. And then I read the Fathers, and I have determined what books are genuine and what are not; which of them apply to all times, which are occasional, which historical, and which doctrinal; what opinions are private, what authoritative; what they only seem to hold, what they ought to hold; what are fundamental, what ornamental. Having thus measured, and cut, and put together my creed by my own proper intellect, by my own lucubrations, and differing from the whole world in my results, I distinctly bid you, I solemnly warn you, not to do as I have done, but to take what I have found, to revere it, to use it, to

believe it, for it is the teaching of the old Fathers, and of your mother, the Church of England. Take my word for it that this is the very truth of Christ; deny your own reason, for I know better than you; and it is as clear as day that some moral fault in you is the cause of your differing from me. It is pride, or vanity, or self-reliance, or fulness of bread. You require some medicine for your soul. You must fast; you must make a general confession; and look very sharp to yourself, for you are already next door to a rationalist or an infidel."—*Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, pp. 126-134.

Or as he put the same thing in another passage, in which he described how the authorities of the Anglican Church had ruled *ex cathedra*, that the Anglican divinity was all wrong:

"There are those who, reversing the Roman maxim, are wont to shrink from the contumacious and to be valiant towards the submissive; and the authorities in question gladly availed themselves of the power conferred on them by the movement against the movement itself. They fearlessly handselled their Apostolical weapons upon the Apostolical party. One after another in long succession, they took up their song and their parable against it. It was a solemn war dance which they executed round victims who, by their very principle, were bound hand and foot, and could only eye with disgust and perplexity this most unaccountable movement on the part of those 'Holy Fathers, the representatives of the Apostles, and the Angels of the Churches.' . . . 'When Bishops spoke against them, and Bishops' courts sentenced them, and the Universities degraded them, and the people were against them, from that day their 'occupation was gone' . . . henceforward they had nothing left for them but to shut up the school and retire into the country. Nothing else was left for them unless, indeed, they took up some other theory, unless they changed their ground, unless they ceased to be what they were, and became what they were not; unless they belied their own principles, and strangely forgot their own luminous and most keen convictions; unless they vindicated the right of private judgment, took up some fancy religion, retailed the Fathers, and jobbed Theology."

Both passages are admirable in their very different irony. But how strangely wide apart are the characters of that irony. Arnold's is the irony of true intellectual scorn, directed against all who appeal to vulgar prejudices, and wish to rally party-feeling by *ad captandum* cries. He is delighted to boast that he has nothing to say to such people, and can hardly congratulate himself sufficiently on the thought that they would have nothing to say to him. If he can but make them feel how thorough is his contempt for that whole field of popular

combinations in which political manoeuvres are attempted, he is quite satisfied with himself. Newman's irony, on the other hand, is directed against what he regarded as the real self-deception which went on in the minds of some of his own most intimate associates and friends of former days. He is all on fire to make them feel that if they had really given up private judgment in theology, they could not consistently hold a position which is tenable only on the score that a vast number of most uncertain and arbitrary private judgments, approved by no Church as a whole, nor even by any influential section of any, have concurred to define and fortify it. Keen as his irony is, there is a certain passion in it too. He cannot endure to see what he thinks such unreality, such self-deception, in those whom he has trusted and loved. He seeks to cut them almost by main force out of a position which he thinks humiliating to them, and which for himself he would certainly regard as wanting in candor and sincerity. And the difference between the nature and bias of Arnold's irony and Newman's irony runs into the difference between their styles in general. Both are luminous, but Arnold's prose is luminous like a steel mirror, Newman's like a clear atmosphere or lake. Arnold's prose style is crystal, Newman's liquid.

And with this indication of the characteristic difference, I will now turn to my proper subject, Cardinal Newman's style only. It is a style, as I have said, that more nearly represents a clear atmosphere than any other which I know in English literature. It flows round you, it presses gently on every side of you, and yet like a steady current carries you in one direction too. On every facet of your mind and heart you feel the light touch of his purpose, and yet you cannot escape the general drift of his movement, more than the ship can escape the drift of the tide. He never said anything more characteristic than when he expressed his conviction that, though there are a hundred difficulties in faith, into all of which he could enter, the hundred difficulties are not equivalent to a single doubt. That saying is most characteristic even of his style, which seems to be sensitive in the highest

degree to a multitude of hostile influences which are at once appreciated and resisted, while one predominant and overruling power moves steadily on.

I will try and illustrate my meaning briefly. Take the following passage concerning the lower animals :

"Can anything be more marvellous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have a race of beings about us whom we do see, and as little know their state, or can describe their interests or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and moon ? It is, indeed, a very overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we periodically use—I may say hold intercourse with—creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous unearthly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. We have more real knowledge about the angels than about the brutes ; they have, apparently, passions, habits, and a certain accountableness ; but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, whether they are to live after this life ; we inflict very great sufferings on a portion of them, and they, in turn, every now and then, retaliate upon us, as if by a wonderful law. . . . Cast your thoughts abroad on the whole number of them, large and small, in vast forests, or in the water, or in the air ; and then say whether the presence of such countless multitudes, so various in their natures, so strange and wild in their shapes, living on the earth without ascertainable object, is not as mysterious as anything Scripture says about the angels."

Now, may I not say of that passage that its style perfectly represents the character of the mind which conceived it, as well as the special meaning it conveys ? Inferior styles express the purpose but conceal the man ; Newman's expresses the purpose by revealing the man. This passage—and I could find scores and scores which would suit my purpose as well, and many that would suit it better—is as luminous as the day, but that is not its perfect characteristic, for luminousness belongs to the ether, which is the same whether the atmosphere be present or absent, and Newman's style touches you with a visible thrill, just as the atmosphere transmits every vibration of sound. You are conscious of the thrill of the writer's spirit as he contemplates this strange world of countless animated beings with whom our spiritual bond is so slight ; the sufferings we inflict, and the retaliations permitted in return ; the blindness

to spiritual marvels with which custom strikes us ; the close analogy between the genii of Eastern superstition and the domestic animals who serve us so industriously with physical powers so much greater than our own ; the strangeness and wildness of the innumerable forms which hover round us in forest, field, and flood, and yet with all these undercurrents of feeling, observe how large is the imaginative reach of the whole, how firmly the drift—to make it easier to believe in angelic hosts—is sustained ; how steady is the subordination of the whole to the existence of the spiritual mystery in which he desires to enforce the belief. Once more, how tender is the style in the only sense in which we can properly attribute tenderness to style, its avoidance of every harsh or violent word, its shrinking aside from anything like overstatement. The lower animals have, he says, "apparently passions, habits, and a certain accountableness." Evidently Dr. Newman could not have suggested, as Des Cartes did, that they are machines, apeing feelings without having them ; he never doubts their sufferings ; he could not, even by a shade, exaggerate the mystery he is delineating. Every touch shows that he wishes to delineate it as it is, and not to overcolor it by a single tint. Then how piercing to our dullness is that phrase, "It is indeed a very overpowering thought *when we get to fix our minds on it.*" We are not overpowered, he would say, only because we cannot or do not fix our minds on this wonderful intercourse of ours with *intimates*, after a kind, of whose inner being we are yet entirely ignorant. And how reticent is the inference, how strictly it limits itself to its real object, to impress upon us how little we know even of the objects of sense, and how little reason there is in using our ignorance as the standard by which to measure the supersensual.

I have taken this passage as a fair illustration of Dr. Newman's style in relation to one of the class of subjects with which he most often deals. Let me take another illustration from his style when he is describing purely outward facts, though of course "style" means less, and ought to mean less, when it expresses only vivid physical vision, with perhaps a dash of wonder

in it, than when it expresses a variety of moral emotions. Newman's external descriptions are not magnificent. A magnificent style in describing ordinary physical objects almost always means a style that suggests what the eye neither saw now could see. And Dr. Newman's style is far from magnificent, for it is delicately vivid. The subject is one of the locust plagues devastating North Africa :

"The swarm to which Juba pointed grew and grew till it became a compact body as much as a furlong square, yet it was but the vanguard of a series of similar hosts, formed one after another out of the hot mould or sand, rising into the air like clouds, enlarging into a dusky canopy, and then discharged against the fruitful plain. At length the large innumerable mass was put into motion, and began its career, darkening the face of day. As became an instrument of Divine power, it seemed to have no volition of its own ; it was set off, it drifted with the wind, and thus made northward straight for Sicca. Thus they advanced, host after host, for a time wafted in the air, and gradually declining to the earth, while fresh hordes were carried over the first, and neared the earth after a longer flight in their turn. For twelve miles they extended from front to rear, and the whizzing and hissing could be heard for twelve miles on every side of them. The bright sun, though hidden by them, illumined their bodies, and was reflected from their quivering wings, and as they heavily fell earthward they seemed like the innumerable flakes of a yellow-colored snow, and like snow did they descend, a living carpet, or rather pall, upon fields, crops, gardens, copses, groves, orchards, vineyards, olive-woods, orangeries, palm-plantations, and the deep forests, sparing nothing within their reach, and where there was nothing to devour, lying helpless in drifts, or crawling forward obstinately, as they best might, with the hope of prey. They could spare their hundred thousand soldiers twice or thrice over and not miss them ; the masses filled the bottoms of the ravines and hollow ways, impeding the traveller as he rode forward on his journey, and trampled by thousands under his horse's hoofs. In vain was all this overthrow and waste by the roadside ; in vain all their loss in river, pond, and water-course. The poor peasants hastily dug pits and trenches as the enemy came on ; in vain they filled them from the wells or with lighted stubble. Heavily and thickly did the locusts fall ; they were lavish of their lives ; they choked the flame and the water which destroyed them the while, and the vast living hostile armament still moved on. . . . They come up to the walls of Sicca and are flung against them into the ditch. Not a moment's hesitation or delay ; they recover their footing, they climb up the wood or stucco, they surmount the parapet or they have entered in at the windows, filling the apartments and the most private and luxurious chambers ; not one or two, like

stragglers at forage or rioters after a victory, but in order of battle and with the array of an army. Choice plants or flowers, about the impluvia and xysti, for amusement and refreshment, myrtles, oranges, pomegranates, the rose and the carnation have disappeared. They dim the bright marbles of the walls and the gilding of the ceilings. They enter the triclinium in the midst of the banquet, they crawl over the viands and spoil what they do not devour. Unrelaxed by success and enjoyment, onward they go ; a secret mysterious instinct keeps them together as if they had a king over them. They move along the floor in so strange an order that they seem to be a tessellated pavement themselves, and to be the artificial embellishment of the floor, so true are their lines and so perfect the patterns they describe. Onward they go, to the market, to the temple sacrifices, to the bakers' stores, to the cook-shops, to the confectioners, to the druggists—nothing comes amiss to them ; wherever man has aught to eat or drink there are they, reckless of death, strong of appetite, certain of conquest."

Now, that is a passage in which only a few of the greater qualities of style can be exhibited, but are not those few exhibited in perfection ? Could there be a more luminous and orderly grasp of the strange phenomenon depicted, of its full physical significance and moral horror ; could there be a more rich and delicate perception of the weirdness of that strange fall of "yellow snow" ? Could there be a deeper feeling conveyed of the higher instrumentality under which plagues like these are launched upon the world ?

And now to bring to a close what I have time to say of Dr. Newman's style—though the subject grows upon one—let me quote one or two of the passages in which his style vibrates to the finest notes, and yet exhibits most powerfully the drift and undercurrent by which his mind is swayed. Perhaps he never expresses anything so powerfully as he expresses the deep pining for the rest of spiritual simplicity, for the peace which passes understanding, which underlies his nature. Take this from one of his Roman Catholic sermons : "Oh, long sought after, tardily found, the desire of the eyes, the joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the fulness after many foretastes, the home after many storms ; come to her, poor children, for she it is, and she alone, who can unfold to you the secret of your being, and the meaning of your destiny." Again, in the exquisite tale of martyrdom from which

I have already quoted the account of the locusts, the destined martyr, whose *thirst* for God has been awakened by her intercourse with Christians, thus repels the Greek rhetorician, who is trying to feed her on the husks of philosophic abstractions, as she expresses the yearnings of a heart weary of its desolation: "Oh, that I could find Him!" Callista exclaimed passionately. "On the right hand and on the left I grope, but touch Him not. Why dost thou fight against me; why dost thou scare and perplex me, oh, First and only fair?" Or take one of Dr. Newman's most characteristic poems—the few poems which have really been fused in the glow of his heart before they were uttered by his tongue. The lines I am going to read were written on a fancy contained in the writings of Bede; the fancy that there is a certain "meadow as it were," in which the souls of holy men suffer nothing, but wait the time when they should be fit to bear the vision of God:

"They are at rest:

We may not stir the heaven of their repose  
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,  
Or selfish plaint for those  
Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,  
And hear the fourfold river as it hurries by.

"They hear it sweep

In distance down the dark and savage vale,  
But they at eddying pool or current deep  
Shall never more grow pale;  
They hear, and meekly muse as fain to know,  
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream  
shall flow.

"And soothing sounds

Blend with the neighboring waters as they  
glide;  
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds  
Angelic forms abide,  
Echoing as words of watch, o'er lawn and  
grove,  
The verses of that hymn which seraphs chant  
above."

In another of these poems he has referred to the sea described in the book of Revelation:

"A sea before

The throne is spread; its pure still glass  
Pictures all earth scenes as they pass.  
We on its shore  
Share in the bosom of our rest,  
God's knowledge, and are blest."

It has always seemed to me that Newman's style succeeds, so far as a human form of expression can, in picturing the feelings of earth in a medium as clear,

as liquid, and as tranquil, as sensitive alike to the minutest ripples and the most potent tidal waves of heaven-sent impulse, as the sea spread before the throne itself.

I have dwelt so much on Dr. Newman's style because in his case, at least, I take the style to be the reflection of the man. But when I say this it must not be supposed that in describing his style as a clear atmosphere or liquid medium, which makes itself felt everywhere, and yet urges him whom it envelopes steadily in one direction, I mean to suggest that Cardinal Newman is wanting in the most marked personal character. A very brief reference to his career will show how very false an impression that would convey. Newman's early life at Oxford was, as we know, a very tranquil, and rather a solitary one. "Never less alone than when alone," were the words in which Dr. Copleston, the Provost of Oriel, addressed him in an accidental meeting in one of his Oxford walks. And he tells us, "It was not I who sought friends, but friends who sought me. Never man had kinder or more indulgent friends than I have had, but I have expressed my own feelings as to the mode in which I gained them," in the year 1829, "in the course of a copy of verses. Speaking of my blessings, I said—'blessings of friends which to my door, *unasked, un hoped,* have come'" ("Apologia," p. 73). In a word, others were attracted towards the mind which had its own highest attraction in the invisible world. Keble was from the first Newman's chief object of hero-worship, for Newman at least never lost sight of quality in sheer force, never made the mistake which is usually attributed to Carlyle. When, after his election as a fellow of Oriel, he went to receive the congratulations of the other fellows, "I bore it," he wrote, "till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honor, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground." This was years before the publication of "The Christian Year." But even Keble's influence was less personal than theological. "The Christian Year" appeared in 1827, and immediately took the strongest hold of Newman. Indeed, the whole history of his early life shows

how absurd is the view which has sometimes been taken by able men, that Newman's life has been a continuous struggle against a deep-rooted scepticism. No one can read his long series of sermons, and his remarkable though much shorter series of poems, and still less re-read them by the light of his lectures "On Anglican Difficulties," his "Apologia" and his "Grammar of Assent," without being profoundly convinced that the Roman Catholic in Newman is as deep as his *thought*; the High Churchman as deep as his *temperament*; and the Christian as deep as his *character*; being intertwined with it inextricably; nay, not only intertwined, but identified. I can understand what Dr. Newman was as an Anglican, because the first part of the most characteristic work of his life was done as an Anglican, and I believe that it was Reason, and Reason almost alone, working on the assumptions which were so deeply rooted in him in 1845, which made him a Roman Catholic. I cannot understand what he was as an Evangelical Protestant, because even so far as he ever *was* an Evangelical Protestant it was only during his earliest youth, and the whole drift of his nature seems to have carried him soon away from the moorings of his early creed. But what would be left of Dr. Newman if you could wipe the Christian heart out of his life and creed, I could as little guess as I could what would have been left of Sir Walter Scott, if you could have emptied out of him the light of old romance and legend; or of Carlyle, if you could have managed somehow to graft upon him a conventional "gigmanic" creed. Keble's conception of the poetry in the Christian faith, and the Christianity in the highest poetry, took a hold upon Newman which made his career what it became. In many respects, of course, his own mind vastly enlarged and deepened the intellectual view of Keble, turned it into something more masculine, more logical, more constructive; but it would be almost as unreasonable to speak of Keble himself as fighting all his life against a morbid scepticism, as of Newman's doing so. It is true, of course, that Newman has seen, as Keble probably never saw, how profoundly the moral assumptions with which the conscious intellectual life

begins, influence our faith or want of faith. He has done as much justice to the logical strength of certain types of sceptical thought, as he has to the logic of Christian thought itself. But that, since his first "conversion," as he calls it, he ever felt even the smallest temptation to reject Christianity, whether before he became a Roman Catholic or since, is simply incredible. We have his own explicit assertion for the latter denial, and the evidence of his singularly self-consistent life for the former.

We have seen that Newman early rested on the conviction of the existence of "two, and two only, supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator" ("Apologia," p. 59). Of all points of faith, he tells us elsewhere, "the being of a God is to my mind encompassed with the most difficulty and borne in on our minds with most power" ("Apologia," p. 374). And to the aid of this central conviction came Keble's teaching, that the sacramental system has its roots deep in the natural creation itself, or, as Dr. Newman, expressing his obligations to Keble, puts it, "that material phenomena are both the types and the instruments of real things unseen, a doctrine which embraces not only what Anglicans no less than Catholics believe about sacraments properly so called, but also the article of the communion of Saints in its fulness, and likewise the mysteries of the faith."

Now the more earnestly Newman embraced the doctrine that the natural universe is full of the types and the instrumentality of spiritual beings unseen—and no one can read Newman's poems without feeling how deeply this conviction had struck its roots into him—the more perplexing the external realities of human history and human conduct, barbarous or civilized, mediæval or modern, seemed to him. His faith in the sacramental principle taught him to look for a created universe from which the Creator should be reflected back at every point; but he actually found one from which disorder, confusion, enmity to God, was reflected back at every point. Here are his own words:

"Starting then with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though

when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which my whole being is so full, and the effect upon me is in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have that sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of the Creator. This is to me one of the great difficulties of this absolute primary truth to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist, when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only, and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God drawn from the general facts of human society; but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's vision, full of 'lamentations and mourning and woe.' To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of men, their starts, their fortune, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship, their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, and then the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his future, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the prevailing idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, 'Having no hope, and without God in the world,' all this is a vision to dizzy and appalling, and inflicts on the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution."—*Apologia*, pp. 376-8.

This is a passage taken from the "Apologia," but long before Dr. Newman became a Roman Catholic, even at a time when he held confidently that the Roman Catholic Church was anti-Christian, he had pressed home the same deep conviction that the spectacle of the moral universe and of human history is so utterly abhorrent to the heart taught from within, that it can only be explained at all on the principle that the human race has been implicated in some

"great aboriginal calamity" which can only be obviated by some equally great supernatural interference in human affairs, specially adapted to remedy that calamity. Even before he threw himself into the Tractarian movement, even before he went abroad with Mr. Hurrell Froude in 1832 on that memorable journey in which, whether quarantined in lazarettos, or conversing with Roman ecclesiastics, or lying sick almost to death in Sicily, or tossing in an orange boat on the Mediterranean, he was so haunted by the belief that he had a "work to do in England," that he shrank from every kind of contact with influences which seemed to him incongruous with that work,—he had urged on Oxford students and Oxford audiences of every kind, with passionate earnestness, his warnings against trusting what Mr. Arnold delights to call the *Zeitgeist*, the "modern spirit," the spirit of the age.

"Our manners are courteous [he says], we avoid giving pain or offence; our words become correct, our relative duties are carefully performed, our sense of propriety shows itself even in our domestic arrangements, in the embellishment of our houses, in our amusements, and so also in our religious profession. Vice now becomes unseemly and hideous to the imagination, or as it is sometimes familiarly said, 'out of taste.' Thus elegance is gradually made the test and standard of virtue, which is no longer thought to possess an intrinsic claim on our hearts, or to exist *further* than it leads to the quiet and comfort of others. Conscience is no longer recognized as an independent arbiter of actions, its authority is explained away; partly it is superseded in the minds of men by the so-called moral sense which is regarded merely as the love of the beautiful; partly by the rule of expediency which is forthwith substituted for it in the details of conduct. Now, conscience is a stern, gloomy principle; it tells us of guilt and of prospective punishment. Accordingly, when its terrors disappear, then disappear also in the creed of the day those fearful images of divine wrath with which the Scripture abounds."—*Parochial Sermons*, vol. i. p. 311.

And then he utters that celebrated sentence:

"I will not shrink from uttering my firm conviction that it would be a gain to this country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be. Not, of course, that I think the tempers of mind herein implied desirable, which would be an evident absurdity, but I think them infinitely more desirable and more promising than a heathen obduracy, and

a cold, self-sufficient, self-wise tranquillity."—  
*Ibid.* p. 320.

In short, when Newman went abroad in 1832, with his consumptive friend Hurrell Froude, his thought by day and his dream by night seems to have been of the quickening of a Church which would fight against this *Zeitgeist*—against the religion of the day, against the philanthropic ideas of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and fix the minds of its children upon those eternal realities, which the "modern spirit" of our own time is as anxious to soften, blanch, and water down, as the mediæval spirit was to travesty by isolating and exaggerating their austere and terrible warnings. There was a passion at this time in all Newman said and did. He told himself to learn to hate evil as the only adequate preparation for loving good. He was conscious of a driving force which carried him on :

"Wave reared on wave its godless head  
While my keen bark, by breezes sped,  
Dash'd fiercely through the ocean bed,  
And chafed towards its goal."

He passed through Roman Catholic countries, carefully avoiding their worship; he fell sick of malaria when in Sicily, and told his servant that he should not die, adding to himself, "because I have not sinned against the light," a phrase which he says he has never understood, but which no doubt meant that he had not so forfeited the right to be, what he felt himself destined to be, God's instrument for quickening the Church of England. When tossing at sea in the straits of Bonifazio, this austerer mood for once relented, and he felt for once that more gentle spirit which has marked all the later portions of his career. You all know well the poem to which I allude; I recall one verse only to show how different is its keynote to that of the eager flame of zeal with which during this journey he seems in general to have been burnt up :

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it  
still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,  
till  
The night is gone,  
And in the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since and lost  
awhile."

But mostly during this journey he

harps on the lukewarmness of the age, the indifference to eternal truth which it displays. Becalmed at sea, he implores patience, and confesses that he feels very sorely "the languor of delay." He muses much, too, on certain tendencies which he finds in his own character, tendencies which he believes to be pure, but which he knows are likely to be confounded by the world with craft and pride :

"How didst thou start, thou Holy Baptist, bid  
To pour repentance on the sinless brow !  
Then all thy meekness from thy hearers hid  
Beneath the ascetic's port and preacher's fire,  
Flowed forth, and with a pang thou didst  
desire  
He might be chief, not thou."

"And so on us at whiles it falls to claim  
Powers that we dread, or dare some forward  
part ;  
Nor must we shrink as cravens from the  
blame  
Of pride, in common eyes, or purpose deep,  
But with pure thoughts look up to God, and  
keep  
Our secret in our heart."

Nay, he has a dream of St. Paul, which tells him that St. Paul too was exposed to the same unjust charges to which he himself was liable :

"I dreamed that with a passionate complaint  
I wish'd me born amid God's deeds of might,  
And envied those who had the presence  
bright  
Of gifted prophet and strong-hearted saint,  
Whom my heart loves and fancy strives to  
paint.  
I turned, when straight a stranger met my  
sight,  
Come as my guest, and did awhile unite  
His lot with mine ; and lived without re-  
straint.  
Courteous he was and grave, so meek in mien  
It seem'd untrue, or told a purpose weak,  
Yet in the mood he could with aptness speak,  
Or with stern force, or show of feelings keen,  
Marking deep craft, methought, or hidden  
pride ;—  
Then came a voice, ' St. Paul is at thy side.'"

In this spirit Newman went back to commence the Tractarian movement. "There was," he has since confessed, "at that time a double aspect in my bearing towards others. My behavior had in it a mixture both of fierceness and of sport, and on this account, I dare say, it gave offence to many, nor can I here defend it." The truth was that he really did feel to the bottom of his heart that he was doing a work of which he himself knew neither the scope nor the



goal, and that, so far as he was acquitted by his own conscience, he did not much care what men said of him. He believed that it was given to him to restore to the Church of England a new career, to raise it up as a new power to witness against the sins and whims and false ideals of the day, and the various idolatries of the *Zeitgeist*.

Where did he go wrong? Of course one does not like to say of a man of the highest genius, and of a kind of genius specially adapted to the subject on which he writes, that he is wrong, and that a man of no genius, who criticises him, is right; but still, as I believe that he did go seriously wrong, and should be a Roman Catholic myself if I did not, I must give my explanation of the error I think I see. It seems to me, then, that he went wrong in his primary assumption, that what he calls "the dogmatic principle" involves the existence of an infallible human authority, which can say, without possibility of error, "this is what God revealed, and this again is radically inconsistent with what He has revealed." Let me quote his own account of his convictions on this subject from the "Apologia." It is a very striking passage, and very instructive as to the course of this great thinker's personal history:

"Supposing, then, it to be the will of the Creator to interfere in human affairs, and to make provisions for retaining in the world a knowledge of Himself, so definite and distinct as to be proof against the energy of human scepticism,—in such a case, I am far from saying that there was no other way, but there is nothing to surprise the mind, if He should think fit to introduce a power into the world invested with the prerogative of infallibility on religious matters. Such a provision would be a direct, immediate, certain, and prompt means of withstanding the difficulty; it would be an instrument suited to the need; and when I find that this is the very claim of the Catholic Church, not only do I feel no difficulty in admitting the idea, but there is a fitness in it which recommends it to my mind. And thus I am brought to speak of the Church's infallibility as a provision, adapted by the mercy of the Creator, to preserve religion in the world, and to restrain that freedom of thought, which of course in itself is one of the greatest of natural gifts, and to rescue it from its own suicidal excesses."—*Apologia*, p. 382.

That seems to me a definite contention that the reason of man is naturally so restless, so disposed to devour its own offspring, as to need the bit and bridle

of an infallible *human* authority in addition to the guidance of God's spirit. But is not that in a sense really putting man above God, or at best putting God's providence as revealed in human institutions, above God's spirit as revealed in conscience and reason? I should have supposed that to a thinker with so passionate a belief in God as the deepest of all realities, the true security for the ultimate stability of our reason, for the ultimate subjection of our reason to the power and fascination of revelation, would have been simply this, that God after all sways our spirits, and draws them to Himself. But Newman has so keen an insight into the morbid desire of the cravings of Rationalism for devouring its own offspring, that he can hardly believe that we shall ever rest on what God has revealed, unless that revelation receives a genuinely human embodiment in an infallible institution set upon a rock for all men to recognize as stamped by Providence with one of God's greatest attributes, inability to err. This is saying, in other words, that when Newman passes from the world within to the world without, he discerns far more keenly the evils, the miseries, the weaknesses, the diseases, the woes, the corruptions of our nature, than he does its affinity with the divine life. Like a great physician, when he looks out of himself, his sight is sharper for the signs of disorder and internal malady than for the signs of life and strength. It is, I think, profound pity for the restlessness and insatiability of human reason which has made him a Roman Catholic. He is always seeking for some caustic which may burn away the proud flesh from our hearts, for some antiseptic which shall destroy the germs of canker in our intellect. He has a wonderful insight into the natural history of all our morbid symptoms. His hand is ever on the feeble and rapid pulse of human impatience, his eye is keen to discern the hectic flush on the worn face. He sees in the Roman Catholic Church a great laboratory of spiritual drugs which will lower fever and arrest the growth of fungoid parasites, and he cannot help grasping at the medicaments she offers.

Newman never shows more unique genius than in mastering the morbid symptoms, both of human conscience

and human reason, though he is spiritually greatest when, after showing us how deep is his knowledge of all the intricate maladies of human nature, he shakes the trouble from him, and passes quietly into the peaceful rest of perfect faith. But his attachment to the Roman Catholic Church is, I think, in great measure given to its functions as a mediciner of souls, to its various appliances of penance, its exhaustive study of casuistry, and its elaborate pharmacopœia of spiritual tonics and febrifuges. But to go back to the evil for which he maintains that an infallible Church is the only remedy, the tendency of reason to undermine every faith for which we have not daily the evidence of universal experience. He holds, truly I think, that no church, no witness to the existence of God, can stand without a steady dogmatic basis, and that without submission to some visible viceregent of God no dogmatic basis of religious truth can ever be established. Well, I should be the last to assail dogma, as Mr. Arnold, for instance, has assailed it. It seems to me that even the fact of my addressing you implies a dogma—the dogma that you and I really exist. If God announces His holiness and love to man, He announces implicitly His own existence. If He announces the redemption of man, He announces the existence of the Redeemer. If we are convinced that a divine light has illumined our consciences, that fact alone implies a good many intellectual truths, which will more and more impress themselves on us as we recognize the fact and conform our lives to it. Theological dogma is nothing in the world but a *rationale* of the relations in which God places Himself towards us in the very act of revealing Himself. But why does revelation imply the possession of any *infallible* rationale of these relations? The Jews had a revelation continued during many centuries, a revelation which made them undoubtedly the specific medium through which divine truth was revealed to the world. But they had no infallible authority to which they could appeal on points in dispute. And it cannot be said that there never were any points in dispute. As a matter of fact, one of the greater prophets has assured us that, at one time during the

history of that people, “the prophets” themselves “prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so.” How were the Jewish people to know, except by trusting their impressions of character—a character educated by God Himself—that Jeremiah was divinely taught in revealing to them that other prophets, who also claimed to be the organs of divine revelation, in this case at least made that claim falsely? Again, not only had the Jewish Church no infallible exponent of the drift of the divine teaching, but where is the evidence that even the primitive Christian Church made any such claim? What was the apostolate of Judas Iscariot except a kind of divine warning against attributing too final an authority even to those earthen vessels chosen by the Redeemer Himself? Moreover, how should an infallible authority—even if one existed—on the dogmatic truths involved in revelation, imply the right understanding of these truths, unless the believer be guided by the spirit of God in receiving them? The same words mean totally different things to the humble mind and the arrogant mind, to the selfish mind and to the self-denying. Even the infallible human authority could inculcate only a lesson of error and illusion when addressing itself to a fallible and sinful believer. I cannot for the life of me see how the infallible human authority for dogma could, even if it existed, be of any service to rebellious, misguided, passionate men, unless it could infuse the grace to understand spiritually, as well as authorize the right form of words to be understood. Surely revelation, once communicated, must live and exert itself, and deepen for itself the spiritual channels in which it is to run, just as the original moral teaching, engraved both on tables of stone and on the heart, has lived and exerted itself, and deepened for itself the moral channels in which it is to run. Both revelations have been misunderstood; both have been perverted; both have been defied; both have been ridiculed; both have been scorned; yet both have exerted an ever deepening and widening influence, and have found out the true hearts for which they were intended.

I cannot help thinking, then, that Dr.

Newman's belief, that the most fitting power to subdue the anarchy of human passions and intellectual pride is an infallible Church, is an error, and an error of that most serious kind which, by throwing the Church which boasts infallibility off its guard, produces an abundant crop of special dangers and mistakes. So far from the assumption of infallibility having actually "preserved religion in the world," and "restrained the freedom of thought" which is so apt to run into "suicidal excesses," I cannot help thinking that that assumption has done more not only to foster "suicidal excesses" in the Church which makes it, but to drive the churches which deny it into "suicidal excesses" of another kind, than any other equally important factor in the history of revelation. I do not deny, on the contrary I heartily join Dr. Newman in believing, that the only attitude of mind in which we can hope to profit by revelation is that of profound humility towards an infallible authority above us; but by whom is it wielded, by man or by God? Where is the evidence, or the vestige of evidence, that since Christ's ascension it has ever been put in commission in human hands at all? Was not one apostle rebuked as Satan the moment after his confession had been treated as putting him in possession of the keys of the new kingdom? Was not another avowedly doubtful whether in certain instances he spoke by inspiration or only out of his own fallible judgment? That an infallible authority should impart wisdom to fallible men I can understand; that it should make over its own infallibility on any terms to fallible men, I cannot understand. And it seems to me that the result of the assumption in all countries which have accepted the infallible Church, has been to secure indeed the intellectual ascendancy of dogma, but often at the cost of destroying the moral ascendancy of the truths of which dogma is but the skeleton. Roman Catholics who, like Dr. Newman, nourish themselves on a genuinely spiritual view of their own theology, seem to me among the salt of the earth. But what seems to be far commoner amongst Roman Catholic nations than even amongst Protestant nations, is the habit of assenting with the mind to what

the heart ignores; and is not this the direct consequence of attaching so much importance to the infallibility of a Church of which the earthly cornerstone may be such a Judas as Alexander Borgia? In his remarkable lecture—which as a youth I had the privilege of hearing—on "The Political State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church," I remember the full sympathy and even enthusiasm with which I heard Dr. Newman say what I trust a great many Protestants would say with him, that the Church

"aims not at making a show, but at doing a work. She regards this world and all that is in it as a mere shade, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. She holds that unless she can in her own way do good to souls, it is no use her doing anything; she holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for the many millions upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse. She considers the action of this world and the action of the soul simply incommensurate, viewed in their respective spheres; she would rather save the soul of one single wild bandit of Calabria, or whining beggar of Palermo, than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform in its fullest details in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them."

But, then, does the Church habitually mean, by saving the soul, what I am sure Dr. Newman means? Does it mean putting an abiding purity into the bandit or the beggar—making him holy with the holiness of Christ? And if the Church does mean this, does her presumed infallibility help to accomplish it? In the same remarkable lecture Dr. Newman drew a picture which I remember to have supposed at the time that he took from Ireland.

"Take a mere beggar-woman, lazy, ragged, filthy, and not over-scrupulous of truth (I do not say she has arrived at perfection)"—[here he was so overcome by his own deep sense of humor that he laughed behind his ms., then crossed himself, and I think said a *Pater Noster* to himself before resuming]—"but if she is chaste, and sober, and cheerful, and goes to her religious duties, and I am supposing not at all an impossible case, she will, in the eyes of the Church, have a prospect of heaven, quite closed and refused to the State's pattern man, the just, the upright, the generous, the honor-

able, the conscientious, if he be all this not from a supernatural power—(I do not determine whether this is likely to be the fact, but I am contrasting views and principles)—not from a supernatural power, but from mere natural virtue."

I should have supposed it impossible to be at heart and in motive *really* just and upright, and absolutely a contradiction in terms to be *really* "conscientious," from any mere natural quality. Indeed, "virtue" does not seem to me, in its highest meaning, a natural quality at all, but distinctly a supernatural one, though I would not for a moment deny it even to an Atheist who should follow, after a severe struggle, the guidance of divine light, while supposing himself to be following only his own best instincts. But my main criticism on that passage is that even in the country of which I suppose Dr. Newman to have been thinking when he depicted the chaste, sober, and religious, though lazy, ragged, and untruthful beggar-woman, the Catholic Church has failed to bring home to the great mass of the population the supernatural character of those elementary duties on which Dr. Newman himself insists so justly. Ireland was for a long time the favorite Catholic example of a spiritual nation, not well trained in those secular virtues which are at the roots of prosperity. Is Ireland that favorite example still? Does not that utter want of moral and spiritual courage, in consequence of which the peasantry, far and wide, have submitted to the decrees of cruel and unscrupulous Ribbonmen, and have sheltered murderers from their well-earned punishment, attest that the infallible Church has *not* succeeded in bringing home even the most elementary of spiritual duties to the hearts and consciences of the people? I cannot help believing that the assumption of infallibility as to *dogma* has tended to divert the attention of the Church of Rome most seriously and unduly from the great danger of all churches—namely, the willingness to accept true *words* about God, in the place of real spiritual acts founded on the love of His righteousness.

I must not conclude without a few words on one of the most momentous of Dr. Newman's books, that great book on "Development of Christian Doctrine," which was destined to anticipate

so curiously, in the ecclesiastical field, much that Mr. Darwin had to tell us in the field of biology. It is undoubtedly a great book, and one from which Protestants might learn much—much that they might use against Dr. Newman, much also that they might accept from him and apply for their own benefit. Now, it does not, as it seems to me, admit of doubt that we ought to examine most carefully, as evidence of what a divine revelation was, if we once believe that such a revelation has been given, what impression it actually produced on the generation which received it, and on its immediate successors. We cannot and ought not to treat what we believe to come from above as we should what comes from our own mixed nature. We must admit fully the possibility that Revelation may contain elements which we cannot easily apprehend, elements which it takes even the faithful observance of many generations to apprehend and justify, elements which assert their full influence over believers very gradually, but then turn out to be of unspeakable importance. It has therefore always seemed to me that Protestants are far too anxious to depreciate the immense importance of the appeal to the actual Christianity of the Apostolic fathers and the Church of the second century. To know fully what Christianity was, we must know not only what the apostles have left to us in a documentary form as the drift of their teaching, but what was the immediate effect of what they taught, what the early Church believed that it had really received from them, what the type of Christianity was after it had been impressed on a generation born in communion with the Church. No book has done more to show the importance of this historic treatment than Dr. Newman's "Essay on Development;" none, I think, to lay down truer rules for genuine development; none, perhaps, to illustrate those rules less fortunately or with more preconceived bias. But who can fail to be grateful to the man who has insisted that a genuine "development" of revealed truth must preserve intact the original type, must keep continuously to the principles of the primitive doctrinal teaching, must show the power adequately to assimilate nutriment foreign yet subservient to it

and to throw off alien material, must be able to show early indications that such a development would be likely, must be logically consistent with all that was originally taught, must be able to protect itself by "preservative additions" which secure the type instead of altering it, and, finally, must show tenacity of life? How far Dr. Newman's instances of those tests of development make good his own position is a very different question indeed—is, indeed, a question like that whether the House of Commons can be considered a "preservative addition" to the monarchy, or rather an addition which, while it has preserved it for centuries, is likely some day to supersede it. But what I hold to be the enormous value of Dr. Newman's essay is that it puts us on the way to a *true* investigation of the claims of our various Churches to represent the primitive revelation of Christ. Do we or do we not preserve the original type? Do we or do we not show a continuity of principle with that primitive Christianity? Do we show any power of assimilating life from without, and imposing the structural law of Christian hearts upon that life from without? Can we show the power to reject as alien to us what is poisonous to Christian habits of life? Can we show early anticipations of our modern religious developments? Can we show our logical continuity with the old teaching? Are our "preservative additions" monstrous innovations tending to the neglect of the deepest truths or real provisions for the security of the Christian life? And is there true buoyancy and vital tenacity in our developments, or an ever growing languor of life? All these are questions which are no less relevant, and far more important, in regard to developments of revelation, than they are in biology in determining whether certain changes of structure cause an improvement or a marked degeneration of the stock which exhibits them. One of the great evidences of Cardinal Newman's genius is the proof that his mind was running on the tests of genuine developments and corruptions in doctrine, long years before the mind of the day had been awakened by Darwin and his contemporaries to the true touchstone of development or degeneration in biological forms.

And now, before I conclude, I must

make some attempt to answer the question what the drift of Cardinal Newman's best teaching really is.

In the first place, though a great idealist—one of the greatest of idealists in this sense, that for him all material things are symbols, and all spiritual things the most vivid of realities—no one has pressed home upon us more powerfully, I might almost say more painfully, the difference between an unreal state of mind and a real state of mind, between unreal words and real words. Such a sermon as that on "The Religious Use of Excited Feelings" ("Parochial Sermons," vol. i., sermon ix.), has in it all that is sound in the practice of religious revivals, as well as the antidote for all that is unsound. It is a death-blow to that unreality of mind which revels in agonies of remorse and tumults of devotion, and does not reflect that, as Dr. Newman teaches, "emotion and passion are in our power indeed to repress, but not to *excite*; that there is a limit to the tumults and swellings of the heart, foster them as we will, and when that time comes the poor misused soul is left exhausted and resourceless." No utilitarian teacher has ever pressed home so sternly as Newman the need of *deeds* to give any real significance to words, or even to our feelings; no one has ever made us recognize as he has done that right words and even right feelings are but the shadows of things, and that it is only by the help of actions that we can ever learn to fathom the depth of our own words, or to turn to good account our otherwise idle emotions. "Let not your words run on," he tells us; "force every one of them into action as it goes" (*ibid.* vol. i. p. 70). "In dreams we sometimes move our arms to see if we are awake or not, and so we are awakened. This is the way to keep your heart awake also. Try yourself daily in little deeds, to prove that your faith is more than a deceit" (*ibid.* vol. i. p. 71). How scathing is his language towards men who indulge in the inculcation of truths which they do not embody in their own lives. He tells us his opinion of mere men of literature in no ambiguous language: "A man of literature is considered to preserve his dignity by doing nothing, and when he proceeds forward into action, he is thought to lose

his position, as if he was degrading his calling by enthusiasm and becoming a politician or a partisan. Hence mere literary men are able to say strong things against the opinions of their age, whether religious or political, without offence, because no one thinks they mean anything by them. They are not expected to go forward to act upon them, and mere words hurt no one" (*ibid.* vol. v. p. 42). And yet he says: "To make professions is to play with edged tools unless we attend to what we are saying. Words have a meaning whether we mean that meaning or not; and they are imputed to us in their real meaning when our not meaning it is our own fault" (*ibid.* vol. v. p. 33). No one has done so much as Newman to teach us at once how little and how much words may mean, how to one man they are the mere tools by which to move others, for their own selfish advantage, while to another they are the buoys floating on the surface by which the sunken reefs and quicksands are mapped out, and the whole configuration of the invisible depths of human nature, as it has been ascertained by innumerable soundings, is brought to light.

Again, no one has laid to heart like Newman, and made us lay to heart also, the comparatively small influence of mere logic, and the vast influence of unconscious assumptions—intellectual, moral, and spiritual—over the whole history of our inward lives. It is not too much to say that Newman has been the first to illustrate the almost *automatic* influence exerted by prepossessions and assumptions, once fairly implanted in the heart and mind, in leavening the whole nature; that he may be said to have taught us that all minds, however deeply steeped in a world of false teaching, are given some chance of struggling and finding their way to something better, and that our spiritual life depends on our eagerly using that chance, and voluntarily submitting ourselves ever more and more as time goes on, both consciously and unconsciously, to the higher influence which has thus touched our lives. Newman anticipated not only the modern doctrine of evolution in its relation to religion, but also the modern doctrine of the automatic and unconscious influence of ideal ferments over

the character of our thought, and the effect produced by the latent heat which in critical moments they will give out on the formation of our convictions.

"There is good reason," he told the University of Oxford forty-two years ago, "for saying that the impression made upon the mind need not even be recognized by the parties possessing it. It is no proof that persons are not possessed, because they are not conscious, of an idea. Nothing is of more frequent occurrence, whether in things sensible or intellectual, than the existence of such unperceived impressions. What do we mean when we say that certain persons do not know themselves, but that they are ruled by views, feelings, prejudices, objects, which they do not recognize? How common is it to be exhilarated or depressed, we do not recollect why, though we are aware that something has been told us, or has happened, good or bad, which accounts for our feeling, could we but recall it! What is memory itself but a vast magazine of such dormant, but present and excitable ideas? Or consider when persons would trace the history of their own opinions in past years, how baffled they are in the attempt to fix the date of this or that conviction, their system of thought having been all the while in continual, gradual, tranquil expansion; so that it were as easy to follow the growth of the fruit of the earth, 'first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear,' as to chronicle changes which involved no abrupt revolution, or reaction, or fickleness of mind, but have been the birth of an idea, the development in explicit form, of what was already latent within it. Moreover it is a question whether that strange and painful feeling of unreality which religious men experience from time to time, when nothing seems true, or good, or right, or profitable, when Faith seems a name, and duty a mockery, and all endeavors to do right absurd and hopeless, and all things forlorn and dreary, as if religion was wiped out of the world, may not be the direct effect of the temporary obscuration of some master vision which unconsciously supplies the mind with spiritual life and peace."—*University Sermons*, pp. 321-2.

No one, then, can doubt that Cardinal Newman has in relation to religion forestalled the leading scientific ideas of his younger contemporaries—the conception of evolution, and the conception of latent, or as some people call it, unconscious thought—in moulding human life,—that his unique position consists in this, that while most of those for whom these ideas have had a great fascination have used them rather for the purpose of superseding Revelation, and explaining or trying to explain how we might have attained all the advantages of faith without faith, Newman has steadily used these scientific ideas in subordination to that master-key of all

our being which he has found in Revelation. And yet, instead of being diverted from the study of natural laws by his profound devotion to things spiritual, that devotion seems to have quickened tenfold his keenness of eye for the natural history of man's mind, which he always rightly regards as the very basis upon which all supernatural teaching is necessarily founded and superinduced.

How shall I gather up in one expression the great Cardinal's characteristics? Shelley, with that curious want of discrimination for spiritual things which he combined so strangely with a delight in what is unearthly, called Byron, in his "Adonais," "the Pilgrim of Eternity." Of course it was "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" which suggested to him this most inappropriate epithet; for never was there a fine thought and expression more cruelly misapplied than when this term was applied to Byron, who, as Arnold has so grandly said, bore "With haughty scorn that mocked the smart From Europe to the Ætolian shore The pageant of his bleeding heart."

All that was most delirious and most transient in what Shakespeare calls "life's fitful fever" Byron experienced and confided to the world, while of eternity in time he never seems to have had a dream. But for eighty-four years Newman has lived amongst us as though he had no continuing city here, and comparatively very early in life he became aware that this was his destiny. In one very beautiful sonnet he speaks of his youthful hopes of "Isaac's pure blessing and a verdant home," but tells us that he has been led on step by step till he was found "a pilgrim pale with Paul's sad girdle bound." And no one has made us feel as he has done the detachment of the pilgrim from all earth's closest ties, at the very time when he enters so vividly into every change that affects the moral and religious prospects not only of his own Church but of our whole nation. The vivid pulse of time is to him the faint symbol of eternal interests behind and beyond time. In his wonderful poem on death, which he calls "The Dream of Gerontius," he makes the angel say to the passing soul, "It is the very energy of thought that keeps thee from

thy God." And while it was energy of thought, no doubt, which kept Newman—I wish it had kept him permanently—from the Church in which he found refuge—nay, which kept him for two years from that Church even after he had taken final leave of his Anglican friends, it is energy of thought, too, which has kept his life from being merged in the great Church he has joined, and which has indeed made him almost as much of a pilgrim since he joined it as he was for the ten previous years when "through words and things" he went "sounding on his dim and perilous way." He has ever been a pilgrim, and a "pilgrim of eternity," if a pilgrim of eternity means the pilgrim who is severed by his love for eternal things from that whirl and eddy of temporary interests in which so many of us turn giddy and lose our heads. May I not indeed sum up Newman in the noble words in which his friend Keble describes the seer and the watchman who gaze through a twilight "neither clear nor dark," in their vigil for the signs of God's coming?

"That is the heart for thoughtful seer,  
Watching, in trance, nor dark nor clear,  
Th' appalling future as it nearer draws:  
His spirit calm'd the storm to meet,  
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,  
And tracing through the cloud th' eternal  
cause.

"That is the heart for watchman true,  
Waiting to see what God will do,  
As o'er the Church the gath'ring twilight  
falls:  
No more he strains his wistful eye  
If chance the golden hours be nigh,  
By youthful hope seen beaming round her  
walls.

"Forc'd from his shadowy paradise,  
His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise:  
There seek his answer when the world re-  
proves:  
Contented in his darkling round  
If only he be faithful found  
When from the East th' eternal morning  
moves."

And yet even this would give too strong an impression of the mere hermit and recluse. Newman is neither. The tenderness of his heart is at least as unique as the detachment of his soul from earthly interests. And I cannot impress this better than by concluding with the exquisitely beautiful words, in which,

two years before he finally left it, Newman took his farewell of the Church of England.

"O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you . . . if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves or what you did not know, has read to you your wants or feelings and comforted you by the

very reading ; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one and a brighter world than that you see ; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed ; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him and feel well inclined towards him, remember such a one in time to come though you hear him not, and pray for him that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it."

## II. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The difference between the intellectual and moral atmospheres which seems to have been breathed by Newman and Arnold is so astonishing that one can hardly realize that, for sixty-four years at least, they have been, what they still are, contemporaries. Bunyan, whose "Pilgrim's Progress" was published in 1678, says of his dream : "I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time, by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, &c., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered ; but I have learnt since that Pagan has been dead many a day ; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them." That appeared 208 years ago ; and yet here have I been lecturing to you on one great man who has given in his hearty adhesion to one of these giants after years of meditative hesitation, while the second has been made captive—I will not say by the other giant risen from the grave, for I heartily admit that much of Mr. Arnold's spirit is distinctly Christian—but at least by a successor who has in him more, I think, of Pagan than of Bunyan's Christian lore. What a curious light is this on Mr. Arnold's doctrine of the "Zeitgeist," the "Time-spirit," which he so much admires. In lecturing to you in this place on Butler, he said of the "Analogy" : "The great work on which such immense praise has been lavished is, for

all real intents and purposes now, a failure ; it does not serve. It seemed once to have a spell and a power ; but the Zeitgeist breathes upon it, and we rub our eyes, and it has the spell and the power no longer." And in another place he has said : "The Spirit of Time is a personage for whose operations I have the greatest respect ; whatever he does is in my opinion of the greatest effect." Well, is it so very great after all ? The "Zeitgeist" breathed upon Bunyan and made him believe that Paganism was dead forever, and the Papacy in its dotage. It breathes upon us in the nineteenth century, and while some of its children rub their eyes, and find that Giant Pope is the true sponsor for revelation after all, others of them rub their eyes, and find that Giant Pagan is still in his youth ; that there is indeed no revelation, and that Christianity, so far as it is true at all, is a truth of human nature, not of theology. To my mind the "Zeitgeist" is a will-o'-the-wisp, who misleads us at least as much as he enlightens. In the scene on the Brocken in Goethe's "Faust," the will-o'-the-wisp, when ordered by Mephistopheles—who also, we may remember, has the greatest admiration for the "Zeitgeist"—to conduct them to the summit, replies :

"So deep my awe, I trust I may succeed  
My fickle nature to repress indeed ;  
But zigzag is my usual course, you know."

And that, I think, might very justly be said of Mr. Arnold's Time-spirit. Its usual course is zigzag. It breathes on us, and we can no longer see a truth which was clear yesterday. It breathes again, and like invisible ink held to the fire, the truth comes out again in all its brightness. However, the drift of all this is, that Mr. Arnold, while he sees



much which Cardinal Newman has neglected, has certainly neglected much which Cardinal Newman sees, till they seem to live in worlds as different as their countenances. On the one countenance are scored the indelible signs of what a great Jewish prophet calls "the Lord's controversy;" on the other, whose high, benignant brow rises smooth and exulting above a face of serene confidence, there sits the exhilaration which speaks of difficulties surmounted and a world that is either fast coming, or in the thinker's opinion must soon come, over to his side. Mr. Arnold is a master of the grand style. He has the port of a great teacher. He derives from his father, the reformer of Rugby, that energy of purpose which makes itself felt in a certain authority of tone. You would never dream of applying to him Wordsworth's fine lines—

"The intellectual power through words and things  
Goes sounding on its dim and perilous way."

Rather would his churches—for in some sense Mr. Arnold may be said to have churches of his own—quote the famous line—

"Nil desperandum Teucro duce, auspice Teucro."

He has succeeded in almost becoming himself what he has delineated in Goethe:

"For he pursued a lonely road,  
His eyes on Nature's plan;  
Neither made man too much a God,  
Nor God too much a man."

Certainly Mr. Arnold has not fallen into the latter error, whether into the former or not. He seems to have no doubts or difficulties in steering his course. He can eviscerate the Bible, and restore its meaning with the supernatural personality excluded. He can show you how to "evolve" the Decalogue from the two primitive instincts of human nature. He can reconcile Isaiah with the "Time-spirit," and teach us to read him with exceptional delight. He can show the Puritans what they might gain from the children of Athens, and the Athenian spirit, wherever it still exists, what it should learn from the Puritans. Take up the volume of his *Prose Passages*—and I know no book fuller of fascinating reading—and you will find in it the

rebukes which cultivated Germany administers to English Philistines, the rebukes which Conservative good taste addresses to rash Reformers, and the rebukes which brooding self-knowledge delivers to superficial politicians. You will learn there how Ireland would have been dealt with by statesmen who dive beneath the surface; and even how helpless and impotent is popular foreign policy in the hands of a Minister guided by middle-class opinion. And when you have learned from his prose how keen and shrewd he is as an observer of the phenomena of his day, you may turn to his poetry, and lose yourself in wonder at the truth and delicacy of his vision, the purity of his sympathies, the mellow melancholy of his regret, and the irrepressible elation which underlies even that regret itself. I think him so very great a poet that I will keep what I have to say on his poetry to the last; but I must begin by referring to his more direct teaching, and especially to that teaching which implicitly accepts from science the exhortation to believe nothing which does not admit of complete verification, and which is intended to find for our age a truly scientific substitute for the theology of which the breath of the "Zeitgeist" has robbed us.

We must remember, then, that though Mr. Arnold proposes to demonstrate for us the truthfulness and power of the Bible, he commences by giving up absolutely the assumption that there is any Divine Being who thinks and loves revealed in the Bible—a proposition for which he does not consider that there is even "a low degree of probability." One naturally asks, "Well, then, what remains that can be of any use?" Does not the Bible profess, from its opening to its close, to be the revelation of a Being who thinks about man and loves him, and who, because He thinks about man and loves him, converses with him, manifests to him His own nature as well as man's true nature, and insists "thou shalt be holy because I am holy." Mr. Arnold, however, is not at all staggered by this. He holds that "we very properly and naturally make" God a Being who thinks and loves "in the language of feeling;" but this is an utterly unverifiable assumption, without even a low degree of probability. So that why

we may "properly and naturally" mislead ourselves by "language of feeling" so very wide of any solid ground of fact, I cannot imagine. We have always reproached the idolators, as Israel represented them, with worshipping a God who is nothing in the world but the work of men's hands, the cunning workmanship of a carver in wood or stone. But why is it more proper or natural to attribute, in the language of feeling, false attributes to "the stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," than it is to attribute, in the language of feeling, false attributes to the graven images of an idol-founder? However, this is Mr. Arnold's contention, though at other times he is ready to admit that whenever emotion has been powerfully excited by supposed knowledge, and when that supposed knowledge turns out to be illusion, the emotion will disappear with the disappearance of our belief in the assumptions which we had formerly accepted. I should have thought that this would apply to the Bible, and that if ever we could be convinced that there is not even a low degree of probability for the conviction that God is a being who thinks and loves, all the emotions excited by the innumerable passages in which He is revealed as such a being, would die away and be extinguished. But this is not Mr. Arnold's view. On the contrary he holds that,

"Starting from what may be verified about God—that He is the Eternal which makes for righteousness—and reading the Bible with this idea to govern us, we have here the elements for a religion more solid, serious, awe-inspiring, and profound, than any which the world has yet seen. True, it will not be just the same religion which prevails now; but who supposes that the religion now current can go on always, or ought to go on? Nay, and even of that much-decried idea of God as the *stream of tendency in which all things seek to fulfil the law of their being*, it may be said with confidence that it has in it the elements of a religion, new indeed, but in the highest degree serious, hopeful, solemn, and profound."

It has always puzzled me very much to make out why Mr. Arnold should think, or say, that it is in any sense "verifiable," in his acceptance of that word, that the power which makes for righteousness is "eternal." But I believe, from a passage in "Literature and

Dogma" (p. 61), that he really means by "eternal" nothing more than "enduring," and by "enduring," enduring in the history of man; so that the verifiable proposition which he takes as the foundation of a new religion is after all nothing more than this, that so far as history gives evidence at all, there has always been hitherto, since man appeared upon the earth, a stream of tendency which made for righteousness. Nevertheless, if the earth came to an end, and there be, as Mr. Arnold apparently inclines to believe, no life for man beyond his life on earth, then the enduring stream of tendency would endure no longer, and "the eternal" would, so far as it was verifiable, sink back into a transitory and extinct phenomenon of the terrestrial past. Well, then, so far as the Bible holds true at all in Mr. Arnold's mind, we must substitute uniformly for the God who there reveals and declares Himself and His love, a being who cannot either declare himself or feel, in our sense, the love which he is said to declare; one who must be discovered by man, instead of discovering himself to man, and who, when discovered, is nothing but a more or less enduring tendency to a certain deeper and truer mode of life, which we call righteous life. No wonder that "the religion in the highest degree serious, hopeful, solemn, and profound," to which Mr. Arnold hopes to convert the world, does not always appear, even to himself, either hopeful or solid. For example, in one of the most beautiful of his poems, "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," he explains, in a very different tone from that of the passage I have just quoted from "Literature and Dogma" (and I think a much more suitable and appropriate tone), how helpless and crippled his religious position really is, and how it came to pass that in visiting the home of one of the austere monastic orders he could feel a certain passion of regret without either much sympathy or much hope:

"For rigorous teachers seized my youth,  
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire,  
Showed me the high, white star of Truth,  
There bade me gaze, and there aspire.  
Even now their whispers pierce the gloom:  
*What dost thou in this living tomb?*

"Forgive me, masters of the mind !  
At whose behest I long ago  
So much unlearned, so much resigned—  
I come not here to be your foe !  
I seek these anchorites, not in ruth,  
To curse and to deny your truth ;

"Not as their friend, or child, I speak !  
But as, on some far northern strand,  
Thinking of his own gods, a Greek  
In pity and mournful awe, might stand  
Before some fallen Runic stone—  
For both were faiths, and both are gone.

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,  
The other powerless to be born,  
With nowhere yet to rest my head,  
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.  
Their faith, my tears, the world deride—  
I come to shed them at their side."

In his poetry Mr. Arnold is often frank enough, as he certainly is here. In his prose he will not admit that the Church to which he looks as the Church of the future is "powerless to be born." But powerless to be born it is ; a "stream of tendency," more or less enduring, which cannot even reveal itself, is not a power to excite emotion of any depth at all, unless it represents not only a tendency, but a purpose. Religion, says Mr. Arnold, is "morality touched with emotion." But surely morality cannot be "touched with emotion" without reason, or at least excuse, for the emotion it is to excite. And yet this is what Mr. Arnold's language seems to point at. In one of his American lectures he appears to say that the emotions will remain even though the objects which properly excite them disappear ; and in another passage of the same lecture he appears to intimate that even the very same thought may be so expressed as either to excite emotion or not to excite it, the difference between the two modes of expression being, except in its actual effect, quite undiscernible. But if Religion depends on an accident of that kind, Religion is an accident itself. An intention to make for Righteousness rightly excites emotion, but a tendency and an intention are different. Plague, pestilence, and famine, in God's hands, have often made for Righteousness. But without faith in God, plague, pestilence, and famine are more likely to touch immorality with emotion than to touch morality with it.

How, then, is Mr. Arnold to conjure up the emotion which certainly does not seem to be naturally radiated from this

more or less enduring "stream of tendency"? He strives to excite it by disclosing to us the promise of *life*, which is implicit in all conformity to this "stream of tendency ;" for life is the word which, in Mr. Arnold's teaching, takes the place of faith. He values Christ's teaching because he says that it discloses the true secret of *life*—because it discloses a new life for the world, even after faith (as we understand it) is dead. This is the promise which he makes his favorite thinker, M. de Senancour, better known as the author of "Obermann," address to him :

"Though more than half thy years be past,  
And spent thy youthful prime ;  
Though, round thy firmer manhood cast,  
Hang weeds of our sad time,

"Whereof thy youth felt all the spell,  
And traversed all the shade—  
Though late, though dimmed, though weak,  
yet tell  
Hope to a world new made !

"Help it to fill that deep desire,  
The want which racked our brain,  
Consumed our heart with thirst like fire,  
Immedicable pain ;

"Which to the wilderness drove out  
Our life, to Alpine snow,  
And palsied all our word with doubt,  
And all our work with woe.

"What still of strength is left, employ  
That end to help attain :  
*One common wave of thought and joy  
Lifting mankind again !*"

And that is the purpose to which Matthew Arnold has devoted what we may call his quasi-theological writings ; in other words, his writings produced to show that we may get all the advantages of theology without the theology—which we can and must do without. This new teaching is that which Tennyson has so tersely and finely expressed in "The Two Voices" :

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant ;  
Oh life, not death, for which we pant :  
More life, and fuller, that I want."

To the same effect Arnold quotes M. de Senancour : "The aim for men is to augment the feeling of joy, to make our expansive energy bear fruit, and to combat in all thinking beings the principle of degradation and misery." And Mr. Arnold's new version of Christianity promises us this life. "The all-ruling effort to live" is identical, he says, with

"the desire for happiness," and this craving for life is, he asserts, sanctioned by Christ in the saying, "I am come that men might have *life*, and might have it more abundantly; and ye will not come to me that ye may have life." I had always thought this a promise of life given by a being in whose hands is the power to bestow it. Not so Mr. Arnold. This power of attaining life, and attaining it in greater abundance, is, he declares, a mere natural secret which Christ had discovered, and which any man may rediscover for himself. It is a method of obtaining life, of obtaining "exhilaration." Indeed, exhilaration is, says Mr. Arnold, one of the greatest qualities of the Hebrew prophets. And this exhilaration is attainable by a merely natural process—namely, the renunciation by man of the superficial and temporary self, in favor of the deeper and permanent self. In "Literature and Dogma" Mr. Arnold has explained "the secret of Jesus," the true secret, as he holds, for riding buoyantly upon

"That common wave of thought and joy,  
Lifting mankind again."

We are there told that the essence of Christianity is not the possession of supernatural life flowing from the love or gift of a supernatural being, but is simply the use of a natural secret of the wise heart. The secret is conveyed in Christ's promise: "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. Whosoever would come after me, let him renounce himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me." Christ's method, he says,

"Directed the disciple's eye inward, and set his consciousness to work; and the first thing his consciousness told him was that he had two selves pulling him different ways. Till we attend, till the method is set at work, it seems as if 'the wishes of the flesh and of the current thoughts' (Eph. ii. 3) were to be followed as a matter of course; as if an impulse to do a thing means that we should do it; but when we attend we find that an impulse to do a thing is really in itself no reason at all why we should do it, because impulses proceed from two sources quite different, and of quite different degrees of authority. St. Paul contrasts them as the inward man and the man in our members; the mind of the flesh and the spiritual mind. Jesus contrasts them as life properly so named and life in this world. And the

moment we seriously attend to conscience, to the suggestions which concern practice and conduct, we can see plainly enough from which source a suggestion comes, and that the suggestions from one source are to overrule suggestions from the other." ("Literature and Dogma," pp. 201-2.) "The breaking the sway of what is commonly called oneself, ceasing our concern with it, and leaving it to perish, is not, he (*i.e.*, Jesus Christ) said, being thwarted or crossed, but *living*. And the proof of this is that it has the character of life in the highest degree—the power of going right, hitting the mark, succeeding. That is, it has the character of happiness, and happiness is for Israel the same thing as having the Eternal with us—seeing the salvation of God." ("Literature and Dogma," p. 203.)

Now, surely it is hardly justifiable for Mr. Arnold, in describing the "secret of Jesus," to substitute for the words of Jesus words of his own so very different in tone and meaning from those in which that secret was first disclosed. Where does our Lord ever say that the evidence of spiritual life is in the consciousness it gives us of *hitting the mark*, of *succeeding*? If we are to take our Lord's secret, let us take it in his own language, not in Mr. Arnold's. Turn then to his own language, and what do we find? We find, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Does that mean the same thing as, for they shall have the joy of feeling that they have "hit the mark, that they have succeeded?" Again, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Does that mean the same as "for they shall feel that they have attained true success?" "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." Does that mean the same as, "the more you are persecuted and maligned, the greater is your reward on earth, no matter whether there be any world beyond this or not?" Yet that is what Mr. Arnold tries to make it mean in order to reconcile his interpretation of the "secret of Jesus" with the actual words of Jesus. I believe that Mr. Arnold misreads even the language of the conscience when he makes it say that as we advance in our development we become aware "of two lives, one permanent and impersonal, the other transient and bound to our contracted self; he becomes aware of

two selves, one higher and real, the other inferior and apparent; and that the instinct in him truly to live, the desire for happiness, is served by following the first self and not the second." ("Last Essays on Church and Religion," pp. 116-117.) What we really become aware of is, that behind the loud-voiced, strenuous, well-established self of our lower nature, there is growing up a faint, embryo, struggling, nobler self, without strength, without permanence; but that on the side of that self there pleads another and higher power, offering us, if we listen to the nobler voice, infinite prospects of a new world of communion, a new buoyancy, a new career. It is not the nobler self which is, as Mr. Arnold says, strong and permanent. Nothing can be weaker or more fitful. But the promise is, that if we give ourselves to the weak and fitful but nobler voice, our doing so will bring us into direct communion with one who is really strong, who is really permanent, who is really eternal; not merely what Mr. Arnold means by eternal—namely, *more or less enduring*. I take it that "the secret of Jesus" is wholly misinterpreted if its promise of a communion between the weaker but nobler self and the eternal source of life and light be ignored. It falls in that case from the secret of Jesus to the secret of Matthew Arnold. Now "the secret of Jesus" is life indeed. The secret of Matthew Arnold is only better than death, because it gives its suffrage on the right side, but with the right suffrage fails to connect the promise and the earnest of joy with which Jesus Christ connected it. I think every reasonable reader of the Bible must perceive that if this promise of permanent joy in an eternal love is not true, the whole chain of Hebrew prophecy is false and misleading, from the time of Abraham to the death of St. Paul.

But then Mr. Arnold will turn upon me with his demand for verification: Can the promise be verified? "Experience proves that whatever for men is true, men can verify." I should answer, certainly it is verifiable in a sense even truer and higher than that in which Mr. Arnold's own *rationale* of the moral secret, which he misnames the secret of Jesus, is verifiable. Even Mr. Arnold

admits that his interpretation of the secret of Jesus has not always been verified.

"People may say," he tells us, "they have not got this sense that their instinct to live is served by loving their neighbors; they may say that they have, in other words, a dull and uninformed conscience. But that does not make the experience less a true thing, the real experience of the race. Neither does it make the sense of this experience to be, any the less, genuine conscience. And it is genuine conscience, because it apprehends what does really serve our instinct to live, or desire for happiness. And when Shaftesbury supposes the case of a man thinking vice and selfishness to be truly as much for his advantage as virtue and benevolence, and concludes that such a case is without remedy, the answer is, 'Not at all; let such a man get conscience, get right experience.' And if the man does not, the result is not that he goes on just as well without it; the result is, that he is lost." ("Last Essays on Church and Religion," pp. 115, 116.)

Well, if that is what Mr. Arnold means by verification, I think that it is easy to show that there is a much more perfect verification for the ordinary and natural interpretation of "the secret of Jesus" than for his mutilated interpretation of it. If it is verification to appeal to the best experience of the best, to the growing experience of those who have most intimately studied the various discipline of life, who can doubt what the reply must be to the question, Does experience testify to the self-sufficiency and adequacy to itself of what Mr. Arnold calls the permanent and higher self, or rather to its growing sense of inadequacy and dependence, and to its constant reference to that higher life in communion with which it lives? I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Arnold's mutilated interpretation of "the secret of Jesus," which omits indeed the very talisman of the whole, will receive no confirmation at all from the higher experience of the race, which testifies to nothing more persistently than this, that growing humility and the deepest possible sense of the dependence of the nobler self on communion with a righteous being external to it, is the unfailing experience of those in whom the nobler self is most adequately developed. Mr. Arnold's *rationale* of what he erroneously terms the "more permanent" and "stronger" self—but what experience proves to be indeed a very variable and very weak self, leaning on constant communion with another for

its strength—is a mutilation of the true experience of man as delivered by the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation. Take the Psalmist: "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire in comparison with thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." Take Isaiah: "Woe is me, for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Take St. Paul: "I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." It is impossible to find in the Bible anything like a reference to the permanent and stronger self which asserts itself in us. The testimony is always to a nobler but weaker self, which leans on the sustaining grace of God. Well, but says Mr. Arnold in opposing Bishop Butler's view that the most we can hope for in this life is to escape from misery and not to obtain happiness,—in this contention Butler goes counter not only to the most intimate, "the most sure, the most irresistible instinct of human nature," but also "to the clear voice of our religion." "Rejoice and give thanks," exhorts the Old Testament. "Rejoice evermore," exhorts the New. That is most true, but what is the ground of these constant exhortations in both Old Testament and New? Surely not the strength and depth of the life, even the higher life, in man, but, on the contrary, the largeness and generosity of the succor granted to the righteous by God. On what, for instance, is grounded the injunction which Mr. Arnold quotes from the Old Testament? On this, that "the Lord hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him." And again on this, that "the Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations." Can Mr. Arnold justify such a ground for rejoicing as that, on the lips of any one who disbelieves altogether in a God who "thinks and loves"? Again,

what is the context of the injunction, taken from the New Testament? "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: *for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.*" The ground of rejoicing is a will—a will which is equally made the ground of prayer; without the ground for praying there could be no ground for rejoicing. Without a *known* will of God there could be neither the one nor the other. And it is the humility which recognises the strength, external to its own, which is the source at once of the joy and the prayer. The life which is so abundantly promised throughout the Bible is indeed not natural life, as Mr. Arnold explains it, but what we are more accustomed to call *grace*: the life poured in from outside.

Nor, indeed, can I understand how Mr. Arnold's explanation can hold at all, without this supernatural source of strength and joy. When Mr. Arnold says that it is the "permanent" and "stronger" self which conquers, and gives us life by the conquest, is it inappropriate to ask, *How* permanent, and *how* strong? Suppose, as has often happened, that the deeper and nobler self suggests a course which involves instant death, where is the permanence? Mr. Arnold will hear nothing of the promise of immortality. That is to him *Aberglaube*, over-belief, belief in excess of the evidence. In some of his most exquisite lines he speaks of death as the

"Stern law of every mortal lot  
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,  
And builds himself, I know not what  
Of second life, I know not where."

So that he guarantees us assuredly no *permanence* for the nobler self. And then as to *strength*: is the nobler self strong enough to endure the hard conditions which are often imposed on us by our best acts—the slander and persecution to which we expose ourselves, the misery which we bring on ourselves? The answer of the Bible is plain enough: No, it is not; but you may rely on the grace promised to the weakest, if you comply with the admonitions of that grace. Mr. Arnold can make no such reply. Unless the nobler self is intrinsically also the stronger self, in his opinion you are lost. It seems to me, then, that the injunction

to "rejoice and give thanks," the injunction to "rejoice evermore," cannot be justified except in connection with a trust in One who can give us real succor from without, under the prospect of certain death, and the still more certain collapse of human powers in the presence of great trials and temptations.

In a word, the faith taught by revelation is not, as Mr. Arnold himself admits, Mr. Arnold's faith. The former is intended to awaken and discipline a group of genuine *affections*, using the word in the same sense—though in the same sense raised to a higher plane of life—as we use it of the human affections. Read the Psalms, and you will find in them the germs of all the affections generated in his disciples by Christ's own teaching: the shame, the grief, the remorse, the desolation, the hope, the awe, the love in its highest sense, which human beings feel in the presence of a human nature, holier, deeper, richer, stronger, nobler than their own, when they have sinned against it, and are conscious of its displeasure, its retributive justice, its joy in human repentance, and its forgiveness. The whole drift of revelation is to excite these affections, to make us feel the divine passion which our human passions elicit, to reach the deepest fountain of our tears, and to fill us with that joy which, however deep, is all humility and all gratitude, because its source is the love of another, and not the strength or buoyancy of our own life. Well, this is not, and could not be, Mr. Arnold's religion. In his expurgated Bible, the affections in this sense have to be omitted. He tells us quite plainly that the facts—or, as he calls them, "the supposed facts"—by which the religious affections have been fostered in us are illusions, that our religion is nothing in the world but the culture of that ideal life which man has happily a tendency to develop. These are his words:

"The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact—in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is every-

thing; the rest is a world of illusion—of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact."

Well, if that be so, the emotion which Mr. Arnold insists on, in order to transform morality into religion, becomes a very mild and æsthetic kind of emotion indeed: not one which can penetrate the sinner's heart with anguish, not one which can irradiate the penitent's heart with gratitude. Imagine the changes which you must make in the language of the Psalmist to empty it of what Mr. Arnold calls belief in "the supposed fact," and to conform the emotions to that which is attached to "the idea" alone:

"Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit. . . . O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise. For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Take the divine illusion, as Mr. Arnold calls it, out of this, and how much of "the emotion" requisite for religion would remain? Has he not himself told us?—

"That gracious Child, that thorn-crown'd Man!

—He lived while we believed.

"While we believed, on earth he went,  
And open stood his grave.  
Men called from chamber, church, and tent:  
And Christ was by to save.

"Now he is dead! Far hence he lies  
In the lorn Syrian town;  
And on his grave, with shining eyes,  
The Syrian stars look down.

"In vain men still, with hoping new,  
Regard his death-place dumb,  
And say the stone is not yet to,  
And wait for words to come.

"Ah, o'er that silent sacred land,  
Of sun, and arid stone,  
And crumbling wall, and sultry sand,  
Sounds now one word alone!

"From David's lips that word did roll,  
'Tis true and living yet:  
*No man can save his brother's soul,  
Nor pay his brother's debt.*

"Alone, self-pois'd, henceforward man  
Must labor!—must resign  
His all too human creeds, and scan  
Simply the way divine."

Well, then, where is the "emotion" with which "morality" must be touched, in order to transform it into religion, to come from? Mr. Arnold makes no answer,—except that it must be emotion excited by ideas alone, and not by supposed facts, which, as he says, will not stand the tests of scientific verification.

But with regard to that asserted demand of science for verification, let me just make one final observation: that in the sense in which Mr. Arnold uses it, to explode all belief in light coming to us from a mind higher than our own, it equally explodes belief in the authority of those suggestions of the deeper self to which what he calls the "secret of Jesus" teaches us to defer. For why are we to obey them? Mr. Arnold replies simply, human *experience* teaches us that it adds to our life, to our happiness, to the vitality of our true and permanent self, to do so. But how are we to get the verification without trying both the wrong way and the right? You cannot found on mere experience *without* the experience. And does, then, the way to virtue lead through sin alone? Mr. Arnold guards himself by saying that some "finely-touched" souls have "the *presentiment*" of how it will be—a presentiment, I suppose, derived by evolution from the experience of ancestors. But is it a duty, then, to found your actions on those obscure intimations which your ancestors' experience may have transmitted to you? Should you not test your ancestors' experience for yourself before adopting it? Should you not sin in order to be sure that sin saps your true life and diminishes your fund of happiness? I fear there is nothing for Mr. Arnold but to admit that this is not sin—that *trying* evil in order to be sure it *is* evil, is not forbidden by any law, if there be no spiritual nature higher than man's, which lays its yoke upon us, and subdues us into the attitude of reverence and awe. The principle which Mr. Arnold calls "verification" is in reality fatal to all purity. It makes experience of evil the ground of good. For myself, I believe that there is enough verification for the purposes of true morality in the recognition, without the test of experience, of the higher character of the nature confronted with our own; and that we may learn the reality of reve-

lation, the reality of a divine influence which should be a law to us, and rebellion against which is, in the deepest sense, sin, without trying the effect of that rebellion, without making proof of both the alternatives before us. The life even of the truest *human* affections is one long protest against the principle that you can know nothing without what is termed experiment and verification in the scientific sense of the word. What creature which has learnt to love, tries the effect of piercing the heart of another before it learns to reject that course as treachery? Revelation, as I understand it, is an appeal to the human affections—a divine discipline for them. It no more demands experiment and verification, in the scientific sense which men try to foist so inappropriately into our moral life, than a parent would think of demanding from his child that, in order to be sure that his wishes and commands are wise, the child should make experiments in disobedience, and only conform to his father's injunctions after he had learned by a painful experience that these experiments had ended in pain and discomfort.

In insisting on the striking, I might almost say the dismaying, contrast between the great Oxford leader, whose whole mind has been occupied with theological convictions from his earliest years of Oxford life to the present day, and the Oxford leader who has avowed himself unable to see even a slender probability that God is a being who thinks and loves, I said that I hoped to do something to attenuate the paradox before I had done. This is probably the right place to say a few words on the subject, for undoubtedly it is the assumption running through Mr. Arnold's theoretical writings, that no belief is trustworthy which has not what he calls the verification of experience to sustain it, to which we owe his repudiation of all theology. Undoubtedly, the twenty years or so by which he is Cardinal Newman's junior made an extraordinary difference in the intellectual atmosphere of Oxford, and of the English world of letters outside Oxford, during the time at which a thoughtful man's mind matures. Mr. Arnold was not too late at Oxford to feel the spell of Dr. Newman, but his mind was hardly one to feel the whole force



of that spell, belonging as his mind does, I think, rather to the Stoical than to the religious school—the school which magnifies self-dependence, and regards serene calm, not passionate worship, as the highest type of the moral life. And he was at Oxford too late, I think, for the full experience of the limits within which alone the scientific conception of life can be said to be true. A little later, men came to see that scientific methods are really quite inapplicable to the sphere of moral truth—that the scientific assumption that whatever is true can be verified, is, in the sense of the word “verification” which science applies, a very serious blunder, and that such verification as we can get of moral truth is of a very different, though I will not scruple to say a no less satisfactory, kind, from that which we expect to get of scientific truth. Mr. Arnold seems to me to have imbibed the prejudices of the scientific season of blossom, when the uniformity of nature first became a kind of gospel, when the “Vestiges of Creation” was the book in vogue, when Emerson’s and Carlyle’s imaginative skepticism first took hold of cultivated Englishmen, and Mr. Froude published the skeptical tales by which his name was first known amongst us. Mr. Arnold betrays the immovable prejudices by which his intellectual life is overridden in a hundred forms; for example, by the persistency with which he remarks that the objection to miracles is that they do not happen, the one criticism which I venture to say no one who had taken pains to study evidence in the best accredited individual cases, not only in ancient but in modern times, would choose to repeat. And again, he betrays it by the pertinacity with which he assumes that you can verify the secret of self-renunciation, the secret of Jesus, in the same sense in which you can verify the law of gravitation, one of the most astounding and I think false assumptions of our day. I make bold to say that no one ever verified the secret of self-renunciation yet, or ever even wished to verify it, who had not assumed the moral obligation it involves, before even attempting a verification; while with the law of gravitation it is quite different: we believe it solely because it has been verified, or, in the case of the dis-

coverer, because evidence was before him that it might very probably be verified. But though Mr. Arnold’s mind is of the Stoical rather than the religious type, and though certain premature scientific assumptions, which were in vogue before the limits of the region in which the uniformity of nature has been verified had been at all carefully defined, run through all his theoretical writings, it is nevertheless true that his whole intellectual strength has been devoted to sustaining, I cannot say the cause of religion—for I do not think his constant cry for more emotion in dealing with morality has been answered—but the cause of good, the cause of noble conduct, and in exalting the elation of duty, the rapture of righteousness. Allow for his prepossessions—his strangely obstinate prepossessions—and he remains still a figure on which we can look with admiration. We must remember that, with all the scorn which Matthew Arnold pours on the trust we place in God’s love, he still holds to the conviction that the tendency to righteousness is a power on which we may rely even with *rapture*. Israel, he says, took “his religion in rapture, because he found for it an evidence irresistible. But his own words are the best: ‘Thou, O Eternal, art the thing that I *long* for, thou art my hope, even from my youth; through thee have I been *holden up* ever since I was born; there is nothing *sweeter* than to take heed unto the commandments of the Eternal. The Eternal is my strength; my heart has trusted in Him, and I am *helped*; therefore my heart *danceth for joy*, and in my song I will *praise him*.’” (“Literature and Dogma,” p. 319.) And Mr. Arnold justifies that language, though it seems to me clear that with his views he could never have been the first to use it. Still, do not let us forget that he does justify it, that the great Oxonian of the third quarter of this century, though he is separated wide as the poles from Cardinal Newman in faith, yet uses even the most exalted language of the Hebrew seers with all the exultation which even Cardinal Newman could evince for it. I think it is hardly possible to think of such an attitude of mind as the attitude of a common agnostic. The truth is, that his deep poetical idealism saves

Mr. Arnold from the depressing and flattening influences of his theoretical views. The poet of modern thought and modern tendencies cannot be, even though he strives to be, a mere agnostic. The insurrection of the agnosticism of the day against faith is no doubt one of its leading features ; but the failure of that insurrection to overpower us, the potent resistance it encounters in all our hearts, is a still more remarkable feature. Matthew Arnold reflects both of these characteristics, though the former perhaps more powerfully than the latter.

In passing from the thinker to the poet, I am passing from a writer whose curious earnestness and ability in attempting the impossible will soon, I believe, be a mere curiosity of literature, to one of the most considerable of English poets, whose place will probably be above any poet of the eighteenth century, excepting Burns, and not excepting Dryden, or Pope, or Cowper, or Goldsmith, or Gray ; and who, even amongst the great poets of the nineteenth century, may very probably be accorded the sixth or fifth, or even by some the fourth place. He has a power of vision as great as Tennyson's, though its magic depends less on the rich tints of association, and more on the liquid colors of pure natural beauty ; a power of criticism and selection as fastidious as Gray's, with infinitely more creative genius ; and a power of meditative reflection which, though it never mounts to Wordsworth's higher levels of genuine rapture, never sinks to his wastes and flats of commonplace. Arnold is a great elegiac poet, but there is a buoyancy in his elegy which we rarely find in the best elegy, and which certainly adds greatly to its charm. And though I cannot call him a dramatic poet, his permanent attitude being too reflective for any kind of action, he shows in such poems as the " Memorial Verses " on Byron, Goethe, and Wordsworth, in the " Sick King of Bokhara," and " Tristram and Iseult," great precision in the delineation of character, and not a little power even of forcing character to delineate itself. What feeling for the Oriental type of character is there not in the Vizier of the Sick King of Bokhara when he remonstrates with the young King for taking too much to heart

the tragic end of the man who had insisted, under the Mahometan law, on being stoned, because in a hasty moment he had cursed his mother :

" O King, in this I praise thee not !  
Now must I call thy grief not wise.  
Is he thy friend, or of thy blood,  
To find such favor in thine eyes ?

" Nay, were he thine own mother's son,  
Still, thou art king, and the law stands.  
It were not meet the balance swerved,  
The sword were broken in thy hands.

" But being nothing, as he is,  
Why for no cause make sad thy face ?—  
Lo, I am old ! three kings, ere thee,  
Have I seen reigning in this place.

" But who, through all this length of time,  
Could bear the burden of his years,  
If he for strangers pain'd his heart  
Not less than those who merit tears ?

" Fathers we *must* have, wife and child,  
And grievous is the grief for these ;  
This pain alone, which *must* be borne,  
Makes the head white, and bows the knees.

" But other loads than this his own  
One man is not well made to bear.  
Besides, to each are his own friends,  
To mourn with him, and show him care.

" Look, this is but one single place,  
Though it be great ; all the earth round,  
If a man bear to have it so,  
Things which might vex him shall be found.

" Upon the Russian frontier, where  
The watchers of two armies stand  
Near one another, many a man,  
Seeking a prey unto his hand,

" Hath snatch'd a little fair-hair'd slave ;  
They snatch also, towards Mervè,  
The Shiah dogs, who pasture sheep,  
And up from thence to Orgunjè.

" And these all, laboring for a lord,  
Eat not the fruit of their own hands ;  
Which is the heaviest of all plagues,  
To that man's mind, who understands.

" The kaffirs also (whom God curse !)  
Vex one another, night and day ;  
There are the lepers, and all sick ;  
There are the poor, who faint away.

" All these have sorrow, and keep still,  
Whilst other men make cheer, and sing.  
Wilt thou have pity on all these ?  
No, nor on this dead dog, O King !"

And again, how deep is the insight into the Oriental character in the splendid contrast between Rome and the East after the Eastern conquests of Rome, in the second of the two poems on the Author of " Obermann " :

- " In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,  
The Roman noble lay ;  
He drove abroad, in furious guise,  
Along the Appian Way.
- " He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,  
And crown'd his hair with flowers—  
No easier nor no quicker pass'd  
The impracticable hours.
- " The brooding East with awe beheld  
Her impious younger world.  
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,  
And on her head was hurl'd.
- " The East bow'd low before the blast  
In patient, deep disdain ;  
She let the legions thunder past,  
And plunged in thought again.
- " So well she mused, a morning broke  
Across her spirit grey ;  
A conquering, new-born joy awoke,  
And fill'd her life with day.
- " ' Poor world,' she cried, ' so deep accurst,  
That runn'st from pole to pole  
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst—  
Go, seek it in thy soul ! "

Or take the famous description, in the lines at Heine's grave, of our own country taking up burden after burden, with " deaf ears and labor-dimm'd eyes," as she has just taken up the new burden of Burmah :

" I chide with thee not, that thy sharp  
Upbraidings often assail'd  
England, my country—for we,  
Heavy and sad, for her sons,  
Long since, deep in our hearts,  
Echo the blame of her foes.  
We, too, sigh that she flags ;  
We, too, say that she now—  
Scarce comprehending the voice  
Of her greatest, golden-mouth'd sons  
Of a former age any more—  
Stupidly travels her round  
Of mechanic business, and lets  
Slow die out of her life  
Glory, and genius, and joy.

" So thou arraign'st her, her foe ;  
So we arraign her, her sons.

" Yes, we arraign her ! but she,  
The weary Titan, with deaf  
Ears, and labor-dimm'd eyes,  
Regarding neither to right  
Nor left, goes passively by,  
Staggering on to her goal ;  
Bearing on shoulders immense,  
Atlantean, the load,  
Wellnigh not to be borne,  
Of the too vast orb of her fate."

Though not a dramatic poet, it is clear, then, that Matthew Arnold has a deep dramatic insight ; but that is only one aspect of what I should call his main characteristic as a poet—the lucid pene-

tration with which he discerns and portrays all that is most expressive in any situation that awakens regret, and the buoyancy with which he either throws off the pain, or else takes refuge in some soothing digression. For Arnold is never quite at his best except when he is delineating a mood of regret, and then his best consists not in yielding to it, but in the resistance he makes to it. He is not, like most elegiac poets, a mere sad muser ; he is always one who finds a secret of joy in the midst of pain, who discovers a tonic for the suffering nerve, if only in realizing the large power of sensibility which it retains. Take his description of the solitude in which we human beings live—heart yearning after heart, but recognizing the eternal gulf between us—a solitude decreed by the power which

" bade betwixt our shores to be  
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea ! "

How noble the line, and how it sends a shiver through one ! And yet not a shiver of mere regret or mere yearning ; rather a shiver of awe at the infinitude of the ocean in which we are all enlisted. It is the same with all Arnold's finest elegiac touches. In all of them regret seems to mingle with buoyancy, and buoyancy to have a sort of root in regret. What he calls (miscalls, I think) the " secret of Jesus"—" miscalls," because the secret of Jesus lay in the knowledge of His Father's love, not in the *natural* buoyancy of the renouncing heart—is in reality the secret of his own poetry. Like the East, he bows low before the blast, only to seek strength in his own mind, and to delight in the strength he finds there. He enjoys plumbing the depths of another's melancholy. Thus he says in relation to his favorite " Obermann"—

" A fever in these pages burns  
Beneath the calm they feign ;  
A wounded human spirit turns,  
Here, on its bed of pain.

" Yes, though the virgin mountain-air  
Fresh through these pages blows ;  
Though to these leaves the glaciers spare  
The soul of their white snows ;

" Though here a mountain-murmur swells  
Of many a dark-boughed pine,  
Though, as you read, you hear the bells  
Of the high-pasturing kine—

"Yet, through the hum of torrent lone,  
And brooding mountain-bee,  
There sobs I know not what ground-tone  
Of human agony."

But even so, the effect of the verses is not the effect of Shelley's most exquisitely melancholy lyrics. It does not make us almost faint under the poet's own feeling of desolation. On the contrary, even in the very moment in which Arnold cries—

"Farewell! Under the sky we part,  
In this stern Alpine dell.  
O unstrung will! O broken heart!  
A last, a last farewell!"—

we have a conviction that the poet went off with a buoyant step from that unstrung will and broken heart, enjoying the strength he had derived from his communion with that strong spirit of passionate protest against the evil and frivolity of the world. It is just the same with his "Empedocles on Etna." He makes the philosopher review at great length the evils of human life, and decide that, as he can render no further aid to men, he must return to the elements. But after he has made his fatal plunge into the crater of the burning mountain, there arises from his friend Callicles, the harp-player on the slopes of the mountain below, the following beautiful strain:

"Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts,  
Thick breaks the red flame;  
All Etna heaves fiercely  
Her forest-clothed frame.

"Not here, O Apollo!  
Are haunts meet for thee.  
But, where Helicon breaks down  
In cliff to the sea,

"Where the moon-silver'd inlets  
Send far their light voice  
Up the still vale of Thisbe,  
O speed, and rejoice!

"On the sward at the cliff-top  
Lie strewn the white flocks,  
On the cliff-side the pigeons  
Roost deep in the rocks.

"In the moonlight the shepherds,  
Soft lull'd by the rills,  
Lie wrapt in their blankets  
Asleep on the hills.

"—What forms are these coming  
So white through the gloom?  
What garments out-glistening  
The gold-flower'd broom?

"What sweet-breathing presence  
Out-perfumes the thyme?  
What voices enrapture  
The night's balmy prime?"—

"'Tis Apollo comes leading  
His choir, the Nine.  
—The leader is fairest,  
But all are divine.

"They are lost in the hollows!  
They stream up again!  
What seeks on this mountain  
The glorified train?"—

"They bathe on this mountain,  
In the spring by their road;  
Then on to Olympus,  
Their endless abode.

"—Whose praise do they mention?  
Of what is it told?  
What will be for ever;  
What was from of old.

"First hymn they the Father  
Of all things; and then,  
The rest of immortals,  
The action of men.

"The day in his hotness,  
The strife with the palm;  
The night in her silence,  
The stars in their calm."

And we close the poem with a sense, not of trouble, but of refreshment. So in the tragic story of "Sohrab and Rustum"—in which the father, without knowing it, kills his own son, who dies in his arms—the poem ends not in gloom, but in a serene vision of the course of the Oxus as it passes, "brimming and bright and large," towards its mouth in the Sea of Aral, a course which is meant to be typical of the peaceful close of Rustum's stormy and potent and victorious, though tragic, career. It seems to be Matthew Arnold's secret in Art not to minimize the tragedy or sadness of the human lot, but to turn our attention from the sadness or the tragedy to the strength which it illustrates and elicits, and the calm in which even the tumultuous passions of the story eventually subside. Even the sad poem on the Grande Chartreuse closes with a wonderful picture of cloistered serenity, entreating the busy and eager world to leave it unmolested to its meditations:

"Pass, banners, pass, and bugles cease;  
And leave our desert to its peace."

There is nothing which Matthew Arnold conceives or creates so well, nothing so characteristic of him, as the

soothing digressions, as they seem—digressions, however, more germane to his purpose than any epilogue—in which he withdraws our attention from his main subject, to refresh and restore the minds which he has perplexed and bewildered by the painful problems he has placed before them. That most beautiful and graceful poem, for instance, on "The Scholar-Gipsy," the Oxford student who is said to have forsaken academic study in order to learn, if it might be, those potent secrets of Nature the traditions of which the gipsies are supposed sedulously to guard, ends in a digression of the most vivid beauty, suggested by the exhortation to the supposed lover of Nature to "fly our paths, our feverish contact fly," as fatal to all calm and healing life :

"Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !

—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,

Descried at sunrise an emerging prow  
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,

The fringes of a southward-facing brow  
Among the Ægæan isles ;

And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,

Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,

Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd  
in brine—

And knew the intruders on his ancient  
home,

"The young light-hearted masters of the waves—

And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out  
more sail ;

And day and night held on indignantly  
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,

Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,

To where the Atlantic raves  
Outside the western straits ; and unbent  
sails

There, where down cloudy cliffs, through  
sheets of foam,

Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come ;

And on the beach undid his corded bales."

Nothing could illustrate better than this passage Arnold's genius or his art. He wishes to give us a picture of the older type of audacity and freedom as it shakes itself impatiently rid of the paltry skill and timid cunning of the newer age, and plunges into the solitudes into which the finer craft of dexterous knowledge does not dare to follow. His whole drift having been that care and effort and gain and the pressure of the world are sapping human strength, he ends with a picture of the old-world pride and dar-

ing which exhibits human strength in its freshness and vigor, and he paints it with all that command of happy poetical detail in which Mr. Arnold so greatly excels. No one knows as he knows how to use detail without overlaying the leading idea which he intends to impress on us. The Tyrian trader, launching out into the deep, in his scorn for the Greek trafficker hugging the shore with his timid talent for small gains, brings home to us how much courage, freedom, and originality we may lose by the aptness for social intercourse which the craft of civilization brings with it. So he closes his poem on the new scrupulousness and burdensomeness and self-consciousness of human life, by recalling vividly the pride and buoyancy of old-world enterprise. I could quote poem after poem which Arnold closes by some such buoyant digression—a buoyant digression intended to shake off the tone of melancholy, and to remind us that the world of imaginative life is still wide open to us. "This problem is insoluble," he seems to say ; "but insoluble or not, let us recall the pristine strength of the human spirit, and not forget that we have access to great resources still."

And this is where Arnold's buoyancy differs in kind from Clough's buoyancy, though buoyancy is the characteristic of both these essentially Oxford poets. Clough is buoyant in hope, and sometimes, though perhaps rarely, in faith ; Arnold is buoyant in neither, but yet he is buoyant—buoyant in rebound from melancholy reflection, buoyant in throwing off the weight of melancholy reflection. "The outlook," he seems to say, "is as bad as possible. We have lost our old faith, and we cannot get a new one. Life is sapping the noblest energies of the mind. We are not as noble as we used to be. We have lost the commanding air of the great men of old. We cannot speak in the grand style. We can only boldly confront the truth and acknowledge the gloom ; and yet, and yet—

"Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired."

Through hope or despair, through faith or doubt, the deep buoyancy of the imaginative life forbids Arnold to rest in any melancholy strain ; he only snatches his rudder, shakes out more sail, and

day and night holds on indignantly to some new shore which as yet he discovers not. Clough's buoyancy is very different. It is not the buoyancy which shakes off depressing thoughts, but the buoyancy which overcomes them :

" Sit, if you will, sit down upon the ground,  
Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look  
around.

Whate'er befell,  
Earth is not hell ;  
Now too, as when it first began,  
Life is yet life, and man is man.  
For all that breathe beneath the heaven's  
high cope,  
Joy with grief mixes, with despondence,  
hope."

Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief ;  
Or, at least, faith unbelief.  
Though dead, not dead,  
Not gone, though fled,  
Not lost, though vanished,  
In the great gospel and true creed  
He is yet risen indeed  
Christ is yet risen."

There is Clough's buoyancy of spirit, which goes to the heart of the matter. But Arnold, with equal buoyancy, seems to aim rather at evading than averting the blows of fate. He is somewhat unjust to Wordsworth, I think, in ascribing to Wordsworth, as his characteristic spell, the power to put aside the " cloud of mortal destiny" instead of confronting it :

" Others will teach us how to dare  
And against fear our breast to steel ;  
Others will strengthen us to bear—  
But who, ah ! who, will make us feel ?  
The cloud of mortal destiny.  
Others will front it fearlessly—  
But who, like him, will put it by ?"

That, I should have said, is not Wordsworth's position in poetry, but Matthew Arnold's. Wordsworth " strengthened us to bear" by every means by which a poet can convey such strength ; but Arnold, exquisite as his poetry is, teaches

us first to feel, and then to put by, the cloud of mortal destiny. But he does not teach us, as Wordsworth does, to bear it. We delight in his pictures ; we enjoy more and more the more we study it, the poetry of his exquisite detail ; we feel the lyrical cry of his sceptical moods vibrating in our heart of hearts ; we feel the reviving air of his buoyant digressions as he escapes from his own spell, and bids us escape too, into the world of imaginative freedom. But he gives us no new strength to bear. He gives us no new light of hope. He gives us no new nerve of faith. He is the greatest of our elegiac poets, for he not only makes his readers thrill with the vision of the faith or strength he has lost, but puts by " the cloud of mortal destiny " with an ease that makes us feel that after all the faith and strength may not be lost, but only hidden from his eyes. Though the poet and the thinker in Matthew Arnold are absolutely at one in their conscious teaching, the poet in him helps us to rebel against the thinker, and to encourage us to believe that the " stream of tendency" which bears him up with such elastic and patient strength is not blind, is not cold, and is not dumb. He tells us :

" We, in some unknown Power's employ,  
Move on a rigorous line ;  
Can neither, when we will, enjoy,  
Nor, when we will, resign."

But if the " unknown Power" be such that when we will to enjoy, we are taught to resign, and when we will to resign, we are bid, though it may be in some new and deeper sense, to enjoy, surely the " unknown Power" is not an unknowing Power, but is one that knows us better than we know ourselves.  
—*Contemporary Review*.

## THE UNEMPLOYED AND THE RIOTS.

BY W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

THE axiom that there can be no effect without a cause applies in social affairs as strictly as in physical science. Some causes are incidental, superficial, and temporary, others are fundamental and permanent. The incidental super-

ficial causes of the late riots have been sufficiently discussed in incidental and superficial newspaper articles, the writers of which have only to deal with temporary questions as they rise from day to day.

I have no intention here to invade their province, but to inquire whether there is any fundamental deep-seated source of the recent outbreaks. Are these sores limited to the social epidermis, or are they symptomatic of social blood-poisoning?

The lawless roughs and the patient, unemployed, lawfully pleading sufferers both come from the same places, from the foul demoralizing slums of our great towns and cities. How came they there? What is the origin of such accumulations? Are they natural and necessary adjuncts to what we call modern civilization, or are they the results of some removable error in our social organization or proceedings?

These are serious questions, demanding serious consideration. Turning to the official report of the last census, I find that the population of the outer ring of London, *i.e.* of the part on which additional population is packable, has increased 126·8 per cent. in twenty years (from 1861 to 1881); that, curiously enough, the next town in the order of growing population is that which has emulated London most distinctly in the matter of riots, *viz.* Leicester; its growth during the same period has amounted to 79·8 per cent.

In 1861 the proportion of the rural population of the United Kingdom to the total population was 37·7 per cent.; in 1871 it had fallen to 35·2 per cent., in 1881 to 33·4 per cent. Or, otherwise stated, in 1861 there were 161 dwellers in towns to 100 dwellers in rural districts; in 1871, 184 to 100; in 1881, 199 to 100. To-day the difference is doubtless still greater: the urban population now exceeds the rural population by more than two to one.

The town population do not and cannot produce their own food, nor the material for their own clothing, or fuel, or light.

It is evident, therefore, that we are heaping our population in towns more and more and more. This may be a consequence of the increasing opportunities of obtaining profitable and agreeable employment and general prosperity afforded by the towns, or it may result from the relatively diminishing demand for labor in agriculture. If it is clearly and positively due to the first

of these, it is a symptom of prosperity; if to the latter, if destitution drives the surplus population of the country into the deeper and more dreadful destitution of the slums, there is serious ground for alarm.

Up to a certain period in our history, and that quite a recent one, the first of these conditions prevailed, but now and lately there is reason to fear that the latter is operating. If so, we must see to it at once, or suffer consequences for which we are but little prepared, and of which we have had little or no previous experience.

One thing is quite certain: farming, properly so called, is gradually becoming one of the lost arts in England. Our farmers are rapidly degenerating into mere graziers, and the reason is not difficult to find. As farms are now let in England, the agricultural capitalist has the choice of merely grazing, say 500 acres, at a profit of £1 per annum per acre, or highly farming 100 acres at a profit of £5 per acre. Everybody who knows anything of practical agriculture understands that the latter involves far more trouble, far more attention to detail, and is esteemed as far less dignified than the free and easy wholesale grazing business. Hence rural England is gradually becoming converted into prairie ground and sheep run. But for the vigorous check which the importation of frozen meat has recently supplied, this agricultural degeneration would have proceeded much more rapidly.

Evidence taken by the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade shows that the importation of "bacon and ham, which was less than 2 lbs. per head of the population in 1870, rose in 1884 to more than 10 lbs.; butter and butterine were under 5 lbs. in 1870 and 1871, and in 1884 nearly 8 lbs. per head; and so with cheese, which was less than 4 lbs. in 1870, became nearly 6 lbs. in 1884; and eggs similarly, which were under 14 lbs. in 1870, amounted to nearly 28 lbs. in 1884." Note that this difference is *per head*, not the total due to growing population.

If the 500 acres above-named were worked as five farms, yielding £5 per acre each, they would employ more than five times as much labor as the 500

acres worked as grazing ground. Thus, by our present substitution of grazing for farming, we are starving the laborers off the soil and driving them into the towns by sheer despair and destitution.\*

We may obtain a bushel of apples by planting an apple-tree near to our back door, gathering and storing the fruit when it ripens; or we may obtain the like by first sending to America for raw cotton, then erecting mills to spin and weave that cotton, then shipping the woven fabric back to America, exchanging it for American apples, packing these in barrels, carrying them across the Atlantic, and selling them to wholesale factors, who sell them to retail shopkeepers, who sell them to the consumers.

I need not ask which of these is the more natural and rational method, or which is the more likely to prosper permanently.

Peculiar, exceptional, and temporary circumstances may render the roundabout process the most advantageous for awhile. We *have been* placed in such abnormal circumstances. Our insular position has saved us from the ravages of invading armies, while the manufacturing enterprise of our neighbors has been strangled by the insecurity of capital due to the retail brigandage of private cut-throats and the wholesale brigandage of military despots. We *have had* coal nearer to the surface and otherwise more easily workable than that of other countries. We have planted great colonies where *at first* the sparsity of population has rendered it more advantageous to the people of those places to obtain implements, clothing, &c. by the roundabout proc-

ess of exchanging for agricultural products.

But all these conditions are but temporary; our European neighbors, our American descendants, and our distant colonists are becoming less and less dependent upon us, and more and more anxious and able to help themselves. They are even struggling to mimic our manufacturing specialty, trying to pervert the natural laws of supply and demand by the shallow device of "protecting" and promoting industrial precocity.

Our practical reply to all this is the simplest possible. We do not spin and weave, and smelt and forge, and cast and fashion, for the privilege of sending the products away (as those who measure prosperity by *exports* seem to suppose), but in order that we may obtain what we lack at home, our primary and greatest lacking being agricultural products, the chiefest of all being food. Therefore, instead of twaddling about "fair trade," retaliation, &c., let us see whether it is possible to help ourselves to the food we require by a more productive system of agriculture, a system naturally adapted to a country where land is scarce and labor superabundant, that system being obviously the directly opposite to grazing or prairie farming. We must turn sharply round just 180 degrees, reverse the course we have lately followed, and develop our national industry in the direction of garden farming, or that kind of agriculture which obtains the largest possible produce from a given area by employing upon it the maximum of labor.

We cannot do this at a jump: if we could, all the unemployed would at once emigrate from the towns into the country, the now crowded slums would be peopled no more thickly than sanitary conditions demand, and instead of obtaining eggs as we now do by hundreds of millions annually from Belgium, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Hungary, &c.; cheese from every country in Europe, from Canada and the United States; poultry from Russia, as well as the nearer countries of Europe; apples from the United States; gooseberries, plums, currants, and even strawberries, from Germany, *via* the Rhine; pickled pork, ham, and bacon from Chicago;

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\* In a recent speech in the House of Commons Mr. Mundella told us that "at the beginning of the present century Great Britain had a population of something like ten and a half millions, and what had happened in the last fifty years was something unparalleled in the history of the world. We have increased our population threefold in the last eighty-five years. At the beginning of the century there were some four millions of wage-earners in the country; one half of them were engaged in agriculture, and the other half in industrial employment. Now, instead of one half of the population being employed in agriculture, only one seventh or one eighth are so employed, six sevenths or seven eighths being engaged in industrial occupations."



and so on with 70 per cent. of all the materials of our breakfasts, dinners, teas, and suppers, we should produce all at home excepting some of the wheat, and those fruits, seeds, and leaves that demand a tropical or sub-tropical sun for their ripening.

It is sad to contemplate the amount of ink and eloquence that has lately been shed in the advocacy of projects for providing employment by the construction of public works that would otherwise not be at present constructed. The spectacle shows how greatly some of the teachers of the people are in need of elementary teaching in economics. Even the logical application of untaught common-sense ought to show that all such projects are exactly equivalent to the action of a private individual who, finding his income is falling short, should propose to supply the deficiency by increasing his expenditure.

To demonstrate this, let us suppose that in order to "find employment" for 20,000 of the London unemployed, public works of the kind suggested are at once commenced. In order to pay the wages additional taxation of some kind must be levied. Those who pay the taxes will be so much the poorer, will have to restrict their customary expenditure or investments to a corresponding amount. This restriction will diminish their demands upon the vendors and makers of whatever they abstain from purchasing, and these vendors and producers will be thrown out of employment to that extent. Thus the finding employment for the 20,000 will throw out of employment about 20,000 others, and then we shall have 40,000 to subsidize in the place of 20,000.

To employ all these, on the same principle, double taxation must now be enforced with double effect, *i.e.* the disemploying of 40,000 more. Then we must provide for 80,000. The next step in the same direction will bring the number of unemployed to 160,000; the next to 320,000; the next to 640,000; the next to 1,280,000, and so on until the taxation amounts to 100 per cent. on the incomes of the taxable; then all will become paupers together, with nobody to pay the poor's rates.

The monstrous absurdity of this

remedy would of course be practically demonstrated long before it reached this stage, but not before it had done serious mischief, if a community could be found sufficiently blind to commence it on a scale of appreciable magnitude.

Not so the remedy I propose, *viz.* the restoration of the people to the soil, of the tillers to tillage. In this case the newly provided labor would create additional food, more than the newly employed could themselves consume. Thus they would be fed, and the surplus go to the towns to feed the townsmen and supply productive employment for such as could make the implements, clothing, and other requirements of the soil-tillers. These would be given to them in exchange for their surplus food. Wealth would be actually created both in town and country by such employment.

Is this practicable? Yes. But not at a jump, as I have said already. Some temporary palliative may be immediately necessary, but let it be clearly understood that it is only a palliative, to be continued only *pro tem.*, while preparation for the radical remedy is in progress.

We have had much loose talk and flip-pant jeering anent "three acres and a cow." The proper objection to this is that one cow is of little use, seeing that she must annually be dry for three months or thereabout, and three acres are insufficient for the support of the smallest of families, even if held rent-free. A dozen acres and two cows (alternate milkers), plus a hundred hens, a dozen pigs, and fifty rabbits, &c., is nearer to the practical minimum, and such little farms can only afford a permanent remedy to existing and forthcoming troubles by being actual or prospective freeholds.

But reply will be made to this by the usual false statements concerning the superior productiveness of large to small farms, admiration of the agricultural machinery of large English farms, &c. To this will be added some purely speculative dream-talk about the further subdivision of such small estates, and the consequent starvation of the peasant proprietors.

There is no occasion to speculate at all on the subject; the experiment has

been tried on a huge scale by whole nations of widely varying character and climate with complete and unvarying success, and the imaginary subdivision has not taken place.

As regards the productiveness of results, let us compare Belgium, a country of small farms, with our own country.

The soundest test of agricultural success is afforded by the number of people that can be supported on a given area. Consulting Martin's "Statesman's Year-Book," I find that Belgium, in 1878, supported a population of 469 to the square mile; England and Wales only 389, or Great Britain and Ireland collectively 265. This in spite of the fact that we import such vast quantities of agricultural produce, grain, flour, beef, mutton, eggs, butter, cheese, milk, poultry, rabbits, &c. Some of these, chicory, butter, eggs, rabbits, beef, and mutton, come to us from Belgium, and flax to the value of about three quarters of a million annually besides.

Everybody knows that the huge indemnity resulting from the war with Germany instigated by Paris was paid out of the savings of the peasant proprietors; and any Englishman who chooses to investigate the facts may learn, from the growth of prosperity of the French peasantry, as proved by what they have invested on their little farms in purchase-money and improvements, and have invested in Government and other securities, a lesson that will make him blush with shame when he compares it with the progress of our own rustics in the same period.

I have made walking excursions across France and over similar ground in my own country. The contrast between the moral and physical condition of the rural population of the two countries is most painful to the contemplation of an Englishman. The very poorest of the poor in rural France are capitalists, whose savings are growing year by year, so that when old age arrives the father and mother end their days in comfort in their old home, now handed over to the son as a family estate. When old age comes upon the English hind (we have no peasants) he retires to the union workhouse as a matter of course, and even during his working life

he is too commonly a pauperized recipient of winter blankets and other pitiful doles.

Referring to the census of 1872—the latest I have at hand—I find that in France there were 5,970,171 heads of families engaged in agriculture in a total rural population of 24,888,904, and that the number of *freehold* agricultural properties amounted to 5,550,000; or otherwise stated, 92 per cent. of the agricultural laborers in France are working on their own family estates.

*Compare this with the condition of English Hodge.*

Walking from Switzerland into France through the Mulhouse tunnel, some years ago, I was overtaken by a violent hailstorm, and took shelter in one of the poorest cottages I have seen in France. The mother of the family complained of times being very hard for poor people, *because land was so dear*; not because the rents were high, or wages low, or employment scarce, but because freehold estates were hard to purchase. Imagine Hodge discussing the price of land in reference to his own purchasing powers!

This contrast is the more striking when we remember the wretched condition of the rural population of France previous to the Revolution, the ruinous effect of the wars of the first Napoleon in killing off the best of the rural manhood, and the subsequent crushing action of the conscription.

I am aware that certain fine lady and gentlemen tourists have peeped into the doors of a few homes of these freeholders, have learned what they have for dinner, and have been duly shocked at the absence of roast-beef and bacon, and the general frugality of the French farmer; but I find, on examining the notions of these visitors, that they compare the French peasant with the English farmer, the wealthy capitalist, the employer of Hodge, not with Hodge himself. This is nonsense. The French peasant proprietor is the poorest class in rural France, the class corresponding to that which in England is a hopeless, penniless serf, an actual or prospective pauper, with no prospect of any other refuge in old age than the union workhouse, and who, if endowed with any surplus energy, deserts his home to

matriculate in the slums, and develop into one of the "roughs" who, during the recent riots, supplied us with a mild foretaste of the necessary results of our present social arrangements.

Norway presents us with the grandest picture of the effects of peasant proprietorship. There the land has from time immemorial been the property of the laborer who tills it—it has never been poisoned by the foul curse of feudalism. The title-deeds of many of these peasant holdings are in a dead language, and the names of the peasants are those of the district. The results are marvellous. Land which no English farmer would or could cultivate under our agricultural system, even if receiving a liberal bounty per acre instead of paying rent, is there made to support whole families, and that by the same race as ourselves, and in latitudes hundreds of miles farther north than John o'Groat's House, some of it even within the arctic circle. Sailing along the arctic coast of Norway, the tourist passes here and there little oases called "stations," where the steam omnibus halts to land and embark a passenger or two. If a careful observer, he may learn that in the midst of the rocky desolation there is a deposit of rock fragments and gravel left by an ancient glacier in a hollow formerly filled by the ice. This is cultivated, is a dairy farm and fishing station, farmers and fishers being all freeholders and capitalists, no such class as laborers without property existing there.

One of the grandest of the Norwegian fjords is the Geiranger. It is walled by perpendicular precipices from 1,000 to 3,000 feet high. Sailing along the fjord, a boathouse is seen here and there at the foot of the dark wall. Looking skywards directly above it may be seen what appear to be toy houses on a green patch. Closer observation reveals moving objects, a field-glass shows that they are cattle, goats, and children, tethered to boulders to prevent them from straying over the edge of the precipice. A family resides up there, cultivating this bit of ancient glacier ground, backed by craggy mountain tops, with a foreground of precipice above the fjord. The only communication between these eagle-nest farms and the

outer world is by the boat below. How that boat is reached, where is the staircase of ledges on the face in the precipice, is incomprehensible to the passing tourist. In most cases no indication of a track is visible.

Nothing but absolute proprietorship by the cultivator could bring such land into cultivation. Latitude 62 deg., altitude 2,000 to 3,000 feet, summer three to four months long; the ground covered with snow during six to eight months of every year.

If the land of Britain were similarly held, millions of acres of British desert such as the Yorkshire and Derbyshire moors, Dartmoor, Exmoor, &c., would be covered with dairy and garden farms, like the hand-watered peasant freeholds of the Guldbrandsdal, where the magic power of such proprietorship has converted similar land into an Arcadia, though more than 200 miles farther north than the holdings of the Caithness crofters.

Leases, however long, are useless. An English lease is a monstrous iniquity, a confiscation contract forced upon the community, by a land monopoly, by a mere handful of men who hold the primary source of our daily bread; who hitherto have made our laws, and who practically say to us, "Accept this or starve." No sane man will highly cultivate land thus held; will subject the fruits of his whole life's labor and self-denial to such deliberate confiscation at the end of a specified term. Those who imagine that the rights of property will long continue to be respected in a community where they are thus grossly, openly, and systematically violated by its own wealthy law-makers must have unbounded faith in human inconsistency, and the self-sacrificing docility of the wealth-producing millions.

We must either restore the people to the soil, or the soil to the people. The latter alternative is already the growing, or rather surging, cry of a really dangerous propaganda. Those most profoundly interested—the present lords of the soil—have power to remedy existing evils and avert future catastrophes, but there is no more time to be lost, too much has been lost already. The increased heaping of the land into the

hands of an insignificant minority must be reversed as a means of national safety and a necessity of national progress. I cannot here enter upon the subject of practical measures by which the change is to be effected, but recommend our landed aristocracy to study the working of the *Crédit Foncier* instituted by Napoleon III. in aid of the purchase of estates by the peasantry—to do so with the view to initiate a similar institution on their own estates,

which they may carry out if they choose, but which (in the present state of things) cannot be done without their consent and aid. If they refuse to do this, let them extend their studies a little further back to include the whole history of the land and landlord question in France during the current century. They will thereby become acquainted with the alternative.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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### WHAT IS BI-METALLISM?

ONE of the great troubles of the commercial and financial world is the growing scarcity and dearness of gold, concurrently with a growing abundance and cheapness of silver. That gold is not merely a form of money, but is also a valuable and useful commodity in itself, goes without saying. What is true of gold is true also of silver. These two metals are called "precious" because, of all other metals, the desire to possess them in a crude form is universal. Let us put it in another way. All nations do not desire to possess pig-iron, or ingot copper, or block-tin, because all nations cannot utilize these metals in such form, however ready they may be to purchase articles made from them. But all nations above the lowest rank of savagery do desire to possess gold and silver in the state of bullion, because they can all utilize these metals in some mode of ornament or in purposes of exchange. But for obvious reasons the desire for silver is not so large and so general as the desire for gold.

From an early period in the history of civilization, gold and silver have been used as money, and the reason they are valuable as money is because they have a high intrinsic value. Now, value is a quality which has been variously defined, but which for our purposes can best be explained as of two kinds. That is to say, there is exchange value and intrinsic value. It is a common thing to say that an article is worth just what it will bring, or sell for. In a certain sense, this is true; but the "worth," or value, in such cases is

market or exchange value only. Take, for instance, the value in the book market of some scarce book or pamphlet for which an extravagant price will be paid by a bibliomaniac, wholly regardless of its literary merits. Books which are intellectually worthless will often attain a very high "market value." *Per contra*, a copy of the Bible may be obtained for sixpence.

In speaking of value, therefore, one must always understand whether market value or intrinsic worth be meant. The two do not always coincide. A thing is very often intrinsically worth a great deal more than it will sell for; and, on the other hand, a thing will often sell for a great deal more than it is intrinsically worth. No better examples of the latter can be mentioned than the extravagant prices which are sometimes paid for pieces of old china, or the extraordinary sums which were given for bulbs in the days of the Dutch tulip mania.

Now, the peculiar virtue of gold is that it combines the highest exchange value with the highest intrinsic value. It possesses qualities which no other substance has; some of these qualities adapt it for use as money, while it possesses at the same time a value independent of its worth as money—namely, its intrinsic value. That is to say, a sovereign is valuable not merely because it will exchange for twenty shillings, or purchase a pound's worth of goods, but also because it can itself, by re-melting it or otherwise, be made an article of use. The same is true only in a modified degree of silver money. A

shilling can be utilized in the same way as bullion-silver can ; but a shilling does not contain a shilling's-worth of the metal. This is why silver coins in this country are called only "token-money." Their intrinsic value is not equal to their "face," or exchange value, and therefore you cannot at law compel a man to receive payment of a debt from you in silver if the amount be greater than forty shillings sterling. Silver beyond forty shillings is not what is termed a "legal tender." A creditor may take silver from you if he likes, just as he may take a cheque from you if you have a banking account ; but you can no more compel him to receive payment in silver over forty shillings than you can compel him to take your cheque.\*

This has been the law of England since 1816 ; and it is this law which makes England what is called a mono-metallic country—that is, possessing one sole standard of value. That standard, as we know, is gold. But India is also a mono-metallic country, and silver is there the sole standard, gold not being now minted at all, although gold coins, such as mohurs, circulate to some extent, and are hoarded as "treasure." Indeed, in all the Asiatic countries it may be said that silver is the circulating medium of exchange—that is to say, the actual form of money. Yet, in all Asiatic countries, gold is more highly prized than silver, and is more readily taken in payment of a debt, even if of Western coinage ; and this fact is another illustration of the high intrinsic value of gold in all parts of the world. Strictly speaking, gold is not "money" in Asia, but it is held more precious than official money.

Now, there are certain persons who contend that it is a great mistake on the part of any nation to have a standard of value confined to a single metal, be it gold or silver, and who further contend that the existing universal depression of trade is principally due to England and one or two other countries rejecting silver for purposes of legal money. These persons are what it is usual to

call Bi-metallists, and they desire to see adopted a universal dual, or, more correctly, alternative standard.

The theory of bi-metallism is one of French origin. In 1865, certain European states formally adopted it. These states were France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland ; and their combination is known as the "Latin Union." The agreement they made among themselves was that each of them should coin both gold and silver in unrestricted quantities and of defined fineness, and that both gold and silver money should be "legal tender" in each state for all debts. That is to say, in the Latin Union a man may pay a debt of a thousand pounds, or any amount, in silver—if he likes—instead of being confined to forty shillings-worth of silver, as with us. In practice, he does not do so, because it is inconvenient to carry and to count large sums in silver coins. The purpose of that agreement was to increase the amount of coined currency without causing an addition to the market value of one metal by concentrating demands of mints upon one alone. It necessitated fixing a ratio of value between the two metals, and the ratio was taken by the Latin Union to be fifteen and a half parts of silver to one of gold. That is to say, one ounce of gold was declared by law to be "worth" fifteen and a half ounces of silver, and *vice versa*.

It would take too long and too much technicality to follow the operations of the Latin Union ; but it is necessary to explain that one branch of the agreement had to be departed from after the close of the Franco-German war. The Germans demanded payment of the whole of the two hundred millions of the war indemnity *in gold*, and they then adopted for themselves a gold standard. This is what is meant by saying that Germany demonetized silver ; she became mono-metallic, like England. The effect of this action on the part of Germany was to cause an extra demand for gold for mint purposes, and at the same time to throw upon the markets of the world a vast quantity of silver which was no longer wanted for coinage. Consequently, the price of silver measured in gold fell so considerably that the Latin Union could no longer maintain the ratio of fifteen-and-a-half to one,

\* The only other legal tender are Bank of England notes. They are a legal tender for sums above five pounds. The Bank of England itself must, however, if desired, pay gold.

which they had established. They therefore agreed among themselves not to coin any more silver—or to coin only such small quantities as were needed for the convenience of the people—while, however, they retained the principle of silver money being “legal tender” as well as gold.

Some years later, the United States government resumed specie payments—that is to say, they called in the “greenbacks,” or notes for small amounts which were issued during the war, when coin was scarce, and began to pay all their debts in gold. In order to do this, they had to purchase and mint a large quantity of that metal. Between 1873 and 1883, it is estimated that no less than two hundred millions sterling worth of gold were taken up for coinage over and above the normal consumption in that way. Thus, the United States required one hundred millions; Germany, eighty-four millions; and Italy, sixteen millions. This meant an average extra demand on the ten years of twenty millions annually.

We must bear these figures in mind in endeavoring to see how gold has become scarce, and, as it is termed, “appreciated in value.” Besides the coinage for these and the other states which have to put a certain quantity of gold through the mints every year in order to keep up their normal currency, there is the large demand for the metal for employment in the arts and manufactures. M. de Levalaye estimated a few years ago that the amount of gold thus used is about ten millions sterling annually; but in a former article we took fifteen millions sterling as the figure. The latter we believe to be nearer the mark, and it is the fact that the use of gold for purposes other than coinage is annually increasing.

A thing may increase in market value—which, as we have said, is different from intrinsic value—in two ways—namely, by reason of enlarged demand, or by reason of diminished supply. Both forces have operated in the case of gold; for, while the demand has increased in the manner just shown, the supply has been steadily falling off. In 1852, after the discoveries in California and Australia, the production of gold was to the value of thirty-six and a half

millions sterling; but now, it is only about half that amount. The decrease in yield is shown in a very interesting manner by comparing successive periods of five years. Thus:

Period.	Total Production.	Annual Average.
1852-56....	£150,000,000	£30,000,000
1857-61....	123,200,000	24,600,000
1862-66....	114,000,000	22,750,000
1867-71....	109,000,000	21,753,000
1871-75....	77,000,000	19,200,000

Between 1875 and 1882 the average remained a little over nineteen millions annually; but in 1883 the production was only about eighteen and a quarter millions; and in 1884 it was rather under eighteen millions sterling. At the close of last year, Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.—a leading bi-metallist—said that the present production could not be estimated at much over sixteen millions annually. If our estimate is correct, that fifteen millions annually are used in the arts and manufactures, it will be seen what a narrow margin is now left for coinage.

This is bad enough from a bi-metallist point of view; but worse remains. Silver has been all the time increasing in amount of production. We have not the figures for precisely the same periods as for gold, but the following will suffice to show the growth in the yield of silver:

Period.	Total Production.	Annual Average.
1852-62....	£90,760,000	£9,076,000
1863-73....	124,530,000	12,453,000
1874-80....	110,400,000	15,771,428
1881.....	....	18,800,000
1882.....	....	20,500,000
1883.....	....	21,400,000
1884.....	....	21,400,000

The broad inference from these figures is that the production of silver has about doubled within the last twenty years. The increase is mainly, if not entirely, from the development of the mines in the western States of America; and an American authority estimates that the production will probably double itself again within the next twenty years.

Now, the curious fact is, that while the world at once and greedily absorbs the annual production of gold, it is in present circumstances unable to utilize all the silver. This metal is actually decreasing in employment in the arts; and indeed, it is within the observation of every one that silver-plate is no longer the highly coveted possession which it

once was in middle-class families. One meets now with "solid-silver" appliances comparatively seldom in general use, electro-plate having taken their place. Its disuse as money has been already mentioned.

The result is remarkable. In 1848, the metallic money, current or hoarded in the world, was estimated at one thousand millions sterling, of which four hundred millions were gold, and six hundred millions were silver. In 1870, the metallic money was estimated at fourteen hundred millions, of which seven hundred and fifty millions were gold, and six hundred and fifty millions were silver. At present, the metallic money of the world is estimated at about fifteen hundred and seventy millions sterling, of which about eight hundred millions are gold, and seven hundred and twenty millions are silver. It is to be remembered also that a very small proportion of the gold which is withdrawn for manufactures and ornaments ever finds its way back into the circulating arena, because the labor expended on the finished ornament gives it a higher value than can be obtained out of the melting-pot. In this connection another interesting point may be noticed, which is, that it has been ascertained that out of every three thousand sovereigns coined, one sovereign represents the annual loss by friction; and in half-sovereigns the annual loss in the same way is one in eighteen hundred. It may not be generally known that our gold coins circulate very much in some parts of the East and in South America, and are only returned to this country when they have lost in weight by friction. This loss reduces the intrinsic value; but when sent to London, they are exchangeable at face value, if not excessively abraded.

The effect of this change in the actual production and employment of gold and silver is to materially alter their relative values. The value of silver measured in gold has fallen so enormously, that instead of the ratio being, as was fixed by the Latin Union, fifteen and a half parts of silver to one of gold, the actual ratio in the markets of the world is now only about twenty parts of silver to one of gold. It is estimated that a sovereign will now purchase as much as thirty

shillings would do fifteen years ago; and this is what is meant by saying that the appreciation of gold is the cause of the depreciation of prices of commodities. But all this time silver has remained the legal standard of value of India, and a rupee is still worth two shillings in that country. That is to say, a rupee has still the purchasable power of two shillings in India; but in England it is worth only about one shilling and sevenpence. Therefore, upon every pound which the Indian remits to this country he must lose twenty per cent., or about four shillings, for exchange. This is a very serious loss not only on merchants—many of whom, however, can to some extent counteract it by sending home goods instead of money, goods which they buy for silver in Calcutta and sell for gold in London—but also on the government, which has to send home something like fifteen millions sterling, gold value, every year, to meet the interest on the public debts, and the like.

The position, then, is this—that the supply of gold-money is now too small for the world's needs, and that all commerce and international intercourse is being hampered by the restriction of the medium of exchange. At present, the sole practical medium is gold; and gold-money, as Mr. Goschen has remarked, has three functions to perform: it has to supply the pocket and till-money of the people; it has to remain in the vaults of bankers as security for the notes issued against it; and it has to serve in settling the balances between nations. The larger the amount of trade which is being done, the larger must these balances necessarily be—although not in direct proportion—and the more gold must be required to adjust them. By analogy of reasoning, the less gold there is in the form of circulating money, the more must the trade be restricted. If the restriction does not operate on volume, it must operate on prices, and this in effect is what has happened.

The subject of concern, then, in the circles of finance throughout the world is how to rehabilitate silver, as it is termed—that is, how to replace it in the position which it is claimed the metal should occupy as money. If the sup-

ply of gold is too small for the world, then the only alternative is to utilize silver more largely, and to give it an official value in relation to gold. That value cannot now be placed in the ratio of fifteen-and-a-half to one; but it is thought that common agreement among the nations might enable the ratio to be fixed at something like seventeen to one.

The object of the bi-metallists is to bring about an arrangement between all the nations of Europe and the United States of the same principle and effect as that adopted by the Latin Union, which we have described. That is to say, they seek to have the free concurrent coinage of both gold and silver in a fixed ratio of value, and to have both metals everywhere decreed unlimited legal tender. The effect of this would be, they claim, to provide a supply of metallic coinage amply sufficient for the world's present and increasing requirements, while it would prevent those violent fluctuations in exchange which do so much to disturb our trade with the silver-using countries of the East and of South America (where the Mexican silver dollar is the standard). Unless this be done, they assert, gold will become the sole currency of the world, and will have to perform the work of two metals. The effects of the consequent depreciation of silver upon India will be ruinous, and the effects of the consequent appreciation of gold will be to reduce the value of property in all commodities in this country still further. The final result, say some, must be panic and revolution.

The arguments *pro* and *con.* involve technicalities not quite suitable for our pages. It may be mentioned, however, that those opposed to bi-metallism say that there is no reason to conclude that the supply of gold has *permanently* fallen off; that fresh discoveries may be made any day; that the effects of the fluctuations of exchange on trade are exaggerated, and do not, in practice, prevent free commercial intercourse between countries of quite different currencies; and that the diminishing use of silver in the arts is an argument against its use as money. If silver be-

comes comparatively valueless as a commodity, how, it is asked, can the ratio of value as money between it and gold be maintained? The metal would be placed in the anomalous position of having two values—one at the mints, and another in the markets—and the consequence would be that the market value would rule, and people would refuse to take the silver money. This is the case at present in the United States, where the government is compelled by law to buy for coinage some five hundred thousand pounds-worth of silver every month, which silver money lies dead in the treasury because the people don't want it.

On the other hand, it may be contended that the very fact of silver being legalized by all the great nations of the world would impart to it a value which might re-create a demand for it for other employment. It may be possible, too, to arrange not a permanent but an adjustable ratio, to be altered from time to time by joint agreement among the nations, according as the relative values of the metals are affected by supply and demand.

Be this as it may, it would seem that all the nations concerned, including even Germany, who acknowledges having made a mistake in demonetizing silver, are more or less in favor of bi-metallism, and that all wait for the concurrence of England. In the United States, the present efforts of the government are directed toward repealing the law which compels them to coin a certain amount of silver—not that they do not want a dual currency, but simply because they cannot work it as long as England persists in adhering to the gold standard. Thus it would appear that in the great silver question England is, rightly or wrongly, not as yet prepared to come to a decision. In England, moreover, counsels are very much divided among experts, while the general public gives almost no attention to the question whatever. It is in the hope of stimulating the interest of our readers in a great, almost a vital matter, that we place this article before them.—*Chambers's Journal*.



## THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

BY W. R. BROWNE.

A DISTINGUISHED German jurist, writing in March 1883, to a friend of his and mine in England, added the following postscript: "Do you know any good treatise on the duties and character of a *gentleman*? It is a peculiarly English social type. I should like to draw up a comparison with our Continental rules of respectability."

To this inquiry only one reply seemed to be possible, namely, that no such formal treatise has ever attained any reputation, if, indeed, it had ever been written, and yet the thought suggested itself: Is not the type one which, even in the estimation of its enemies and detractors, has certain characteristics of value, worth preserving, therefore, in a special monograph, for the information of a curious posterity, to whom the type itself may be no longer accessible! Failing such a monograph, it may be worth while to indicate a few of these characteristics, which, though familiar in the present day, may yet form valuable material for some future historian of the race.

I do not intend to draw such a comparison as the letter suggested between the gentleman of England and his correlative in Germany or France: that must be left to those more familiar with these latter types. But it has been my lot to have much intercourse, on tolerably equal terms, with a good many Englishmen of all classes; and I have thus, perhaps, had a better chance than many men, of studying and fixing that something, the possession of which makes a man emphatically a gentleman—a something which most Englishmen are quick enough to detect, but which they do not find it by any means easy to define.

If I could but transfer to these pages a real portrait—such a portrait as Velasquez or Vandyke would have painted—of one of the many true gentlemen I have known, the work would be three parts done to my hand. But such portraits are not now painted, nor can we hope much from the more elaborate and fuller likeness which may be drawn in a

good biography. Such men do not get their biographies written—it is not the custom of their class; or, if they do, it is not the qualities which marked them as gentlemen that are likely to be brought into prominence.

This, then, is my definition: *A gentleman is one to whom discourtesy is a sin and falsehood a crime.*

In order to see how near this is likely to come to the truth, let us consider briefly what the definition must *not* be. By the time we have done this we shall probably have arrived at a pretty good idea of what it should be.

First, then, the true definition must not be drawn according to circumstances of birth. English gentlemen form an order to which any man may aspire to belong. They do not form a caste. There is nothing in English nomenclature which corresponds even remotely to the "Von" of Germany, or the "De" of the *Ancien Régime*. That a man has been ennobled does not confer, as in Germany, a patent of nobility on his descendants. The son of the premier duke does, indeed, retain a shadowy title of courtesy; but his grandson, if not the future head of the house, is undistinguishable by name from all other Howards—even from those who were once Hoggssflesh or Bugg. There is nothing, therefore, *de jure* to prevent one of inferior birth from becoming a gentleman, or one of the highest birth from ceasing to be one. And as there is nothing *de jure*, so there is also nothing *de facto*. I feel confident that every gentleman who has mixed much with men of all classes, will agree with the recipient of the letter before mentioned, in the remark, "Any true definition of a gentleman must be wide enough to include *some* kings and *some* laborers"—a remark which puts the question neatly into a nutshell.

Secondly, the definition must not be in any way a question of wealth. This is even more evident than the first condition. Wealth can do almost anything now-a-days. Judiciously employed, and to a sufficient amount, it can easily

get a man a seat in Parliament ; somewhat less easily, and under the same conditions, it can get him a peerage ; without great difficulty it can get him the *entrée* into any class of society, even into what is called the highest ; with very considerable difficulty, and not without some qualifications to back it, it can get him a fellowship in the Royal Society. But one thing it cannot and will not do : it cannot procure him the name of being "really a gentleman" from those even who eat his dinners, ride his horses, and sail in his yacht. Nor will those hangers-on refuse the title to a man whom they feel to deserve it, though he be clad in rusty black and hurrying out of a third-class carriage to find a seat on the top of an omnibus.

Thirdly, the definition must not be on the mere lines of outward manners—I say "outward manners," for in that sense of the word which is preserved to us in the grand old proverb, "Manners maketh man," it may fairly be said to suit our purpose. But though good manners, in the ordinary sense of the term, are an important addition, a well-nigh indispensable garment, as it were, to the true gentleman, they do not form part of his actual nature and substance. We must, all of us, know men whose manners leave very much to desire, and yet to whom it would be impossible to refuse the title. A *finished* gentleman such an one may not be ; but a gentleman he is, notwithstanding. The fact is that what are called good manners, whilst they contain an element which is permanent and precious, contain also an element which is transitory, conventional, capricious—a matter of fashion, not of feeling. No one, for instance, can read the novels of Miss Austen or Miss Burney, without feeling that since the beginning of the century the English standard of good manners has altered greatly—and altered, on the whole, very much for the better. But the broad distinction between one who is, and one who is not, a gentleman does not rest upon these temporary and changeable bases.

If, therefore, the brevet of a gentleman rests neither upon birth, nor wealth, nor outward manners, we seem forced to the conviction that it must somehow rest upon those inward man-

ners which make the man, and of which the outward should be only the visible sign ; in one word, upon character. And granting this, we shall not have much difficulty in fixing on the special qualities which go to form their character, whether we adopt the view suggested by the friend already referred to, that—

Truth in the soul to friend or foe,  
To all above and all below,—

to which he adds, however, "Some delicacy of feeling for others," or whether we prefer the definition I had myself struck out independently, that "Discourtesy is a sin, and falsehood a crime," we arrive at very much the same result. Nay, may we not combine the two by saying that a gentleman is one who, whether in great things or small, whether in things inward or things outward, tries to act up to the old precept, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

I think we shall see that this definition, whether in its twofold or its simple form, applies to and explains many of those traits of character, some of them admirable but others the reverse, which will be generally acknowledged as belonging to the English gentleman. Take first his conduct to inferiors. Two men, for instance, are walking up a railway-platform to enter a carriage. Externally there may not be much to distinguish them ; but listen to the tone in which each addresses the porter who follows with his wraps and baggage. We feel at once, "This man is a gentleman ; the other is a snob," and we may be sure the porter is equally quick to note the difference. It is not necessarily that the snob's words and tone are rude and insulting ; very likely, on the contrary, they are jolly and familiar, but they are not of a character either fitting or correct. A gentleman will never forget the respect which is due to every man, as a man, so long as he is doing his duty and behaving in an orderly manner ; neither will he ever forget the respect which is due to himself. True courtesy is neither churlish nor patronizing.

And as the snob and gentleman differ with regard to inferiors, so will they with regard to superiors in station. It is true that here neither is likely to err

on the side of rudeness ; unless, indeed, the snob should happen to be a Radical of the more offensive type. It is far more likely, however, that he will distinguish himself by a cringing manner, profuse use of titles, and lavish offers of unneeded services ; while the gentleman will not forget that his interlocutor, even if a Prince of the Blood, is, like himself, an English gentleman, and has no wish whatever to be treated as if he were anything more. All the homage that etiquette prescribes he will give willingly and unofficially ; but he will give it only as one freeman who renders his just dues to another.

There never was an act which more clearly bespoke the gentleman, than when young Walter Raleigh flung his cloak down upon the puddle that lay in the path of the Queen. A snob, if such a happy idea had ever occurred to him, would have pulled his coat off for the same purpose, and would thereby have made Elizabeth angry and himself ridiculous.

Again, we are always hearing of the *hauteur*—the cold, distant, unsociable behavior—of the English "Milord" travelling on the Continent. Putting aside all that may fairly be ascribed to differences of temperament and manner, there remains, perhaps, enough to justify the statement that this is one of the faults of the English gentleman. But whence does it arise ? He is seated, we will say, beside a somewhat shabby Frenchman, in a second-class carriage. The Frenchman, no doubt, would be happy to converse on almost any subject ; on his own private affairs or the Englishman's ; on politics, French and English ; on the chances of a second Suez Canal ; on the sensational trial of the moment, and on fifty other topics. But the Englishman's feelings are different. His neighbor's affairs do not interest him in the least, nor his views on the topics of the day ; his own affairs he is certainly not going to disclose to a stranger ; and he is profoundly conscious that one half of the conversation must go on either in his own most indifferent French, or in his neighbor's most excruciating English. He would much prefer, therefore, to be left to his newspaper. He assumes—in which, of course, he is wrong—that what he pre-

fers his neighbor must really prefer also ; and he keeps silence accordingly. It is really not that he is either selfish or morose ; he only takes it as a principle of courtesy that needless conversation is better omitted, unless it is to the taste of both parties ; and we are free to admit that the rule in itself appears to be a sound one.

From a similar feeling springs the dislike and avoidance of ceremony, which is specially characteristic of English gentlemen and ladies at the present day. The last words are used advisedly, because sixty years ago things were very different. To take one instance ; it was an essential point of good manners that at table the host should press every dish on the special attention of a guest, and almost insist on his partaking of it. Now, all this formality has shrunk to the simple and necessary question, "What will you have ?" The change is much for the better, and it has been wrought by the operation of the law we are discussing. The host knows that his guest is the best judge of what he likes, and will take it without the need of pressing ; that to be obliged to refuse what he does not like, still more to be obliged to eat it, is a pain and not a pleasure ; and, doing as he would be done by, he places the viands at his guest's disposal and then leaves him to the dictates of his own appetite and inclination.

Hitherto we have spoken only of courtesy ; let us now speak of the other higher virtue, namely, truth. Here I may call on the side of my definition a witness certainly not prejudiced in favor of aristocracy—the late John Stuart Mill. He observed, if I remember right, that the chief moral superiority of England over other races lay in this—that the upper classes do not lie, and that the lower classes, though habitual liars, have yet the grace to be ashamed of lying.

Whilst cordially agreeing in this general conclusion, I fear that the view he took of his fellow-countrymen cannot be branded as too harsh—rather the reverse. I wish I could think that, as a body, even the upper classes never lie. Of course there is lying and lying. The number of men who will lie for no consideration at all is perhaps insignificant.

The number who will lie for a relatively small consideration—say a shilling in the case of a poor man, or a £5 note in the case of a rich man—is not very great, though, of course, much larger in the former class than in the latter. But when it comes to a relatively large sum—to a matter of £50 for the poor man, or £5,000 for the rich man—then, remembering what I remember, I can only shake my head. Still more is this the case (with the latter, at least) if it is not a matter of gaining hard cash, so much as of getting out of some scrape, avoiding some disgrace.

But though every one individual English gentleman may sometimes fall short of the standard of truth which belongs to him, this does not prevent that standard from existing or from being accepted as characteristic of his order. And, as a matter of fact, the standard of truthfulness in word and deed is far higher among English gentlemen than among any other set of men, past or present—back, at least, to the times of those ancient Persians whose education, according to Herodotus, consisted in knowing how to ride, how to handle the bow, and how to speak the truth. We have said “in word and deed” for it is not only sheer brutal lying that a gentleman avoids and hates; it is falsehood of all kinds and shades; hinted as well as spoken, acted as well as hinted, all flattery and cajolery directed toward others, all ostentation, puffing and glorification of oneself. To this is very largely to be ascribed the reserve and coldness with which he is credited, and which do undoubtedly form one of his defects. The effusive compliments, the loud demonstrations of regard which come naturally, for instance, to a Frenchman, are to the Englishman distasteful and objectionable; to use his own language, “he cannot give into this humbug.” He likes his friends, and will do much to serve them; but he seldom or never tells them so, nor do they expect it. Two brothers—brothers in heart and mind as much as in blood—will separate for the work of manhood, and, after years of absence and wandering, will meet with no greater outward show of affection than may be gathered from such laconic sentences as “Well, Dick,” “How are you, Tom?” This repres-

sion of all sentiment (to use a word peculiarly odious to a gentleman) may no doubt be carried too far; yet, if we are to err, it is well that it should be on the side of truth rather than of falsehood. As regards himself, his reticence about his own exploits is only equalled by that of a first-rate Swiss guide—a man who, by the bye, would perhaps be closer to the ideal gentleman than can be found anywhere out of England. Take, as a typical instance of this temper, that naval captain, whose well-known laconic despatch to his admiral ran as follows: “Sir, I have the honor to report that since the 18th instant I have burnt, captured, or sunk all the French ships off this coast. Number as per margin. I am, Sir,” etc. It is impossible to doubt that man’s nationality, or that he was a gentleman. The same tendency is well seen in the portrait of “young Rapid” as sketched in Whyte Melville’s “Riding Recollections”—a book itself worthy to be put in evidence on the subject, since its author, while dwelling so long on the sporting exploits of others, never once touches on his own. “Did you get away with them on Thursday?” asks a friend. “Yes, I was one of the lucky ones.” The real fact being that by a piece of desperate riding young Rapid secured the lead in the first few fields, and held it to the end of the run. The same applies to all other pursuits and pastimes—a gentleman does not value skill and courage in these less than the rest of the world, nor is he less ready to give them their due meed of praise when exhibited by others; but he shrinks from calling attention to them when they are his own.

I come now to the last characteristic, on which I venture to touch for one moment, as depending in great measure, at least, on his love of honesty and truth. I allude to his conduct towards women. I do not mean to claim for him any particular cleanness of life, though in a fitting place such a claim might, perhaps, be substantiated. But this I may say without fear: that of that form of love, most falsely so called, which, whether exercised toward maid or wife, has been the favorite and special pursuit and glory of men of honor in all ages—of this he knows, and cares to know, nothing whatever. It is alien to

no rival, namely mountaineering—a sport at which squires and soldiers are apt to look somewhat askance. I am not about to rank it on a par with fox-hunting, taken as a whole; but those who despise it should remember what it implies. A man riding best speed at a big fence, whether in a run or a steeple-chase, does not see his danger actually before him, and if he did he has no time to feel afraid of it. But when a man finds himself (as every mountaineer must have found himself once and again) clinging with fingers and feet to well-nigh imperceptible crevices in a well-nigh perpendicular rock; when he glances downwards and sees the said rock round itself in a rapid curve, allowing his eye to drop down to the glacier a thousand feet below; when he feels quite certain that he cannot get forward, and quite uncertain whether he can get back; then he cannot help finding out what his nerves are, and learning whether he can depend on his own hand and head to help him out of a difficulty. One such experience is worth an eternity of politics.

It remains to speak of the man of business, or the moneyed man, which may be done in a few words. There are obvious reasons why the true gentleman is somewhat rarer in this class than in those previously considered; perhaps not much more common in reality than in lower strata of society where the term would not usually be applied. But that many men of business are gentlemen, those who know them will not deny; and when the type is found it is a very high one. For once that a squire or a soldier is tempted to sail near the wind in the matter of truth, a man of business is tempted a hundred times; and, if he resolutely resists the temptation, his character takes a higher tone accordingly. Moreover, his continual battling with many men and many things gives him a special coolness and self-reliance, and also a command of temper which may well be the admiration of less disciplined minds. And one claim I make for him which will not be so easily allowed, namely, an indifference in the matter of money. The opposite is often alleged because he is free, perhaps ostentatious, in spending it; but this is because he values it so little, *not*

because he values it so much. He who doubts this had better see him at times (not unfrequent in these days) when, instead of making money, he is losing it. I fear that many even of the best among squires and professional men will bear the loss of £100 with less equanimity than the business-man the loss of £10,000. He looks upon money much as an ordinary man looks upon fine weather—as something to be enjoyed and made the most of while it lasts, but by no means to be wept over when it is gone. Thus, when money comes lightly, he spends it lightly; not, however, throwing it wantonly away, but with much thought and, often, not a little generosity. But if fortune frowns, and his wealth is swept away, he shrugs his shoulders, sells his house and pictures, and sits down quietly to begin the world again.

It is time to bring to a close these rough and random reflections. How slight they are, how unworthy of their theme, none can be more conscious than the writer. May they only stimulate some better historian to describe the type, while it remains a living one. How long this will be, who can say? For it is sufficiently evident that in that new Democracy, with which Mr. Labouchere and others threaten us, the English gentleman will be allowed no place, and would not claim it if he could. From what used to be thought the highest arena, that of politics, he is clearly passing away. The House of Commons used to be called the first assembly of gentlemen in Europe. But their number in the present House of Commons has been estimated at eighty.\* In the next will there be more or fewer? Probably the latter; for, if there is one point characteristic of the gentleman of the younger generation, it is his deep-seated contempt for politics and politicians. He is hardly likely to bestir himself much even to defend his order; for, much as he loves fighting, it must be fighting which is fair. Still less is he likely to let himself be improved off the face of the earth. He is quite capable of taking care of himself, and will simply betake himself to fresh pursuits and

\* This paper was written while the last Parliament was in existence.—EDITORS *N. R.*

fresh scenes. May he convey with him those traditions of courtesy and truth, of chivalry and justice, which cannot (like his property) become the spoil of

Democracy, and which would be more than useless to it if they could.—*National Review*.

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## ARTIST LIFE IN ROME, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY WILLIAM DAVIES.

THACKERAY, in his *Newcomes*, touching with graphic pencil the congenial studio-life in Rome of former days, says, "When Clive Newcome comes to be old"—and here, it may be presumed, personal reminiscence moved his pen—"he will remember his Roman days as amongst the happiest which fate ever awarded him." Goethe, too, dwelt upon that part of his life when he sojourned in the ancient city as the holiday of his existence, and is reported to have said, in his conversations with Eckermann, "Compared with my situation at Rome, I have never since felt real gladness." To realize these conditions of feeling in the clearest manner the charm of its intoxication must have been experienced. Although the old light still lingers in the dim corners of its narrow streets and ancestral palaces—such of them as remain—one must have dwelt within its walls in past days in order fully to appreciate that strange fascination which took hold upon these writers, and which has not infrequently held those who had come to it for a visit of a week or two, till the stronger arm of death has laid them asleep beneath the cypresses that shade the tombs of the brother poets, whose verses yet fill our hearts with an entrancing sweetness. Even here in sober moments the softer nature loves to muse and brood, and, lulled by the distant sounds of the city and the song bird's melody, fancy the cold pillow less hard and lonely, "half in love with easeful Death," soothed by the alternations of silence and repose in this tranquil spot.

Very fast the former mediæval character of the city is being obliterated. Street after street is rebuilt in the newest and most monotonous fashion. Stuccoed fronts and loaded window frames are a poor substitute for the picturesque quaintness of its demolished

buildings. Some of its most interesting churches are elbowed almost out of existence by the tide of modern life. The open loggia, with its pots of flowers and green trellises, is quickly vanishing; the numerous gardens of former years, through the gateways of which might be seen an old-world mossy fountain between trees of yellow lemon and golden orange glowing amidst the dark foliage, festoons of the thickly-flowered Banksia overflowing the walls, are now becoming a thing of the past. Its ancient villas are being mapped out into building lots: all is fast changing.

Not to dwell, however, on these changes—it is, perhaps, hardly worth while to do so—memory points to more congenial times and surroundings; and it is chiefly with these that I purpose to occupy the reader's attention for a few moments from the weight of graver matters.

Twenty years may be looked upon in these days of hurried living as a considerable portion of a lifetime. Twenty years in Rome have seen the changes of almost fifty years in England: the changes from an old world to a new one. Twenty years ago Rome for the artist was as a quiet nook in the world wherein he might enjoy the advantages of both town and country. Even in its busier streets he might have planted his easel, and beyond the curiosity of a few loiterers he would not have been molested. His lodging, too, if not luxurious, would have been cheap, clean, and comfortable, quite without the dinginess of a north European town. He would have found his homely quarters in some old and rambling house up many flights of stairs, through passages partitioned off from rooms which, with the strange characteristics of Roman house-architecture, were only to be entered each from the other unless by special adaptation.

Once in his nest, he would probably have overlooked a cheerful garden, a quaint *cortile* with a gurgling fountain to which noisy cans were let down from the surrounding windows by guiding wires and hoisted up, splashing and clanking, by means of creaking pulleys; or perhaps a more extended view would have gladdened him, companion of the dawn and sunset, some portion of the network of the city spread beneath him with the glimpse of a spectral dome in the distance. The early Angelus rung out from a neighboring campanile would have waked him before the day, but only that he might remember he was in Rome and sleep the more soundly for the waking. For his meals—they were rarely to be had in the house—he would have found out some old-fashioned *trattoria*, not easily discovered by the chance stranger, haunt of friendly and congenial souls of a like fraternity. If the weather were sufficiently warm his table might have been spread in a back garden beneath the shelter of screening vines. Here he would have sipped his Velletri or Marino, or if more luxuriously inclined, his est-est, the pride of Montefiascone, and have smoked his ridiculously cheap and not too good cigar with the most perfect satisfaction. His breakfast would always have been taken at the Caffé Greco, that ancient resort of the artists and literati of all countries. Here he would have seen, at the time of which I speak, if he had gone at a sufficiently early hour, a man of spare form and figure, rather below the average height. His head was finely modelled, the features showing a certain severity of line. He rarely laughed, but there always seemed to be a keen sense of dry humor underlying his seriousness of deportment. This was John Gibson, the sculptor. His sayings were sententious and incisive, but were always given in the quietest of tones. Particularly did he delight, with the authority of a veteran, to lecture young painters and sculptors on the advantages of early rising; and woe to the protégé or young practitioner who only called for his coffee as he was finishing his own. In his department his sway was absolute. But, alas! for human greatness. I am afraid he is now being fast forgotten, for all his ambitious aims and his really fine-

spirited works. How many are there now of the thousands who crowd the annual exhibitions at Burlington House who climb the narrower staircase to the rooms where his beloved works are stored! Begrimed by the smoke of a London atmosphere in their unregarded solitude, the delicate marbles which almost seemed to hold the life-blood beneath their immaculate surface untainted in the light and ether of Rome (and perhaps even their artistic surroundings did something for them), now wear the forlorn aspect of neglected and deserted children, their beauty hardly discerned in the cold and indifferent city wherein they have found their uncongenial home. To return to the man. Many an evening at the twilight hour have I sat in his studio listening to his quaint stories, interspersed with autobiographical incidents from his early life. These were told in so original a manner that it would be impossible to reproduce them in any other than the exact words used in the telling. There was a droll sense of suppressed humor in all he uttered which reminded one of Charles Lamb in some of his happier touches. He lived for his art and died in its willing service; and, perhaps, if the dull, cold ear of death could have heard the salute fired over his grave from French muskets when the last solemn words had been said, he would not have slept the less soundly; for professional renown was dear to him. Another figure, too, stands out from the past through the smoky atmosphere of that sacred resort. Taller and stouter than his friend was the person and form of a brother artist, but of the brush, not the chisel. It was that of Penry Williams. Once reputed amongst the distinguished men of his time, he held a respectable position in his art. One must not, however, judge him by his latest works. Some of his earlier studies, but just now dispersed, might have held a worthy position amongst the Coxes and Cotmans of a bygone time. Only a few months ago he found his last resting place not far from that of his valued friend and companion. Many who sat there then and since, whose names are before the public, eminent in their profession, loom through the cloudy shades of this second "Mermaid Tavern," now only a name and a memory.

True, it exists still. But its benches are deserted, its glory has gone. No more have the nations meet in its dingy recesses. A few evening habitués occupy its seats behind the marble-topped tables, on which as many drawings and sketches have been made and ruthlessly wiped out by the waiters as would stock the portfolios of the most greedy dilettante: heads, figures, landscapes in all grades of seriousness and humor. They who drew them go there no more.

Amongst the pleasant memories of artist life in Rome in former days must be numbered those of long sunny rambles across the Campagna, when a little band of artist folk would join each other in such an excursion. The charm and fascination of the Roman Campagna has been often dwelt upon. The expansive slopes, with here and there a broken ruin rising from the sod, desolate monument of a vanished order, the solitary *tenuta*, or farm, with its gray walls on which the sunshine broods all day, with perhaps a decapitated mediæval tower rising beside it, the marshy valleys in which the long-horned cattle feed, the wandering river, Arno or Tiber, flowing silently, taking the reflection of the blue sky, the striding aqueduct, the distant mountains, friends of the sun, speckled with glittering homestead and sparkling town—all beautiful, almost eerie and weird in a sense of solemn, far-spreading grandeur, overshadowed, as it were, by the wing of memory and the vague apprehension of more momentous events than memory records. Felt all this may have been, but it is not in the healthy artist's temperament to dwell too long on the sentimental side of nature or circumstance. Joke and laughter rang in the crystal air, now and then a stoppage being proclaimed to observe some remarkable passage and to review its adaptation to a pictorial purpose. "Do you see that middle distance?" says one, shading his eyes, "now that is all scumblng." "No," says another, "it is undoubtedly glazed." "I assure you," says the first, "I am right, for if you will look carefully you may see the marks of the brush." Such sallies are greeted with a hearty laugh, for if the wit be little at such moments, merriment is not wanting. Often these excursions were prolonged to the distant

mountains, where a substantial meal repaired the fatigue of a somewhat lengthy walk.

Whilst dwelling on the Campagna I recall the name of one of its worthier representers in art, that of J. Collingham Moore. The tenderness and subtilty of its lines and colors were happily and faithfully rendered on his paper. His mode of study was a conscientious one, and might be considered exemplary in these days of the slavish reproduction of the appearance of nature which often makes that which should be accounted a study take the place of the more thoughtful picture. It was this. He would with great care and much consideration make choice of a subject. A colored drawing was then undertaken of the passage selected. Then by hour-long observation, frequent visits being made to the spot at the time of the effect chosen for the picture, and with many pencil notes, the scene was thoroughly absorbed, digested, so to speak, in the mind during the whole painting of the picture. By this means the work obtained an individuality, an inward truthfulness which gave it a personal value and importance, bearing the thoughtfulness within it by which it had been wrought out. When the tawny Tiber flowed through his landscape it did not fail to carry on its surface that strange intermingling of heaven and earth—the blue of the sky reflected on the mud of its eddy—so difficult to render, which is its especial characteristic.

In the memory of names not yet extinct in the artist society of Rome must be mentioned that of Fortuny, the Spanish painter, as endowed with a fine genius which has left its mark on the generation. There was something noble in his personality. Youthful, vigorous, spirited, his handsome face and manly figure gave the stamp to an unaffected and genial character which won the regard of all that knew him. He wrought in a roomy studio outside of the Porta del Popolo in an old palace, for inside the town he could not find a studio to contain his larger canvases. He had accompanied the Spanish expedition to Morocco, commissioned to represent pictorially scenes from the campaign. One of these was particularly fine. It was a charge of cavalry little more than



sketched in, the canvas hardly covered in some places, but nothing could exceed the force, energy, and robust grasp with which he had treated the subject. Everything was right at the first touch. One expected the horses to leap from the canvas, so spiritedly and with so much animation and power were they conceived and laid in. Scarcely less striking and remarkable were other studies done at the same time and place. Dark Moorish gateways, with a brightly-colored figure or two and a few cocks and hens, recalled the glare of African suns and the strange reality of un-European surroundings. Whether amidst such scenes as these, or in the salons of bygone times in which the velvet-coated connoisseur nosed about his portfolios and pictures, his genius was equally at home. Unpretentious and modest, at this time his work was not much regarded, partly because it was but little known, but more because it was a new interpretation of the forms and appearances of nature. The old lines were left and a new point of view established; a sin whose punishment is not only felt in the artist's profession. He did not, however, want appreciators then amongst the few, and lived to gain a reputation with the many. Dying in the bloom of his powers he left a warm memory behind him, and his tomb in the Campo Verano—the burial place of Rome—is still kept green with unforgetful wreaths and brightened with flowers, tokens of esteem for his work and affection for his person not soon to be extinguished.

Much, however, as one may be impressed with his work, one cannot consider that his influence has been altogether a wholesome or a beneficial one. He has given tone and character to the whole school of modern painting in Rome, and his influence extends beyond it. In spite of his dexterity, his marvellous subtilty of rendering, his keen insight into the minute and characteristic, one feels ultimately that it is not the best thing in art. Sensuous (not sensual) in perception, just in representation, it yet fails to reach the profounder feelings of the heart and of the mind. Soul it has, but it is the soul of a material order. It sees the outside of things, but the higher significance, the finer perception which belongs to the noblest ex-

ponents of art, is certainly wanting. It is conceived and expressed in the material element without any traces of the spirit's power. But for this reason it suits the Italian idiosyncrasy and has been accepted and prosecuted to a degree which, wanting the impressiveness and vitality of the first master, becomes somewhat of a monotony and weariness.

Other memories of bygone days will take us during the hot season to the annual *villeggiatura* amongst the mountains. Tivoli, with its romantic gorge, wonderful cascades, and the Villa d'Este, rises up before us bathed in flooding sunshine, the little round temple overlooking the dim ravine beneath the peristyle of which the mid-day meal was served, whence were seen the silvery fall in whose misty spray the sun wove a mystic web of prismatic colors, the broken convent, and the olive-clad hillside. Lulled with the murmur of a score of waterfalls, the night passed tranquilly, and early morning found the busy workers of the pencil and the brush dispersed in hollow glen and shady orchard. But beyond this our journey is laid amongst the mountains. Following the course of the Arno during a slow day's journey in a lumbering diligence, accompanied with the jingle of many bells, Subiaco is reached, notable home of St. Benedict of religious memory, and site of those strange chapels with their monastery built against the side of a rock as it might be a swallow's nest. Still onward amongst the mountains our journey leads us until we reach that artist's paradise of the old days, Olevano. Occupying the hillside, it shimmers in the sun, its grim castle rising in green and hoary ruin, a picturesque mark for every painter. Here a congenial little company is assembled of various nationalities, but all of one professional aim. What matter though they tread upon bricked floors, that their fare is simple, that even an unlucky shower should penetrate their bedchamber roof—although, it must be confessed, it is rather hard to remain in bed with an umbrella up—they are happy, they are young; life has not yet for them too many cares, and they are content to let the world wag. But who shall tell the glory of one showery evening there? There lies an undulating plain streaked with cool gray

shadow and rich sunshine, an expanse of many colors. Thread-like roads wind hither and thither by farm and fold, and many a white cottage home, glistening and shining. Yonder the distant Volscian and Hernican hills rise clothed in silver and gold and solemn blue, crowned with clouds of various hues and shades. Surely the earth has become transfigured and rejoices at heart with the joy of the old Eden. Paint never pictured a scene like that. Pencils are plied, but never more in vain.

However far may be dispersed the members of this little band during the day they always meet in the evening. Among the company of guests there is M. Carolus Duran, the now well-known French painter, vigorous of pencil. Does he still remember in the busy capital in which he plies his professional labors those rich summer evenings, the ramble among the hills, and the songs we sang when the tired night, overwatched by its thousands of stars, slept on the earth, and the crescent moon just touched the glimmering houses and ghostly campanile, "washing the dusk with silver"?

But all the world is going on pilgrimage. Long before the dawn of day, even at the midnight hour, we are up and away, a motley band, to the great festa of Santa Maria di Buon Consiglio at Genazzano, among the mountains by Palestrina. Peasants, proprietors, beggars, donkey boys, all proceed along the dusty roads. We linger behind, walking in silence. The night is solemn and impressive; a faint gleam tinges the east, it becomes brighter and brighter; soon the sun rises in a fountain of light. At the same instant the white gateway of the town of our destination comes into view. As we gaze with wonder on its sun-lighted picturesqueness, a long procession descends from the portal to the valley beneath, and hark! the faint sounds of singing voices are wafted toward us. They gather volume as the long procession threads the valley. It is composed of peasant people, all wearing the favor of artificial flowers which commemorates the occasion. Men and women are clad in the costume of their district; the latter carry baskets on their heads containing their purchases in the town, and in some of them a sleeping

or swaddled infant. And so they wind among the hills singing until they are out of sight. Entering the town, we are met by a motley crowd. Vendors of every known comestible, pigs, fowls, and other live stock running hither and thither in the utmost confusion. The country people jostle each other, laugh, talk, quarrel with the wildest gesticulations, never are silent. We enter the church; it is packed with persons, many kneeling, others standing. Soon a stir of excitement is seen at the door. A woman leads her son along the floor with the aid of a handkerchief which he holds by one corner. His head touches the pavement as he moves; he is on all fours; the crowd slowly opens to allow a passage for the devotees, closing quickly behind them. As they proceed, loud cries are raised in the church: "Eviva Maria!" rings loudly again and again under the vault from many voices. Thus crawling, he reaches the chapel of the shrine of the Madonna of Buon Consiglio, to visit which is the object of so many pilgrims. It is separated from the church by a *cancelli*, or grating. Arriving at this grating, the poor fellow raises himself; vacantly he looks toward the object of his visit—vacantly, as if hardly aware of his position. Is it that he has been shaken with ague, consumed with fever, racked by rheumatic pains, that fate has laid so heavy a hand upon him? Not old, nor young, nor yet of middle life, but *yearless* (if a word may be coined), he stands gazing at the shrine. His mother in the mean time throws herself against the grating, and with strong cries and tears implores help for her sorely visited son. Her cries become piercingly wild and shrill, while those of the crowd are redoubled. The effect is thrilling. Does she expect a miracle to be wrought for her son? Alas! there is none; vacant he came, vacant he departs. Through all this the priest continues his office at the altar, not so much as once turning about to see the occasion of the excitement which prevails around him. His heart may not be a hard one; he is used to such demonstrations.

Leaving the church a *trattoria* is entered for the purpose of supplying the mortal machine with the fuel of life. It is the only restaurant in the place,

crowded, hot, noisy, odorous. We pass through into the garden: every seat under shelter from the blazing sun is occupied. We wait patiently. The sun beats upon us with the reflected heat from the opposite range of hills. Is it possible to endure any longer? The perspiration oozes through the coats of some of my companions—a heat to cook a steak to a turn in half-an-hour. After awhile we find a shed under which seats and table are set, and hunger, at least, is satisfied. The return journey at night is made long after sunset. The stars sparkle over Olevano's dim tower as we reach it at the dead hour, and for that night no hard beds or howling peasant at dawn wake the sleepers from their well-earned repose. But this is far from Rome; and now the summer is over. Autumn creeps down the mountain-side with his mellow tints, his chilly mornings and evenings. The city of the big dome calls us once more within its crumbling walls, where many greetings await us from friends who have been absent in other directions. Work is resumed. The artist is at home again.

Of the present artist life in Rome not so much is to be said. But still and always Rome will have an irresistible attraction for the art-worker and to the artistic temperament. Its abundant light, its pictorial surroundings, the untamed Campagna, the art atmosphere which pervades the place, must always beckon the student and throw over him the spell of their enchantment. Then the Vatican remains with its treasures of all time. Much as has been written and spoken of Michael Angelo, frequently as his noble inspirations have been reproduced in every form, to the reverent art-student they will yet appeal with a new voice; to the man they will open up the possibilities of a grander range of being, a more splendid ambition than material life inspires or commands. They will reveal the soul to him who looks for it, and teach him what those words mean, "God created man in his own image." In this respect at least—as moral indicators—they have not yet been done justice to. There needs a Plato and a Shakespeare to verify and expound them. In Raphael the founts are not so affluent, so profound. There is not the same high moral and intellect-

ual significance in his works. They are not revelations, nor yet creations in the higher sense of the term. They are illustrations, commentaries. They will, however, always enchain the world from this point of view, and they have the right to do so. The study of the ancient marbles, too, must always bring the student to Rome. It has still something left to us which cannot be destroyed by modern changes. As a school for painters, however, it must be confessed, Rome does not offer the highest advantages. The art of painting is taught in no studio likely to be of benefit to the art-student, neither is its direction likely to influence him for good. Some of its leading works are conceived and executed with the too-prevailing horrors of carnage and death. The canvas is too often baptized in blood: the "last kiss" is that exchanged between two dissevered heads suspended at the door of a harem.

In Rome there is no general exhibition in which the student may see and compare even local works, to say nothing of a wider field, such as the Salon of Paris offers. Undoubtedly Paris is and must remain the first school in Europe for those who would learn methods and manipulation, and compare their own work with that of others in the widest variety. There the student will see the many modes of expression and wide diversity of direction, all qualities and all manners of modern workmanship, by means of which he will be able to select what he wants and reject what is useless to him. It is true that in no country in Europe at this moment can the elements of an art education be better acquired than in England. But that is not all that is necessary: the language of art acquired, and perhaps something more, let the unfledged painter come to Italy and visit Rome. Let him follow the tranquil studio-life he can obtain here better than anywhere, enough to stimulate him without hurry and confusion. Here he may progress in the development of his powers, searching earnestly for that which lies within him till he finds and unfolds it. On every hand he will find pictorial suggestiveness. He may here quietly study some of the noblest works. Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," for example, embraces an art education in itself, with

its profound thoughtfulness, its luminous radiance, its glow of living color. Other works, too, may enchain him, not too many for perplexity, but enough for progress and advancement. Speaking of the means of art study in Rome, there is the British Academy, which is efficiently kept for the use of students during the winter months. It has recently been newly organized. Nightly, models are provided, and there is a pleasant reading-room sufficiently supplied with English books and journals, all free of cost. This institution deserves a better support and attendance than it usually obtains. Although many who stand highest in the art of England at present have made good use of it, it has never received the official recognition of the Royal Academy beyond a friendly feeling shown toward it, nor has any disposition been shown to make it a foundation by attachment, as is the case with the Academy of France in the establishment of the "Prix de Rome" scholarship. But neither do I think this is unwisely done. The heads of the art institutions of England have felt that fixed residences, with stipends attached to them, however efficiently directed and controlled, are less likely to be useful to the well-grounded student than a traveling scholarship, thus enabling him to visit the various art centres of Europe, by means of which, it is reasonably supposed, more will be acquired than by a fixed residence in one spot, however important that spot may be in itself. Besides this British Academy, there are many conveniences for art study in

Rome, both public and private, by which an art education can be advanced.

But with the changes in Rome student-life has changed too. In former days when the dilettante came to Rome he remained during the winter season, and was as ambitious to be considered a patron of art as to supply himself with beautiful things. He rarely went away without some memorial, picture, or statue of his visit. Coming into immediate contact with the artist gave a zest to his transactions. Now it is different. The Italian artist sends his works to Paris and London; some of them more familiar in the exhibitions of those and other capitals than they are in Rome. The artist himself, too, affects the atmosphere of drawing-rooms, and often loves better the adulations of the ignorant than the wholesome strictures of his compeers, and thus suffers loss. Yet still, while Rome stands it will probably keep its little coteries of earnest workers in art who live in the informal ways, their studios (mostly green and mossy retreats, which the spirit of modern change has, so far, fortunately forgotten) not yet encumbered with the stock of a bric-à-brac shop—one of the great obstacles to seriousness in art in more ways than one—giving themselves to the thoughtful reproduction of their higher imaginings, and in the friendly spirit of old days reviewing the works of their companions, not disdaining the social pipe or meerschau, nor treat serious subjects the less earnestly for the genial joke and seasonable laughter.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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## THE EVOLUTION OF THEOLOGY: AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDY.

(Continued from our last.)

BY PROFESSOR T. M. HUXLEY, F.R.S.

### II.

THE Tongan theologians recognized several hundred gods; but there was one, already mentioned as their national god, whom they regarded as far greater than any of the others, "as a great chief from the top of the sky down to the bottom of the earth" (Mariner, vol. ii.

p. 106). He was also god of war, and the tutelar deity of the royal family, whoever happened to be the incumbent of the royal office for the time being. He had no priest except the king himself, and his visits, even to royalty, were few and far between. 'The name of this supreme deity was Ta'li-y-Tooboo', the literal meaning of which is said to be

"wait there, Tooboo," from which it would appear that the peculiar characteristic of Ta'li-y-Tooboo', in the eyes of his worshippers, was persistence or duration. And it is curious to notice, in relation to this circumstance, that many Hebrew philologists have thought the meaning of Jahveh to be best expressed by the word "Eternal." It would probably be difficult to express the notion of an eternal being, in a dialect so little fitted to convey abstract conceptions as Tongan, better than by that of one who always "waits there."

The characteristics of the gods in Tongan theology are exactly those of men whose shape they are supposed to possess, only they have more intelligence and greater power. The Tongan belief that, after death, the human Atua more readily distinguishes good from evil, runs parallel with the old Israelitic conception of Elohim expressed in Genesis, "Ye shall be as Elohim knowing good from evil." They further agreed with the old Israelites, that "all rewards for virtue and punishments for vice happen to men in this world only, and come immediately from the gods." (Vol. ii. p. 100.) Moreover, they were of opinion that though the gods approve of some kinds of virtue and are displeased with some kinds of vice, and to a certain extent defend or forsake their worshippers according to their moral conduct, yet neglect to pay due respect to the deities, and forgetfulness to keep them in good humor, might be visited with even worse consequences than moral delinquency. And those who will carefully study the so-called "Mosaic code" contained in the books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, will see that, though Jahveh's prohibitions of certain forms of immorality are strict and sweeping, his wrath is quite as strongly kindled against infractions of ritual ordinances. Accidental homicide may go unpunished, and reparation may be made for wilful theft. On the other hand, Nadab and Abihu, who "offered strange fire before Jahveh, which he had not commanded them," were swiftly devoured by Jahveh's fire; he who sacrificed anywhere except at the allotted place was to be "cut off from his people;" so was he who ate blood; and the details of the upholstery of the Taber-

nacle, of the millinery of the priests' vestments, and of the cabinet work of the ark, can plead direct authority from Jahveh no less than moral commands.

Among the Tongans, the sacrifices were regarded as gifts of food and drink offered to the divine Atuas, just as the articles deposited by the graves of the recently dead were meant as food for Atuas of lower rank. A kava root was a constant form of offering all over Polynesia. In the excellent work of the Rev. George Turner, entitled *Nineteen Years in Polynesia* (p. 241), I find it said of the Samoans (near neighbors of the Tongans):

*The offerings were principally cooked food. As in ancient Greece so in Samoa, the first cup was in honor of the god. It was either poured out on the ground or waved toward the heavens, reminding us again of the Mosaic ceremonies. The chiefs all drank a portion out of the same cup, according to rank; and after that, the food brought as an offering was divided and eaten "there before the Lord."*

In Tonga, when they consulted a god who had a priest, the latter, as representative of the god, had the first cup; but if the god, like Ta'li-y-Tooboo', had no priest, then the chief place was left vacant, and was supposed to be occupied by the god himself. When the first cup of kava was filled, the mataboole who acted as master of the ceremonies said, "Give it to your god," and it was offered, though only as a matter of form. In Tonga and Samoa, there were many sacred places or *morais*, with houses of the ordinary construction, but which served as temples in consequence of being dedicated to various gods; and there were altars on which the sacrifices were offered; nevertheless there were few or no images. Mariner mentions none in Tonga, and the Samoans seem to have been regarded as no better than atheists by other Polynesians because they had none. It does not appear that either of these peoples had images even of their family or ancestral gods.

In Tahiti and the adjacent islands, Moerenhout (t. i. p. 471) makes the very interesting observation, not only that idols were often absent, but that, where they existed, the images of the gods served merely as depositories for the proper representatives of the divinity. Each of these was called a *maro aurou*, and was a kind of girdle artistically

adorned with red, yellow, blue, and black feathers—the red feathers being especially important—which were consecrated and kept as sacred objects within the idols. They were worn by great personages on solemn occasions, and conferred upon their wearers a sacred and almost divine character. There is no distinct evidence that the *maro auru* was supposed to have any special efficacy in divination, but one cannot fail to see a certain parallelism between this holy girdle, which endowed its wearer with a particular sanctity, and the ephod.

According to the Rev. R. Taylor, the New Zealanders formerly used the word *karakia* (now employed for "prayer") to signify a "spell, charm, or incantation," and the utterance of these *karakias* constituted the chief part of their cult. In the south, the officiating priest had a small image, "about eighteen inches long, resembling a peg with a carved head," which reminds one of the form commonly attributed to the teraphim.

The priest first bandaged a fillet of red parrot feathers under the god's chin, which was called his *pahau* or beard; this bandage was made of a certain kind of sennet, which was tied on in a peculiar way. When this was done it was taken possession of by the *atua*, whose spirit entered it. The priest then either held it in the hand and vibrated it in the air, while the powerful *karakia* was repeated, or he tied a piece of string (formed of the centre of a flax leaf) round the neck of the image and stuck it in the ground. He sat at a little distance from it, leaning against a *tuahu*, a short stone pillar stuck in the ground in a slanting position, and holding the string in his hand, he gave the god a jerk to arrest his attention, lest he should be otherwise engaged, like Baal of old, either hunting, fishing, or sleeping, and therefore must be awaked. . . . The god is supposed to make use of the priest's tongue in giving a reply. Image-worship appears to have been confined to one part of the island. The *atua* was supposed only to enter the image for the occasion. The natives declare they did not worship the image itself, but only the *atua* it represented, and that the image was merely used as a way of approaching him.\*

This is the excuse for image-worship which the more intelligent idolaters make all the world over; but it is more interesting to observe that, in the present case, we seem to have the equivalents of divination by teraphim, with the aid of something like an ephod (which how-

ever is used to sanctify the image and not the priest) mixed up together. Many Hebrew archaeologists have supposed that the term "ephod" is sometimes used for an image (particularly in the case of Gideon's ephod), and the story of Micah in the book of Judges shows that images were, at any rate, employed in close association with the ephod. If the pulling of the string to call the attention of the god seems as absurd to us as it appears to have done to the worthy missionary, it should be recollected that the high priest of Jahveh was ordered to wear a garment fringed with golden bells.

And it shall be upon Aaron to minister; and the sound thereof shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before Jahveh, and when he cometh out, that he die not. (Exod. xxviii. 35.)

An escape from the obvious conclusion suggested by this passage has been sought in the supposition that these bells rang for the sake of the worshippers, as at the elevation of the host in the Roman Catholic ritual; but then why should the priest be threatened with the well-known penalty for unadvisedly beholding the divinity?

In truth, the intermediate step between the Maori practice and that of the old Israelites is furnished by the Kami temples in Japan. These are provided with bells which the worshippers who present themselves ring in order to call the attention of the ancestor-god to their presence. Grant the fundamental assumption of the essentially human character of the spirit, whether *Atua*, *Kami*, or *Elohim*, and all these practices are equally rational.

The sacrifices to the gods in Tonga and elsewhere in Polynesia, were ordinarily social gatherings, in which the god, either in his own person or in that of his priestly representative, was supposed to take part. These sacrifices were offered on every occasion of importance, and even the daily meals were prefaced by oblations and libations of food and drink, exactly answering to those offered by the old Romans to their manes, penates, and lares. The sacrifices had no moral significance, but were the necessary result of the theory that the god was either a deified ghost of an ancestor or chief, or, at any rate, a

\* *Te Ika a Maui: New Zealand and its Inhabitants*, p. 72.

being of like nature to these. If one wanted to get anything out of him, therefore, the first step was to put him in good humor by gifts; and if one desired to escape his wrath, which might be excited by the most trifling neglect or unintentional disrespect, the great thing was to pacify him by costly presents. King Finow appears to have been somewhat of a freethinker (to the great horror of his subjects), and it was only his untimely death which prevented him from dealing with the priest of a god who had not returned a favorable answer to his supplications as Saul dealt with the priests of the sanctuary of Jahveh at Nob. Nevertheless Finow showed his practical belief in the gods during the sickness of a daughter to whom he was fondly attached in a fashion which has a close parallel in the history of Israel.

If the Gods have any resentment against us, let the whole weight of vengeance fall on my head. I fear not their vengeance—but spare my child; and I earnestly entreat you, Toobo Tota'i [the God whom he had invoked] to exert all your influence with the other Gods that I alone may suffer all the punishment they desire to inflict. (Vol. i. p. 354.)

So when the king of Israel has sinned by "numbering the people," and they are punished for his fault by a pestilence which slays seventy thousand innocent men, David cries to Jahveh:

Lo, I have sinned and I have done perversely: but these sheep, what have they done? Let thine hand, I pray thee, be against me and against my father's house. (2 Samuel xxiv. 17.)

Human sacrifices were extremely common in Polynesia; and, in Tonga, the "devotion" of a child by strangling was a favorite method of averting the wrath of the gods. The well-known instances of Jephthah's sacrifice of his daughter and of David's giving up the seven sons of Saul to be sacrificed by the Gibeonites "before Jahveh," appear to me to leave no doubt that the old Israelites, even when devout worshippers of Jahveh, considered human sacrifices, under certain circumstances, not only permissible but laudable. Samuel's hewing to pieces of the miserable captive, sole survivor of his nation, Agag, "before Jahveh," can hardly be viewed in any other light. The life of Moses is redeemed from Jahveh, who "sought to slay him," by Zipporah's

symbolical sacrifice of her child, by the bloody operation of circumcision. Jahveh expressly affirms that the first-born males of men and beasts are devoted to him; in accordance with that claim, the first-born males of the beasts are duly sacrificed; and it is only by special permission that the claim to the first-born of men is waived, and it is enacted that they may be redeemed (Exodus xiii. 12-15). Is it possible to avoid the conclusion that immolation of their first-born sons would have been incumbent on the worshippers of Jahveh, had they not been thus specially excused? Can any other conclusion be drawn from the history of Abraham and Isaac? Does Abraham exhibit any indication of surprise when he receives the astounding order to sacrifice his son? Is there the slightest evidence that there was anything in his intimate and personal acquaintance with the character of the Deity, who had eaten the meat and drunk the milk which Abraham set before him under the oaks of Mamre, to lead him to hesitate—even to wait twelve or fourteen hours for a repetition of the command? Not a whit. We are told that "Abraham rose early in the morning" and led his only child to the slaughter, as if it were the most ordinary business imaginable. Whether the story has any historical foundation or not, it is valuable as showing that the writer of it conceived Jahveh as a deity whose requirement of such a sacrifice need excite neither astonishment, nor suspicion of mistake, on the part of his devotee. Hence, when the incessant human sacrifices in Israel during the age of the kings are all put down to the influence of foreign idolatries, we may fairly inquire whether editorial Bowdlerizing has not prevailed over historical truth.

An attempt to compare the ethical standards of two nations, one of which has a written code, while the other has not, is beset with difficulties. With all that is strange and, in many cases, repulsive to us in the social arrangements and opinions respecting moral obligation among the Tongans, as they are placed before us with perfect candor in Mariner's account, there is much that indicates a strong ethical sense. They showed great kindness to one another, and faithfulness in standing by their

comrades in war. No people could have better observed either the third or the fifth commandment; for they had a particular horror of blasphemy, and their respectful tenderness toward their parents, and, indeed, toward old people in general, was remarkable.

It cannot be said that the eighth commandment was generally observed, especially where Europeans were concerned; but nevertheless a well-bred Tongan looked upon theft as a meanness to which he would not condescend. As to the seventh commandment, any breach of it was considered scandalous in women and as something to be avoided in self-respecting men, but among unmarried and widowed people chastity was held very cheap. Nevertheless the women were extremely well treated and often showed themselves capable of great devotion and entire faithfulness. In the matter of cruelty, treachery, and bloodthirstiness, these islanders were neither better nor worse than most peoples of antiquity. It is to the credit of the Tongans that they particularly objected to slander; nor can covetousness be regarded as their characteristic; for Mariner says:

When any one is about to eat, he always shares out what he has to those about him, without any hesitation, and a contrary conduct would be considered exceedingly vile and selfish. (Vol. ii. p. 145.)

In fact they thought very badly of the English when Mariner told them that his countrymen did not act exactly on that principle. It further appears that they decidedly belonged to the school of intuitive moral philosophers, and believed that virtue is its own reward; for

Many of the chiefs, on being asked by Mr. Mariner what motives they had for conducting themselves with propriety, besides the fear of misfortunes in this life, replied, the agreeable and happy feeling which a man experiences within himself when he does any good action or conducts himself nobly and generously as a man ought to do; and this question they answered as if they wondered such a question should be asked. (Vol. ii. p. 161.)

One may read from the beginning of the book of Judges to the end of the books of Samuel without discovering that the old Israelites had a moral standard which differs in any essential respect (except perhaps in regard to the

chastity of unmarried women) from that of the Tongans. Gideon, Jephthah, Samson, and David are strong-handed men, some of whom are not outdone by any Polynesian chieftain in the matter of murder and treachery; while Deborah's jubilation over Jael's violation of the primary duty of hospitality, proffered and accepted under circumstances which give a peculiarly atrocious character to the murder of the guest; and her witch-like gloating over the picture of the disappointment of the mother of the victim: The mother of Sisera cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming?

(Judges v. 28.)

—would not have been out of place in the choral service of the most sanguinary god in the Polynesian pantheon.

With respect to the cannibalism which the Tongans occasionally practised, Mariner says:

Although a few young ferocious warriors chose to imitate what they considered a mark of courageous fierceness in a neighboring nation, it was held in disgust by everybody else. (Vol. ii. p. 171.)

That the moral standard of Tongan life was less elevated than that indicated in the "Book of the Covenant" (Exodus xxi.-xxiii.) may be freely admitted. But then the evidence that this Book of the Covenant, and even the ten commandments as given in Exodus, were known to the Israelites of the time of Samuel and Saul, is (to say the least) by no means conclusive. The Deuteronomic version of the fourth commandment is hopelessly discrepant from that which stands in Exodus. Would any later writer have ventured to alter the commandments as given from Sinai, if he had before him that which professed to be an accurate statement of the "ten words" in Exodus? And if the writer of Deuteronomy had not Exodus before him, what is the value of the claim of the version of the ten commandments therein contained to authenticity? From one end to the other of the books of Judges and Samuel, the only "commandments of Jahveh" which are specially adduced refer to the prohibition of the worship of other gods, or are orders given *ad hoc*, and have nothing to do with questions of morality.

In Polynesia, the belief in witchcraft, in the appearance of spiritual beings in



dreams, in possession as the cause of diseases, and in omens, prevailed universally. Mariner tells a story of a woman of rank who was greatly attached to King Finow, and who for the space of six months after his death scarcely ever slept elsewhere than on his grave, which she kept carefully decorated with flowers :

One day she went, with the deepest affliction, to the house of Mo-oonga Toobo', the widow of the deceased chief, to communicate what had happened to her at the *fyloca* [grave] during several nights, and which caused her the greatest anxiety. She related that she had dreamed that the late How [king] appeared to her and, with a countenance full of disappointment, asked why there yet remained at Vavaoo so many evil-designing persons : for he declared that, since he had been at Bolotoo, his spirit had been disturbed \* by the evil machinations of wicked men conspiring against his son ; but he declared that "the youth" should not be molested nor his power shaken by the spirit of rebellion ; that he therefore came to her with a warning voice to prevent such disastrous consequences. (Vol. i. p. 424.)

On inquiry it turned out that the charm of *tattao* had been performed on Finow's grave, with the view of injuring his son, the reigning king, and it is to be presumed that it was this sorcerer's work which had "disturbed" Finow's spirit. The Rev. Richard Taylor says, in the work already cited : "The account given of the witch of Endor agrees most remarkably with the witches of New Zealand" (p. 45).

The Tongans also believed in a mode of divination (essentially similar to the casting of lots) by the twirling of a cocoa-nut.

The object of inquiry . . . is chiefly whether a sick person will recover ; for this purpose the nut being placed on the ground, a relation of the sick person determines that, if the nut, when again at rest, points to such a quarter, the east for example, that the sick man will recover ; he then prays aloud to the patron god of the family that he will be pleased to direct the nut so that it may indicate the truth ; the nut being next spun, the result is attended to with confidence, at least with a full conviction that it will truly declare the intentions of the gods at the time. (Vol. ii. p. 227.)

Does not the action of Saul, on a famous occasion, involve exactly the same theological presuppositions ?

\* Compare : "And Samuel said unto Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me?" (1 Samuel xxviii. 15.)

Therefore Saul said unto Jahveh, the Elohim of Israel, Shew the right. And Jonathan and Saul were taken *by lot*, but the people escaped. And Saul said, Cast *lots* between me and Jonathan my son. And Jonathan was taken. And Saul said to Jonathan, Tell me what thou hast done. . . . And the people rescued Jonathan, so that he died not. (1 Samuel xiv. 41-45.)

As the Israelites had great yearly feasts, so had the Polynesians ; as the Israelites practised circumcision, so did many Polynesian people ; as the Israelites had a complex and often arbitrary-seeming multitude of distinctions between clean and unclean things, and clean and unclean states of men, to which they attached great importance, so had the Polynesians their notions of ceremonial purity and their *tabu*, an equally extensive and strange system of prohibitions, violation of which was visited by death. These doctrines of cleanness and uncleanness no doubt often took their rise in the real or fancied utility of the prescriptions, but it is probable that the origin of many is indicated in the curious habit of the Samoans to make fetishes of living animals. It will be recollected that these people had no "gods made with hands," but they substituted animals for them.

#### At his birth

every Samoan was supposed to be taken under the care of some tutelary god or *aitu* [—Atua] as it was called. The help of perhaps half-a-dozen different gods was invoked in succession on the occasion, but the one who happened to be addressed just as the child was born was marked and declared to be the child's god for life.

These gods were supposed to appear in some *visible incarnation*, and the particular thing in which his god was in the habit of appearing was to the Samoan an object of veneration. It was in fact his idol, and he was careful never to injure it or treat it with contempt. One, for instance, saw his god in the eel, another in the shark, another in the turtle, another in the dog, another in the owl, another in the lizard ; and so on, throughout all the fish of the sea and birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things. In some of the shellfish even, gods were supposed to be present. A man would eat freely of what was regarded as the incarnation of the god of another man, but the incarnation of his own particular god he would consider it death to injure or eat.\*

We have here that which appears to be the origin, or one of the origins, of

\* Turner, *Nineteen Years in Polynesia*, p. 238.

food-prohibitions, on the one hand, and of totemism on the other. When it is remembered that the old Israelites sprang from ancestors who are said to have resided near, or in, one of the great seats of ancient Babylonian civilization, the city of Ur; that they had been, it is said for centuries, in close contact with the Egyptians; and that in the theology of both the Babylonians and the Egyptians there is abundant evidence, notwithstanding their advanced social organization, of the belief in spirits, with sorcery, ancestor-worship, the deification of animals, and the converse animalization of Gods—it obviously needs very strong evidence to justify the belief that the rude tribes of Israel did not share the notions from which their far more civilized neighbors had not emancipated themselves.

But it is surely needless to carry the comparison further. Out of the abundant evidence at command I think that sufficient has been produced to furnish ample grounds for the belief, that the old Israelites of the time of Samuel entertained theological conceptions which were on a level with those current among the more civilized of the Polynesian islanders, though their ethical code may possibly, in some respects, have been more advanced.\*

A theological system of essentially similar character, exhibiting the same fundamental conceptions respecting the continued existence and incessant interference in human affairs of disembodied spirits, prevails, or formerly prevailed, among the whole of the inhabitants of the Polynesian and Melanesian islands, and among the people of Australia, notwithstanding the wide differences in physical character and in grade of civilization which obtain among them. And the same proposition is true of the people who inhabit the riverain shores of the Pacific Ocean, whether Dyaks, Malays, Indo-Chinese, Chinese, Japanese, the wild tribes of America, or the highly civilized old Mexicans and Peruvians. It is no less true of the Mongolic nomads of Northern Asia, of the Asiatic Aryans, and of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and it holds good among the

Dravidians of the Dekhan and the negro tribes of Africa. No tribe of savages, which has yet been discovered, has been conclusively proved to have so poor a theological equipment as to be devoid of a belief in ghosts, and in the utility of some form of witchcraft in influencing those ghosts. And there is no nation, modern or ancient, which, even at this moment, has wholly given up the belief; and in which it has not, at one time or other, played a great part in practical life.

This *sciotheism*,\* as it might be called, is found in several degrees of complexity in rough correspondence with the stages of social organization, and, like these, separated by no sudden breaks.

In its simplest condition, such as may be met with among the Australian savages, theology is a mere belief in the existence, powers, and disposition (usually malignant) of ghost-like entities who may be propitiated or scared away; but no cult can properly be said to exist. And, in this stage, theology is wholly independent of ethics. The moral code, such as is implied by public opinion, derives no sanction from the theological dogmas, and the influence of the spirits is supposed to be exerted out of mere caprice or malice.

As the next stage, the fundamental fear of ghosts and the consequent desire to propitiate them acquire an organized ritual in simple forms of ancestor-worship, such as the Rev. Mr. Turner describes among the people of Tanna (*l. c.* p. 88); and this line of development may be followed out until it attains its acme in the state-theology of China and the Kami-theology† of Japan. Each of these is essentially ancestor-worship, the ancestors being reckoned back through family groups of higher and higher order, sometimes with strict reference to the principle of agnation, as in old Rome; and, as in the latter, it is intimately bound up with the whole organization of the state. There are no idols; in-

\* *Sciography* has the authority of Cudworth, *Intellectual System*, ii. p. 836. *Sciomancy* (*σκιολατρεία*), which, in the sense of divination by ghosts, may be found in Bailey's *Dictionary* (1751), also furnishes a precedent for my coinage.

† "Kami" is used in the sense of Elohim, but is also, like our word "Lord," employed as a title of respect among men.

\* See Lippert's excellent remarks on this subject, *Der Seelencult*, p. 89.

scribed tablets in China, and strips of paper lodged in a peculiar portable shrine in Japan, represent the souls of the deceased, or the special seats which they occupy when sacrifices are offered by their descendants. In Japan it is interesting to observe that a national Kami—Ten-zio-dai-zin—is worshipped as a sort of Jahveh by the nation in general, and (as Lippert has observed) it is singular that his special seat is a portable litter-like shrine, termed the Mikosi, in some sort analogous to the Israelitic Ark. In China the emperor is the representative of the primitive ancestors, and stands, as it were, between them and the supreme cosmic deities—Heaven and Earth—who are superadded to them, and who answer to the Tangaloa and the Maui of the Polynesians.

Sciotheism, under the form of the deification of ancestral ghosts, in its most pronounced form, is therefore the chief element in the theology of a great moiety, possibly of more than half, of the human race. I think this must be taken to be a matter of fact—though various opinions may be held as to how this ancestor-worship came about. But, on the other hand, it is no less a matter of fact that there are very few people without additional gods, who cannot with certainty be accounted for as deified ancestors.

With all respect for the distinguished authorities on the other side, I cannot find good reasons for accepting the theory that the cosmic deities—who are superadded to deified ancestors even in China; who are found all over Polynesia, in Tangaloa and Maui, and in old Peru, in the Sun—are the product either of the "search after the infinite," or of mistakes arising out of the confusion of a great chief's name with the thing signified by the name. But, however this may be, I think it is again merely matter of fact that, among a large portion of mankind, ancestor-worship is more or less thrown into the background either by such cosmic deities, or by tribal gods of uncertain origin, who have been raised to eminence by the superiority in warfare, or otherwise, of their worshippers.

Among certain nations, the polytheistic theology thus constituted has become modified by the selection of some one cosmic or tribal god as the only god to

whom worship is due on the part of that nation (though it is by no means denied that other nations have a right to worship other gods), and thus results a worship of one God—*monolatry* as Wellhausen calls it—which is very different from genuine monotheism. In ancestral sciotheism, and in this *monolatry*, the ethical code, often of a very high order, comes into closer relation with the theological creed. Morality is taken under the patronage of the god or gods, who reward all morally good conduct and punish all morally evil conduct in this world or the next. At the same time, however, they are conceived to be thoroughly human, and they visit any shadow of disrespect to themselves, shown by disobedience to their commands, or delay, or carelessness, in carrying them out, as severely as any breach of the moral laws. Piety means minute attention to the due performance of all sacred rites, and covers any number of lapses in morality, just as cruelty, treachery, murder, and adultery did not bar David's claim to the title of the man after God's own heart among the Israelites; crimes against men may be expiated, but blasphemy against the gods is an unpardonable sin. Men forgive all injuries but those which touch their self-esteem; and they make their gods after their own image, in their own image make they them.

It is in the category of monolatry that I conceive the theology of the old Israelites must be ranged. They were polytheists, in so far as they admitted the existence of other Elohims of divine rank beside Jahveh; they differed from ordinary polytheists, in so far as they believed that Jahveh was the supreme god and the one proper object of their own national worship. But it will doubtless be objected that I have been building up a fictitious Israelitic theology on the foundation of the recorded habits and customs of the people, when they had lapsed from the ordinances of their great lawgiver and prophet Moses, and that my conclusions may be good for the perverts to Canaanitish theology, but not for the true observers of the Sinaitic legislation. The answer to the objection is that—so far as I can form a judgment of that which is well ascertained in the history of Israel—there is very

little ground for believing that we know much, either about the theological and social value of the influence of Moses, or about what happened during the wanderings in the Desert.

The account of the Exodus and of the occurrences in the Sinaitic peninsula; in fact, all the history of Israel before the invasion of Canaan, is full of wonderful stories which may be true, in so far as they are conceivable occurrences, but which are certainly not probable, and which I, for one, decline to accept until evidence, which deserves that name, is offered of their historical truth. Up to this time I know of none.\* Furthermore, I see no answer to the argument that one has no right to pick out of an obviously unhistorical statement the assertions which happen to be probable and discard the rest. But it is also certain that a primitively veracious tradition may be smothered under subsequent mythical additions, and that one has no right to cast away the former along with the latter. Thus, perhaps the fairest way of stating the case may be as follows.

There can be no *à priori* objection to the supposition that the Israelites were delivered from their Egyptian bondage by a leader called Moses, and that he exerted a great influence over their subsequent organization in the desert. There is no reason to doubt that, during their residence in the land of Goshen, the Israelites knew nothing of Jahveh; but, as their own prophets declare (see Ezekiel xx.), were polytheistic idolaters, sharing in the worst practices of their neighbors. As to their conduct in other respects, nothing is known. But it may fairly be suspected that their ethics were not of a higher order than those of Jacob their progenitor, in which case they might derive great profit from contact with Egyptian society, which held honesty and truthfulness in the highest esteem. Thanks to the Egyptologists, we now know, with all requisite certainty, the moral standard of that society in the time, and long before the time, of Moses. It can be determined from the scrolls buried with the mummified dead and

from the inscriptions on the tombs and memorial statues of that age. For, though the lying of epitaphs is proverbial, so far as their subject is concerned, they give an unmistakable insight into that which the writers and the readers of them think praiseworthy.

In the famous tombs at Beni Hassan there is a record of the life of Prince Nakht, who served Osertasen II., a Pharaoh of the twelfth dynasty, as governor of a province. The inscription speaks in his name: "I was a benevolent and kindly governor who loved his country. . . . Never was a little child distressed nor a widow ill-treated by me. I have never repelled a workman or hindered a shepherd. I gave alike to the widow and to the married woman, and have not preferred the great to the small in my gifts." And we have the high authority of the late Dr. Samuel Birch for the statement that the inscriptions of the twelfth dynasty abound in injunctions of a high ethical character. "To feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, bury the dead, loyally serve the king, formed the first duty of a pious man and faithful subject."\* The people for whom these inscriptions embodied their ideal of praiseworthiness assuredly had no imperfect conception of either justice or mercy. But there is a document which gives still better evidence of the moral standard of the Egyptians. It is the "Book of the Dead," a sort of "Guide to Spiritland," the whole or a part of which was buried with the mummy of every well-to-do Egyptian, while extracts from it are found in innumerable inscriptions. Portions of this work are of extreme antiquity, evidence of their existence occurring as far back as the fifth and sixth dynasties; while the 125th chapter, which constitutes a sort of book by itself, and is known as the "Book of Redemption in the Hall of the two Truths," is frequently inscribed upon coffins and other monuments of the nineteenth dynasty (which is that under which, there is every reason to believe, the Israelites were oppressed and the Exodus took place), and it occurs, more than once, in the famous tombs of the kings of this and the preceding dynasty

\* I refer those who wish to know the reasons which lead me to take up this position to the works of Reuss and Wellhausen.

\* Bunsen, *Egypt's Place*, vol. v. p. 129 note.

at Thebes.\* This "Book of Redemption" is chiefly occupied by the so-called "negative confession" made to the forty-two Divine Judges, in which the soul of the dead denies that he has committed faults of various kinds. It is, therefore, obvious that the Egyptians conceived that their gods commanded them not to do the deeds which are here denied. The "Book of Redemption," in fact, implies the existence in the mind of the Egyptians, if not in a formal writing, of a series of ordinances couched, like the majority of the Ten Commandments, in negative terms. And, in fact, it is quite easy to prove the implied existence of a series which nearly answers to the "ten words." Of course a polytheistic and image-worshipping people, who observed a great many holy days, but no sabbaths, could have nothing analogous to the first or the second and the fourth commandments of the Decalogue; but, answering to the third, is "I have not blasphemed;" to the fifth, "I have not reviled the face of the king or my father;" to the sixth, "I have not murdered;" to the seventh, "I have not committed adultery;" to the eighth, "I have not stolen," "I have not done fraud to man;" to the ninth, "I have not told falsehoods in the tribunal of truth," and, further, "I have not calumniated the slave to his master." I find nothing exactly similar to the tenth commandment; but that the inward disposition of mind was held to be of no less importance than the outward act is to be gathered from the praises of kindness already cited and the cry of "I am pure," which is repeated by the soul on trial. Moreover, there is a minuteness of detail in the confession which shows no little delicacy of moral appreciation—"I have not privily done evil against mankind," "I have not afflicted men," "I have not withheld milk from the mouths of sucklings," "I have not been idle," "I have not played the hypocrite," "I have not told falsehoods," "I have not corrupted woman or man," "I have not caused fear," "I have not multiplied words in speaking."

Would that the moral sense of the nineteenth century A.D. were as far advanced

as that of the Egyptians in the nineteenth century B.C. in this last particular! What incalculable benefit to mankind would flow from strict observance of the commandment, "Thou shalt not multiply words in speaking!" Nothing is more remarkable than the stress which the old Egyptians, here and elsewhere, lay upon this and other kinds of truthfulness, as compared with the absence of any such requirement in the Israelitic Decalogue, in which only a specific kind of untruthfulness is forbidden.

If, as the story runs, Moses was adopted by a princess of the royal house, and was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, it is surely incredible that he should not have been familiar, from his youth up, with the high moral code implied in the "Book of Redemption." It is surely impossible that he should have been less familiar with the complete legal system, and with the method of administration of justice, which, even in his time, had enabled the Egyptian people to hold together, as a complex social organization, for a period far longer than the duration of old Roman society, from the building of the city to the death of the last Cæsar. Nor need we look to Moses alone for the influence of Egypt upon Israel. It is true that the Hebrew nomads who came into contact with the Egyptians of Osertasen or of Ramses stood in much the same relation to them, in point of culture, as a Germanic tribe did to the Romans of Tiberius or of Marcus Antoninus, or as Captain Cook's Omai did to the English of George the Third. But, at the same time, any difficulty of communication which might have arisen out of this circumstance was removed by the long pre-existing intercourse of other Semites, of every grade of civilization, with the Egyptians. In Mesopotamia and elsewhere, as in Phenicia, Semitic people had attained to a social organization as advanced as that of the Egyptians; Semites had conquered and occupied Lower Egypt for centuries. So extensively had Semitic influences penetrated Egypt that the Egyptian language, during the period of the nineteenth dynasty, is said by Brugsch to be as full of Semitisms as German is of Gallicisms; while Semitic deities had supplanted the Egyptian gods at Heliopolis and elsewhere.

\* See Birch, in *Egypt's Place*, vol. v.; and Brugsch, *History of Egypt*.

On the other hand, the Semites, as far as Phenicia, were extensively influenced by Egypt.

It is generally admitted\* that Moses, Phinehas (and perhaps Aaron) are names of Egyptian origin, and there is excellent authority for the statement that the name *Abir*, which the Israelites gave to their golden calf, and which is also used to signify the strong, the heavenly, and even God,† is simply the Egyptian Apis. Brugsch points out that the god Tum, or Tom, who was the special object of worship in the city of Pi-Tom, with which the Israelites were only too familiar, was called Ankh and the "great god," and had no image. Ankh means "He who lives," "the living one," a name the resemblance of which to the "I am that I am" of Exodus is unmistakable, whatever may be the value of the fact. Every discussion of Israelitic ritual seeks and finds the explanation of its details in the portable sacred chests, the altars, the priestly dress, the breastplate, the incense, and the sacrifices depicted on the monuments of Egypt. But it must be remembered that these signs of the influence of Egypt upon Israel are not necessarily evidence that such influence was exerted before the Exodus. It may have come much later through the close connection of the Israel of David and Solomon, first with Phenicia and then with Egypt.

If we suppose Moses to have been a man of the stamp of Calvin, there is no difficulty in conceiving that he may have constructed the substance of the ten words, and even of the Book of the Covenant, which curiously resembles parts of the Book of the Dead, from the foundation of Egyptian ethics and theology which had filtered through to the Israelites in general, or had been furnished specially to himself by his early education, just as the great Genevese reformer built up a puritanic social organization on so much as remained of the ethics and theology of the Roman Church, after he had trimmed them to his liking.

\* Even by Graetz, who, though a fair enough historian, cannot be accused of any desire to over-estimate the importance of Egyptian influence upon his people.

† Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden*, bd. i., p. 370.

Thus, I repeat, I see no *à priori* objection to the assumption that Moses may have endeavored to give his people a theologico-political organization based on the Ten Commandments (though certainly not quite in their present form) and the Book of the Covenant, contained in our present book of Exodus. But whether there is such evidence amounts to proof, or I had better say to probability, that even this much the Pentateuch owes its origin to Moses is another matter. The mythical character of the accessories of the Sinaitic history is patent, and it would take a good deal more evidence than is afforded by the bare assertion of an unknown writer to justify the belief that the people who "saw the thunderings and the lightning, and the voice of the trumpet and the mountain smoking" (Exodus xx. 18), to whom Jahveh orders Moses to say "Ye yourselves have seen that I have talked with you from heaven. Ye shall not make other gods with me; gods of silver and gods of gold ye shall not make unto you" (*ibid.* 22, 23), should, less than six weeks afterward, have done the exact thing they were thus awfully forbidden to do. Nor is the credibility of the story increased by the statement that Aaron, the brother of Moses, the witness and fellow-worker of the miracles before Pharaoh, was their leader and the artificer of the idol. And yet, at the same time, Aaron was apparently ignorant of wrong-doing that he made proclamation "To-morrow shall be a feast to Jahveh," and the people proceeded to offer their burnt-offerings and peace-offerings, as if everything in the proceedings must be satisfactory to the Deity with whom they had just made a solemn covenant to abolish image-worship. It seems to me that, on a survey of all the facts of the case, only a very cautious and hypothetical judgment is justifiable. It may be that Moses profited by the opportunities afforded him of access to what was best in Egyptian society to become acquainted, not only with its advanced ethical and legal code, but with the more or less pantheistic unification of the Divine which the speculations of the Egyptian thinkers, like those of all polytheist philosophers, from Polynesia to Greece tend; if indeed the theology of the

period of the nineteenth dynasty was not, as some Egyptologists think, a modification of an earlier, more distinctly monotheistic doctrine of a long antecedent age. It took only half a dozen centuries for the theology of St. Paul to become the theology of Gregory the Great; and it is probable that twenty centuries lay between the theology of the first worshippers in the sanctuary of the Sphinx and that of the priests of Ramses Maimun.

It may be that the ten commandments and the Book of the Covenant are based upon faithful traditions of the efforts of a great leader to raise his followers to his own level. For myself, as a matter of pious opinion, I like to think so; as I like to imagine that, between Moses and Samuel, there may have been many a seer, many a herdsman such as him of Tekoah, lonely amidst the hills of Ephraim and Judah, who cherished and kept alive these traditions. In the present results of Biblical criticism, however, I can discover no justification for the common assumption that, between the time of Joshua and that of Rehoboam, anything was known either of the Deuteronomic or of the Levitical legislation; or that the theology of the Israelites, from the king who sat on the throne to the lowest of his subjects, was in any important respect different from that which might naturally be expected from their previous history and the conditions of their existence. But there is excellent evidence to the contrary effect. And, for my part, I see no reason to doubt that, like the rest of the world, the Israelites had passed through a period of mere ghost-worship, and had advanced through Ancestor-worship and Fetishism and Totemism to the theological level at which we find them in the books of Judges and Samuel.

All the more remarkable, therefore, is the extraordinary change which is to be noted in the eighth century B.C. The student who is familiar with the theology implied or expressed in the books of Judges, Samuel, and the first book of Kings, finds himself in a new world of thought, in the full tide of a great reformation, when he reads Joel, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah and Jeremiah.

The essence of this change is the re-

versal of the position which, in primitive society, ethics holds in relation to theology. Originally, that which men worship is a theological hypothesis, not a moral ideal. The prophets, in substance, if not always in form, preach the opposite doctrine. They are constantly striving to free the moral ideal from the stifling embrace of the current theology and its concomitant ritual. Theirs was not an intellectual criticism, argued on strictly scientific grounds; the image-worshippers and the believers in the efficacy of sacrifices and ceremonies might logically have held their own against anything the prophets have to say—it was an ethical criticism. From the height of his moral intuition—that the whole duty of man is to do justice and love mercy and to bear himself as humbly as befits his insignificance in face of the Infinite—the prophet simply laughs at the idolaters of stocks and stones and the idolaters of ritual. Idols of the first kind, in his experience, were inseparably united with the practice of immorality, and they were to be ruthlessly destroyed. As for sacrifices and ceremonies, whatever their intrinsic value might be, they might be tolerated on condition of ceasing to be idols; they might even be praiseworthy on condition of being made to subserve the worship of the true Jahveh—the moral ideal.

If the realm of David had remained undivided, if the Assyrian and the Chaldean and the Egyptian had left Israel to the ordinary course of development of an Oriental kingdom, it is possible that the effects of the reforming zeal of the prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries might have been effaced by the growth, according to its inevitable tendencies, of the theology which they combated. But the captivity made the fortune of the ideas which it was the privilege of these men to launch upon an endless career. With the abolition of the Temple-services for half a century, the priest must have lost, and the scribe gained, influence. The puritanism of a vigorous minority among the Babylonian Jews rooted out polytheism from all its hiding-places in the theology which they had inherited; they created the first consistent, remorseless, naked monotheism which, so far as history

records, appeared in the world (for Zoroastrism is practically ditheism, and Buddhism any-theism or no-theism); and they inseparably united therewith an ethical code, which for its purity and for its efficiency as a bond of social life was, and is, unsurpassed. So I think we must not judge Ezra and Nehemiah and their followers too hardly, if they exemplified the usual doom of poor humanity to escape from one error only to fall into another; if they failed to free themselves as completely from the idolatry of ritual as they had from that of images and dogmas; if they cherished the new fetters of the Levitical legislation which they had fitted upon themselves and their nation, as though such bonds had the sanctity of the obligations of morality; and if they led succeeding generations to spend their best energies in building that "hedge round the Torah" which was meant to preserve both ethics and theology, but which too often had the effect of pampering the latter and starving the former. The world being what it was, it is to be doubted whether Israel would have preserved intact the pure ore of religion, which the prophets had extracted for the use of mankind as well as for their nation, had not the leaders of the nation been as zealous, even to death, for the dross of the law in which it was imbedded as they were. The struggle of the Jews under the Maccabean house against the Seleucidæ was as important for mankind as that of the Greeks against the Persians. And, of all the strange ironies of history, perhaps the strangest is that "Pharisee" is current, as a term of reproach, among the theological descendants of that sect of Nazarenes who, without the martyr spirit of those primitive Puritans, would never have come into existence. They, like their historical successors, our own Puritans, have shared the fate of the other poor wise men who save cities.

A criticism of theology from the side of science is not thought of by the prophets, and is at most indicated in the books of Job and Ecclesiastes, in both of which the problem of vindicating the ways of God to man is given up, though on different grounds, as a hopeless one. But, with the extensive introduction of Greek thought among the

Jews, which took place, not only during the domination of the Seleucidæ in Palestine, but in the great Judaic colony which flourished in Egypt under the Ptolemies, criticism, on both ethical and scientific grounds, took a new departure.

In the hands of the Alexandrian Jews, as represented by Philo, the fundamental axiom of later Jewish as of Christian monotheism, that the Deity is infinitely perfect and infinitely good, worked itself out into its logical consequence—agnostic theism. Philo will allow of no point of contact between God and a world in which evil exists. For him God has no relation to space or to time, and, as infinite, suffers no predicate beyond that of existence. It is, therefore, absurd to ascribe to Him mental faculties and affections comparable in the remotest degree to those of men; He is in no way an object of cognition; He is *ἀποιος* and *ἀκατάληκτος*\*—without quality and incomprehensible. That is to say, the Alexandrian Jew of the first century had anticipated the reasonings of Hamilton and Mansell in the nineteenth, and for him God is the Unknowable in the same sense in which that term is used by Mr. Herbert Spencer. Moreover, Philo's definition of the Supreme Being would not be inconsistent with that "*substantia constans infinitis attributis, quorum unumquodque æternam et infinitam essentiam exprimit*," given by another great Israelite, were it not that Spinoza's doctrine of the immanence of the Deity in the world puts him, at any rate formally, at the antipodes of theological speculation. But the conception of the essential incognoscibility of the Deity is the same in each case. However, Philo was too thorough an Israelite and too much the child of his time to be content with this agnostic position; so, with the help of the Platonic and Stoic philosophy, he constructed an apprehensible, if not comprehensible, quasi-deity out of the Logos; while other more or less personified divine powers, or attributes, bridged over the interval between God and man; between the sacred ex-

\* See the careful analysis of the work of the Alexandrian philosopher and theologian (who, it should be remembered, was a most devout Jew, held in the highest esteem by his countrymen) in Siegfried's work, *Philo von Alexandrien*, 1875.



istence, too pure to be called by any name which implied a conceivable quality, and the gross and evil world of matter. In order to get over the ethical difficulties presented by the naïve naturalism of many parts of those Scriptures, in the divine authority of which he firmly believed, Philo borrowed from the Stoics (who had been in like straits in respect of Greek mythology) that great Excalibur which they had forged with infinite pains and skill—the method of allegorical interpretation. This mighty “two-handed engine at the door” of the theologian is warranted to make a speedy end of any and every moral or intellectual difficulty by showing that, taken allegorically or, as it is otherwise said, “poetically,” or “in a spiritual sense,” the plainest words mean whatever a pious interpreter desires they should mean. In Biblical phrase, Zeno (who probably had a strain of Semitic blood in him) was the “father of all such as reconcile.” No doubt Philo and his followers were eminently religious men, but they did endless injury to the cause of religion by laying the foundations of a new theology, and equipping the defenders of it with the subtlest of all weapons of offence and defence, and with an inexhaustible store of sophistical arguments of the most reasonable aspect.

The question of the real bearing upon theology of the influence exerted by the teaching of Philo's contemporary, Jesus of Nazareth, is one upon which it is not germane to my present purpose to enter. I take it simply as an unquestionable fact that his immediate disciples were known to their countrymen as “Nazarenes,” and were regarded as, and considered themselves to be, perfectly orthodox Jews belonging to the puritanic or pharisaic section of their people, and differing from the rest only in their belief that the Messiah had already come. Christianity, it is said, first became clearly differentiated at Antioch, and it separated itself from orthodox Judaism by denying the obligation of the rite of circumcision and of the food prohibitions, prescribed by the law. Henceforward theology became relatively stationary among the Jews,\* and the history of its

rapid progress in a new course of evolution is the history of the Christian Churches, orthodox and heterodox. The steps in this evolution are obvious. The first is the birth of a new theological scheme arising out of the union of elements derived from Greek philosophy with elements derived from Israelitic theology. In the Fourth Gospel, the Logos, raised to a somewhat higher degree of personification than in the Alexandrian theosophy, is identified with Jesus of Nazareth. In the Epistles, especially the latter of those attributed to St. Paul, the Israelitic ideas of the Messiah and of sacrificial atonement coalesce with one another and with the embodiment of the Logos in Jesus, until the apotheosis of the Son of Man is almost, or quite, effected. The history of Christian dogma, from Justin to Athanasius, is a record of continual progress in the same direction, until the fair body of religion, revealed in almost naked purity by the prophets, is once more hidden under a new accumulation of dogmas and of ritual practices of which the primitive Nazarene knew nothing; and which he would probably have regarded as blasphemous if he could have been made to understand them.

As, century after century, the ages roll on, polytheism comes back under the disguise of Mariolatry and the adoration of saints; image-worship becomes as rampant as in old Egypt; adoration of relics takes the place of the old fetish-worship; the virtues of the ephod pale before those of holy coats and handkerchiefs; shrines and calvaries make up for the loss of the ark and of the high places; and even the lustral fluid of paganism is replaced by holy water at the porches of the temples. A touching ceremony—the common meal originally eaten in pious memory of a loved teacher—was metamorphosed into a flesh-and-blood sacrifice, supposed to possess exactly that redeeming virtue which the prophets denied to the flesh-and-blood

many and widely divergent sects and schools among the Jews at all periods of their history, since the dispersion. But I imagine that orthodox Judaism is now pretty much what it was in Philo's time; while Peter and Paul, if they could return to life, would certainly have to learn the catechism of either the Roman, Greek, or Anglican Churches, if they desired to be considered orthodox Christians.

\* I am not unaware of the existence of

sacrifices of their day ; while the minute observance of ritual was raised to a degree of punctilious refinement which Levitical legislators might envy. And, with the growth of a vast officially recognized theology, grew its officially unrecognized but inevitable concomitant, the belief in evil spirits, in possession, in sorcery, in charms and omens, until the Christians of the twelfth century after our era were sunk in more debased and brutal superstitions than are recorded of the Israelites in the twelfth century before it.

The greatest men of the middle ages are unable to escape the infection. Dante's "Inferno" would be revolting if it were not so often sublime, so often exquisitely tender. The hideous pictures which cover a vast space on the south wall of the Campo Santo of Pisa convey information, as terrible as it is indisputable, of the theological conceptions of Dante's countrymen in the fourteenth century, whose eyes were addressed by the painters of those disgusting scenes, and whose approbation they knew how to win. A candid Mexican of the time of Cortez, could he have seen this Christian burial-place, would have taken it for an appropriately adorned Teocalli. The professed disciple of the God of justice and of mercy might there gloat over the sufferings of his fellow-men depicted as undergoing every extremity of atrocious and sanguinary torture to all eternity, for theological errors no less than for moral delinquencies ; while, in the central figure of Satan,\* occupied in champing up souls in his capacious and well-toothed jaws, to void them again for the purpose of undergoing fresh suffering, we have the counterpart of the strange Polynesian and Egyptian dogma that there were certain gods who employed themselves in devouring the ghostly flesh of the spirits of the dead. But, in justice to

\* Dante's description of Lucifer engaged in the eternal mastication of Brutus, Cassius, and Judas Iscariot—

"Da ogni bocca dirompea co' denti  
Un peccatore, a gulsia di maciulla,  
Si che tre ne faceva così dolenti.

A quel dinanzi il mordere era nulla  
Verso 'l graffiar, ch'è tal volta la schiena  
Rimanea della pelle tutta brulla"—

is quite in harmony with the Pisan picture and perfectly Polynesian in conception.

the Polynesians, it must be recollected that, after three such operations, they thought the soul was purified and happy. In the view of the Christian theologian the operation was only a preparation for new tortures continued forever and aye.

With the growth of civilization in Europe, and with the revival of letters and of science in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the ethical and intellectual criticism of theology once more recommenced, and arrived at a temporary resting-place in the confessions of the various reformed Protestant sects in the sixteenth century, almost all of which, as soon as they were strong enough, began to persecute those who carried criticism beyond their own limit. But the movement was not arrested by these ecclesiastical barriers, as their constructors fondly imagined it would be ; it was continued, tacitly or openly, by Galileo, by Hobbes, by Descartes, and especially by Spinoza, in the seventeenth century ; by the English Free-thinkers, by Rousseau, by the French Encyclopædists, and by the German Rationalists, among whom Lessing stands out a head and shoulders taller than the rest, throughout the eighteenth century ; by the historians, the philologists, the Biblical critics, the geologists, and the biologists in the nineteenth century, until it is obvious to all who can see that the moral sense and the really scientific method of seeking for truth are once more predominating over false science. Once more ethics and theology are parting company.

It is my conviction that, with the spread of true scientific culture, whatever may be the medium, historical, philological, philosophical, or physical, through which that culture is conveyed, and with its necessary concomitant, a constant elevation of the standard of veracity, the end of the evolution of theology will be like its beginning—it will cease to have any relation to ethics. I suppose that so long as the human mind exists, it will not escape its deep-seated instinct to personify its intellectual conceptions. The science of the present day is as full of this particular form of intellectual shadow-worship as is the nescience of ignorant ages. The difference is that the philosopher who is worthy of the name knows that his per-

sonified hypotheses, such as law, and force, and ether, and the like, are merely useful symbols, while the ignorant and the careless take them for adequate expressions of reality. So it may be, that the majority of mankind may find the practice of morality made easier by the use of theological symbols. And, unless these are converted from symbols into idols, I do not see that science has any-

thing to say to the practice, except to give an occasional warning of its dangers. But, when such symbols are dealt with as real existences, I think the highest duty which is laid upon men of science is to show that these dogmatic idols have no greater value than the fabrications of men's hands, the stocks and the stones, which they have replaced.—*Nineteenth Century*.



### THINGS, NAMES, AND LETTERS.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

THE January number of the *Nineteenth Century* contained an article by Mr. Frederic Harrison headed "A Pedantic Nuisance," which, when it came out, I read with a good deal of amusement. The title was ingeniously chosen, and some things in the article were ingeniously put. It called forth a kind of admiration to see the remarkable instinct with which Mr. Harrison pounced down on everything which seemed in any way to help on his argument and passed over everything that told against it. One looked on the article as a masterpiece in its own way; it showed real skill to be able to make so great a show with so little substance. But that was all. I know not how the Oriental or the Elizabethan scholars may have felt; for my own mind it never occurred to me to deal with Mr. Harrison's amusing style of controversy as one might deal with the objections of a serious scholar. To answer Mr. Harrison never came into my head. But not a few men whose judgment is worth having tell me that Mr. Harrison is so largely supposed to have dealt a successful blow against those whom he attacks that some kind of answer is really called for. Though it is a little late for the purpose, I therefore take up my pen.

In answering an article like this of Mr. Harrison's I cannot help talking about myself. I may therefore take the opportunity of expressing my unfeigned wonder at the belief, which seems to be very general, that my chief business in the world is to insist on some forms of spelling of my own devising, that I am eager and successful in founding a sect

who spell after my fashion, and that I am very angry with any one who ventures to spell any other way. Now of all this I am utterly unconscious; in such a belief, as in some other beliefs about me, I can see only signs that the mythopœic faculties of mankind are still as vigorous as ever. It may show how much better Mr. Harrison and others know me than I know myself; but I should have said that, while I undoubtedly spell some words in ways different from those in which they are commonly spelled in the newspapers, yet I simply write, either as was the common way when I was young, or as some particular scholar had written before me, who seemed to have good reasons for his way of writing. Of any originality in the matter I am quite unconscious: I am no less unconscious of attaching any particular importance to spelling. Still more unconscious am I of feeling any particular wrath against people who spell otherwise than I do. I should have said that I have spelled after the fashion of those of whom I have learned, that I have in several places given my reasons for following them, but that I have left other people alone. I cannot imitate Mr. Harrison's smartness of writing; I do not know that feeling of being a "superior person" which it seems that he feels whenever he reads of the "Battle of Senlac." When he says that I "gave us"—that is, I presume, Mr. Harrison for one—"three black marks for *Charlemagne*," I can only feel that, if so, I most certainly have given "three black marks" to myself. For the name "Charle-

magne' is a name which I have often used already, and which I expect often to use again.

Mr. Harrison's title is well chosen for his purpose; it is sure to be effective. "Pedant" is a name that always tells. When a man shows that he knows something that one ought to have known oneself, when a man shows that he has taken pains where one has oneself been rather careless, it is a relief indeed to call him a pedant. When a man does his best to make his words answer to his thoughts and his thoughts answer to the facts, the trouble that he has taken is a reproach to those who have not taken the same trouble; but the reproach is taken away by calling the man who has taken such needless pains a pedant. "Nuisance," to be sure, is a stronger word; but I dare say that tells also. Indeed, Mr. Harrison, as he goes on, grows yet more vigorous in his speech, and tells us that the writings of certain people, myself among them, are disfigured by a practice which is a "scandal to literature." One only wonders that Mr. Harrison should waste so much earnestness on a matter so small in itself, and which one at least of those at whom he hurls his bolts deems of so little importance.

To come to business, Mr. Harrison confounds two things which are quite distinct. One is what he calls "the custom of re-writing our old familiar proper names." This is, I conceive, a mere question of spelling. The other is what he calls "re-naming persons and places which are household words; heir-looms in the English language." This seems to involve questions which are a good deal more important than mere spelling. To call men, and places, things of any kind, by their right names—that is, by those names which convey true ideas and shut out false ideas, is the first business of the accurate writer of any kind. For that purpose he must use those names, new or old, of his own invention or of any other man's, whether suitable to Mr. Harrison's taste or offensive to it, which will best serve his purpose of communicating truth. I believe that in every study except history and philology this is acknowledged. Nobody blames the geologist or the astronomer because they call some ob-

ject in their several sciences by a name which may be quite different from that by which it is called in some familiar masterpiece of poetry or rhetoric. Nobody blames them if they call the object of which they speak by names which they themselves have invented; nobody blames them if they change the names which they use a hundred times, if only they find the change enables them the better to set forth scientific truth. As I am driven by Mr. Harrison to talk of myself, let me give my own small experience. In my youth I learned a little "natural history," as it was called then, a name which I think is a very good one. I have not followed the study scientifically; I am not up to the last lights; but I still keep a certain interest in the matter; I now and then look in a book bearing on it. My difficulty is that the name of everything in the study, even the name of the study itself, is changed. I do not know my old friends; what used to be "natural history" is now cut up into twenty or thirty "ologies." Will Mr. Harrison believe that it jarred on my feelings quite as much to find the "musk-ox" of my young days turned into a "musk-sheep," as it could have jarred on Mr. Harrison's feelings to find the "Battle of Hastings" spoken of as the "Battle of Senlac"? Only, with the slower habits of my generation, I thought that the scientific naturalist who turned the ox into a sheep, and who certainly knew much better about the matter than I did, was likely to have good reasons for the change. Mr. Harrison, with the swifter habits of a generation later than his own, does not stop to think whether there may not be some good reason for the change which in the same sort troubled him; he will not even turn to read and weigh what is actually written to explain the change; he at once springs to his feet, and shrieks out "pedantic nuisance" and "scandal to literature."

I believe it is in this last word "literature" that the whole reason lurks why the political historian so often fails to receive the justice which is willingly done to the natural historian. The notion is that the musk-sheep is not "literature," and can therefore be no scandal to it: but that the Battle of Senlac is "literature," and therefore may be a scandal

to it. The natural historian need not be "literary"; he may therefore use his own terms, whatever terms best express his ideas. The political historian is bound to be "literary"; he must therefore use only "literary" terms, whether they express his ideas or not. We accept the compliment so far as it is a compliment; but we refuse the implied bondage. It is, I dare say, very good to be "literary," but it is better to be truthful; and in order to be truthful, we must use such language, "literary" or not, as may convey truthful ideas. "Literature" is perhaps beyond me; with some forms of it I certainly do not wish to have anything to do; but I must contend that, so far as the battle is bound to be literary, the musk-sheep is bound to be literary also. A mere list, whether of events or of animals, need not be literary; but any writing, whatever its subject, which forms grammatical sentences and is meant to be read and not merely to be referred to, is bound to be literary, in the only sense in which I can understand the word. That is, it should be written in the purest and clearest English that the writer can command; nay more, it should be written in a manner as attractive and pleasant to the reader as the subject will allow. So far as this, it is the duty of all of us to be literary, of the natural historian, no less than of his political fellow. It is clearly the duty of all to put their matter into the best shape into which they can put it. But if "literature," as one is sometimes tempted to suppose, now and then means shape alone without matter, with that of course none of us who write on any solid subject have anything to do. Mr. Harrison talks as if the names of things and the spelling of those names were unalterable things, fixed once and forever after, which it is presumption in anybody to try to change. I should have said that both nomenclature and spelling are among the most changeable things in the world. I can remember in my own lifetime, and I should have thought that Mr. Harrison could remember in his, that not a few things have changed their names, and that not a few names have changed their spellings. And I have often ventured to think that the changes—mostly made by the newspapers—

both in nomenclature and in spelling have not been for the better. I have even often been amused at seeing myself jeered at for some supposed strange innovation, when all that I have done has been to stick to the received practice of my youth, which I saw no reason to change, and which I saw many reasons for keeping. Let me take one case out of many. There is a border district of Germany and Denmark which used to be called *Sleswick*. I feel sure that it will be found so called in any English book or map fifty years old.\* Now it is commonly written *Schleswig*, now and then *Slesvig*. If you write *Sleswick*, the printer, after his kind, will commonly enlighten your ignorance and turn it into *Schleswig*. Now I know of no good reason for taking to the new spelling, and I see several good reasons for keeping to the old. *Sleswick* is not only the received English fashion; it comes much nearer to the real speech of the country; and, more than this, it has a political advantage. To write *Schleswig* claims the debatable land for Germany; to write *Slesvig* claims it for Denmark; to write *Sleswick* leaves the question open. So to write is to decide nothing between Denmark and Germany; it is simply to give the land, a land speaking a tongue which is nearly our own, the name which it used to bear in our own tongue. I do not think Mr. Harrison has said anything about *Sleswick*; but I know that some people have stared at my using the form, and I think it is a fair example of the kind of way in which a very good and simple defence can be made for many things at which a new generation stares, if only the new generation will stop and hear what the older generation has to say. But Mr. Harrison will not stop and hear what any one has to say. He will not even accurately read what has been written. He charges me, and doubtless others also, with having said things that we have not said, and he leaves out important things that we have said. In my life I have come across a good many things which I did not at first understand; it is even possible that Mr. Harrison may have done the like. I have

\* Gibbon, I see, writes *Sleswig*: *Sleswick* was certainly the common form on the maps of my youth.

often, even in writers to whom I looked up, found things that seemed to be strange, or even wrong, sometimes even in this matter of naming and spelling. But my rule has been to think that the writer most likely had some good reason for what he did, and by waiting and thinking I have often found out what that reason was. But waiting and thinking is too slow work for Mr. Harrison; nor is there anything about the process at all smart or striking. It is doubtless far more effective to imagine something out of one's own head, and to call on "goats and monkeys" to know whether one can bear one's own creation.

It appears from Mr. Harrison's witness that I have a school—a school "the most revolutionary in its methods and the most exacting in its demands." My school has "renamed the personages of English history." I was not aware that I had any school; I had fancied myself a humble scholar of those who went before me. Whenever I see myself charged as an innovator in the spelling of old English names, I have always smiled to think that this proves that there are people who meddle with these matters without having read Kemble or Lappenberg. Whatever my errors in the matter of spelling are, it is from them that I learned them. In truth I have never ventured to follow Mr. Kemble in his fulness. If Mr. Harrison strains at my *Ælfthryth*, he certainly could not swallow Mr. Kemble's *Ælfðryð*. Whence he gets his *Karl* and his *Knud*, which in page 89 of the *Nineteenth Century* article I am supposed to talk about, I know not. As for the *Karl*, I doubt whether I have used that form (as the name of the first Frankish Emperor) anywhere for the last twenty years, when I did use it in a particular essay where there was a particular reason for it. The *Knud* is quite beyond me; it is as droll as when in page 96 Mr. Harrison suggests that I (or somebody) should, to be consistent, talk of the *Kaiserinn Mathildis*. We thus see that Mr. Harrison has not stopped to learn the very simplest facts about the matters on which he has taken upon himself to write. He clearly thinks that there was some time or other when the form *Kaiserinn* would have been used in England. He clearly

does not know that *Casere* and not *Kaiser* is the English form of the Imperial title, that neither *Casere* nor any other name of office has any Old-English feminine, and that the Empress Matilda, *pemperice*, as the Chronicle calls her, and other bearers of her name, appear, not as *Mathildis*, but as *Mathild* and *Mahald*. It would therefore, as Mr. Harrison truly says, look very odd to talk about the *Kaiserinn Mathildis*; it would look equally odd to talk in England about *Knud*. But I am specially concerned about the *Hwiccas*, one, according to Mr. Harrison, of "the familiar names" "that recur in every family." How has Mr. Harrison been always used to spell them? Who or what does he think that they are? And where did he find me, or any one else, writing about *Hrofesceaster* and *Cantwarabyrig*. I may doubtless have quoted the old forms of the names; surely I have never used them as ordinary names for Rochester and Canterbury. And then in the next page he seems to blame me for not writing *Lundenbyrig* and *Eoferwic*. He even ventures to say:

"It may be true that the contemporaries of 'Edward the Elder,' 'Edward the Martyr,' and 'Edward the Confessor' spelt the name *Eadward* or *Eadweard*, if they wrote in English, though they did not usually do so when they wrote in Latin. But did the 'Edwards' of Plantagenet so spell their name?"

I can only infer from this that Mr. Harrison really writes purely at a venture. Had he turned only a page or two of any charters or chronicles dealing with the times before the Norman Conquest, he would have seen, in Latin as well as in English, "*Eadwardus*," "*Eadmundus*," at every step. Nay, the practice lasted on so long as to take in even those whom I suppose Mr. Harrison means by the odd phrase of "the Edwards of Plantagenet"; that is, one may guess, those Edwards who were descended from Geoffrey Plantagenet. The *Ead-* form is not uncommon in the Latin of the thirteenth century; I have before me Roger of Wendover (iv. 267), where Archbishop Edmund appears as "*Magister Eadmundus*," and the "*Annals of Tewkesbury*," A.D. 1239, where a son called "*Eadwardus*" is born to Henry the Third. This is all matter of

mere curiosity ; but it is Mr. Harrison who has raised the point. I mention it only to show how dangerous it would be to think that any man old or new had said or not said anything, merely because Mr. Harrison, in a jaunty or a positive fit, ventures to say that he has said it or has not said it.

It is really not worth while to spend many words on this very small question of spelling. I have explained the principle on which I have gone in two prefaces, one to the "History of Federal Government," the other to the first volume of the "Norman Conquest." I cannot think that Mr. Harrison has read those prefaces. I do not suppose that they would convince him—if the matter is worth convincing anybody about—if he did read them. But they would at least show him that there is no inconsistency in a great deal in which he hastily sees inconsistency, that there are good reasons for a good deal about which he has not stopped to think whether there is any reason. As regards the spelling of English names, the case is a very simple one. The Latinized spellings of the older English names are utterly confused ; the spellings in popular books are more confused still. It is absurd to write *Athelstan* and *Ethelred*, when the real form is *Æthel*- in both. And in a book like Mr. Kemble's, or like my "Norman Conquest," where we have to use a crowd of names of the same form, some in modern use, some not, it is unpleasant to write *Edward* and *Eadsige*, *Alfred* and *Ælfhelm*. One almost naturally writes all the same way. The inconsistency has an unpleasant look, and it is hard to draw the line between common and uncommon. I venture to think therefore that in a book that may be called scientific it is better to write *Ælfred* and *Eadward*, along with other names of the same form. In a casual reference to those kings in a production purely literary, say in an oration or a poem by Mr. Harrison, it is much better to write *Alfred* and *Edward*. And I cannot help whispering that Mr. Harrison's singular luck in reading only what suits him has here stood him in good stead. While he knows perfectly well that in my larger writings I have written certain names as he would have me not write them, he

has no notion at all that in some smaller, some less scientific, writings, I have written them just as he would have me write them.

I could say—I have elsewhere said—something about the writing of Greek names. But as on that score Mr. Harrison attacks only Mr. Grote and not me, I will make only one or two remarks. To those who read German books it sounds very funny to hear it said that Mr. Grote "*began* the practice of resetting the old Greek names ; but that his spelling has not recommended itself to the world." And it would really do Mr. Harrison good to give a little time to the study of the history of the letter *v* or *y*, a subject on which there is very curious reading, and on which he seems a little in the dark. He might also give an hour or two to the nomenclature and history of the island which once was *Κόρκυρα* (not *Κέρκυρα*, save as London is *Londres*), and now is *Κορῶ* or *Corfu*. I really believe that Mr. Harrison fancies that the two names *Korkyra* and *Corfu* have something to do with one another.

There is one other comment on my spelling on which I must say a word or two. Mr. Harrison is very angry because I speak of *Buonaparte*. I believe even Bonaparte would not satisfy him ; it must be *Napoleon*. Will Mr. Harrison believe me when I tell him that, in doing what I have done in this matter, I am simply doing what I have been used to from my childhood ? Will he believe me when I tell him that I was used to hear the name *Buonaparte* spoken in four syllables ? So it is ; but he must take my word for it ; I cannot call up the long deceased speakers. I can remember the gradual change, in ordinary English speech, from *Buonaparte* to *Bonaparte*, and from both to *Napoleon*. The change was very gradual : you might find both forms in the same writing. Mr. Harrison says that *Buonaparte* was only found in "lampoons" ; he calls it a "nickname" ; he likens it to talking about "*Veuve Capet*," and "*Mrs. Guelph*." Does Mr. Harrison really fancy that *Capet* and *Guelph*—will he let me say *Welf*?—are hereditary surnames ? Or does he fancy that *Buonaparte* was a spelling invented in mockery ? Medals struck in honor of "*Buona-*

parte" are hardly "lampoons," and there are plenty such. It is perfectly clear that for a good many years people in England were apt to spell the name different ways according to their politics. But even now I cannot call every Tory writing a "lampoon." I remember a work of my childhood, which I have not looked at since my childhood, but which I am sure was not a lampoon, or at all in the style of O'Donovan Rossa. It was "The Court and Camp of Buona-parte." I am sure it was "Buona-parte" outside. I have a notion that it may sometimes have been "Napoleon" within. If so, it would mark the transitional stage which there certainly was. And I have a dim notion that the book I mean was written by Sir Walter Scott.

But these things are so long ago that I remember them but faintly, while Mr. Harrison seems not to remember them at all.

But I will not dwell longer on these small points of spelling, as Mr. Harrison has started much greater points. "It is now thought scholarly," says Mr. Harrison, "to write of the battle of *Senlac* instead of the battle of *Hastings*. As every one knows, the fight took place on the site of Battle Abbey, seven miles from Hastings." Now, does everybody know? I have known men of good education and position who have thought that the battle was fought on the seashore. A few years ago I read an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, which made it plain that the critic and the writer whom he reviewed both thought that Taillefer sang his song at the moment of William's landing. Now it is because of dangers like this that it is better to give the particular place of the battle some name. In writing the whole story of the campaign, a name for the actual spot is greatly needed, and I therefore ventured to give it the only name that I found for it anywhere. This was the name of *Senlac*, which is given to it by Orderic. I am indeed not at all sure that I ought to say that I "gave" it the name; I believe I am no more original in this than in other things. At any rate I have discussed the whole matter in my *History*; I have given my reasons, and my references to the writer whom I fully allow to be my one authority. Only I am a little curious to know whether Mr. Har-

risson, in his grand critical discussion of authorities, has ever found out when and where Orderic was born. "A monk who lived and wrote in Normandy in the next century" is a description which is literally true; but it is a little misleading. It would hardly suggest the fact, one of some importance in the matter, that Orderic was born in England in 1076. I grant that it is "pedantic" to speak of *Senlac* as the name of the spot; it is "pedantic" to distinguish, what are so easy to be confounded, the whole campaign of Hastings and the one day's fight on *Senlac*. So to do is certainly "pedantic"; for it conduces to accuracy; it may help to avoid a common mistake. In "literature" of course, if "literature" means writing where facts go for nothing, no one is bound to adopt it. But again how lucky is Mr. Harrison in his reading, whether directly in the originals or in my quotations and discussions of them. He has found out, either from the originals or from me, that, in the two or three passages in *Domesday*, where the battle of October is mentioned, it is called "bellum apud Hastings." He has been so lucky as not to find out, either from the original or from me, that the battle of September is in *Domesday* called "bellum apud Eboracum." Yet Mr. Harrison does not charge me with pedantry for speaking of the battle of Stamford-bridge, when, according to *Domesday*, I ought to say "the battle of York." Yet I am sure it must be pedantic to speak of Stamfordbridge; for so to speak is very needful for accuracy. As early as the thirteenth century Snorro got all wrong from knowing only the name of York, just as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* got all wrong in the nineteenth through knowing only the name of Hastings.

To wind up, I go back to Mr. Harrison's first indictment on p. 89.

"R" [that is, my supposed "school"] "began by an onslaught on 'Charlemagne' and the 'Anglo-Saxons,' and now to use either of these familiar old names is to be guilty of something which is almost a vulgarity, if not an impertinence. We have all learned to speak by the card of *Karl* and the *Old-English*; and it does us good."

Now I have nothing to say to the "vulgarity" or the "impertinence," or the



"speaking by the card," or the "doing Mr. Harrison good." I dare say all these phrases are clever and literary. I only ask where have I said or implied that it is a "vulgarism" or an "imperitence" to use any form? Where have I for twenty years past said anything about *Karl*? Where have I at any time said anything about "the Old-English"? It is very easy for Mr. Harrison to put forms into my mouth which I at least do not remember to have used. If I have, let him give me chapter and verse. If it does Mr. Harrison good, as he says it does, to talk about *Karl*, I am glad to hear it; but I cannot claim the credit of the prescription.

But let "*Karl*" wait for a moment. There is, it seems, an "Old-English school," who are guilty of "Neo-Saxonism." This last *ism* I do not remember to have heard of before; but it would seem to be specially opposed to "Anglo-Saxonism." My "school" began with an "onslaught on the Anglo-Saxons." This means, I believe, that at the end of the first volume of my "Norman Conquest" there is an Appendix of some length in which I give my reasons against the very modern use of the word "Anglo-Saxon" to mean distinctively Englishmen who lived before 1066, their language or anything else belonging to them. I have there brought together a great number of instances of other and earlier uses of the form "Anglo-Saxon" and other kindred forms, uses in which nobody thinks of using the word now. I believe I have given good reasons, at any rate I have given some reasons, for preferring to call Englishmen and their tongue by the one name, that of *English*, by which they have uninterruptedly called themselves, and for calling the earliest period of English law, language, or anything else, when one has to distinguish it in a marked way, by the word "Old-English," used as a technical term. I have done this simply because it seems to me to avoid some popular confusions. But Mr. Harrison is displeased; he "wants a convenient term for the speech of Englishmen before it was affected by the Conquest." That is exactly what I wanted, and I thought that the word "Old English" did exactly meet the need. But Mr. Harrison then tells us, with a little

of the air of a man announcing something not generally known, that "Edward the Elder, the first true King of all England, chose to call himself '*Rex Anglo-Saxonum*,' and an immense succession of historians and scholars have used the term." It so happens that Edward the Elder chose to call himself, not "*Rex Anglo-Saxonum*" but "*Rex Angul-Saxonum*," a form used by Asser before him, but which I am not aware that any succession of historians and scholars have used. In fact, though I have in my Appendix brought together a great many quite equivalent forms, I am not at this moment prepared with a "*Rex Anglo-Saxonum*" in exactly that shape, though I do not dogmatically say that there may not be such. I should never have thought of insisting on such a mere question of spelling; only Mr. Harrison might perhaps think it of importance. Perhaps he corrected the spelling of "the first true King of all England" because it was "a scandal to literature." Anyhow it is quite certain that the first true King of all England and the succession of historians and scholars did not use the compound word in the same sense. The historians and scholars may very likely have used the word "Anglo-Saxon" to mean "the speech [or anything else] of Englishmen before it was affected by the Conquest." But Edward the Elder, "*Rex invictissimus Eadwardus*"—in quoting Florence's Latin I must keep Florence's spelling, though I am quite ready to write "Edward" in my own English person—did not foresee the Norman Conquest, and could therefore hardly use "*Angul-Saxonum*" to mean Englishmen unaffected by that Conquest. All that he meant, all that any one else in England in those days who used the phrase meant, was to call himself "King of the Angles and Saxons," as distinguished from the "*Rex West-Saxonum*," often "*Rex Saxonum*," of his father, who had no immediate Anglian subjects. In that sense there is not the faintest objection to the use of the word "Anglo-Saxon" at any time from then till now, except that nobody would understand it in that sense. In the other sense, notwithstanding the historians and scholars, I venture to think that it is misleading. But I cannot but

congratulate Mr. Harrison on his renewed good luck among the historians and scholars. In his reading of Kemble he never noticed that Kemble wrote *Ælfred*, *Eadweard*, and a crowd of like forms, some of which I do not write; for so to write must be an invention of me or my "school." But he at once noticed that Kemble used the word "Anglosaxon," because that fact might be turned against us. Only Mr. Kemble, like King Edward the Elder, had, perhaps again to avoid "scandals to literature," to submit to have his way of writing the name improved by Mr. Harrison.

And now we may rise to a higher level, still, to the conqueror of those about whom I am uncertain whether Mr. Harrison will allow me to call them the "Old Saxons." Perhaps the name might be allowed to pass, if only for its clear antagonism to "Neo-Saxonism." Anyhow in p. 98 the "Old-English school" are charged with "making rather too much fuss about this wonderful discovery that *Karl the Great* was not a Gaul." I am again in the dark; anyhow the matter does not concern me. I have never said anything about "Karl the Great" "not being a Gaul." The name "Charlemagne," Mr. Harrison goes on to say, is as much a part of the English language as is the title of "*Emperor*," and it is as little likely to be displaced by any contemporary phonogram as the names of Moses and Jesus.

I do not fully understand about the "contemporary phonogram." I can only guess that Mr. Harrison all the time believes that the object of the "Old-English school," the followers of "Neo-Saxonism," is to write names so as to express the *sounds* that were usual at the time when the persons spoken of lived. If this be the object, I at least have strangely failed to accomplish it in the case of the first Teutonic Emperor and of the mythical personage who has grown out of him. My custom has long been always to speak of "Charles the Great" or of "Charlemagne" according to a very simple rule. When I speak of the historical German King and Roman Emperor, I use the obvious English translation of his Latin description, "Carolus Magnus;" I call him

"Charles the Great." When I speak of the subject of French romance, to whose imaginary personality the Teutonic Emperor has given a groundwork, but only a groundwork, I use the French name "Charlemagne." This practice Mr. Harrison oddly calls "an onslaught on Charlemagne." He more oddly still implies that to say "Charles the Great" or "Charlemagne" according to a certain rule, is an attempt to displace the name Charlemagne "by a contemporary phonogram." I must really give this up in despair; I cannot get beyond Mr. Harrison's seeming belief that the whole matter is a question, not of sense, but of sound. Through his whole article he does not show the faintest understanding of the objects of those at whom he jeers. To him it is all a question of "literature," hardly in fact of literature, a question of "phonograms," that is, I suppose, a question of sound. We must use such names as Mr. Harrison's ear is used to, such names as to Mr. Harrison's ear sound pretty. That the matter has anything to do with facts, anything to do with historic accuracy, anything to do with the best way of conveying truth, does not seem to have come into Mr. Harrison's head. Yet that is our object, our sole object. How either of the forms that I use, "Charles the Great" and "Charlemagne," can be a "contemporary phonogram" I do not understand. Assuredly no man uttered either sound in the year 800. But to use the two forms according to the rule which I have laid down does, to my mind at least, best set forth the facts of the case, and best draws the needful distinction between German history and French romance. To Mr. Harrison to draw such a distinction, that is, to attend to the facts of the case, seems a "pedantic nuisance" and a "scandal to literature." Yet even from the point of view of literature, the scandalous pedants sin in good company. Is not Mr. Harrison, positive as he is, a little hasty when he writes:

"In English literature, the literary name of the greatest ruler of the West is *Charlemagne*. . . . The entire world, and not England alone, has settled all this for centuries. Manuscripts and palæography have nothing to do with it."

Most truly "manuscripts and palæography have nothing to do with it." But how about the entire world? The countrymen of the greatest ruler of the West, the men who speak his tongue, are surely part of "the entire world," and they translate "Carolus Magnus" by "Karl der Grosse" as naturally as we translate it by "Charles the Great." And how about English literature? There is a master of English literature, many think him the greatest master of it, about the spelling of whose name Mr. Harrison is so particular that I dare not spell it at all. Now he, strange as it may be, seems to have forestalled the "Old-English school" in his taste for "contemporary phonograms." Is there not a play called "Henry the Fifth," and do we not read in it how

..... "The land Salique is in Germany, Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons, There left behind and planted certain French."\* We, Old-English or Neo-Saxon, might be tempted to cry out "scandal to history," "scandal to geography," at such a description of "the land Salique." Mr. Harrison is bound to cry out "scandal to literature" at the presence of the words "Charles the Great," where the word "Charlemagne" would have filled up the metre, though hardly with the same weight of syllables. Mr. Harrison asks us to accept "Charlemagne"—a name that we never refused—as "good enough for Gibbon and Milman, for Hallam and Martin."† We may ask him to accept "Charles the Great" as good enough for the renowned English poet whose name we dare not spell.

I do not attempt to answer all Mr. Harrison's jokes and gibes. "Who can refute a sneer?" is a very old question.

\* If Mr. Harrison will look on a few lines further, he will find something about "Charlemain," meaning thereby a person quite distinct from Charles the Great.

† Does this mean the French writer, Henri Martin? What should he say but *Charlemagne*? *Charlemagne* is as much the natural French as *Charles the Great* is the natural English

But I may notice that the greater part of Mr. Harrison's argument is made up of appeals to consistency. If we write A, we should also write B. And Mr. Harrison makes himself very merry with the things which he says that certain people, under certain circumstances, ought to write. I have no doubt that all those people could give some good reason why they would not, under these circumstances, write as Mr. Harrison suggests for them. I certainly could in the cases which he imagines for me. But then Mr. Harrison can start several false analogies in a line, while it would take several lines to show the falseness of each. As therefore I am writing, not a volume but an article, I must forbear. I must leave the "Gáltachd-ic, and Kymr-ic, and Duitisch enthusiasts," whoever they may be, to fight for their own hands; I dare say they can fight very well. We "Old-English" or "Neo-Saxon" enthusiasts are not hot about "contemporary phonograms;" we care very little about vowels and diphthongs; we do sometimes care about names, but only so far as names express facts. Mr. Harrison can do, and has done, better things than this reckless raid into regions where he does not know the road. Mere gibes and sneers are beneath him; let him leave them to the professional merry-makers of the newspapers. And the great argument for consistency he may leave to an ingenious gentleman—from India, I believe—who wrote a few weeks ago to the *Academy* to say that such a piece of pedantry as writing *Ælfred* was not to be endured, but that, for the sake of accuracy, he must himself be allowed to write—I hope I have got the exact form—*Musalman* for *Mussulman*. Perhaps Mr. Harrison would appeal to his goats and monkeys to know whether he could bear such an ally. We of the Old-English and Neo-Saxon schools have no such powers to call on. We have to grin and bear Mr. Harrison and his allies how we can.—*Contemporary Review*.

## MOZART.

BY L. E.

To describe the life of so transcendent a genius as Mozart in a paper limited to what, for such a purpose, must appear a very small allowance, is simply impossible, because his fame began when he was four years of age, and although he died at thirty-five years, he published no less than six hundred and twenty-four grand works and left two hundred and ninety-four unpublished. Criticism of his work alone would therefore require extended space, but even to record the facts relating to his eventful life is so difficult a task that I must ask the indulgence of the reader, who cannot expect anything even like a complete sketch, not to mention a biography. At twelve years he stood at the conductor's desk, presiding over the performance of one of his operas, and every day brought some unheard-of, incredible, and by many not credited, miracle. I have read such a number of different works, small and great, Italian, French, Spanish, English, German, in order to depict the most interesting moments of his life, that I felt like Guizot, who meant to write a little handbook on London when he had been in England a week, but the moment he began, he found the task rather bigger than he first thought, and he deferred it for a year, after which he felt the magnitude of the subject to be such that he gave it up altogether. One biographical work alone in German is written in four volumes, one of which contains more than 700 pages. This will give a slight idea of the material from which to gain information. The astounding fact that a man capable of producing such admirable work in such quantities died in poverty, after his famous *début* as a child, I have tried to explain. Whatever I thought would interest the English reader I have taken; but how much have I had to leave!

Wolfgang Amadeus (Johannes Chrysostomus) Mozart was born at Salzburg, Lower Austria, on January 27th, in the year 1756, and was first christened Theophilus. This Greek name his father translated into German, Gottlieb,

and then into Latin, Amadeus. He and his sister Anna, five years older, were the only children of a large family who remained alive. When he was three years old he searched thirds on the piano; when he was four he began playing, and could learn any minuet in half an hour, any other piece in an hour. At five he began composing; at six he was a celebrity and spoiled by sovereigns. When he was seven he played the organ at the French Court, as he played the violin, without having had tuition on either instrument. At eight he played at the English Court (August 5th, 1764), and had two sonatas engraved—his Op. 2; the Op. 1 having been engraved the previous year in Paris. He lived here in a "country house, outside London," which means Chelsea. On his return to England he dedicated to the Queen six sonatas. It was here that he stood between the legs of John Christian Bach, the Queen's organist, who played several bars of a piece and let little Mozart continue, then taking it up again, and again letting the child continue, but the thread was taken up in such homogeneous style that no one guessed there were two performers. The Emperor Joseph was so amazed with the phenomenal qualities of Wolfgang, that he entrusted him with a libretto for which he ordered him to write the music. This opera, however ("La Finat semplice"), although privately executed, was never performed in public, in consequence of Italian cabals which I will not touch upon here.

One of the best-known anecdotes of his life is that of his father taking him to Rome, where in the Capella Sistina he heard the Miserere by Allegri, which the little fellow wrote from memory after a single hearing. The Pope heard of this extraordinary feat, and conferred upon the child his order of the Golden Spur. Young as he was then, two Philharmonic Academies appointed him member, after subjecting him to the strict examination required, which he finished in about the quarter of the time usually allowed. So he went from

triumph to triumph, fulfilling the usually doubtful prophecy that youthful prodigies will become great men, and nevertheless not only not earning enough to live on, but literally not enough to be buried. This marvellous musician, who wrote four symphonies when he was nine years old, of whom after his death, Salieri said: "It is a great calamity, but verily the best thing that could happen to us, for had he lived we should not have received a piece of bread for our work." He might have been safe and happy had he done what his great countryman Handel did, and had accepted a call to live in England. In 1790, O'Reilly, manager of the Pantheon, wrote to him a letter in French, offering £300 if he would come and write an opera in London. It was not to be. The letters which he wrote to his wife contain such desperate phrases as this: "Pay hundred pounds on my return!—I cannot pay ten." In others his tenderness is more marked: "You sent me a coat and waistcoat, but I searched in both all through every pocket for a word from your hand in vain." "Don't be offended," he says in another, "when I tell you not to make free with people. I have every confidence in you; but as you mean no evil, force them to respect you; be civil and courteous, but no more." Then again he writes: "You know I have board and lodging here" (Frankfort) "for three pounds a month, but I can neither live nor can I eat alone," etc. I give these extracts at once to show the childlike, tender, but absolutely weak character of the man. His carelessness was such that he threw his MSS. under the piano, where they lay like waste paper (*in Fetzen*), and the copyists could help themselves to as much as they liked. In an English dictionary, published in 1815, may be found this: "We know little of him except his essays (*sic*) on the harpsichord. They are novel, unusual, but wild and capricious." This criticism is perhaps more astonishing when we see with what enthusiasm Burney, who met him in Bologna, had written about him. Since he had been dead about twenty-five years at that time, there was every opportunity of studying the works of a man which fill in Koechel's Catalogue 551

pages. It is sad, but undeniable, that Mozart remained a child all his life: childlike in simplicity, candor in his music, and childlike in his acts. Such, too, was the expression of his face.

All the family likenesses in the Mozarteum in Salzburg have the unmistakable expression of a good, genial, kind-hearted, but I am sorry to say distinctly unpractical musician. As to his genius for music, probably the greatest ever known, there can be no doubt; but genius in music does not absolutely imply greatness of mind, or even of education in other respects. Limited as we are, so are all our qualities limited; the same quality may be eminent in one direction, and lacking in another. See, for instance, a man with an immense memory for dates like the Emperor Napoleon III., who had an equally immense memory for facts and for faces, so that he never forgot one during all his lifetime; yet you could play him a piece ten times over, and afterward play him a totally different one, and he knew not the difference.

Mozart's genius as a musician, one would think, could by no means be exaggerated, and nevertheless I have seen it in print, that "the whole of music created since Guido d'Arezzo, who invented the musical signs, up to the end of the last century, had only one aim and purpose: to create Mozart." That is saying that Palestrina, Bach, Handel, and Gluck, deserve not even a mention. That Mozart was simply a phenomenon, the miraculously unprecedented and unimitated feats which will hereafter be related amply prove.

Mozart's father, the son of a book-binder, was a very clever and religious man, and frequently inquired of young Wolfgang whether he had forgotten his confession, which he considered of great importance. The effect of confession in after life is, however, neither with young Mozart nor with any other great composer very encouraging. Berlioz, who was always sent to his confessor, and who relates in his memoirs that he used to go, though he had nothing to confess, said to his confessor, "Mon père, je n'ai rien fait," to which the priest replied, "C'est bien, mon fils; faut continuer comme cela!" Leopold Mozart speaks in one of his letters of a

Baron Hopfgarten : " What an amiable man ! He really is, and has everything an honorable man should have, *although* a Protestant." The conviction that the Catholic religion ought alone to prevail in the world, did not render him more generous in his judgment of men, because, according to his idea, there was no greater folly than to believe in unselfishness or friendship. He wished to give these impressions to his son, but without result ; for Mozart was entirely the victim of his soft heart, as we shall see in the course of this paper.

It will ever be a debated question by worldlings whether you ought to be good and kind, which according to certain cynics is tantamount to being stupid, or whether you ought before all to take care of Number One. I imagine that the solution lies in pleasing yourself. Let every one choose his life to his own satisfaction. Leopold Mozart, the father, doubting all others, fared no better himself, for however desirous he was to acquire knowledge, and gain a position as a lawyer, he reached nothing beyond the position of groom in waiting to Count Thurn, canon at Salzburg. He had, however, seriously studied music and became afterward violin solo, and sub-conductor to Archbishop Sigismund, and he not only composed, but he engraved six sonatas for pianoforte, then called harpsichord. He also composed sacred music and eighteen symphonies, and that was only a small part of what he had written. Such voluminous work, which in our days would seem in itself a proof of fertility, and which in those days was just a drop in a river, makes us of necessity ask the question, " How is it that our life would barely suffice to copy what those great men created in such profusion ?" I fear we should have to answer the question with a general *peccavi* that those men devoted themselves entirely to their work, thought of nothing but of serious contributions to the art or the science for which they worked ; whereas with us it is a means to glory, to fortune, but not an aim in itself. There was a very generous man in Vienna a long time ago, whom a very poor man asked to help him with some money. Not knowing the man, yet desirous to help him if he could, he asked

him how much he wanted. " Oh, not much," replied the pauper, " three or four pounds, or sufficient cloth for a dress coat." " What !" replied my friend, " four pounds ? Never ; you shall have nothing, you impudent fellow." " Right," said the other ; " you give me nothing, you leave me to my misery, and you insult me, simply because I am poor. But—be it so. Since that is all the justice we have to expect, I will go and do what I have never done, and may you—" A sob prevented him speaking further, and he went away. My friend, already repenting his harsh words, and fearing that he had driven the man to stealing, or perhaps some desperate act, called him back, and said, " Well, look here, I will show you that I am not so hard as you say, and that there is a divine Providence ; you ought never to have doubted it. Here are the four pounds you demand. But you said you would go and do what you have never done before ; confess now what that was." " Well, sir, since you will know, and you left me no choice, I would have gone and—worked !"

This of course was an unexpected reply ; but the fact is that the motto of our times is—enjoy before the fruit of your labor entitles you to do so. Mozart the father published his " Essay of a thorough (*gründlich*) Violin Method," based on the principle that every instrument ought as much as possible to sing, and therefore advises his pupils always to hear good singers. His ideas were so lofty that he even says : " In order to be able to play with intelligence, a performer on the violin ought even to study Rhetoric and Poetry." Such a study can do nobody harm, but where the necessity arises for violin-players I fail to see. However, everybody sees necessity differently. If you ask a man, " How much do you want a year ?" he will tell you : " Oh ! very little ; only the necessary things of life." But what *is* necessary ? There we come upon different opinions. I know a lady whose husband had lost large sums on the Stock Exchange, and therefore reduced his wife to bare necessities ; as she told me with tears in her eyes, " I'll do my best and try to live on £20,000 a year, but how I shall manage I cannot say."

Other people—for instance, the Cardinal Richelieu—again had other ideas. A painter brought him a very carefully worked picture, which in his opinion was a *chef d'œuvre*, and very likely it was—painters are so modest. The Cardinal looked at it, and said: "How much do you want for it?" "A thousand francs," said the artist. "You mean it?" asked the Cardinal. "Éminence," he replied, "il faut bien que je vive?" "Je n'en vois pas la nécessité," replied Richelieu.

Another remark I cannot help quoting, because it so coincides with a bad habit of our own times. Mozart says: "Do not perpetually make your notes tremble as if you had a fever." Hear a number, especially of French, singers. The affectation, as if the emotion at every phrase would choke them, prevents them bringing out a healthy sound, and whether they call it *vibrato* or *tremolando*, it is unnatural, and therefore to be condemned.

Of the seven children which Mozart (Leopold) had, five died when one year old or under, and two survived—Maria Anna, the sister (five years older than her brother), and our great Wolfgang Amadeus. The beginning of Mozart showing the stuff he was made of was the tuition which his father gave to his sister when she was eight years old. This interested the boy (then three years old) to such an extent that he searched for himself consonances on the piano, and when he found an interval that sounded well, he showed his joy to such an extent that the father, just to pass the time, began teaching him as soon as he was a little older. I have already mentioned that he took only half-an-hour to learn a minuet, and an hour to learn a regular piece, which he afterward played regularly in time, never wanting further tuition.

At five years of age he began composing without the slightest guide. He formed the pieces on the piano, played them to his father, who then wrote them down. It is strange that he was not a child when seated at the piano. Nobody dared address a joke to him or to talk aloud. In a letter of his father's it is stated that some of his friends, who saw the child so very serious, predicted that he would not live long. Although

he willingly studied everything his father told him to work at, music filled his soul from early childhood to such an extent that when his toys had to be taken from one room to another, he insisted on a march being sung, to the strains of which he walked in time and in procession, with the person who assisted him. From a letter of Court trumpeter Andreas Schachtner to Mozart's sister, I take the following details. I may first be allowed to say that a trumpeter then was not what he may be now; and that this Mr. Schachtner was a man, not only of musical but literary culture, who often lent a helping hand with Mozart's libretti. He writes: "Once I came home from church with your father, and we found Wolferl fully engaged with his pen." Wolferl—the diminutive of Wolfgang—means in German (just the same as in English) a small wolf. "The child had a paper before him, and would not let us see what he wrote because it was not ready. It was full of ink spots, because he pushed his quill every time to the bottom of the inkstand. His father at last took it away from him, and found it was the MS. of a concerto for piano, and on his remark that it was too difficult, the little boy jumped up and said, 'It is a concerto. Let those who want to play it study hard,' and he sat down to the instrument and played it." Evidence of his miraculous capacities was given in his seventh year. A trio was played, and he begged to be allowed to play the second fiddle. His father, knowing that the boy had never had regular instruction, would not hear of it. The boy insisted. So the father ordered him out of the room. He then resorted to the infallible means with which children and women govern their so-called masters the men—he began to cry. Of course one of the friends present begged that the child might be allowed to have his will, and, to the utter amazement of all present, he sat down and played without a fault, first the second, then the first fiddle, until it was the father's turn to shed tears of surprise and admiration.

Another miracle related by the same Mr. Schachtner I beg leave to doubt. He says that the boy, playing on his own little fiddle, said to him: "You

should bring your violin here ; it is just half a quarter of a tone sharper than mine ;" and on testing this incredible judgment, it was found to be exactly true. It seems to me absolutely impossible that anybody, even if older than this child, should be able by memory to fix an eighth of a tone. The boy, however, did so many things supposed to be impossible, that there is no insisting on what he might not have accomplished. On his first journey he had an opportunity of appreciating the generosity of those art patrons who are so very liberal with other people's money. I have often had an opportunity of seeing people in a high position give concerts for a certain charity. How do you think they exercise that charity ? With their money ? Oh, no ! They go or write to any singer with a great name to beg for the *gratuitous* help to a fund for a hospital or a church, etc. The singer accepting, that name is instantly paraded before singers of less celebrity as a trap, and when the programme is full, and the charity benefits to the extent of some hundred pounds, with the time, the talent, and the names of the artists, not one of them ever gets anything beyond thanks and a smile.

Little Mozart was stopped on his journey to Vienna at Passau by the Archbishop, who graciously kept him five days, and on his departure handed him one *ducat* (eight shillings). That he played the organ at six years to the admiration of the *patres* to whom it belonged will surprise no one. Schopenhauer the German philosopher *à la mode*, says : " A scholar, a great authority, is a man who has learned what books can teach you. Genius is a man who knows without learning, and teaches the world what he never learned." Of this, Mozart was the truest illustration. It is a well-known story, that at Court, where the Emperor Charles VI., father of Maria Theresa, a very good musician, accompanied at the piano from figured bass, the Court conductor turned round and said, " Really, Majesty, you accompany in such a musicianlike style that I have no doubt you could replace me any day." " Thank you for your kind opinion," said the Emperor, " but I must content myself with my humble

position." Music being traditional at Court, when Mozart arrived, his fame had already preceded him. The Emperor, Joseph II.—that greatest of Austrian Emperors—defied the little wonder to do certain things : to play with only one finger, or to allow the keyboard to be covered with a silk handkerchief and to play nevertheless ; but he did it all. He slipped down after he had played. Not one of the Archduchesses came to his aid but Marie Antoinette, who lifted him up, and he threw his arms around her and said, " You are kind. I'll marry you ! " " And why so ? " asked the Empress. " From gratitude," he said, evidently thinking that he conferred a great favor. The Emperor often sent for him in the Court carriage, which reminds me of a French actress under Louis XV., who was requested to come to Court and recite, but she was so spoiled that she would consent only on condition that the King's carriage, with two of his *Chambellans à grande perruque*, came to fetch her. Her whims were taken as orders, and when she drove to Court in great state, she suddenly exclaimed, " Oh, what would I give to stand in the street and see me pass ! "

When Mozart was seven years old he played in one concert the harpsichord, a concerto on the violin, the figured bass to a symphony, and improvised on the organ. It is stated that when the boy saw the organ, in his sixth year, he asked his father's permission to try and play it. The father went up with him to the loft and explained to him the use of the pedal ; and the boy, whose little legs could not reach from the seat, played the organ standing, using the pedal, which he had never known before, like a master, and with the greatest ease, not in the least surprised himself, as if it was self-evident that he knew what he wanted to know without even taking the trouble of studying it.

The arrival of the family in Paris furnished Mozart with an opportunity of seeing one of the historical celebrities of France, the Marquise de Pompadour. She ordered the little man to be put on a table before her, but when the child, who seems to have been of a somewhat demonstrative nature, approached his face to hers, she motioned him back, so



that he indignantly exclaimed: "Who is she who won't let me kiss her, when the Empress has kissed me!" The Queen herself was much more gracious; she caused him on New Year's Day to be brought into the dining-room, had him placed next to her, and gave him of all the sweets, while she conversed with him in German and translated it all to Louis XV. Of course his success at Court opened all Parisian society to the *enfant prodige*.

Here Mozart accompanied a lady without seeing the music, simply guessing the harmonies, and after he had gone through it once, he played the whole melody and harmony together from memory, and instantly extemporized a piece on it before the audience. It was then, his father thought, the time had come when he should produce his son as a composer, and he had four sonatas for piano and violin engraved, the composer being then seven years of age! The letter of dedication which he wrote to Madame Victoire of France, the second daughter of the King, bears this singular signature: "Votre très humble, très obéissant, et très petit serviteur, W. M." This was of the grand series of immortal master-works, the Opus 1.

One of Mozart's great patrons in Paris was Melchior Grimm, the friend of Rousseau and Diderot, who may be said, with Voltaire, to have sown the seed of the great French Revolution. I know of no more violent and decisive axiom than that uttered by Didier: "La paix ne régnera sur la terre, que lorsque le dernier des Rois sera étranglé avec les boyaux du dernier des prêtres!" Mozart then came to England and remained here from April, 1764, until July 1765. The letters of the father Mozart are filled with enthusiastic gratitude for the reception the family received from King George III. and Queen Charlotte, who was herself a good musician. Wolfgang's organ-playing made the greatest sensation. J. C. Bach, eleventh son of the great John Sebastian, was then music-master to the Queen, and he put the difficult works of Handel, Bach, and Abel before the boy. But he played it all at sight, so that Bach was quite amazed. The first work he published in England consisted of six sonatas, dedicated to the

Queen, and accompanied, I am sorry to say, by a very revoltingly humble, long letter, which of course was not written by him, but, according to the custom of those times, by a literary man *ad hoc*.

Of course Leopold Mozart took his son to Italy. It is not surprising that a people so excitable as the Italians are, nearly went out of their mind at seeing such a young boy a singer, pianist and violinist, whilst he put himself in the shade as composer when they gave him, before the whole audience, a theme for a fugue, which he instantly and correctly improvised. I pass over his triumphs in Milan, where he received the *scrittura* (order to write an opera for the Carnival), and other cities, to say that the Mozarts arrived during the Holy Week in Rome, where at that time the famous "Miserere" by Allegri was sung by the Capella Sistina. This work was held in such honor that to copy it was forbidden under penalty of excommunication. Mozart heard it, wrote the whole of it from memory, and visiting again the church on Good Friday, with his MS. in his hat, he corrected the few mistakes which he found he had made. The affair produced such a sensation that he was asked to sit down to the piano and play it before the singer Cristofori, who, perfectly amazed, declared the whole to be exactly correct.

I may here mention that intrigues prevented his opera "La Finta Semplice" from being performed, notwithstanding the express order of the Emperor of Austria. The manager, an Italian, independent of the Court, told old Mozart that, if he compelled him to give it, he would have it hissed off the stage, so a private performance of another operatic score of the boy, "Bastien et Bastienne," was arranged at the house of his great friend Mesmer. The real first public performance of young Mozart was "Il Mitridate, Re di Ponto," at Milan, on December 26, 1770, the composer and conductor being fourteen years old. The success was such that, before his departure, he received the *scrittura* for next year, at the increased salary of 1300 *gigliati* and furnished apartments free. The Empress Maria Theresa entrusted him with the composition of a serenata (not a serenade, but a sort of a two-act opéra comique with much ballet

music), the opera having been confided to those two illustrious men, Metastasio and Hasse. The latter, seeing the great success of young Mozart's work, exclaimed, "Questo ragazzo ci farà dimenticare tutti." ("That boy will throw us all into the shade.") An order for the *second* opera in the Venetian Staggione, beside the one he had to write for Milan, was the consequence, and so far even a greater honor, as in every season three operas were performed. The height of the season was naturally the middle, so that the second opera was the most important. It is generally conceded that Scarlatti gave to the opera the form and style which it maintained to the end of the eighteenth century. Scarlatti was the master of Hasse above mentioned, and it is perhaps not generally known that this young pupil of his was the cause of the celebrated Cat's Fugue, one of the favorite fugues of Anton Rubinstein, who has already announced it in his programme to be executed in May next in London. The fact is that Scarlatti one morning sat dull, and incapable of work, not knowing why he could find no ideas, when young Hasse, always full of mischief, came in carrying a small bundle, out of which only a red feather was visible. Scarlatti, foreseeing some nonsense, scolded him, when Hasse dropped his bundle, out of which jumped Scarlatti's favorite cat, having a wig and a hat with a red feather tied over its head, which was chased about by Hasse and his little dog. Scarlatti ordered Hasse to be quiet and let him work, when Hasse's dog got hold of the wig, which gave way. The cat, in terror, pounced upon the open piano, running up and down and heavily pressing on three notes. During this operation Hasse had made his exit, followed by his valiant dog carrying off the trophy with the red feather. When he returned, after a few hours, his master held an open sheet of music in his hand, and said, "L'ho trovato, è la fuga del gatto." He had taken the notes which the cat had touched as a theme, and made the celebrated fugue on it.

Even in Mozart's time the recitatives were the principal things, and not the arias, duets. This is clear from the Italian contracts which the managers made him sign, and in which he bound

himself to bring, at a certain date, all the recitatives ready, so as to leave *only* the arias to write during his sojourn, and in presence of the singers, with whom decision rested whether the music was acceptable or not; which proves that in those times, as now, the fate of composers, whatever their knowledge or genius, lay in the hands of those whom nature had, by accident, given a sixtieth part of an inch wider or narrower larynx.

Although ladies sang in the opera, the real prima donna in those times was the *primo uomo castrato*, who possessed the science of singing in the highest degree. Against their *arie di bravura*, Metastasio wrote most angrily, "You must not think of situation, sense, or reason; they sing to rival the violin, and have no more mind or thought than that instrument." And yet how many are there of our singers who could, leaving quite apart sense or reason, do what those artists did—overcome the difficulties which long and patient study had made them vanquish, and give a performance of accomplished technique by any means comparable to those of the last century! The defence of allowing ladies to sing in the church, or even on the stage, comes from Pope Innocent XI., and was long maintained in the Ecclesiastical States. Even now, no ladies' chorus can sing in Catholic churches, and although Rossini, who was highly esteemed in Italy, wrote—I have seen the letter which he addressed to Pio IX.—to make him revoke this edict, he received a very courteous answer to say that he had demanded that which was impossible, and although the impossible was easy to a genius like his (Rossini's) the Pope could not do what would be a violation of a "sacred" law.

Hitherto we have only seen Mozart as a child and a youth, a prodigy certainly; but in him the rule that *enfants prodiges* never become great artists found the exception. Although positively inspired like a great artist whenever engaged in musical pursuit, whether performing on one of the three instruments on which he had acquired such fame—clavecin, violin or organ—or with the pen in his hand composing, whenever his inspiration left him he instantly became a child again. He used to take a stick between his legs and hop about

as if on horseback. When in Italy Maestro di Capella, and decorated by the Pope with the Golden Spur, honorary member of two Philharmonic Academies, his letters to his sister show that, far from being childish, his innocent heart remained childlike. Every letter finished, "I kiss mamma's hand a thousand times." He had a wonderful facility of mixing some tune written all in Italian—or in French—with the German, not unfrequently adorned with words of the Austrian dialect. So he invariably calls his sister Anna, "Nannerl." He tells us that he was admitted to kiss the toe of St. Peter, but having the misfortune to be so small, he had to be lifted up to the statue. In another letter, after telling his sister in all simplicity that the Padre Martini, the greatest master of counterpoint then known, had written a testimonial stating that, after serious examination, he found the boy as advanced and able as any master of the art known to him, he begs she will be good enough to send him his multiplication tables, because he is ashamed not to be able to make out the requirements of a very simple bill. "P.S.—I just wrote the great aria *Se ardire e speranza* from Metastasio's 'Demofonte.'" Look at this letter of three lines: "I am, thank God, in good health, and I kiss mamma's hands, and my sister's face, nose, mouth and neck." Oh, what a pen! From Bologna, 1770, he writes as follows:

"Can't help it, I must have a ride on a donkey. It's the fashion here; so I must try it too. We have the honor to walk about with a Dominican, who is reputed to be a saint, but I do not believe it. I have had the honor to dine with that saint. He drank all the time a good lot of wine, and concluded with a big tumblerful of strong wine, and for his dessert he had two large slices of melon, peaches, pears, five cups of coffee, a whole assortment of spices and two plates of milk. P.S.—I am so sorry to hear of poor Martha's illness. I hope, with the Lord's aid, she will get better; but even if not, she ought not to revolt. God's will is always best, and the Lord must know best whether it is more advantageous for us to be in this world or the other. Many kisses to ma and you, and all our friends, gentlemen and

ladies. By-the-bye, my fingers ache from writing so many recitatives. The copyist was just now here. He says he has immediately to send my opera to the Court at Lisbon. Mademoiselle my sister, I have the honor to be, from this to eternity, your very faithful brother." From Munich he writes: "Last night my opera was performed, and with such success that I cannot describe to mamma the immense row. Applause and shouting after every aria; and even between the opera and the ballet, where usually all are silent, such salvos of applause! The Court congratulated me, and said such nice things. I shall have to stay here for the second performance, because I feel they'll much want me. A thousand kisses to Pimperl" (the dog). "Your small composer." Such letters are very nice, and the feelings expressed in them are very touching. But if his father had done everything *pour lui faire savoir* (all he had to know), he had not given him the *savoir faire* so necessary in life to a man that he may not fall a prey to a hundred temptations, especially to the one temptation to which men so young are so liable to yield. Give them what advice you like, reason how you may, the moment comes when all reason is thrown to the wind. On the statue of Cupid Voltaire wrote this immortal verse:

"Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maître.  
Il l'est, le fût, ou le doit être."

And to that "maître" Mozart had to submit. She was fifteen, very pretty, had a nice voice, wanted his musical advice very much. The sympathy between so young a man and a young girl of fifteen is very easily mistaken for that everlasting love which has deceived so many young hearts, and will do so, so long as young hearts exist; and the two studied most perseveringly together until Mozart felt he could not tear himself away. When at last a father's anxiety for a son's career made him use all possible reasons, and when there were no end of replies and excuses, the father exerted all his authority, and ordered his son away. Tears on both sides were copious, and the girl's father followed him for a last farewell down to the house door, and, stretching his arms out for a blessing, remained standing as

long as he could catch a glimpse of Mozart. When, after long working for success in Paris, he returned to Germany, his first run was to the house where his adored lived. He came in, full of love and impatience, but—in a red coat, then the fashion in Paris. She did not like the coat, and consequently pretended not to recognize him. Mozart, cut to the quick, sat himself down to the piano and played a song with the refrain, "What care I for a girl!" But it was only *bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, and he felt deeply grieved. I know a case within my own experience, where an Austrian girl fell in love with a young hussar officer, and being an only child, insisted on having him and no other. All scenes and reproaches, all thunders of the father availed nothing. The officer she must have. At last the father, seeing that she fell ill, and fearing the consequences of his refusal would become more serious, consented on condition that the young officer took his leave of the army, because he would not expose his daughter in case of war to become a widow. Consequently the officer resigned, donned civil clothes, and presented himself at his would-be father-in-law's house. But when the girl saw him without his gold-braided uniform, she found all his charm had gone. She would not have him. *And she did not take him*, on account of the coat, just as Aloysia Weber treated Mozart.

The father of Mozart was a shrewd, practical business man, who, with the greatest self-sacrifice, had done everything for the education of his children. But he had neglected one point, or it was a point not to be reached—he had not given the young genius, whose wings lifted him perpetually to heaven, a clear idea of the importance of looking after one's business on earth. He composed, and did nothing but compose. But he gave his compositions away, and on the thanks of the people he could not live. His salary as Court composer and conductor to the Archbishop of Salzburg was twenty-five shillings a month, and it was only when driven mad by the tyranny of his master that at last he threw up the paltry engagement. He then travelled, and with the avowed purpose of making money; but he never

understood the necessity of getting the value of his work, even at its estimation in those early days. Unpractical most people are whom Nature has endowed with genius, but in this Mozart could give points to any one of them. The fearful poverty and misery of his life and of his death were in a great measure due to his own soft-heartedness. Frederick William II. offered him, after his marriage, and when he stood so much in need of money, three times as much as his salary in Vienna. He accepted, but, at an audience of the Emperor, he told him that he was bound to go because he could not live on the meagre salary the Court allowed him. The Emperor, who knew well what a distinguished man he was going to lose, exclaimed, "Mozart, are you capable of leaving me?" He turned round and said, "No, Majesty, I remain." Of course all his friends asked him: "But at least you told the Emperor that he must raise your salary?" "Who," he said, "could in such a moment think of such trifles?" The trifles being the existence of his family and himself. Certainly this is one of the most practical illustrations of the wisdom of Talleyrand's cautious advice: "*Méfiez vous de votre première impression, c'est presque toujours la bonne.*" His mother, with whom he travelled, was scarcely more practical, and the father had to advise.

One of the reasons that he did not make money enough as he grew up when he had made so much as a child is, that people in general are more fond of something wonderful than of appreciating serious merit. What he did as a child was miraculous; there was no precedent for such performances, no one else could do the same. When he was a young man he did what others did, even if he did it better.

The immense value of his compositions only the very greatest composers understood. Thus it happened that Mozart made, as pianist, chiefly the little money which sparingly came to his pocket, while he had trouble to earn anything with his compositions, which, moreover, he gave away for nothing. It is the same in our own days. Rubinstein, who told me many years ago that he should give up playing and only "soil paper," has to this day to play in order

to make money. Mozart played once at one of those numerous little Courts which then existed, every Archbishop and every *Churfürst* having his palace and employés, officials and band. He wanted to travel to Paris, and of course money was needed. He complains that they presented him with two swords, with snuff-boxes and kisses. "The money of the *fermiers généraux*," his father writes, "goes to Lucretias, who don't stab themselves." Instead of money he received a watch, and he writes to his father, "I have no money for the journey, and this is the fifth watch I have received. I have a good mind to get two watch-pockets made, and to have a watch, with a long chain to it, hanging out of each pocket, so that they should give me no more watches." In a similar manner Madame Patti told me once, when I informed her that it was on the *tapis* to give her by subscription a golden laurel crown. "What," she exclaimed, "another laurel crown! That is the forty-third, then. Pray, tell them I would, by a long way, prefer a diamond bracelet." Poor Mozart would have preferred cash. He was not born with a grand soprano voice; he was not ready with his *roulades* to tickle the ear of opera-goers; he was only a composer of immortal works, sacred and operatic, vocal and instrumental, which, after his death, have formed the study and admiration of generations; but then he would have had to be dead in order to have what to live on. His father preached to him perpetually about the necessity of making money, and not to give hundreds of lessons for nothing, which is very kind, but very stupid. Mozart replied that he thought, so long as he was well, he was quite unconcerned, because happiness was merely imagination. That is an idea which seems much nearer truth than one might think, because if you can content yourself with forty pounds a year, and you have no further wants, you may be happy; while a palace, a yacht, a pack of hounds, forty horses in the stable, if you wish for a throne, will not suffice to make you so. Mozart was not extravagant in his desires. In one house he gave the daughter lessons for the dinner; in another for the supper; and

when he was paid he received 3s. 4d. per lesson.

Now comes the important event in the life of every young man, the beard. Of course his mother wrote about it to the father, and the father replied in the most serious way possible: "I wish to be informed whether Wolfgang's beard is cut off with small scissors, singed or shaved?" And the mother, in despair, replied: "We have tried our best with the scissors, but I am seriously afraid we shall have to resort to the barber." To which the father retorts: "Leave all to the Lord. I wish to be sure of one thing only. Does he attend to his confession? In nothing can we succeed unless we have the blessing of Heaven. and if I did not think that he attends punctually to his confessions, I should be very unhappy indeed." This doubt seems to have exasperated young Mozart, because, humble as he always was to his father, he writes: "Your letter I have to thank you for, but you made me really angry with your doubt about me going regularly to confession. What do you think of me? I can assure you that there are people twenty and thirty years older than I am, and I should be ashamed to speak or act as they do. Humbly I pray, do not doubt me any more!" This exaggerated piety did him some harm in practical life. He had an opportunity to go to Paris, then as now the Mecca of artists, with two gentlemen (Ramm and Wendling), and he refused because they were not religious enough. No doubt his father's perpetual insistence on his performing all religious rites with all possible severity had much to do with it. Altogether the father guided and advised him too much. It resulted in the boy remaining a boy always.

I have often regretted this tendency on the part of parents on the Continent as compared with the thoughtful practice of English parents, who try to make men of their children as early as possible. I was once walking on the Brighton beach and saw a gentleman lying down on the sands, his little boy, about four years old, playing near him with a tiny shovel, and in rather dangerous proximity to the incoming waves. Any father on the Continent would have continually bothered the boy: "Mind,"

"Be careful," "You'll get wet," and so on. No such phrases here. The father kept a vigilant eye on the child, but never warned him, preferring, as I surmised, that experience should teach him to his own advantage. As foreseen so it happened. The water coming in several times very near the boy, he stared, but did not move. Suddenly in came a rush, and with a wild half-circle a big wave ran forward and wetted the boy's boots and feet completely. The father, although not losing sight of what was going on, did not move. But the boy, well drenched, jumped back, and henceforth kept a careful look-out himself.

Mozart writes to his father: "To be ready at a certain hour for a pupil at his house or at mine is a bore. I would much rather give lessons for nothing to any one who has talent and learns something." To which the father retorts: "Would you indeed prefer giving a pretty girl lessons for nothing to earning money and paying your way? And how am I to manage; I am fifty-eight years old, and have to run from house to house and earn a little money to pay my debts and to be able to send you some."

Mozart remained in Mannheim and deliberately let the opportunity slip of going to Paris. The fact is that Mozart had found his master—Cupid. There lived in Mannheim a very honest but very humble man yclept Weber, who had six children, among whom were four daughters. The father was copyist and prompter, and earned £20 a year, and for fourteen years the family had lived on that scanty income. Aloysia, then fifteen years old, bright and attractive, with an excellent voice, and a good musician, stole Wolfgang's heart at first sight.

The journey he made with the family, instead of going to Paris, produced no brilliant results. A Princess of Oranien received them in her palace, where they lodged. Mozart played twelve times, and Miss Weber sang thirteen times; moreover, Mozart composed for the princess four arias and a symphony, for which he received seven guineas, and Miss Weber five. Since his travelling expenses were three and a half guineas, it will be easily seen that both perform-

ance and composition were not prodigiously rewarded.

The father, on hearing of the attachment, was furious, and told him: "Do you know what you are about to do? Do you not see that you have to choose between a brilliant existence, the admiration of posterity who should read about you in books, or, for the sake of a young girl, you will die in an attic, on the floor, with a lot of hungry children in misery?" The father was not aware how truly he prophesied what was to happen. Although he loved like a man of twenty-two only can love, his father's advice and the terrible reality which tears the veil of illusion from any poetic dream saved him on this occasion from sacrificing every prospect on Cupid's altar. Although he loved her for ever and evermore, and she loved him for a still longer term, notwithstanding this ever repeated despair and suffering, his beloved married another man, and he married her younger sister Constance.

In Paris he found that what had made him the fashion was the unaccustomed precocity of his talent, a thing so rare that it astonished everybody; but the charm of novelty having worn off, he had very little to hope from his French friends. He was not diplomatist enough to go with the times, and the times were deplorable enough for art in general and music especially. "*L'art que nous appelons, en langage sacré, chanter,*" says Grimm, "*devient un terme honteusement profané en France, et appliqué à une façon de pousser les sons hors de son gosier—c'est ce qu'on appelle chez nous—crier.*" About two years ago I received a letter from Sims Reeves, with this memorable line—"Shouting high notes is nowadays called singing." And yet one hundred and ten years have passed between the French and the English utterance on the same subject.

Mozart never thought of writing an opera in English, although he had been most hospitably received in London; but when he was on his way to Paris for the second time, he expressed his wish, above all, to write a new opera, in French rather than in German, and in Italian rather than in French, although German was his mother tongue. I cannot refrain from mentioning here Mo-

zart's dislike to play to people who did not understand him, or who talked, or sketched, or did anything else but listen when he played. That was so a hundred years ago; that is so to-day. I remember a great violin-player who, a few years ago, played in a *soirée* in Grosvenor Square, and was so enraged at the people's loud conversation while he performed, that he asked the accompanist, after finishing his piece, to accompany at once the solo set down for him in the second part, and let him go away. This obnoxious habit is not only a want of courtesy to the artist who performs, but to those other invited guests who wish to listen. And it is a mistake to suppose that only a certain class of people do so who have not been educated enough to learn refined manners. An anecdote of what happened at no less distinguished a *salon* than that of the Emperor of Russia will be an apt illustration.

The Emperor Nicholas, one of the handsomest and most imperious Sovereigns ever known, received the celebrated Abbé Liszt one evening that the Imperial family might enjoy this incomparable pianist's genius. While he was playing, the Emperor spoke to one of his aides-de-camp, and, as he did so rather loudly, Liszt suddenly stopped. The Emperor turned round, and in his six-footest manner exclaimed: "Eh bien, Monsieur Liszt!" "Je ne veux pas déranger la conversation de votre Majesté," said Liszt. "Oh, vous ne me dérangez nullement," impatiently said the Emperor. "C'est qu'alors votre Majesté me dérange," said Liszt, drawing in his velvet paw. The effect of this remark was that the Emperor cut short the concert, and sent next day the Director of the Police to the great Abbé to express His Majesty's fear that the Russian climate might injure the Abbé's health, and the Emperor's advice to seek a milder climate and—pastures new. With the Emperor Nicholas there was no joking.

Perhaps I may be allowed to quote two incidents which came within my knowledge. They will show that if his employés, or any of his subjects, trembled before his irate eye, he was inflexibly just for high and low. On the Russian frontier it once happened that

an officer, commanding the *piquet de garde*, was playing at cards with a friend, when a Jew was trying to smuggle himself into the Russian Empire without proper *visé* of his passport. The sentinel on guard arrested him and reported to the officer. "All right," said he, and continued his *lansquenet*. But it is to be feared that luck did not attend his venture, and he lost heavily. Just as he was going to recoup himself and seemed to win, hours having passed since the first report, the sentinel again appeared at the door, and asked what he was to do with the Jew. Everybody knows the superstition of gamblers, who, being disturbed, immediately fear to lose "*la veine*"—a very common idea. The captain, furious at being interrupted just as his luck returned, shouted, "Why, d— the Jew, hang him!" The Russian soldier is the most mechanical machine in the world—I do not say that to his disparagement, because it is well known that a great French general said with regard to a Russian soldier, "It is not sufficient to kill him, you still have to push him before he falls, though dead"—I only mean that a Russian soldier never reasons, as we shall soon see. The captain went on playing until the morning, when suddenly remembering the prisoner, he called to the soldier and said, "Bring in the Jew!" "The Jew?" said the amazed soldier; "but I hanged him as you ordered?" "What?" said the captain, "you have committed murder!" He arrested him, and the judgment—death—went up to the Emperor. Inquiring, before signing so serious a document, and learning how matters stood, the Emperor decided that the soldier who, without reasoning, had implicitly obeyed so extraordinary an order of his superior, was to be made a corporal; that the officer who, while on duty, for the sake of gambling had given the murderous order, was to be sent to Siberia, and that his pay was to go to the family of the poor Jew who had so iniquitously been murdered. . . .

Another instance of his terrible Imperial justice is this:—A young man of one of the highest aristocratic families was private secretary to His Majesty, and it was his duty to submit to the Emperor for final judgment the decisions

of the highest Court. In a case where two noble families had quarrelled for the same strip of land, the Emperor gave his decision in favor of one family. Whether the secretary was bribed by inferior considerations, or by the prayer of a lovely girl, he reversed the decision. The nobleman who held the Emperor's personal promise, of course applied to him to ask what was the reason of this unexpected reversion. The Emperor, remembering his decision, at once sent for the secretary, and asked whether he had executed his orders. "Certainly, sire," he replied. "I don't believe I decided thus," said the Emperor. "Certainly your Majesty did." "Now, listen to me; you know that I always note on a small bit of paper what important decision I take." Jaee Bohoo! (by the Lord!) he swore that *was* the decision. "Well," said the Emperor, "I will search for it." Unfortunately for the secretary, he found it, and it was as Nicholas remembered it. Now the secretary threw himself at his master's feet. "No," said the Emperor, "it is now too late, leave the room;" and Siberian mines for life gave the unfortunate man all possible leisure to think of the danger of disobeying so powerful a master.

So far the Emperor Nicholas. In Austria the great Emperor Joseph II. conceived the idea of founding a German opera, and made Mozart write the "Entführung aus dem Serail," which had an immense success, and established his fame still more solidly. Yet he barely made money enough to live on. An opera was then usually paid one hundred ducats, *i.e.*, fifty pounds. The time consumed in consulting about the libretto, composing it, in rehearsals, and at last in bringing it out, left not much of the funds at his disposal. Besides, he was too sincere, which, like every virtue, may be carried too far. Gluck came once to Court while the Emperor and an archduke sang his (Gluck's) "Alceste," and he made such a grimace that the Emperor asked him: "Do we not do it to your liking?" "To my liking?" said Gluck; "I am as bad a pedestrian as any man can be, but I would rather run twenty miles than have my works performed like this, if I could help it." And the

Emperor respected him for it. Had he said so to the Emperor Nicholas, he might have been furnished with free apartments in the subterranean mines of Tobolsk. Mozart had not an atom of the kowtow about him by which sometimes absolute mediocrity gets on. Weigl, an Austrian composer, had written a quartet which the Emperor Francis felt called upon to lead, only that he played his part all through without taking the slightest notice of accidentals, until the composer, nearly on his knees, advanced, and most reverentially said, "Would your Majesty grant my humble prayer for a most gracious F sharp?"

Perhaps the Emperor did, but I know that in Paris a young lady once came into a music shop asking for a new *pièce de salon*. The clerk asked her would she mind if it was a little difficult, for instance, in five sharps. "Oh, no," she said, "because when there are more than two, I never play them." One may imagine the effect. But Mozart took no heed to whom he spoke. Hasenhut, a theatrical manager, made up his mind to give Mozart's "Entführung." At the rehearsal, both a violin and a violin-player were missing. So Hasenhut took a violin himself, and some little spectator having strayed in offered to take the viola. They began playing, but after half an hour the stranger threw down the viola, and said, "With such a jackass (Krautesel) there is no getting on," which was not very gratifying to the director, who however continued. The rehearsal finished all right, and the performance was such a success that he gave a great supper to the troupe, and being informed that Mozart was in town, he invited him. And he came. But the first thing the manager said to him was, "I am sure I am not mistaken, it is you who played the viola at the rehearsal." "To be sure," said Mozart, "and I may not have made a very courteous remark to you, but scratching false notes as you do, drives me out of my senses."

I follow Mozart as child, youth, and young man, step by step, seeking to explain the unheard-of monstrosity that a man of such transcendent genius—writing masterpiece after masterpiece—should nevertheless never have got out of the most oppressive difficulties, and



should die a miserably poor man full of debts, while his works literally brought millions after his death. There was not the famous ingratitude of people who will not recognize a prophet in his own country; there was not a complicated intrigue of powerful enemies, for he had lots of friends. It was solely his inability to recognize the practical side of life and using his friends' advice properly. It is all very fine to say a lofty genius like that thinks only of creating immortal works; what does he know, and how can he be supposed to think of butcher and baker? Charming! But so long as a genius is bound to inhabit a machine whose texture wants daily keeping up, by what must be bought from baker and butcher, and the interruption of this thoroughly prosaic proceeding has the effect of destroying the very brain whose seat the genius is, so long the "lofty purpose" will be dragged down as if it were with heavy, but not-to-be-got-rid-of weights, and there is no choice left but to pay the penalty. In life everything is a bargain. You want to be romantic, to run out in the moonshine, dream of "her" and sigh to the clouds? Do, by all means. Only next morning you will sneeze, have a headache, and wish the moon and the clouds anywhere. You have had your pleasure, "pay for it." On another day you want to take a constitutional; the weather is fine. You walk out, revolving in your mind your next great work. Your prosaic servant opening the door for you, timidly ventures a suggestion: Won't you take an umbrella? What, an umbrella! Ah, bah! What does it matter to a young man even if there came a shower, which is most unlikely—Out you go. A slight suspicious wind warns you. Oh, never mind. On you walk. It gets a little darker. You laugh. But when you are a good two miles away, down comes the shower, which could not touch you. A cab? No possibility. The very cabman who passed you an hour before, humbly keeping his whip up, most invitingly soliciting your patronage, "Hansom, sir, hansom," etc., passes you when you are hailing him, with the utmost insolence, never even deigning to say, "Engaged." Find out for yourself; who are you? He's got a fare.

How often does that happen in life, that people who have been crouching at your feet when they wanted you, suddenly pass you without turning even their head at you. They have got a fare. Anyway, home you come. Your devoted servant sees you drenched, and is generous enough not to remind you that you were warned. You try to get dry and warm. The faithful one brings you hot brandy and does his best. Very fine! The next day you get up with lumbago, rheumatism, and a blessing if not gout. Why? You have had your own will, you have played the youngster. "Pay for it." And so poor Mozart paid, and rather heavily.

It may, perhaps, surprise people to hear that after Mozart had so indignantly torn himself away from Aloysia Weber, who pretended not to recognize him, that he should, after all, have married another Miss Weber, her sister. But you must understand that a mother who has several daughters beats Talleyrand in diplomacy in order to get rid of her sweet burden; and one of the most effective means with a young bachelor is to become his landlady. There the daughter has an opportunity to do him all those little services which render the helpless stronger sex the submissive victim of the most unjustly so-called weaker sex. "My daughter will bring you your coffee in the morning. We are too poor to keep many servants, and my daughters are most strictly educated and must use their hands, and not read novels and think only of dressing," etc., and occasionally there comes a hint that her unpretentious daughter will make a husband the best wife. She wants nothing; she is not accustomed to spend money; on the contrary, she will be the greatest saving to her husband, and these are the very reasons which Mozart gave to his father, who was frightened to hear that his son, incapable of earning a really practical income for himself, should marry a penniless woman, and burden himself with the only blessing that Providence is sure to grant to poor people—an unlimited number of children.

"He could not manage for himself," he said; "he throws money away, which an intelligent wife would know how to save, and to employ well," and so on.

"She is well made," he writes, "not fascinating, but pretty, always very poorly clad, but irreproachably clean (of course). She can do all her dresses and bonnets, *she even does her own hair every day.*" Is this not sufficient to pay all the expenses of the household? The father is anxious lest the son has been caught landlady-fashion. But how can he hope to make a man listen to reason who is in love? According to the fashion of those days, the mother exacted a written promise of engagement. Mozart wrote it and then came the *grand coup*. When he put it into the hands of the mother, the daughter got hold of it, tore it to pieces, and tragically exclaimed, "I want no agreement; your word is sufficient guarantee!" After that, what could Mozart do? Marry the "divine girl," of course. And so he did, at the age of twenty-six, after having forced the practical father's reluctant consent.

His life after this was a perpetual struggle to get money, a continuous fight for existence. The Emperor, who liked him very well, would not substantially support him. He gave him an honorary conductor's appointment, with eighty pounds a year. "Too much for what I do," said Mozart, "too little for what I could do." This giant in music, and baby in life, went to give a young lady every day a two hours' lesson without being paid for it; and was taken in by anybody who took the trouble. Aristocratic smiles or invitations were often all the reward he received, with a family to sustain.

I know a pianist who, at one of those small German Courts, played one evening no less than nine pieces. At the end of a week, he was asked which he would prefer, 200 marks (£10), or a present? He, imagining that the present would be a diamond pin, which he could show, said he left it to her Highness to give him a suitable souvenir. And her Highness, immensely pleased to see so much talent combined with so much disinterestedness, was graciously pleased to invite him to tea, *et—voilà tout*. But his misadventure bore good fruit, for another pianist to whom he told his story, and who also played at Court, when he was asked whether he would prefer a decoration or 200 marks,

replied, "A cross (of the order proposed) costs fifteen or sixteen marks, let us say '20.' So give me the order and 180 marks, and we'll cry quits." Such practical sense would have been a great help to Mozart. It is very elevating to read of the poet who showed the laborer who had attached Pegasus to a cart what the divine horse could do under a true poet's guidance. Charming so long as the horse with his wings flying toward heaven required no oats, nor the rider any bread. But for horses with less wings and more stomach, and for men with less poetry and more wants, flying doesn't answer. Instead of which, on one occasion when a Polish Count had listened with great pleasure to a quintet of Mozart's, and asked him to write a new trio, Mozart acceded, and the Count sent him fifty pounds in advance. After some time the Count met him, and asked whether the trio was done? "Not yet," said Mozart, "I have not been in the right mood for it." "But you were in the right mood," said the Count "to accept fifty pounds for it." "You can have them back," Mozart at once replied, and he sent the money back, keeping absolutely nothing for the quintet which he had delivered. If I insist on the weakness of artists who allow themselves to be victimized by unscrupulous aristocrats who pay with a smile or an invitation, I am fully aware of the great mistake some singers have committed in England, to the detriment of the whole profession, by charging such high prices for their services that they render an evening party—formerly a great resource in the season—nearly impossible. They thereby created, to their own irreparable loss, the amateur performer; because the ladies found out that they derived more pleasure from hearing themselves sing gratis than from paying Italian singers, and for the matter of that English singers, at the rate of £150 or £200 each. The *soirées* for the professional singers disappeared, and they can truly say that they have eaten the goose with the golden eggs. The carelessness of Mozart went so far, that a number of his compositions, written as presents to young ladies, were copied by music-sellers, engraved, and sold without his permission, and of course without any pay-

ment to the composer ; but he never interfered, and allowed himself quietly to be robbed.

Mozart was fond of dancing, of billiards, and of skittles. His doctor insisted on these healthy exercises. It is true that he was fond of "punch" when he composed at night, but it is not true that he ever got drunk. On the other hand, I am sorry to say that it is not exactly impossible that he might now and then have given a slight *coup de canif* in the *contrat de mariage*. I cannot exactly understand Mozart's enthusiasm for freemasonry. Those who know what it is all about will probably fancy that two masons, like two Roman augurs of old, cannot meet without winking and smiling at each other. All the fearful dangers which one hears a mason has to brave at his initiation, the unusual tests of courage which he has to undergo, the long apprenticeship through which he has to lead a weary life—all this, looked in the face, is perhaps less terrible, less mysterious, and less imposing! The only man I ever heard speaking seriously about the power of masons' lodges was the late Pope Pio IX. I had a private audience of him, and perhaps I may be allowed to give a little idea of the ceremonial which those who are received in private by the Holy Father have to go through. The first thing is, you must be so recommended to him or to some very powerful member of his Court that your demand for an audience is granted. When that is done you have to go to the Chamberlain and get your card, your day, your hour. Then you come into the room preceding the audience-room, where, as everywhere else, you wait with those who are received until your turn comes. But when that comes the difference is great.

At the Spanish Court, the strictest model for observance of etiquette, there are three grand *salles*—magnificent rooms, the ceilings painted by Murillo, the furniture old and majestic. Unless you have a very high order, or your position is a very high one, you have to wait and slowly to proceed from one room to the other as the persons received make room for others to advance. When at last you come to the audience-room preceded by a smaller room, you find some Spanish grandee in brilliant

uniform, with sword drawn, and until he lowers the point and tells you to pass, you dare not enter. But once there, you are usually made so much at home, that you have continually to remind yourself that those who speak to you are Sovereigns ; whereas at certain other Courts the distance never diminishes, or only diminishes with certain favored exceptions. But with the Pope it is different ; at least it was when I was in Rome. The Chamberlain opens the door for you, loudly calling your name and titles, a *cameriere* follows behind you with a large tray, on which are laid the objects, ivory, gold, silk, silver, anything that you have brought with a view of the Pope blessing it, that you may bring it to your Catholic friends, who look at it from that moment as a relic. You hold in your hand whatever offering you have yourself to lay at the feet of the Holy Father. Mind you, you are on the threshold ; now comes the ceremonial. On the door-step you have to kneel down, you then get up and make three steps and kneel down again, another three steps and you kneel at the feet of the *padre santo*, and get hold of the hem of his robe, which either he lets you kiss in all humility, or he takes you by the hand, lifts you up, and, after blessing you, stretches out his hand toward the tray which the *cameriere* holds, and pronounces the blessing : "In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen." Whereupon the *cameriere* with the tray disappears, the door shuts, and you are left alone. The room is a very small one, nothing like the big hall where the general reception of over 2000 people takes place ; it contains a simple table and chair. A white cotton dress and a red cap are all the uniform of the head of the Catholic Church. He then asked me : "Do you prefer to speak Italian or French ?"—the two languages which were easy to him. After your reply, the conversation begins ; and it was in the course of such conversation that he told me : Times were very hard—people were very deficient in faith. By-and-by the masonic lodges came in for a share of his reprobation as revolutionary and atheistic societies. I know not what evils the French lodges under Prince Napoleon may have done, but as far as the English lodges go, I

told His Holiness I would be responsible that there was no intrigue there other than charity.

I was told when coming out that I had been thirty-three minutes and a half—a most unusual favor. Anyhow, having to pass to Cardinal Antonelli, I went upstairs, and I shall certainly never forget the few moments in which he was kind enough to let me see his superior mind, his vast knowledge, and enjoy the biting satire with which he favored certain Ministers whose support of the Church looked doubtful. As I am speaking of the time when the States of the Church were not taken by Victor Emmanuel, our conversation would now seem rather past. But, at the time, I wrote down in my diary every word the Cardinal said to me, and for the next eight years I saw line by line, word by word, everything happen which he had foretold. He was not only Minister of Foreign Affairs, but Custos of the Vatican. I expressed to him my admiration of the five pictures in the Vatican, and the happiness I felt in seeing only these, and devoting all my time to them. "That is exactly," he said, "my idea of a gallery. You can readily fancy, if I wished to fill the palace with pictures, how easily I could do so. But I have the five greatest pictures that exist, and if anywhere quality outweighs quantity, it is here." He was a very spare man, and thin as he seemed to be, his face was thinner still; but his eyes—the size, the deep color, and the penetrating look! The whole man lived in his eyes; and you felt that if you had a secret he would see it through your skin and through your veins. He gave me a card to see how the mosaics were manufactured—at that time a great secret, consequently the admission was a great favor. Then he showed me his "*joujous*," as he called his collection of precious stones. I don't know how many millions of liras they were worth, but—Where is Mozart? I am totally astray—away from my subject, and must, post-haste, come back to it.

Nothing can be more gratifying than to see a genius—and if a man deserved the denomination Mozart was that man—so idolized by the people that they tell numbers of stories to corroborate the exceptional greatness of their idol;

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but there is one thing to be desired—that the story be true. I remember, when a child, having seen a new piece in a theatre where it was the detestable fashion of that time to mock at the Jews, as if all they did was to sell old clothes, and as if all had crooked noses, and as if even at that time, notwithstanding the oppression they underwent, they had not, in art and science, produced great men like Mendelssohn the philosopher, Meyerbeer the composer, and others. But at this theatre that was the standing bad joke. A new piece, however, was announced—"The Canonization of Israel." And I remember to this day how a poor Jew says to another poor man, but he a Catholic: "You always speak ill of the Jew, but what would you say if I told you that I have an uncle who does more good than ever any Christian did, who lends money without any interest, who has never taken a penny from any one but what was strictly his due, and who, having lent once a considerable sum on plate, absolutely refused to take one shilling interest, only exactly what he lent? What would you say to that?" "What would I say?" "Yes." "That it is not true."

So am I sorry to have to explode two very generally, not to say universally accepted anecdotes which, through perpetual repetition, have become history. One is, that after a rehearsal of "Don Giovanni," not having any overture, he went home and composed it during the night, a feat which, if it was true, would be by no means astounding on the part of a genius who had accomplished what Mozart had done in the way of improvisation, but which moreover is not true. He had no overture ready, not because none was composed, but because, on the contrary, he had composed three, out of which he did not know which to choose. When he had made up his mind, he went home, and, aided by his wife, who tried to amuse him when he was giving way to sleep, he wrote it out. The mysterious story of the grey ghost, who shortly before Mozart's death came to command a requiem, is the other tale. With numerous embellishments, the grey gentleman has been changed into a supernatural spirit, a spectre and what not, even into the corporeal presentiment of Mozart feeling his death approach. It

has been satisfactorily proved that it was Count Walsegg, who, through his messenger Leutgeb, ordered and paid for the Requiem fifty pounds. The payment for "Don Giovanni," was ten pounds to Da Ponte for the libretto, and £22 10s. to Mozart for the music. The performance, which took place at Prague on October 29, 1787, gave all possible satisfaction, but Mozart had severely reprimanded the singers at rehearsal. He had even resorted to "heroic" means in at least one instance. Zerlina, supposed to be attacked by Don Giovanni, behind the scene, has to shriek. Now her cry was so tame that Mozart left the piano at which he conducted, and told them to go on. He went on the stage and told Zerlina not to mind him, and to sing her part. When the right moment came he jumped at her and caught her round the waist. The frightened woman shrieked loud. "That is it," he said, "that's how you must shout." It was not in London, as has been lately said, but in New York, that the great Garcia, in the year 1829, gave "Don Giovanni," and at the end of the first act rushed on the stage, sword in hand, to tell them that it was a shame to spoil a masterpiece, and made them begin the finale again, and so brought it to a happy conclusion. This Garcia was the father of three children, the famous Malibran, Madame Viardot, and Manuel Garcia the teacher of Jenny Lind. Madame Viardot, twenty years ago, bought here in London, the original MS. score of "Don Giovanni," and has it now in her possession.

I must pass over the "Clemenza di Tito," and all he did to his last opera, "The Zauberflöte," given a few months before his death, being perhaps the only really German opera which Mozart ever wrote. After the performance he went home to write the Requiem for which he had already received payment, and which therefore he considered himself in honor bound to compose without further delay. It is now my sad duty to describe the beginning of the end; for care, and the uninterrupted fight for bare existence, the excitement and disappointment that his latest works did not immediately meet with the recognition he had hoped for, began to tell up-

on him. Through continual creation he had weakened resources which were not kept physically alive through sufficient comfort and freedom from care. His forces gave way, and feeling his weakness, he worked day and night at completing his Requiem. His wife, whose faults I have not disguised, but who, with the genius of nursing born in women, watched his declining forces and tried to get him away from work, could not restore his previous gayety and vitality. Once she nearly compelled him to take a drive with her to the Prater (a Viennese park, so called from "Prata," meadows), and he began to speak of death, and assured her that he felt he wrote the Requiem for himself; he even hinted at the possibility of having been poisoned by some jealous rival. Fainting fits came on more and more frequently, so that she, frightened with the idea that the Requiem had impressed him in so melancholy a manner, took away the score, and forced, so to say, a little rest on him. Feeling a little better, he asked for the score of his Requiem, which she then restored to him; but his hands and feet began to swell. He had to go to bed and to keep in bed. The great success of his "Zauberflöte" led to the hope that henceforth he would have less difficulty in his affairs. While he was ill, offers came from different sides to insure him an annuity for a few of his compositions, but the offers arrived too late: the body was exhausted, and seeing death continually before him, although he calmly awaited the end, he could not leave his wife and two children quite unprovided for without great anxiety. He sang now and then an air from the "Zauberflöte," then he asked for his Requiem, but when he arrived at the Lacrymosa, he turned in tears to his pupil Süssmayer and said: "You remember I told you it is for myself I wrote it." His sister-in-law arrived on December 4th in the evening, and he said to her: "Remain here during the night, you must see me die: my wife must not remain alone with me." In the evening the doctor came and said that there was no hope, but ordered cold water on the head (? a Sangrado), which, however, seemed too strong a remedy; he lost consciousness and never recovered it. In his delirium he puffed out his cheeks

and seemed to imitate the kettledrum accompanying his Requiem. Suddenly, toward midnight, he rose up in bed: his eyes glared fixedly at the ceiling, then he fell slowly back, turned toward the wall and seemed to fall sleep.

At one o'clock A.M. of December 5th, in the year 1791, he was no more; he died one month and a half before having completed his thirty-sixth year. His coffin and funeral cost fourteen shillings, and for the hearse five shillings were paid. There being no money, Mozart was thrown in a pauper's grave! which received twenty coffins, and was every ten years emptied that it might be refilled. On his stone might well be written the words: "*Ingrata patria ne ossr quidem habeas.*" His wife, sick in bed on the day of the funeral, so soon as she could go out, went

to the cemetery to pray upon his grave. But no one knew where it was. The grave-digger, the only man who could have given the desired information, died two days after the funeral, and this is all that is known of the remains of the greatest musical genius the world ever saw!

The monument therefore erected to his memory does not cover his body. His real monument is his work, and it is erected in the hearts of his admirers all the world over. His position in musical art, as compared with that giant Beethoven, can perhaps alone be expressed by the comparison of Raphael with Michael Angelo. But why compare? Is not all that is great and sweet in music comprised in the name of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart!—*Temple Bar.*

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#### LLOYD'S.

BY H. M. HOZIER.

THE name of Lloyd's is not only throughout England, but throughout the world, a household word. Wherever men interested in shipping or commerce meet together, the name of Lloyd's is well known and constantly mentioned. Nor is this wonderful, for Lloyd's is the great centre of marine insurance of the world. In the large underwriting room on the first floor of the Royal Exchange vessels which bring heavy cargoes of grain from San Francisco to Europe or rich stores of indigo from Calcutta to the Thames are covered from the perils of the sea. There, too, the cargoes which they bear are protected from loss while being transported; for, after a vessel or cargo has once been insured, should the vessel be stranded or a cargo damaged, the underwriter relieves the shipowner or merchant from his loss.

It is probable that marine insurance in some form has existed from very early ages. Probably the fleets which brought grain to supply the necessities of ancient Greece and Italy were protected both as to ships and cargoes by some mode of insurance, since few adventurers would have dared to risk a valuable ship or a valuable cargo upon

the high seas without protection. In the Middle Ages, although usury was regarded as a crime by the theologians who in those days were usually the framers and interpreters of law, one species of usury—marine insurance—was always permitted on account of the risk which attended maritime adventure, and so early as 1433 it would seem that the public regarded the shipowner as capable of over-insuring his vessel, in order to make profit out of her loss, since the regulations of Barcelona to prevent the over-insurance of ships were then framed. Although more than four hundred years have elapsed, the idea that shipowners are capable of this course of action still prevails in certain quarters, and a Royal Commission is at the present time investigating the causes of loss of life at sea, and giving deep attention to the question of over-insurance, both of vessels and cargoes. In England the business of marine insurance was first practised in London by the merchants of the Hanseatic League, who established themselves at the Steel-yard where Cannon Street Station now stands. They monopolized the commerce of this country, until the reign of

Elizabeth, when England gained the supremacy of the seas, and Englishmen determined to carry on their own trade. The foreign merchants of the Steelyard were deprived by Cecil of their privileges; finally, their staple house was closed, and they were expelled from the country at the end of the sixteenth century. Till then Hanseatic merchants had flourished on the banks of the Thames; Lombards and Flemings had goldsmiths' shops where Lombard Street still remains as a monument of their residence. These were all expelled from the country at the same time, and Englishmen took their commerce into their own hands. The beginning of this transformation of trade was shown by the erection of the Royal Exchange, where merchants at the end of the sixteenth century began to hold their meetings instead of in Lombard Street as hitherto. An office of insurance, where registers were kept of marine policies, was instituted in the city, and was supplemented by others which sprang up in the neighborhood of the Royal Exchange, but for many years there seems to have been no regular meeting place for underwriters.

The name of Lloyd's itself is derived from a coffee-house, which was kept by Mr. Edward Lloyd, originally in Tower Street, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, where underwriters used to collect before Lloyd's became the centre of the underwriting and shipping interest. Marine insurance seems to have been adopted by merchants in connection with or in addition to their other business. In 1692 Lloyd's Coffee House was moved from Tower Street to the corner of Lombard Street and Abchurch Lane, where a system of maritime intelligence was organized. To meet the desire for information, Mr. Lloyd started *Lloyd's News* in 1696, which, however, fell under the censorship of the Government after the issue of only seventy-six numbers, through a report upon the action of the House of Lords with regard to silks, and consequently was discontinued. *Lloyd's News* was resuscitated in the year 1726, under the form of *Lloyd's List*, and is thus the oldest newspaper existing at the present time with the exception of the *London Gazette*. At Lloyd's Coffee

House underwriters met, probably for only a small portion of the day, to transact their business and obtain intelligence. The stormy period of speculation connected with the South-Sea Bubble caused a project to be formed by Lord Onslow and Lord Chetwynd to establish assurance corporations. The underwriters of London, joined by those of Bristol, opposed this proposal, but a judicious bribe to the Treasury carried the Bill through the Houses of Parliament. An Act was passed in 1720 allowing charters of incorporation to be bestowed upon the London Assurance Corporation and the Royal Exchange Corporation. Although these associations appeared at first sight to be dangerous rivals of Lloyd's through the fact that they were granted a monopoly of marine insurance and a monopoly of the most exclusive kind, by which all but private underwriters were prohibited from becoming marine insurers, they were really of great assistance to the development of Lloyd's as an insurance body. While marine insurance companies sprang up in numbers in other countries, their growth was stopped in England by the Act of 1720.

As yet the door of Lloyd's was open to all who chose to enter. No membership or formalities of any kind were exacted, but it gradually became a serious question for the respectable visitors at Lloyd's Coffee House to separate themselves from the rest. Illicit gambling and wagering policies had become frequent. Lives of unfortunate gentlemen who might happen to stand accountable to their country for misconduct were freely insured, as well as the lives of well-known personages so soon as a paragraph appeared in the newspapers announcing them to be dangerously ill. So on after 1770, underwriters and brokers who wished to remedy these abuses united under the name of Lloyd's, and having obtained possession of *Lloyd's List*, removed from Lombard Street to Pope's Head Alley. From these temporary quarters in the year 1774 they moved to the Royal Exchange, and set up there on a permanent footing the institution which has flourished ever since on the same spot.

The Seven Years' War apparently had little effect on marine insurance. It was

left to the great struggle which began in 1775, with the first attempt of the North American colonists to free themselves from English rule, and which lasted with but short pauses till 1815, to raise Lloyd's to the high position which it now holds. This long war brought home to every one having property floating on the sea the necessity of covering their risks as much as possible, and of distributing losses that would have been ruinous to an individual among many persons. High premiums, adequate to high risks, were offered. Merchants of wealth became insurers of maritime property, and where formerly the average amounted seldom to £100 or £200, tens of thousands were written in the line of a single name at Lloyd's. The war had the effect of bringing foreign marine insurance from all parts of the world into this country, since the security of Lloyd's was undoubted. During the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century the commerce of Great Britain more than trebled. It gradually increased from a little more than twelve millions at commencement till in 1775 it was nearly £32,000,000. The American War did not interfere much with the growth of commerce, since at the end of 1787 exports and imports from this country amounted to £36,000,000. The whole of this amount, and the value of the vessels besides, came to be insured. British men-of-war, carrying rich prizes and bullion, were also insured. The mass of this business was done at Lloyd's, the two chartered companies doing very little. A Parliamentary Commission on marine insurance, which sat in 1810, was informed that of a total of £656,000 insured on the *Diana*, £631,800 was underwritten at Lloyd's, and the remaining £25,000 only between the two companies. In 1779 a printed form of policy of marine insurance was definitely fixed. Hitherto there had been many varieties, which gave rise to frequent disputes, and to prevent further difficulties the Committee of Lloyd's in that year drew up a general form of policy. The present form of policy issued from the Inland Revenue is the same as that sanctioned by the members of Lloyd's on the 12th January, 1779, the sole change consisting in the omission of the

words at the beginning, "In the name of God. Amen," for which has been substituted the sentence, "Be it known that."

Familiar as the name of Lloyd's is throughout the world, the constitution of Lloyd's is hardly understood by the general public. Some even believe that the Committee of Lloyd's in their corporate capacity are brokers and underwriters, and can effect insurances on behalf of the body of their members, and can undertake salvage operations. It is not appreciated that Lloyd's embraces two different functions. Lloyd's is, in the first place, an association of underwriters, each of whom conducts his business according to his own views; and for those views, or for the business transacted, Lloyd's as a corporation is in no way responsible. Lloyd's as a corporation, and the committee as its executive, have almost nothing to do with matters of marine insurance. Their business is to conduct the affairs of Lloyd's in its corporate capacity; to observe the regulations laid down by the members in general meeting for the admission of members and subscribers; to carry out such steps as may be necessary to supply and distribute shipping intelligence, and to guard as trustees the corporate funds and corporate property.

The development of Lloyd's as an insurance association, and its development as the great centre of maritime intelligence, have proceeded side by side. For many years after Lloyd's was established in the Royal Exchange matters were managed on coffee-house principles. There were three masters, who made handsome incomes by the sale of refreshments and stationery, and who supplied all that was necessary for lighting and warming the rooms and for the general comfort of the members. The profits of these masters averaged £4,500 a year. But as the intelligence department at Lloyd's advanced this system of management was found to be inconvenient, although Prime Ministers had to keep on good terms with the committee to obtain the earliest news of what was going on all over the world, as reports of important events usually reached Lloyd's before getting to Westminster or Whitehall. It had been suggested in 1796 that the masters of



Lloyd's, who practically were only waiters, were not competent to correspond with the Government Offices, but the suggestion was not acted upon till it became necessary for the committee to enter into a regular correspondence with the Government. The first few letters were signed as usual by the masters, but there came a curt reply from Earl Camden, the Secretary of State for the Colonies and War Department, stating that he regretted not to be able to enter into epistolary intercourse with the waiters at Lloyd's Coffee House. A secretary was then appointed in 1804, and the result was a great improvement of the whole intelligence department, and the cause of the organization of the system of Lloyd's agents.

As casualties may occur at any part of the world, every coast is divided into districts, and over each district a Lloyd's Agent watches, who telegraphs to Lloyd's immediately any casualty to shipping which may occur within his district, as well as the arrivals of shipwrecked crews, or the floating ashore of wreckage. The information obtained from Lloyd's Agents is supplemented by Lloyd's Signal Stations. These are established at all important points on the great lines of maritime traffic and are of enormous value for the saving of both life and property from the perils of the seas. They are placed at outlying points far away from harbors, and are connected telegraphically with London. When a vessel comes ashore or is seen in distress from one of these bleak headlands where the signal stations are, the news of her danger is telegraphed at once to the point from which assistance may be derived and aid is sent. Within the few years that the system of signal stations has been in full working order, many a vessel has been saved from destruction and her crew from death through the interposition of these stations. Their value is universally recognized, and many great landed proprietors helped in their establishment by granting freely, or only on nominal terms, the land which is necessary for the erection of a station. Yet in some instances a few landowners have refused an acre of ground at necessary spots and have preferred that vessels should be wrecked, men drowned, women made

widows, and children fatherless, rather than allow a small portion of some favorite preserve for rabbits or wild fowl to be invaded, even in the cause of humanity, by building a cottage for a signalman.

The intelligence which is collected through Lloyd's Agents, from the signal stations and from other sources, is communicated in London to the underwriters at Lloyd's, to the Marine Insurance Companies, who are also supporters of the great central establishment, to the Underwriters' Associations in Liverpool and Glasgow and other commercial ports of the United Kingdom, to the Underwriters' Associations in Paris, Hamburg, Bremen, Berlin, Genoa, Marseilles, Bordeaux—in fact, to all the commercial centres of Europe, to New York for the benefit of underwriters in America, and is even flashed by telegraph to Melbourne to be distributed among the underwriters in the Australian Colonies. Various publications are also issued daily or weekly for the convenience of the mercantile community, such as *Lloyd's List*, *Lloyd's Weekly Index*, *Lloyd's Voyage Table of Steamers*, *The Mercantile Navy List*, *The British Code List*, *The International Code of Signals*, *Lloyd's Hints to Captains*, and a *Register of Captains*. Shipping intelligence from Lloyd's is also published in the daily papers for the benefit of the public. Readers of the *Times*, *Standard*, or *Daily News*, may frequently have seen one particular part of the paper headed "Movements of Shipping, from Lloyd's." In these columns the friends and relations of seamen and passengers can learn the arrivals or sailings of vessels in which they may be interested, or any accident or casualty that may have occurred to them. There is also maintained at Lloyd's an inquiry office, which is daily crowded with large numbers of women anxious to know the whereabouts of their husbands and sons, and from which information is freely given to any relations of seamen.

Large and vast as is the intelligence collected at Lloyd's and distributed therefrom, yet it has been found necessary to contemplate its extension. The Act of Parliament by which Lloyd's was incorporated in 1871 as a Com-

tion, the intelligence which the Corporation were empowered to collect, publish and diffuse was limited to that with respect to shipping, but it was really found that much information not technically limited to that connected with shipping was necessary for commercial purposes. Volcanic eruptions, which alter harbors and roadsteads, are of great importance to seamen and underwriters. Revolutions which cause embargos to be laid upon shipping are also important, as are the sudden outbreak of hostilities or blockades, or other information of a similar nature which could hardly legally be defined as strictly connected with shipping. It is probable that this necessity for the happiness and welfare of the seafaring population will be taken up in Parliament as a public measure, and become, under the sanction of the legislature, another of the functions of Lloyd's.

Important as is the matter of intelligence, it is probably, however, as the centre of marine insurance that the general public takes the most interest in Lloyd's. Commercial men must be connected with Lloyd's. Every merchant who sends a cargo abroad; every shipowner who equips a vessel; every importer who brings the products of either the Eastern or Western Hemisphere to the great markets of Europe; every financier who sends abroad bonds or specie; every jeweller who sends diamonds or precious stones, or who brings these to this country, if prudent, as most men of business are, insures them against the danger of loss in transit, and these insurances are for the most part effected at Lloyd's. It is in the great underwriting rooms of the Royal Exchange that the chief part of the marine insurance of the world is conducted, for although there are marine insurance companies, yet the underwriters at Lloyd's, not hampered with heavy office expenses or costly machinery of administration, can afford to insure at prices which defy competition. The ordinary course of insurance of a ship or goods is, that the shipowner or merchant sends an order to some of the great marine insurance brokers such as the Bradfords, the Tidids, the Hardmans, the Bischoffs, the Dumas, the Millers, the Robinsons, the Pooles, the

Nixons or Symondsons. These show the insurance to be effected on a small piece of paper, which is technically called a slip, to some of the great underwriters such as the Jansons, the Reisses, the Becks, the Secretans, the Beauchamps, the Uziellis, the Brookings, the Rougemonts, or the Barands, who initial the slip, showing upon it what amount, or as it is technically termed "line," they choose to underwrite, and although a slip from not being stamped cannot be sued upon legally, yet underwriters always consider that when they have once initialled a slip they have made an honorable engagement, which they will not infringe and always sign the policy afterward. The policy is prepared by the broker, and from the underwriters' names being written in succession at the foot the term of underwriter has arisen. In extreme cases, when the broker has been deceived and an insurance has been placed before an underwriter, in which there has been concealment of important facts or fraud, the underwriters do not refuse to sign the policy, but sign the policy and then refuse to pay the loss, and thus the assured is not deprived of his right to sue, although in such cases he generally finds that prudence is the better part of valor and declines to go into court.

The great fortunes made at Lloyd's during the Napoleonic wars elevated aspirants into rivals. The Globe Fire and Life Insurance Company, established in 1797, applied in 1798 to Parliament to repeal the Act giving a monopoly of marine insurance to the two old chartered companies. This application was resisted, not so much by the companies interested as by the underwriters of Lloyd's, and the Bill was defeated; but the House decided to appoint a Committee to consider the Act granting charters to the two old companies, and to inquire into the state and means of effecting marine insurance in Great Britain. The Committee held its sittings in February and March, 1810. By its report it was recommended that the privileges granted to the Royal Exchange and London Assurance Corporations under the Charters of 1720 should be repealed, but the recommendations of the Committee were rejected by the Commons, because the House consid-

ered that the system of commercial intelligence at Lloyd's had been established there by the labor of half a century, and had been brought to a degree of perfection which rendered it of the utmost importance to the mercantile world.

The Parliamentary inquiry ended in a victory to Lloyd's, which was the real supporter of the monopoly of the two companies. This monopoly was maintained, but the fierce light of investigation which during the discussion was thrown upon Lloyd's, led to the discovery of various defects in its internal government. A majority of the members shared in these views. A general meeting was called together in March, 1811, when a committee of twenty-one members was appointed to consider and recommend such regulations as in their opinion might tend to the future good management of the concerns of the house. This Committee recommended that the Committee have the power of appointing agents in any ports or places they may think proper under such regulations and restrictions as their legal advisers may recommend, and that the names of the different persons acting as agents for Lloyd's under the sanction of the Committee be annually published with the list of subscribers. The appointment of agents is now conducted by a Committee, on which are representatives of the Marine Insurance Companies, the Underwriters' Associations of Glasgow and Liverpool, and also representatives of the General Ship-owners' Society. This Committee is thus representative of all interests connected with shipping. The Committee of 1811 also arranged that a deed of trust should be prepared and signed by all the members of Lloyd's. Thus Lloyd's was partly reorganized. It had been proposed at that time to establish at Lloyd's a Board for settling averages, but this idea was not generally approved. Another movement in this direction about fifteen years later also failed, but gradually the "Average Adjuster" became a separate and recognized profession, although some members of Lloyd's can still recollect the time when a broker was expected himself to "state" the averages he had to collect. In order to obtain membership of Lloyd's, a candi-

date must be proposed by six members, and for about twenty years it has been required that a candidate, before his name is submitted to the committee for ballot, shall make a deposit of at least £5,000 in the hands of trustees, of whom one is the secretary of Lloyd's. This deposit becomes available in case of the failure of a member to meet his obligations, and is used under the control of the Committee, who liquidate his liabilities. This system is undoubtedly of great benefit to merchants and ship-owners, as it affords a guarantee of security for all insurances effected at Lloyd's.

We have seen how the new Marine Insurance Company of 1810 was defeated in its attempt to destroy the monopoly of the two chartered companies, notwithstanding the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons. This defeat hindered further attempts of this nature until the matter was taken up by Mr. N. Rothschild in 1824. A Bill for the repeal of the Act granting the monopoly to the two chartered companies was then brought into the House of Commons and was passed. The Alliance British and Foreign Fire and Life Assurance Company had already been formed, and it was supposed that the passing of this Act would allow marine business to be undertaken by that Company; but when this was proposed, Mr. Natusch, an underwriter at Lloyd's, who had taken shares in the Alliance Company, as soon as the directors announced their intention of entering upon marine insurance, proceeded against them for breach of the original conditions of contract entered into between them and the subscribers. The plaintiff obtained a verdict, and the Company was forbidden to carry on the business of marine insurance. Mr. Rothschild quietly submitted to the verdict. Leaving the Fire and Life Department of the Alliance to stand as before, he put at its side, nominally independent of it, the Alliance Marine Insurance Company. This Company got a good amount of patronage mainly from what sprang from the house of Rothschild, and the other eminent firms who joined in the undertaking. Its success inspired followers. Within a few months the Indemnity Marine In-

insurance Company was started. In 1836, after an interval of twelve years, the Marine Insurance Company was founded. Ten years previously three Marine Insurance Companies were brought out in the North of England—the Sunderland, the Tyne, and the Unanimous of South Shields. The first two perished in infancy, the last lived till 1861. In 1830, the General Maritime Insurance Company was started in London by some merchants and ship-owners, and lasted till 1848. The Liverpool Marine Insurance Company, launched in 1831, had to be wound up in 1850.

The foundation of the Marine Insurance Company finished the era of successful joint-stock undertakings, carrying on the business of Marine Insurance. There was a gap between the starting of the Marine in 1836 till after the passing of the Joint-Stock Companies' Registration Act in 1844. With this Act there was laid the foundation of a new class of undertaking for carrying on marine insurance. Many companies were started, but not all survived. In 1850 the Ocean Marine was established, and in the following year three new companies on the limited liability principle—the London and Provincial, the Thames and Mersey, and the Universal were founded. The British and Foreign, the Commercial Union, and the Union Insurance Companies were founded in 1863, and the Home and Colonial and Maritime in 1864. In fact, as Mr. J. T. Danson, in his pamphlet on "The Underwriting of 1872," wrote: "In 1859 began an era of speculation in marine insurance which is not yet closed; and which it were well if those who are still liable to lose their capital would look a little closer into the history of. Many now are the sufferers: but few care to parade such experience; and fewer still—though keenly alive to effects, could say anything profitable of the cause of their losses." The writer then enumerates the Marine Insurance Companies that perished between the years 1859 and 1865, giving it as his opinion that, so far from being untoward, the failures would have been, "under ordinary circumstances," even more numerous. "The companies now surviving," he continues, "were indebted for much of

their early growth to special circumstances not very likely to recur. The American Civil War broke out in April, 1861; it soon had the effect of transferring to this country the greater part of the marine insurance in the foreign trade, previously done in the United States. The war ended in 1865; but the old confidence in American underwriters was not immediately restored. It was not till 1868 that the business which had been driven by the war from its ordinary channels began in any great measure to return to them. Thus, the surviving companies had the advantage, for some years, of an enhanced demand for marine insurance in this country."

Mr. Danson concludes with some truthful remarks, fully justified by the, on the whole, disastrous results of joint-stock enterprise in underwriting, about the constant desire of shipowners and merchants to aid in the establishment of new Marine Insurance Companies, with the view of lowering premiums through competition. "Competition," says the widely-experienced writer, "to be effectual, must be constant, not fitful, and limited by a reasonable regard to the actual condition of the business, not inspired by the wild avidity of the mere bandit. Less than ten per cent. profit will hardly justify the risking of capital in such a business as underwriting. But if, in defence of an established business, less must be taken, for a time, it will be so. Company A may reduce its profits and its dividends to one-half of the previous rate, say to ten per cent. This putting them all on the same level will bring down Company B to a dividend of one per cent., and Company C to an annual and serious loss of capital. Such competition cannot last. What the insurer should aim at, as being the most conducive to his interest, is that such competition shall be maintained as will keep down premiums to, but not reduce them below, the point at which they yield a fair average rate of profit. To go lower is to insure a reaction, sooner or later, and to disturb the basis of confidence on which all sound insurance rests. And the competition of a dozen companies, with the aid of the underwriters at Lloyd's, is quite sufficient, as experience has proved, to keep it from rising higher on an average of years." The principal

Marine Insurance Companies of London, twenty-five in number, are now connected with Lloyd's, as subscribers.

Persons not thoroughly conversant with the somewhat complex organization of Lloyd's are apt to confuse *Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping* with Lloyd's itself. As a matter of fact, however, *Lloyd's Register*, as constituted for the last fifty years, is a totally distinct society, with a separate committee and separate executive, although, like Lloyd's itself, it would appear to have originated in the necessity for reliable information felt by the underwriters who frequented the coffee-house of Edward Lloyd two hundred years ago. The early frequenters of Lloyd's Coffee House in Tower Street, and certainly in Lombard Street, kept ships' lists for their own guidance; nor would this be unnatural, for so soon as the practice of insuring ships and their cargoes was reduced to a science, means were necessary to ascertain whether the vessels were seaworthy, and what were their relative qualifications. The merchant would not be willing to embark his cargoes upon, nor the underwriter to venture his risks upon, a ship without being first aware of her fitness for the duties required of her. As the number of vessels increased, so must the demand for shipping registers have also increased, so that all interested in a ship could form a fair idea of her capacities. It is probable that these ships' lists were printed and circulated about 1726, the same year as saw the first publication of *Lloyd's List*. A register, afterward known as the *Underwriters' Register* or the *Green Book*, was established in 1760. It is probable, however, that it was established and supported exclusively by underwriters, for the sole use of those who subscribed to it and were members of the Society. A surveyor was appointed in 1781, if not before. In the *Register* for 1797 is printed a list of a committee formed for conducting the affairs of the Society, one of whom was the chairman of Lloyd's; and probably the others were also members of Lloyd's. The meetings of this committee were held at Lloyd's Coffee House, though the office of the *Register* was situated at a different place.

The London Committee held that

London-built ships were much superior to those built in northern ports. The dissatisfied shipowners made representations, but failing to convince the committee, in 1799 started a new *Register Book of Shipping*. At the end of the last century there were therefore two register books, known as the *Green Book*, which was the underwriters', and the *Red Book*, which was the shipowners' register. The *Green Book* was the more popular, since at the beginning of the year 1800 it had 233 subscribers, and the *Red Book* only 125. Divided counsels caused both registers to fall into disrepute, and a committee of inquiry was formed which sat for two years. In 1829 the *Green Book* took the title of *Lloyd's Register of Shipping*, but this did not help its financial prospects, for in 1833 both registers were so much hurt that it was not expected they would be able to carry on their operations, and in that year it was determined to form the two committees into a joint committee, and to fuse the two books together. The first edition of *Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping* was issued in 1834, and the classification of the mercantile marine was placed in the hands of a large committee representative of all the interests concerned—the merchant, underwriter, and shipowner. In 1845, the *Liverpool Register*, which was commenced in 1838, was amalgamated with *Lloyd's Register*. No further change took place in the constitution of the Society until 1863, although various applications were made from the provinces for admission to a share in the management of the Society; and representatives were admitted from the Clyde, the Tyne, the Wear, Hull, and Bristol. In 1883 the number of the General Committee was raised from 41 to 50; the additional members thus created being distributed among the outports, the increase being carried out in such a manner as to preserve as far as possible the relative strength of merchant, shipowner, and underwriter. In 1886 the *Liverpool Register*, known as the *Liverpool Red Book*, has been united with *Lloyd's Register*.

When vessels get into distress it is often necessary to discharge their cargoes and take measures for the safety of both vessels and goods. To superintend this

operation it is often customary to send from this country a special agent, on behalf of underwriters, to watch over their interests and to give technical assistance and advice to Lloyd's local agent. These special agents are usually retired captains of the mercantile marine. To superintend the despatch of these agents and to assist underwriters in all cases of salvage, the Salvage Association has now for some years been in existence, which is connected with Lloyd's, but has a separate committee and a separate executive. Much good work has been done by this Association, and there can be no doubt that the interests of underwriters are now more carefully watched in all quarters of the world than was possible one hundred, fifty, or even twenty years ago. The consequence is that the underwriters at Lloyd's, by having to bear less severe losses than

was formerly the case, are now able to insure vessels or property at lower rates than formerly and a great advantage has accrued to the public in general. The existence of Lloyd's has a national interest. From every point of view it is of enormous importance. As an Insurance Association it is the centre of the marine insurance of the world. As the machinery for the collection and diffusion of mercantile intelligence it stands unrivalled, and together with its affiliated Associations of Lloyd's Register and the Salvage Association, Lloyd's forms an enormous organization which, throughout the world, has no rival and knows no jealousy, but to meet the requirements of the public and to bring the great weight of an influential corporation to the aid of the preservation of life and property from the perils of the sea. —*Contemporary Review*.

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#### SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

THE death of Sir Henry Taylor has removed a link—one of few remaining—with the great literary and poetical generation of the early years of this century, as well as with the politicians and publicists of the first Reform period.

His life was an uneventful one, in the usual sense of the term. The son of a small Durham squire, born October 18, 1800, he received no regular education worthy of the name, save what could be derived from association with a family whose bent seems to have been distinctly literary. After a year spent to little purpose in the Royal Navy, and some four years' employment in a minor Government Department (in the course of which his duties took him to the West Indies), he was appointed, in 1823, to a clerkship in the Colonial Office, where after a brief interval he obtained a post which he held, with substantially no change of status, until he left the public service in 1871. His later years were spent in retirement, mostly at Bournemouth, where he died on March 27.

In the course of his long official career he took a part, often a considerable part, in the many important questions which arose during that period in connection with our colonies, especially the West

Indies; and the opinion which his political chiefs entertained of him is shown by the offer to him, in 1847, of the Under-Secretaryship of State, which he declined in the fear of losing his leisure for literature. Living in or near London during the forty-eight years of his official career, with only one considerable absence when he went to Italy for his health in 1843-44, he had ready access to the best literary and political society of his time, which was the element most congenial to him. At least during the years between 1834 and 1871 he may fairly be said to have known more or less intimately almost every considerable Englishman of the period; and his recollections and judgments of his contemporaries form the most generally interesting part of the autobiography which he published a year ago.

He was almost as intimate with politicians and men and women of the world as with poets and men of letters; and as he divided his social intercourse between these two classes, so he devoted to literature the part of his intellectual energy which was not absorbed by official duties. Literary work had attracted him when quite young. His first appearance in print was in the *Quarterly Review*, un-

der Gifford's auspices, in October, 1822. His original design in coming up to London in 1823 was to make literature his profession; and he continued to write in the *Quarterly* after he had entered the Colonial Office. His admiration for Southey, which was very great both for the man and for the poet, was perhaps the determining cause that made him adopt the poetical drama as his principal mode of literary expression. *Isaac Comnenus*, his first considerable work, was written in 1824-27, and published anonymously in the latter year, but without attracting attention. Almost immediately after this he set to work upon *Philip van Artevelde*, a subject suggested to him by Southey. This work, upon which his literary reputation chiefly (and rightly) rests, was published in 1834, and had an immediate and substantial success: the consequent attempts to make him a "lion," and the results of them, are amusingly described in the twelfth chapter of the *Autobiography*. *Eduin the Fair* followed, begun in 1838 under stress of personal anxieties, but finished and published in 1842 in happier times, and with a moderate measure of success. *The Virgin Widow* (1845-48) and *St. Clement's Eve* (1860) complete the list of his longer poems, nor did he publish many short pieces. Of his prose writings, he selected for reprinting in later years *The Statesman* (1836), which would perhaps have been more fitly named "The Minister"; *Notes from Life* (reflective and social), published in 1847; two admirable essays on Wordsworth (1834 and 1841), and a few others; and the list is completed by the *Autobiography*, published, at last, in 1885.

This bald catalogue of names and dates gives no adequate account of Henry Taylor, his life and work; nor could even a full and critical analysis of his writings do so. Indeed it seems hardly worth while to speculate how numerous his readers may be, now and hereafter, or what the extent of his literary influence. In this case the "statesman," the poet, the man of the

world, is far less interesting than the man. From his writings, above all from the delightful *Autobiography*, the sympathetic reader can form an image, more or less adequate, of that charming and admirable personality which for sixty years attracted so many persons distinguished in all walks of life. The character so disclosed is not a heroic or a romantic one, nor can it claim the psychological interest that arises from complexity or singularity. But this fact makes it perhaps more interesting and instructive to the ordinary person. We may discern in him a noble simplicity of mind, which enabled him to appreciate fairly and fully the merits and weaknesses of the numerous persons with whom he came in contact, and which renders the personal part of his autobiography so attractive; a moral elevation of feeling which makes his career, both personal and literary, a model which most of us may well aspire to imitate; and a solid strength of character which (like some rich wine) the passing years mellowed and matured, but never impaired. These elements constituted a personality the inner qualities of which were reflected outwardly in the dignity of presence, the charm of conversation, the lucidity of style, and the charity in judgments of men and things, all which, so well known to his friends, others must be left to gather from his writings. If there be any pleasure in the society of a cultured man, any profit in that of a wise man, any edification in that of a good man, he who will become acquainted with Henry Taylor, even through his writings, may assuredly count on pleasure, profit, and edification. Most of those who know his writings would agree that, as a poet or as a moralist, he is well worth reading; but, be his merits as a poet what they may, he certainly fulfilled Milton's requirement for such: he was "himself a true poem," not a tragedy or an idyll, but "a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things."—*London Athenaeum*.

## THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE COLONIES.

BY A STUDENT OF THE QUESTION.

WHEN you asked me some time ago to communicate to you and to your readers my views concerning the connection between England and her colonies, I was unable to comply with your request. I venture to do so now, when our present parliamentary constitution is actually under review. The threatening attitude of Irish politicians, and the quiet expectancy of colonial communities, appeal alike to our legislators. The whole subject should be considered together; and we must not make the mistake of supposing that the colonial aspect is not so important as the Irish because the colonists do not accompany their statements with threats.

No one who knows anything of our past parliamentary history can be ignorant of the fact that our present methods are unsatisfactory and well nigh unworkable. When England was a kingdom, and parliamentary business was easily disposed of during short sessions, the method answered well enough; but at present the English Empire has need to rearrange her method of governing that Empire. One of the leading anomalies in the present system is that there is an utter disproportion between the various matters which are brought forward both in their nature and importance. A question of Imperial moment has to be delayed or shelved in order that some local and unimportant matter may be discussed. There is no divisional or provincial government; neither is there an Imperial Parliament, except in name. There are the Houses of Lords and Commons struggling to accomplish what every year becomes more and more impossible. In order to right herself as an Imperial Power (I use the word in the loose sense in which it would be applicable were we under a President instead of a Queen) it is agreed on all hands to be necessary to England to readjust her method of government. This is always a specially distasteful thing for Englishmen to do. They have an ingrained dislike to paper Constitutions, and are willing to "pull along anyhow" rather than run revolutionary risks. Of

course such prejudice must in the present case be removed by showing that there is no possibility of revolution—except, indeed, we let things alone, when in a given time, no doubt, revolution would certainly happen.

The business transacted in the House of Commons connected with Great Britain and Ireland is capable of subdivision; and there would be no loss to any one through such subdivision. One part of the United Kingdom is at present clamoring for separation from the rest—that is, for practical independence, with repudiation of its share of past responsibilities as a part of the Empire. Now, this request is preposterous, and will be refused. But the request for local self-government is one which can be suitably met, by rearranging the business of the House of Commons. It is admitted by the most ardent friends of the Irish Nationalists that there are spurious agitators in this country and in America, and that pretensions have been put forward which no respectable political leader would advocate on the floor of the House of Commons. The British Government could not grant separation or independence, say, to Yorkshire or Lancashire; nor can it grant (and for the same reasons) separation or independence to Ireland. The demands of spurious agitators which are in too many cases the mere expression of antipathy or revenge toward the British Government are not to be regarded as occupying in any sense the position of a claim. Self-preservation is an instinct which extends to a body like that of the Government of the United Kingdom, as it did to the United States of America at a memorable crisis. But the humiliation and ruin of the United Kingdom form the avowed objects of many of those whose subscriptions have assisted the return of the majority of the Irish members in the present House of Commons. Therefore, whatever the Parliament of the United Kingdom sees its way to do for the better discharge of its own duties, or the better government of its own people in Britain and in Ireland, so



much should be done and no more. Not one step should be taken in deference to those who seek not improvement but the destruction and ruin of the British Government. What you can give to Irishmen in common with Scotchmen and Englishmen, and as part of a Government scheme for the better discharge of its own accumulating business, will be given for the benefit of the English peasant, the Scotch crofter, as well as the Irish cottier. And what will satisfy the friends of those classes in Great Britain ought to give satisfaction to the true friends of the same class in Ireland. But should anything be yielded to panic, and not to the above principle, this will only increase the difficulty of Government, by exciting hopes of final separation which are not destined to be realized. It is quite evident that if we take up the extreme position of the Irish Nationalists there is no "Irish nation" living in Ireland. What Ireland is to Great Britain, that Ulster is to the rest of Ireland. If the connection between Ireland and Britain is a hardship to Ireland, so would the connection between North and South Ireland be to the people of the North. If South Ireland would promise the kindest consideration for the North in the future united Irish Parliament, that is only what the United Kingdom has promised, and has practised, toward the whole of Ireland for a great many years. The English people are fully aware, and so for that matter are the people of the United States, that there is a part of the Nationalist and insoluble Ireland in America; there is also a part of this insoluble self-isolating Ireland in Glasgow, and in Liverpool and London. But this Nationalist Ireland does not extend to North Ireland. It is not wanted there, and ought not to be forced upon it. In proceeding to improve her own methods the Imperial Parliament might advantageously subdivide the United Kingdom in some such way as the following—North British Parliament for Scotland, Midland Parliament for England, South British Parliament for England, North Irish Parliament for North Ireland, South Irish Parliament for South Ireland. I do not go into the details of these divisions. They would all have to be well considered. Per-

haps England might be advantageously divided into three or more provinces. South Ireland might also be subdivided if it was thought desirable.

So far we can feel our way clearly to the necessity for Provincial Parliaments for the management of the local affairs of the provinces into which the United Kingdom would be divided. These local bodies, however, would not do away with the necessity for a Parliament of the United Kingdom, which would sit, as now, in London. The Provincial Parliaments ought incidentally to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Irish while they furthered the due discharge of local business everywhere. The United Kingdom Parliament would continue to uphold the historical character and discharge the historical obligations which naturally belong to it in connection with its past position in Europe and in the world. The House of Commons of England governs all Crown colonies and is finally responsible for the government of India. The tie, such as it is, which connects the self-governing colonies with England is one which finally reaches the House of Commons. The English are proud of their past history, although certainly not of every passage in it. We often hear that the historical House of Commons is tenacious of its right, that Englishmen never forget that they secured its privileges at a great price, and so on, and that they would not stand any interference even from their own colonial children, etc. Now, this is all eminently true, and eminently wide of the mark. It is one thing to speak of the House of Commons as it has been in English or European history. Englishmen have just reason to be proud of it as compared with other assemblies, and in connection with the work which it has done. But all this has reference to a past condition of things, as to England itself, as to Europe, and as to the colonies.

In its present form it is admitted on all hands that the English House of Commons has reached its climacteric, and that changes must now take place. We know what our Parliament has been in the past; we know what Britain has accomplished in the history of Europe and of the world. But what of the fu-

ture? It would be preposterous to suppose that the United Kingdom as such, or the British Parliament as such, will be relatively in the future what it has been in the past. We have to reckon for the increase of English-speaking peoples in different parts of the world, now indeed our fellow-subjects, but who may not be so in the future. The time will come when, as to population and ability, the Greater Britain will be beyond the sea. This fact has to be looked in the face by those whose favorite attitude is to look to the past. If separation has taken place between England and her colonies, and the English Empire does not exist, the United Kingdom Parliament of those days will have been out-distanced in the race by its own offspring, and Great Britain, along with her near neighbor, Holland, will have to compose herself as best she can to live upon the glories of the past in a respectable but effete old age.

For reasons connected with the social and political life of these islands the House of Commons has changed considerably within the last fifty years. Every widening of the Constitution has of course affected the government of our Crown colonies and foreign possessions by increasing the number of their masters. The question is, How far is this widening to go? Up to the present time the change has been perhaps more like deepening than widening, for it has been confined to the subjects of the Queen who have continued to reside in these islands. Should widening take place as well as deepening? Are Englishmen who have gone to reside in Australia or New Zealand necessarily disqualified by that fact for assisting in legislating for the Crown possessions of the Fatherland? They have, of course, their own local affairs. So has the United Kingdom. They would certainly not consent to be burdened with past Imperial obligations; it is possible they might not consent to share in responsibility for these possessions of the Crown to any extent, although we question this very much, and think it worthy of consideration and inquiry. But, on the face of it, they have as much to do with what our common ancestors accomplished as their brothers who have remained in Britain. They

pay their share of colonial taxation, and it is equally incumbent upon those who remain in England to pay the taxation devolving on them there. But if Great Britain and Ireland stood on their dignity and declared concerning India and the Crown colonies that they were the trophies of their spear and their bow, and that they wished to retain full responsibility and management of these possessions, the colonists would no doubt acquiesce, and this business could be performed by the United Kingdom Parliament, as at present.

I shall suppose that it has been settled whether England enters the Confederation of the English Empire along with her Crown colonies and possessions as accretions belonging to herself, or whether the English Empire, as such, consisting of the United Kingdom and the British self-governing colonies, are to regard these possessions of the English Crown as henceforth belonging to, and forming a responsibility of, the English Empire. We may hold it as proved that the people of the United Kingdom would desire no interference from Australia as to the management of any insular matter. It is equally clear that New Zealand or Tasmania would not admit the right of Canada or South Africa to join in legislating as to the internal affairs of Tasmania or New Zealand. So far with reference to the local governments of the United Kingdom and of the self-governing colonies. We come now to consider the Imperial Government—the Government of the English Empire—which has yet to be called into existence. Is it desirable to do so? Can the work go on as it does at present, or can it be done better otherwise? Is it possible to convene such a Parliament? Who ought to form its members? These and other questions at once occur to one. As to the possibility of assembling an Imperial Parliament, consisting of representatives from the colonies constituting the English Empire, no one can doubt of this so far as time and space are concerned. Instead of separating us, the ocean is really the glorious highway between the various parts of the English Empire.

The history of the last few years shows that there are questions now arising in connection with our Colonial Em-

pire which are inadequately met by any existing machinery ; and these questions are likely to increase. Unless such business is transacted satisfactorily by England and the Colonies combined, the latter will feel bound to discharge it alone, and thus practically assume independence, which in that case would have to be acknowledged, and the colony would come to occupy the position which the United States of America now does, without, of course, a repetition of the miserable history of its separation.

It is necessary to ask if the colonists really desire such close connection with the mother country, and through her with one another. So far as one can judge, the colonists are more anxious for preserving close connection with the English Government than the latter has been to retain its connection with them. This is fully shown by the loyal and patriotic sentiments pervading all our colonies, and especially by the actual assistance offered and rendered to England by the colonies of Canada and New South Wales. This desire on the part of the colonies for continued connection with England is further shown by the willingness of Australia to pay for its own naval defence, and by its expressed desire that the management of this defence should be assumed by the Imperial Government. Those who have written on this subject seem to me to have increased their difficulties by endeavoring to adopt something which already exists and press it into the service of the Parliament of the English Empire. And yet each one has to admit that the adaptation is not exactly what is required. Let us look at the colonial side of the question. It has been proposed that Colonial Ministries should appoint representatives to the Imperial Parliament. This would produce complication, and, beside, is not a logical proceeding. If a colony is to be represented in the Imperial Parliament the colony ought to have a direct voice in the election of its representatives. Colonial Governments might rise and fall on questions of local policy, but this Imperial representation should have its own election and follow its own Imperial history. I do not go into the question of the number of representatives to be sent from colonies, as that would be a matter of detail.

The appearance of these colonial representatives in our United Kingdom Parliament would constitute it the Parliament of the English Empire. It is not necessary for our present purpose to enter upon the consideration of any question relating to the Hereditary House of Legislature, except to say that although it is not an elected body it would be necessary that colonial representatives elected by the colonists should have seats in that House as well as in the House of Commons, otherwise colonial representation would stop short of efficiency. As to what their representatives in the House of Lords would be called the colonists would probably not be particular, provided they duly exercised their influence and ability as their representatives. The power of the purse—including really the decision whether war is to be declared or not—is the proud prerogative of the English House of Commons. This vast power and responsibility are now shared by immense numbers of British citizens who formerly had nothing to say on the question of peace or war. It was said that by thus introducing the voice of the body of the people into the House of Commons England had gone far to arrest war, as peace was evidently more beneficial to the great body of the people than war ; and because as a class they suffer the most from war. The same reasoning might safely be extended to representatives from our colonies. Peace and not war is their great desire. They are likely to suffer more from war than England herself. It is not unreasonable then that they should have a voice in the House of Commons on so vital a question. In connection with the introduction of new classes of electors, no tax or charge of any kind has been imposed in connection with the bestowal of the great privilege. And so if there is to be an English Empire, and if the colonies are willing to contribute toward the support of the Imperial navy, and to give men for purposes of common defence, the question of peace or war must be considered by the representatives of the Empire, not merely by those of the United Kingdom. If there were a war or disturbance in India or in a Crown colony, and England desired to retain the management of these pos-

sessions in her own hand, such a matter would be regarded as connected with the internal affairs of the United Kingdom, and would not come before the Imperial Parliament. But if any part of the Empire were attacked from without war should be declared by the Parliament of the Empire, and the whole force of the Empire would then be put forth in its defence, while the expense in men and money would be made to fall fairly on all.

As the population of the colonies increased, so would their influence be strengthened in the Imperial Parliament. Thus, in the future, while there would be no interference with the internal business of the United Kingdom, the voice and opinion of Great Britain and Ireland might be outvoted by the representatives of Greater Britain on some Imperial question—say of peace or war—and the protection and encouragement which the United Kingdom is able to afford in the present time to a youthful Empire would in the course of years be repaid by the protection extended to the

mother country by her children after they had left her behind as to population and wealth.

In the meantime Ireland invades the Parliament and public attention, and demands—what? If we are to judge by the utterances of those who subscribe the funds in America, complete separation is the object in view. Were Ireland as loyal as one of our colonies she might be treated as a colony. But this would not satisfy the agitators, while it would endanger the credit and stability of the British Government. It is plain, then, that Ireland can only be treated as an integral part of the United Kingdom.

If England would continue at the head of the English Empire, she must learn, when a colonial question comes up, to put herself in the position of the colony in question, and be much more attentive and solicitous than she has yet been for colonial welfare and prosperity. And so it may be that in the path of her evident duty she may be able to make for herself friends who will succor her in her time of need.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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#### MESMERISM IN THE MIRE.

A VERY pitiful attempt to pander to the tastes of those who delight in being mystified has recently been made at a place of entertainment in London. The old dish of mesmerism was served up with an ample allowance of American sauce in the form of startling advertisement. It might have been thought that the least result of such a flourish in these days of competition to provide amusement and distraction for the people would be a performance that would rival, if not altogether overshadow, that of the African mesmerizer Lewis, who made himself famous in London and Edinburgh some twenty-five years ago, or could at any rate be compared with the scarcely less striking doings of Mme. Card, to whose magic power the Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates of so many generations has frequently succumbed. But the hopes of the curious were completely dashed, and it would seem from the fiasco of his first night that the "Strange Man in London" is probably destined to be a stranger still.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLIII., No. 6

Beginning with a short address to his audience, in the usual jargon of the "electro-biologist" of the platform, the showman soon proceeded to form his circle of sitters, stating that he was able to mesmerize about ten per cent. of all comers. Apparent success was almost instantaneously attained with the surprising number of almost fifty per cent. of the circle, so rapidly, indeed, that the suspicion at once arose that they were trained "subjects," whether duly mesmerized or not. This suspicion was by no means weakened by the fact that these young men had entered the assembly together. The operator claimed to demonstrate that his subjects could not feel by passing needles through the tongues of some of them; and was proceeding with the well-known exhibition of mesmeric "business" when it was suggested by a bystander that the personnel of the circle should be entirely renewed. This was done with the applause of the audience, the only remonstrance coming from one of the victims

of the "influence," who, while asking what was imputed to him by the proposal made to change the sitters, was promptly suppressed by the magician. No result followed the efforts of the mesmerizer on his fresh material, with the exception of one sitter, who appeared to have entered with the former set of "subjects." A large part of the audience hereupon left the room, and the compliant sitters of the first circle were then recalled to reward with their antics the faithful who remained.

It has been pointed out before that hypnotism, or "mesmerism," is the great standby of the modern mystery-monger, the *pièce de résistance* of the Psychical Researcher. It is invaluable to all such, as the reality of the condition cannot be denied; and, since many of its manifestations are so readily imitated or expanded by fraud, and the line, therefore, is so difficult to draw between fact and fiction, mesmerism has been always a favorite subject with the genuine impostor, as well as with the credulous enthusiast, who can never be satisfied without an inexplicable residuum left by his inquiries. The mesmerism of the platform is a telling example of that half-truth which is worse than any falsehood, which lives longer and works more harm than a downright thumping lie. It is unnecessary here to discuss the cause or the meaning of the hypnotic condition; but it must be remembered that most people can mesmerize somebody, that a respectable minority of people can be mesmerized by some, a smaller number by a good many, and that a still more select few are what may be called auto-mesmerizable, or are natural somnambulists. The elements necessary for an exhibition of hypnotism being both impressible subjects and an operator with the power of impressing them, it follows that in a given limited number of experiments there must be many failures, if indeed genuine successes be attained at all. Hence either to amuse or convince a popular audience it is requisite for the public mesmerizer to resort

to the help of accomplices or to have ready several subjects who are known to him as being easily made hypnotic. In either case the practice of the showman is not in accord with his profession; for his implied claim is that he is influencing an unknown audience. And, although in favorable circumstances it would not often be difficult for an expert observer to distinguish between a hypnotized person and one who is shamming, it is not always easy; and most of the experiments made and permitted on a public occasion must generally leave the question at the very least an open one. It may scarcely be doubted that, for "a consideration," a man could have his tongue transfixed by a needle without giving evidence of suffering, as easily as many with good self-control can endure the extraction of a tooth. But, be this as it may, it seems clear that public exhibitions of so-called mesmerism are generally to be deprecated. They serve only to obscure whatever truth and possible usefulness there may be among the facts which they claim to demonstrate and certainly travesty. Hypnotic phenomena fare but little better at the hands of those good people who profess to test them in private assemblies, for from such circles the spirit of healthy scientific scepticism is almost always absent. The intimate blending of the true and the false in mesmerism lends just that amount of vitality to the mysterious which is requisite to give a scientific aspect to its study, and supplies at the same time the inexplicable residuum so dear to the heart of the Psychical Researcher. Mesmerism will probably long continue to be the will-o'-the-wisp which lures such inquirers to their obscure doom. The demonstrable facts on which mesmeric mythology rests can be brought to light and rightly understood, if at all, by the physiologist and the physician alone, and must be studied in an atmosphere quite untainted by the cupidity or the enthusiasm of mystery-mongers of any creed or color.—*Saturday Review*.

## A FIRE AT SEA.\*

BY IVAN TOURGUENEFF.

IN the month of May of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-eight I happened to be crossing from St. Petersburg to Lubeck on the steamship "Nicholas the First." As at that time there was very little railway communication, every tourist took the sea-route, and for the same reason many people brought their travelling carriages with them, so as to be able to continue their tour through Germany, France and other countries. We had with us, I remember, twenty-eight private conveyances, and were in all two hundred and eighty passengers, including twenty children. I was very young at the time, and as I did not suffer at all from seasickness I enjoyed my new experiences immensely. Some of the ladies on board were extremely pretty, and a few quite beautiful; most of them, alas! are long since dead.

It was the first time that my mother had ever allowed me to go away by myself, and before I left she made me promise to be on my best behavior, and, above all things, never to touch a card. As it happened, it was this last promise that was the first to be broken.

One particular evening there was a great gathering of the passengers in the saloon, where some well-known Russian bankers were gambling. They used to play a kind of lansquenet, and the jingle of the gold pieces, which were much more common then than they are now, was quite deafening. Suddenly one of the players, seeing that I did not join in, and not understanding why, asked me to take a hand; and when in my boyish simplicity I told him my reason, he went into a fit of laughter, and called out to his friends that he had made a real find, a young man who had never played cards in his life, and who consequently was quite certain to have the most extraordinary luck, fool's luck in fact! . . . I don't know how it came

about, but ten minutes later I was sitting at the gambling-table with a lot of cards in my hand, as bold as brass, and playing, playing like a madman!

I must acknowledge that in my case the old proverb turned out true; money kept coming to me in waves; and beneath my trembling, perspiring hands the gold piled itself up in heaps. The banker who had induced me to play never stopped for a moment urging me on, and exciting me to bet. I actually thought I had made my fortune! Suddenly the saloon door is flung wide open, a lady rushes in, cries out in a faint, agonized voice, "The ship is on fire!" and falls on a sofa in a dead faint. The effect was like that of an earthquake. Everybody started from his seat; the gold and the silver and the bank-notes were strewn all over the cabin, and we rushed out. I cannot understand how it was that we had not noticed the smoke before. It had already reached us. In fact the staircase was full of it, and the whole place was lit with a dull red glare, the glare of burning coal. In the twinkling of an eye every one was on deck. Two huge pillars of smoke were slowly rising up on each side of the funnel, and sweeping along the masts, and the uproar and tumult which began at that moment never ceased. The scene of disorder was indescribable. I felt that all the human beings on board were suddenly seized with a frantic desire for self-preservation, I myself most of all. I remember catching hold of a sailor by the arm and pledging him my word that my mother would give him ten thousand roubles if he saved my life. The sailor naturally looked on my offer as a joke, and shook me off, and I did not suggest it again. I felt that what I had been saying to him was perfect nonsense. However, I must add that everything I saw around me was quite as nonsensical. How true it is that nothing comes up to the tragic side of a shipwreck but its comic side! A rich landed proprietor, for instance, was seized with a fit of terror, and flinging himself down on his face began frantically kissing the deck!

\* In a posthumous volume ("Œuvres Dernières de I. Tourgueneff," Hetzel et Cie, Paris), this is said to have been a real incident in the novelist's life, dictated by him in French three months before he died.

After he had been doing this some time it so happened that the fury of the flames abated for a moment in consequence of the great masses of water which were being pumped into the coal-bunks. He leapt to his feet at once, drew himself to his full height, and cried out in a stentorian voice, "O ye of little faith, think ye that our God, the God of the Russian people, will suffer us to perish?" Just then, however, the flames broke out worse than before, and the poor man, with all his faith in the God of the Russian people, flung himself down again on his hands and knees and returned to his deck-kissing. A gaunt-looking general kept bawling out, "A special messenger must be dispatched immediately to the Emperor. We dispatched a special messenger to him when the military colonies revolted, and the lives of several important people were saved in consequence. I myself was there in person!" A gentleman with an umbrella in his hand suddenly, in a mad fit of passion, rushed at a very ugly little oil-painting that happened to be among the luggage, fastened to an easel, and began to stave it in. It was a portrait; and with the ferule of his umbrella he made five holes in it, where the eyes, the nose, the mouth, and the ears were, exclaiming from time to time, as he accomplished this act of vandalism, "What is the use of this picture now?" The picture did not belong to him at all! A huge fat man, looking like a German brewer, wept floods of tears, and kept calling out "Captain! Captain! Captain!" in most heartrending accents. Finally the captain, losing all patience, caught him by the collar of his coat, and shouted at him, "Well! I'm the captain. What do you want with me?" The fat brewer gazed at him blankly, and with increased pathos in his voice recommenced his piteous cry of "Captain! Captain!"

However, it was the captain who really saved our lives. First, by altering our course, which he succeeded in doing while it was still possible to enter the engine-room; for if the steamer had kept on straight for Lubeck, instead of making at once for land, it would undoubtedly have been burned to the water's edge before reaching port. Secondly, by ordering the sailors to

draw their cutlasses, and to have no hesitation in cutting down any one who tried to seize either of the life-boats. I should mention that we had only two life-boats left, the others having been capsized through the carelessness of some of the passengers who had stupidly tried to launch them without knowing how. It was curious to notice the involuntary feeling of respect inspired by these stern, impassive sailors, Danes, by the way, most of them, as they stood there with their drawn swords, which in the red glare of the flames seemed blood-stained already.

It was now blowing a pretty strong gale, and the violence of the wind was a good deal intensified by the fire which by this time was raging and roaring over more than a third of the vessel. At the risk of wounding the vanity of my own sex I feel bound to acknowledge that during this crisis the women showed more presence of mind than most of the men did. With their pale faces and the white drapery of the bed-clothes which they had hurriedly caught up when summoned from their berths, they seemed to me, sceptic though I was even at that early age, like angels come down from heaven to shame us and to give us courage.

However, there were a few men who showed some pluck. I remember one particularly, M. D . . . ff, our ex-ambassador at Copenhagen. He had taken off his shoes and necktie, tied his coat round him with the sleeves across his chest, and was seated on a thick, taut rope with his feet dangling in the air, quietly smoking a cigar and examining us all with a look of amused pity. As for myself, I had taken refuge on the lower rungs of one of the futtock shrouds, and sat there watching with a sort of dull wonder the red foam as it boiled and churned beneath me, wetting my face now and then with a flying flake of froth; and, as I looked down into it, I kept saying to myself, "So there is where I must die, at eighteen years of age!" for I had quite made up my mind that it was better to be drowned than to be roasted. The flames were now shooting over my head in a great arch, and I could clearly distinguish the roar of the fire from the roar of the waves.

Not far from me was sitting a little

old woman, a cook, I should think, belonging to one of the families which were on their way to Europe. Her head was buried in her hands, and she seemed to be murmuring a prayer. Suddenly she looked up at me, and whether or not she thought she could see in my face the expression of some sinister resolve I cannot say, but, whatever her reason was, she clutched me by the arm, and in a voice in which entreaty and sternness were strangely blended, said to me, "No, sir, no one has absolute right over his own life, you no more than any one else. Whatever form of death God sends to you, you must submit to it. It is your duty. Else you will be committing suicide, and will be punished for it in the next world."

I had really no desire at all to commit suicide; but from a sort of spirit of bravado, for which, considering the awful position I was in, I cannot at all account, I made two or three feigned attempts to carry out the purpose with which she credited me; and every time that I did so the poor old creature rushed at me to try and prevent my accomplishing, as she thought, a great crime. At last I felt ashamed, and stopped. And indeed with death before me, imminent and inevitable—why act? Why spend my last moments playing a comedy? However I had no time either to analyze my own fantastic feelings, or to admire the poor old woman's want of egotism (her altruism, as we should say nowadays), for the roar of the flames over our heads became suddenly more terrible, and simultaneously there rang out a voice like a trumpet, the voice of our guardian angel, "You fool, what are you doing there? You will be killed. Follow me!"

Immediately, though we did not know who was calling to us or where we had to go, up jumped this dear old woman and myself, as if we had been shot from a gun, and off we rushed through the smoke after a sailor in a blue jersey, whom we saw climbing a rope-ladder in front of us. Without in the slightest degree understanding why, I climbed up the ladder after him, and I verily believe that at that moment if he had thrown himself into the water or done anything extraordinary, no matter what, I should have blindly followed his example.

After he had clambered up two or three rounds of the ladder, the sailor jumped heavily on to the top of a travelling carriage, whose wheels, by the way, were already on fire; I jumped after him; I heard the old woman jump after me; then from the top of the first carriage the sailor jumped on to the top of a second, then on to the top of a third, I keeping always behind him—and finally in this way we reached the bow of the ship. Nearly all the passengers were assembled there. The sailors, under the directions of the captain, were launching one of the life-boats, fortunately the largest we had. Across the other side of the vessel I could see the long line of the Lubeck cliffs lit up by the glare of our fire. They were a good deal more than a mile off. I did not know how to swim, and though it was probably not very deep where we had gone aground (for we had struck without any of us noticing it) still the waves were terribly high. However, the moment I caught sight of dry land I felt quite sure I was safe, and to the amazement of every one who was standing near me I began to dance and to cry "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" I did not care to join the crowd which was hustling around the steps that led up to the big life-boat; there were too many women, old men, and children in it. Besides, ever since I had caught sight of land, I did not care to hurry myself, I felt so certain I was saved. I remember noticing with surprise that very few of the children showed any signs of terror, and that many of them were actually asleep in their mothers' arms. None of them were lost.

I remarked in the middle of the crowd of passengers a tall, military-looking man leaning against a bench, which he had just wrenched out of the deck and set athwart ships. He stood there quite motionless, his clothes all dripping with sea-water. I was told that in an involuntary fit of terror he had brutally elbowed out of his way a woman who had tried to get in front of him, so as to jump into one of the first life-boats that had foundered; and that, on being collared by one of the stewards and thrown roughly down upon the deck, the old soldier, who, by the way, was a general, had felt so ashamed of his momentary



act of cowardice that he had sworn an oath that he would not leave the steamer till after every one else, including the captain. He was a magnificently-built man, with a curiously pale face. His forehead was still bleeding from the blow he had received; and as he stood there he looked about him with an air of deep humility, as if he were asking people to forgive him.

In the meanwhile I had made my way over to the larboard side, where I saw the smaller of our two life-boats pirouetting on the waves like a toy-boat. There were two sailors in it who were making signs to the passengers to try and jump. This, however, was not such an easy thing to do, as the "Nicholas the First" stood very high out of the water, and it required a good deal of skill to jump into the boat without sinking it. At last, however, I made up my mind to have a try, and began by standing on one of the anchor-chains which were hung over the ship's side. But just as I was about letting myself go, something very heavy and very soft fell on top of me. It was a woman, who had thrown her arms round my neck, and hung there like a log. I must acknowledge that my first impulse was to catch her by her two hands and to throw her right over my head; but fortunately I resisted the temptation. The shock, however, very nearly sent us both into the sea; and in we must assuredly have gone, if by a piece of extraordinary good luck there had not been dangling right in front of my nose a rope belonging to some part of the rigging. I made a frantic clutch at this with one hand, and with this heavy lady still clinging to me, hung there for a moment, cutting my fingers to the bone. . . . I then looked down and saw that the life-boat was right under us, and putting my trust in Providence let myself go. . . . Every timber in the life-boat creaked. . . . "Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

I left my companion in a dead faint at the bottom of the boat, and turned round to look at the steamer. A great mass of faces, women's faces chiefly, were anxiously peering at us over the side. "Jump!" I cried, holding out my arms, "Jump!" At this particular moment the splendid success of my daring leap and the consciousness that I

was well out of reach of the fire gave me the most extraordinary physical strength as well as pluck; the only three women who could make up their minds to jump I caught as easily as one catches apples in an orchard. I should note that every one of these ladies gave a piercing shriek when she left the steamer, and fainted in mid-air. One of the hapless dames was very nearly killed through a gentleman throwing an enormously heavy trunk into our boat. I suppose he had gone out of his mind. The trunk, by the way, was broken in the fall, and seeing inside it an extremely handsome dressing-case, I at once solemnly presented it to the two sailors, without ever stopping to consider whether I had any claim to give away other people's belongings. The sailors with similar disregard for the rights of property, gratefully accepted my gift. We then started at once for shore, rowing as hard as we could, and followed by cries from the steamer of "Come back as soon as you can! Send us back the boat!" And indeed as soon as there were only two or three feet of water we felt it our duty to get out. A cold drizzling rain had been falling for about an hour, and though it had no effect at all on the fire, it had succeeded in wetting us to the skin.

At last we reached the shore, for which we had so longed, but it turned out to be little better than a swamp of wet, sticky mud, and we sank in it up to our knees. Our boat went back at once and in company with the larger life-boat, began to transport the passengers from the steamer to land. Very few people had been lost—eight, I think, in all. One had fallen into a coal-bunk, and another had been drowned in an attempt to carry all his money away with him. The latter, whose name I just knew, had spent most of the day playing chess with me, and had been so excited over our games that Prince W—, who was looking on, said to him finally, "You play as if it were a matter of life or death!" As for the luggage, it was nearly all burned, and so were the travelling carriages.

Amongst the ladies who had escaped was a very pretty married woman, Madame T—; she was excessively charming, though her time was a good deal taken up with her four little daugh-

ters and their nurses. At the present moment she was sitting in the most desolate manner on the beach, without shoes or stockings, and with hardly anything over her shoulders. I felt it was my duty as a gentleman to offer her every assistance in my power, and as a result found myself without my coat, my boots, and my necktie. To make matters worse, a peasant, whom I had been to the top of the cliff to look for, and whom I had sent down to meet the shipwrecked travellers with a wagon and a pair of horses, did not think it worth his while to wait for me, but set off for Lubeck with all my ladies; so there was I left alone, half naked and wet to the marrow of my bones, to gaze at the sea where our ship had nearly succeeded in burning itself out. I use the word "succeeded" advisedly, as I never could have believed that such a huge affair as a big steamer could be so soon destroyed. By this time it was merely a vast blot of fire on the sea; a motionless mass of flame streaked with the black outlines of the chimneys and the masts. Round and round it wheeled the gulls in a sort of monotonous indifference in their flight. Then it ceased to be flame and became ashes; a great heap of ashes spangled with tiny bright sparks which were scattered over the waves in long, curving lines. "Is this all?" I thought, "and life itself—what is it but a handful of ashes strewn on the wind?"

Fortunately, however, for the meditative philosopher whose teeth were now

beginning to chatter, a second wagoner arrived to pick me up. The honest fellow extorted two ducats from me, but as a set-off lent me his thick coat to wrap myself up in, and sang me two or three country songs, that I thought rather pretty. In this way I got to Lubeck by sunrise, and coming across my fellow-sufferers left with them for Hamburg.

Here we found waiting for us twenty thousand roubles, which the Emperor Nicholas, who happened at the moment to be on his way to Berlin, had sent by one of his equerries. There was a meeting of the male passengers, at which it was decided that this money should be handed over to the women. Our generosity did not really put us to much inconvenience, as at that time every Russian who came to Germany was allowed unlimited credit. Alas! those golden days are over!

The sailor to whom I had promised the enormous sum of money in my mother's name if he saved my life came and asked me to carry out my agreement. As I was not quite sure of his identity, and as in any case he had done nothing at all for me, I gave him one thaler. He took it, and thanked me warmly.

As for the poor old cook who had shown such an interest in the salvation of my soul, I never saw her again; but, whether she was burned or whether she was drowned, I am quite sure that she has a special place set apart for her in Paradise.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

## THE FUTURE OF "SOCIETY."

It has chanced to the writer to read recently a number of memoirs, biographies and sketches, all intended to describe "society" in its technical sense,—the upper society, that is, of great capitals, the large group of more or less idle persons which in every European country has drawn together round the centre of affairs, be it Court, Parliament, or conspicuous person, has called itself and thought itself "the world," has given laws to manners, and greatly influenced morals, and in all ages has attracted to itself for no obvious reason

an exceptional attention and regard. It is not an interesting study, except for an object, and one is soon startled to see how little variety it presents; but it is impossible to read such accounts without noticing that "society" in its limited sense, though without demonstrable *raison d'être*, is apparently indestructible, or wondering whether, if indestructible, it will, as time advances, grow worse or better. The closer you study European history the more certain are you to find a limited yet large circle which surrounds the centre of power,

which claims for itself most of the enjoyments of life and secures them, which the millions around regard with admiration, or envy, or occasionally savage hatred, but which itself does little or nothing to draw to itself that exceptional attention. It simply is, and continues to be, floating at the top, apparently without effort, and though rapidly fluctuating in its components, still marked by the presence of constituents, such as the great families, which hardly change. It is always frivolous, always attentive to ceremony, always more or less vicious, and always in want of fresh supplies of cash, which it wastes profusely; yet it does not pass away. You find it as powerful round Charles the Bold, or Philip II., or Henri Quatre, as round Louis XV. or Napoleon III., as marked in the time of Charles II. as of Queen Victoria, and, allowing for differences of manners, always with the same characteristics. All within it are seeking distraction; all are self-willed and in a way lawless, yet without independence; and all, as a body, seek money. The satirists of to-day who describe Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London all notice the money-greed of "society," the intrusion into it because they bring money of vulgar Jews, the taint of jobbing which sticks to some of its real and most of its factitious eminencies; but all that is very old. Legacy-hunting was a trade with the Roman aristocracy; society in the Middle Ages hungered for grants of land, heiresses, appanages, and Court pensions; the grand society of Louis XIV. courted Farmers-general as the little society of M. Grévy courts German and Levantine Jews; and contracts were competed for by courtiers two hundred years ago, as "concessions" and "early information" are now. There is no change in objects, and as to methods, there is probably an improvement. Cruelty has been struck out of the list of permissible distractions; sexual vice, if still a motive-power, is far less cynically coarse; luxury has got itself a varnish of refinement from art, which is sometimes genuine; and idleness, though still dominant, is broken by a quantity of thin but harmless intellectual interests. Whatever the change, however, "society" has lasted on. It has survived all political events. It emerged smiling, interesting, and

corrupt from the cataclysm of the French Revolution, which for one short hour did completely submerge it; it remains unaffected by the slow decay of the prestige of birth; and we see no sign that it is seriously threatened by the progress of democracy. National poverty, one would think, would weaken it; but it never was more conspicuous than under the Directory, when nobody had anything; and it was rampant in Berlin when, after the French invasion, fortunes were not, and £100 a year was a salary coveted by great persons.

Will "society" ever get better? History does not suggest hope, for even religious revivals have only touched it for a moment; misfortunes have never sobered it, as witness the history of the French *émigrés* princes and nobles; and the progress of intelligence has but made its amusements a little more varied. Indeed, if we were to calculate closely, a probability would become visible that "society" might grow a little worse. It attracts wealth more than ever. It grows more sceptical than it did. It is becoming cynical under the microscope to which it is exposed, its members feeling that if they are to enjoy at all they must disregard opinion; and it is deriving from the progress of democracy a new and evil strength. That progress ostracizes hundreds who would, but for it, seek public careers; and they, with their strength for work, seclude themselves in society, retiring, as it were, from a befouled arena to the drawing-room, to which they bring the invigoration of their capacities, and a new contempt for the inferior crowd outside. When, as in some circles in France, in the best circles in America, and, alas! in one or two enlarging circles in England, it has become good form to be of society, and bad form to be of politics, "society" gains for itself a temporary reinvigoration. It has absorbed men and women too good for it, and waxes fat on wasted brains. There should be deterioration in those circumstances of the hour, in the cosmopolitan character which the great life assumes—your cosmopolitan usually learning all vices, because released from the pressure of all national opinions—and in the growing pressure of true pessimistic thought, the thought which doubts whether in a world

like this the individual *can* do anything worth doing except ransack earth for dainties, curios, and beautiful objects, or inquire with a curiosity which lasts five minutes whether a peep outside the world is indeed a possibility. There will doubtless be antiseptic palliatives found—war, for example, has repeatedly been one, and occasionally, in monarchical countries, Court influence—but for those who reject mere anticipations and try to calculate, the signs are by no means hopeful. The necessity for work of which social speculators write may come; but it has never come yet, except for periods positively, as well as comparatively trifling, the wildest convulsion always ending all through history in the reappearance of the gilt foam on the surface of the Maelstrom, and wealth growing hourly more secure from its impalpability and the habit of cosmopolitan distribution. Democrats can seize the noble's ten thousand acres, but how touch the hundred thousand pounds he holds in each of a dozen nation's stocks? Keen and pitiless are the Irish enemies of wealth, but they will not get Lord Dunraven's ranches for all that. We see no calculable ground of hope, unless it be this, that society, in its technical sense, tends ever to grow larger; that its size involves intolerable labor, such as Mr. T. Child describes in this month's *Fortnightly*; and that, as society abhors labor, it may in self-defence split into coteries so numerous as to allow good and bad, frivolous and intellectual, alike their way, and so become a microcosm of the world. That is happening now in England, and may happen everywhere, though it is more checked abroad than here by the tendency of the good to become "devout" and drop out of society altogether. That another change will also arrive we feel convinced, though

many of our readers may smile contempt of the opinion; but whether it will be beneficial is matter of speculation. So many are the wealthy, so numerous the cultivated, so crowded the entertainers, that sooner or later the one incommunicable quality—the old prerogative of pedigree, which has so repeatedly asserted and reasserted itself in the history of mankind—will once more assume importance. All the scientific theorizing which now so influences opinion tends that way, and so does the publicity which places families as well as persons under a painful electric light. But then, the growth of respect for birth may make society more corrupt instead of better, that sentiment always developing in its objects one of two impulses, the first of which is expressed in the proverb *Noblesse oblige*, and which, if not a sense of honor, is a working substitute for it, while the other is best described in the French Marquise's *mot*,—"God will think twice before he damns a man of that quality." Birth, being an unearned yet potent advantage, either compels men or releases them from compulsion; and the emancipated are usually in society the bad. The measurable prospect is not a pleasing one; but then, in human affairs all prospects are so nearly immeasurable. Society no longer permits a man to enjoy himself in cruelty; and if that vice, which lasted ages after the Roman period, when it was a science, and the arena was the enjoyment of nations, has disappeared or been forced into seclusion, why not many other vices? The last section of the world to grow better will be "society;" but it is human still, and therefore subject to change, which cannot be forever and at all times the change of deterioration.—*Spectator*.

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SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

BY WALTER PATER.

ENGLISH prose literature toward the end of the seventeenth century, in the hands of Dryden and Locke, was becoming, as that of France had become at an earlier date, a matter of design and

skilled practice, highly conscious of itself as an art, and, above all, correct. Up to that time it had been, on the whole, singularly informal and unprofessional, and by no means the litera-

ture of what we understand by the "man of letters." Certain great instances there had been of literary structure, or architecture—"The Ecclesiastical Polity," "The Leviathan"—but for the most part that literature is eminently occasional, closely determined by the eager practical aims of contemporary politics and theology, or else due to a man's own native instinct to speak because he cannot help speaking. Hardly aware of the habit, he likes talking to himself; and when he writes (still in undress) he does but take the "friendly reader" into his confidence. The type of this literature, obviously, is not Locke or Gibbon, but, above all others, Sir Thomas Browne; as Jean Paul is a good instance of it in German literature, always in its developments so much later than the English; and as the best instance of it in French literature, in the century preceding Browne, is Montaigne, from whom indeed, in a great measure, all those tentative writers, or essayists, derive.

It was a result, perhaps, of the individualism and liberty of personal development, which, even in a Roman Catholic, were effects of the Reformation, that there was so much in Montaigne of the "subjective," as people say, of the singularities of personal character. Browne, too, bookish as he really is, claims to give his readers a matter, "not picked from the leaves of any author, but bred amongst the weeds and tares" of his own brain. The faults of such literature are what we all recognize in it; unevenness, alike in thought and style; lack of design; and then, caprice—the lack of authority; after the full play of which, there is so much to refresh one in the reasonable transparency of Hooker, representing thus early the tradition of a classical clearness in English literature, anticipated by Latimer and More, and to be fulfilled afterward in Butler and Hume. But then, in recompense for that looseness and whim, in Sir Thomas Browne, for instance, we have in those "quaint" writers, as they themselves understood the term,—*coint*, adorned, but adorned with all the curious ornaments of their own predilection, provincial or archaic, certainly unfamiliar, and selected without reference to the taste or usages of other people—the charm of an absolute

sincerity, with all the ingenuous and racy effect of what is circumstantial and peculiar in their growth.

"The whole creation is a mystery and particularly that of man. At the blast of His mouth were the rest of the creatures made, and at His bare word they started out of nothing. But in the frame of man He played the sensible operator, and seemed not so much to *create* as to *make* him. When He had separated the materials of other creatures, there consequently resulted a form and soul: but having raised the walls of man, He was driven to a second and harder creation—of a substance like Himself, an incorruptible and immortal soul."

There is the manner of Sir Thomas Browne, in exact expression of his mind!—minute and curious in its thinking, but with an effect, on the sudden, of a real sublimity or depth. His style is certainly an unequal one. It has the monumental aim which charmed, and perhaps influenced, Johnson—a dignity that can be attained only in such mental calm as follows long and learned pondering on the high subjects Browne loves to deal with. It has its garrulity, its various levels of painstaking, its mannerism, pleasant of its kind or tolerable, together with much to us intolerable, of which he was capable on a lazy summer afternoon down at Norwich. And all is so oddly mixed, showing, in its entire ignorance of self, how much he, and the sort of literature he represents, really stood in need of *technique*, of a formed taste in literature, of a literary architecture.

And yet perhaps we could hardly wish the result different in him, any more than in the books of Burton and Fuller, or some other similar writers of that age—mental abodes we might liken, after their own manner, to the little old private houses of some historic town grouped about its grand public structures, which, when they have survived at all, posterity is loth to part with. For, in their absolute sincerity, not only do these authors clearly exhibit themselves ("the unique peculiarity of the writer's mind" being, as Johnson says of Browne, "faithfully reflected in the form and matter of his work"), but even more than mere professionally instructed writers they belong to, and reflect, the age they lived in. In essentials, of course, even Browne is by no means so unique among his contempora-

ries, and so singular as he looks. And then, as the very condition of their work, there is an entire absence of personal restraint in dealing with the public, whose humors they come at last in a great measure to reproduce. To speak more properly, they have no sense of a "public," to deal with at all—only a full confidence in the "friendly reader," as they love to call him. Hence their amazing pleasantry, their indulgence in their own conceits; but hence also those unpremeditated wild-flowers of speech we should never have the good luck to find in any more formal kind of literature.

It is, in truth, to the literary purpose of the humorist, in the old-fashioned sense of the term, that this method of writing naturally allies itself—of the humorist to whom all the world is but a spectacle in which nothing is really alien from himself, who has hardly a sense of the distinction between great and little among things that are at all, and whose half-pitying, half-amused sympathy is called out especially by the seemingly small interests and traits of character in the things or the people around him. Certainly, in an age stirred by great causes, like the age of Browne in England, of Montaigne in France, that is not a type to which one would wish to reduce all men of letters. Still, in an age apt also to become severe, or even cruel (its eager interest in those great causes turning sour on occasion) the character of the humorist may well find its proper influence in that serene power, and the leisure it has for conceiving second thoughts, on the tendencies, conscious or unconscious, of the fierce wills around it. Something of such a humorist was Browne—not callous to men and their fortunes; certainly not without opinions of his own about them; and yet, undisturbed by the civil war, by the fall, and then the restoration, of the monarchy, through that long, quiet life (ending at last on the day himself had predicted, as if at the moment he had willed) in which "all existence," as he says, "had been but food for contemplation."

Johnson, in beginning his "Life of Browne," remarks that Browne "seems to have had the fortune, common among men of letters, of raising little curiosity

after their private life." Whether or not, with the example of Johnson himself before us, we can think just that, it is certain that Browne's works are of a kind to directly stimulate curiosity about himself—about himself, as being manifestly so large a part of those works; and as a matter of fact we know a great deal about his life, uneventful as in truth it was. To himself, indeed, his life at Norwich, as he lets us know, seemed wonderful enough. "Of those wonders," says Johnson, "the view that can now be taken of his life offers no appearance." But "we carry with us," as Browne writes, "the wonders we seek without us," and we may note, on the other hand, a circumstance which his daughter, Mrs. Lyttleton, tells us of his childhood:—"His father used to open his breast when he was asleep, and kiss it in prayers over him, as 'tis said of Origen's father, that the Holy Ghost would take possession there." It was perhaps because the son inherited an aptitude for a like profound stirring of sentiment in the taking of his life, that uneventful as it was, commonplace as it seemed to Johnson, to Browne himself it was so full of wonders, and so stimulates the curiosity of his more careful reader of to-day. "What influence," says Johnson again, "learning has had on its possessors may be doubtful." Well! the influence of his great learning, of his constant research, on Browne, was its imaginative influence, that it completed his outfit as a poetic visionary, stirring all the strange "conceit" of his nature to its depths.

He himself dwells, in connection with the first publication (extorted by circumstances) of the "*Religio Medici*," on the natural "inactivity of his disposition;" and he does, as I have said, pass very quietly through an exciting time. Born in the year of the Gunpowder Plot, he was not, in truth, one of those clear and clarifying souls which, in an age alike of practical and mental confusion, can lay down as by anticipation the bases of reconstruction, like Bacon or Hooker. His mind has much of the perplexity which was part of the atmosphere of the time. Not that he is without his own definite opinions on events. For him, Cromwell is a usurper, the death of Charles an abominable

murder. In spite of what is, perhaps, an affectation of the sceptical mood, he is a Churchman too ; one of those who entered fully into the Anglican position, so full of sympathy with those ceremonies and observances which "misguided zeal terms superstition," that there were some Roman Catholics who thought that nothing but custom and education kept him from their communion. At the Restoration he rejoices to see the return of the comely Anglican order in old episcopal Norwich, with its ancient churches ; the antiquity, in particular, of the English Church being, characteristically, one of the things he most valued in it, vindicating it, when occasion came, against the "unjust scandal" of those who made that Church a creation of Henry the Eighth. As to Romanists—he makes no scruple to "enter their churches in defect of ours." He cannot laugh at, but rather pities, "the fruitless journeys of pilgrims—for there is something in it of devotion." He could never "hear the *Ave Mary!* bell without an *oraison*." At a solemn procession he has "wept abundantly." How English, in truth, all this really is ! It reminds one how some of the most popular of English writers, in many a half-conscious expression, have witnessed to a susceptibility in the English mind itself, in spite of the Reformation, to what is affecting in religious ceremony. Only, in religion as in politics, Browne had no turn for disputes ; was suspicious of them, indeed ; knowing, as he says with true acumen, that "a man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender," even in controversies not necessarily maladroit—an image in which we may trace a little contemporary coloring.

The "Enquiries into Vulgar Errors" was published in the year 1646 ; a year which found him very hard on "the vulgar." His suspicion in the abstract of what Bacon calls *Idola Fori*, the Idols of the Market-place, takes a special emphasis from the course of events about him ; "being erroneous in their single numbers, once huddled together they will be error itself." And yet, congruously with a dreamy sweetness of character we may find expressed in his very features, he seems not greatly con-

cerned at the temporary suppression of the institutions he values so much. He seems to possess some inward Platonic reality of them—church or monarchy—to hold by in idea, quite beyond the reach of Round-head or unworthy Cavalier. In the power of what is inward and inviolable in his religion, he can still take note ;—"In my solitary and retired imagination (*neque enim cum porticus aut me lectulus accepit, desum mihi*), I remember I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate Him and His attributes who is ever with me."

His father, a merchant of London, with some claims to ancient descent, left him early in possession of ample means. Educated at Winchester and Oxford, he visited Ireland, France and Italy ; and in the year 1633, at the age of twenty-eight, became Doctor of Medicine at Leyden. Three years later he established himself as a physician at Norwich for the remainder of his life, having married a lady, described as beautiful and attractive, and affectionate also, as we may judge from her letters, and postscripts to those of her husband, in an orthography of a homeliness amazing even for that age. Dorothy Browne bore him ten children, six of whom he survived.

Their house at Norwich, even then an old one it would seem, must have grown, through long years of acquisition, into an odd cabinet of antiquities—antiquities properly so called ; his old Roman, or Romanized, British urns, from Walsingham or Brampton, for instance ; and those natural objects which he studied somewhat in the temper of a curiosity-hunter or antiquary. In one of the old churchyards of Norwich he makes the first discovery of *adipocere*, of which grim substance "a portion still remains with him." For his multifarious experiments he must have had his laboratory. The old window-stanchions had become magnetic, proving, as he thinks, that iron "acquires verticity" from long lying in one position. Once we find him re-tiling the place. It was then, perhaps, that he made the observation that bricks and tiles also acquire "magnetic alliciency"—one's whole house, one might fancy ; as indeed, he holds the earth itself to be a vast lodestone.

The very faults of his literary work,

its desultoriness, the time it costs his readers, that slow Latinity which Johnson imitated from him, those lengthy, leisurely terminations which busy posterity will abbreviate, all breathe of the long quiet of the place. Yet he is by no means indolent. Beside wide book-learning, experimental research at home, and indefatigable observation in the open air, he prosecutes the ordinary duties of a physician; contrasting himself indeed with other students, "whose quiet and unmolested doors afford no such distractions." To most men of mind sensitive as his, his chosen studies would have seemed full of melancholy, turning always, as they did, upon death and decay. It is well, perhaps, that life should be something of a "meditation upon death": to many, certainly, Browne's would have seemed too like a life-long following of one's own funeral. A true museum is seldom a cheerful place—oftenest induces the feeling that nothing could ever have been young; and to Browne the whole world is a museum; all the grace and beauty it has being of a somewhat mortified kind. Only, for him (poetic dream, or philosophic apprehension, it was this which never failed to evoke his wonderful genius for exquisitely impassioned speech), over all those ugly anatomical preparations, as though over miraculous saintly relics, there was the perpetual flicker of a surviving spiritual ardency, one day to reassert itself—stranger far than any fancied odyllic gravelights!

When Browne settled at Norwich, being then about thirty-six years old, he had already completed the "*Religio Medici*"; a desultory collection of observations designed for himself only and a few friends, at all events with no purpose of immediate publication. It had been lying by him for seven years, circulating privately in his own extraordinarily perplexed manuscript, or in manuscript copies, when, in 1642, an incorrect printed version from one of those copies, "much corrupted by transcription at various hands," appeared anonymously. Browne, decided royalist as he was, in spite of seeming indifference, connects this circumstance with the unscrupulous use of the press for political purposes, and especially against the king at that time. Just here a romantic figure

comes on the scene. Son of the unfortunate young Everard Digby who perished on the scaffold for some half-hearted participation in the gunpowder plot, Kenelm Digby, brought up in the reformed religion, had returned in manhood to the religion of his father. In his intellectual composition he had, in common with Browne, a scientific interest, oddly tinged with both poetry and scepticism; he had also a strong sympathy with religious reaction, and a more than sentimental love for a seemingly vanishing age of faith, which he, for one, would not think of as vanishing. A copy of that surreptitious edition of the "*Religio Medici*" found him a prisoner on suspicion of a too active royalism, and with much time on his hands. The Roman Catholic, although, secure in his definite orthodoxy, he finds himself indifferent on many points (on the reality of witchcraft, for instance), on which Browne's more timid, personally-grounded faith might indulge no scepticism, forced himself, nevertheless, to detect a vein of rationalism in a book which on the whole much attracted him, and hastily put forth his "*animadversions*" upon it. Browne, with all his distaste for controversy, thus found himself committed to a dispute, and his reply came with the correct edition of the "*Religio Medici*" published at last with his name. There have been many efforts to formulate the religion of a layman, which might be rightly understood, perhaps, as something more than what is called natural, yet less than ecclesiastical, or "professional" religion. Though its habitual mode of conceiving experience is on a different plan, yet it would recognize the legitimacy of the traditional interpretation of that experience, generally and by implication; only, with a marked reserve as to religious particulars, both of thought and language, out of a real reverence or awe, as proper only for a special place. Such is the lay religion, as we may find it in Addison, in Gray, in Thackeray; and there is something of a concession—a concession on second thoughts—about it. Browne's "*Religio Medici*" is designed as the expression of a mind more difficult of belief than that of the mere "layman"; it is meant for the religion of the man of science. Actually, it is



something less to the point, in any balancing of the religious against the worldly view of things, than the proper religion of a layman. For Browne, in spite of his profession of boisterous doubt, has no real difficulties, and his religion certainly nothing of the character of a concession. He holds that there has never existed an atheist. Not that he is credulous; but that his religion is but the correlative of himself, his peculiar character and education, a religion of manifold association. For him the wonders of religion, its supernatural events or agencies, are almost natural facts or processes. "Even in this material fabric, the spirits walk as freely exempt from the affection of time, place and motion as beyond the extremest circumference." Had not Divine interference designed to raise the dead, nature herself is in act to do it,—to lead out the "incinerated" soul from the retreats of her dark laboratory. Certainly Browne has not, like Pascal, made the "great resolution," by the apprehension that it is just in the contrast of the moral world to the world with which science deals that religion finds its proper basis. It is from the homelessness of the world which science analyses so victoriously, its dark unspirituality wherein the soul he is conscious of seems such a stranger, that Pascal "turns again to his rest," in the conception of a world of wholly reasonable agencies. For Browne, on the contrary, the light is full, design everywhere obvious, its conclusion easy to draw, all small and great things marked clearly with the signature of the "Word." The adhesion, the difficult adhesion, of men such as Pascal is an immense contribution to controversy; the concession, again, of a man like Addison of great significance there. But in the adhesion of Browne, in spite of his crusade against "vulgar errors," there is no real significance. The "Religio Medici" is a contribution, not to faith, but to piety; a refinement and correction, such as piety often stands in need of; a help, not so much to religious belief in a world of doubt, as to the maintenance of the religious mood amid the interests of a secular calling.

From about this time Browne's letters afford a pretty clear view of his life as it went on in the house at Norwich. Many

of these letters represent him in correspondence with the singular men who shared his own half-poetic, half-scientific turn of mind, with that impressibility toward what one might call the thaumaturgic elements in nature, which has often made men dupes, and which is certainly an element in the somewhat atrabiliar mental complexion of that age in England. He corresponds seriously with William Lily, the astrologer; is acquainted with Dr. Lee, who had some connection with Norwich, and has "often heard him affirm, sometimes with oaths, that he had seen transmutation of pewter dishes and flagons into silver (at least), which the goldsmiths at Prague bought of him." Browne is certainly an honest investigator; but it is still with a faint hope of something like that upon fitting occasion, and on the alert always for surprises in nature (as if nature had a rhetoric, at times, to deliver to us, like those sudden and surprising flowers of his own poetic style), that he listens to her every-day talk so attentively. Of strange animals, strange cures, and the like, his correspondence is full. The very errors he combats are, of course, the curiosities of error,—those fascinating, irresistible, popular errors, which various kinds of people have insisted on gliding into because they like them. Even his heresies were old ones,—the very fossils of capricious opinion.

It is as an industrious local naturalist that Browne comes before us first, full of the fantastic minute life in the fens and "Broad's" around Norwich, its various marsh and sea birds. He is something of a vivisectionist also, which may not surprise us in an age which, for the propagation of truth, was ready to cut off men's ears. He finds one day "a *Scarabæus capricornus odoratus*," which he takes "to be mentioned by Monfetus, folio 150. He saith, '*Nucem moschatam et cinnamomum vere spirat*'—to me it smelt like roses, santalum, and ambergris." "*Musca tuliparum moschata*," again, "is a small bee-like fly of an excellent fragrant odor, which I have often found at the bottom of the flowers of tulips." Is this within the experience of modern entomologists?

The "Garden of Cyrus," though it ends indeed with a passage of wonderful felicity, certainly emphasizes (to say the

least) the defects of Browne's literary good qualities. His chimeric fancy carries him here into a kind of frivolousness, as if he felt almost too safe with his public, and were himself not quite serious, or dealing fairly with it; and with a writer such as Browne levity must of necessity be a little ponderous. Still, like one of those stiff gardens, half-way between the mediæval garden and the true "English" garden of Temple or Walpole, actually to be seen in the background of some of the conventional portraits of that day, the fantasies of this indescribable exposition of the mysteries of the *quincunx* form part of the complete portrait of Browne himself; and it is in connection with it that, once or twice, the quaintly delightful pen of Evelyn comes into the correspondence in connection with the "hortulane pleasure." "Norwich," he writes to Browne, "is a place, I understand, much addicted to the flowery part." Professing himself a believer in the operation "of the air and genius of gardens upon human spirits, toward virtue and sanctity," he is all for natural gardens as against "those which appear like gardens of paste-board and march-pane, and smell more of paint than of flowers and verdure." Browne is in communication also with Ashmole and Dugdale, the famous antiquaries; to the latter of whom, who had written a work on the history of the embanking of fens, he communicates the discovery of certain coins, on a piece of ground, "in the nature of an island in the fens."

Far more interesting certainly than those curious scientific letters is Browne's "domestic correspondence." Dobson, Charles the First's "English Tintoret," would seem to have painted a life-size picture of Sir Thomas Browne and his family, after the manner of those big, urbane, family groups, then coming into fashion with the Dutch Masters. Of such a portrait nothing is now known. But in these old-fashioned, affectionate letters, transmitted often, in those troublous times, with so much difficulty, we have what is almost as graphic; a numerous group, in which, although so many of Browne's children died young, he was happy; with Dorothy Browne, occasionally adding her charming, ill-spelt postscripts to her husband's letters; the re-

ligious daughter who goes to daily prayers after the Restoration, which brought Browne the honor of knighthood; and, above all, two Toms, son and grandson of Sir Thomas, the third Tom being the son of Dr. Edward Browne, now become distinguished as a physician in London (he attended John, Earl of Rochester, in his last illness at Woodstock), and sharing his father's studies; and his childish existence, as he lives away from his proper home in London, in the old house at Norwich, two hundred years ago, we see like a thing of to-day.

At first the two brothers, Edward and Thomas (the elder), are together in everything. Then Edward goes abroad for his studies, and Thomas, quite early, into the navy, where he certainly develops into a wonderfully gallant figure; passing away, however, from the correspondence, it is uncertain how, before he was of full age. From the first he is understood to be a lad of parts. "If you practice to write, you will have a good pen and style:" and a delightful, boyish journal of his remains describing a tour the two brothers made in September, 1662, among the Derbyshire hills. "I received your two last letters," he writes to his father from aboard the "Marie Rose," "and give you many thanks for the discourse you sent me out of Vossius: *De motu marium et ventorum*. It seemed very hard to me at first; but I have now beaten it, and I wish I had the book." His father is pleased to think that he is "like to proceed not only a good navigator, but a good scholar": and he finds the much-exacting, old-classical prescription for the brave man fulfilled in him. On July 16th, 1666, the young man writes—still from the "Marie Rose":—

"If it were possible to get an opportunity to send as often as I am desirous to write, you should hear more often from me, being now so near the grand action, from which I would by no means be absent. I extremely long for that thundering day: wherein I hope you shall hear we have behaved ourselves like men, and to the honor of our country. I thank you for your directions for my ears against the noise of the guns, but I have found that I could endure it; nor is it so intolerable as most conceive: especially when men are earnest, and intent upon their business, unto whom muskets sound but like popguns. It is impossible to express unto another how a smart sea-fight elevates the

spirits of a man and makes him despise all dangers. In and after all sea-fights, I have been very thirsty. . . ."

He died, as I said, early in life. We only hear of him later in connection with a trait of character observed in Tom the grandson, whose winning ways, and tricks of bodily and mental growth, are duly recorded in these letters: the reader will, I hope, pardon the following extracts from them:

"Little Tom is lively. . . . She or Frank is fayne sometimes to play him asleep with a fiddle. When we send away our letters he scribbles a paper and will have it sent to his sister, and saith she doth not know how many fine things there are in Norwich. . . . He delights his grandfather when he comes home."

"Tom gives you many thanks for his clothes" (from London). "He has appeared very fine this King's day with them."

"Tom presents his duty. A gentleman at our election asked Tom who hee was for? and he answered, 'For all four.' The gentleman replied that he answered like a physician's son."

"Tom would have his grandmother, his Aunt Betty, and Frank, valentines: but hee conditioned with them that they should give him nothing of any kind that hee had ever had or seen before."

"Tom is just now gone to see two bears which are to be shown." "Tom, his duty. He is begging books and reading of them."

"The players are at the Red Lion hard by; and Tom goes sometimes to see a play."

And then one day he stirs old memories:

"The fairings were welcome to Tom. He finds about the house divers things that were your brother's" (the late Edward's), "and Betty sometimes tells him stories about him, so that he was importunate with her to write his life in a quarter of a sheet of paper, and read it unto him, and will have still some more added."

"Just as I am writing" (learnedly about a comet, Jan. 7th, 1680-1) "Tom comes and tells me the blazing star is in the yard, and calls me to see it. It was but dim, and the sky not clear. . . . I am very sensible of this sharp weather."

He seems to have come to no good end, riding forth one stormy night. *Requiescat in pace!*

Of this long, leisurely existence the chief events were Browne's rare literary publications; some of his writings indeed having been left unprinted till after his death; while in the circumstances of the issue of every one of them there is something accidental, as if the world might have missed it altogether. Even the "Discourse of Vulgar Errors," the longest and most elaborate of his works,

is entirely discursive and occasional, coming to an end with no natural conclusion, but only because the writer chose to leave off just there; and few probably have been the readers of the book as a consecutive whole. At times indeed we seem to have in it observations only, or notes, preliminary to some more orderly composition. Dip into it: read, for instance, the chapter "Of the Ring-finger," or the chapters "Of the Long Life of the Deer," and on the "Pictures of Mermaids, Unicorns, and some Others," and the part will certainly seem more than the whole. Try to read it through, and you will soon feel cloyed; miss, very likely, its real worth to the fancy—the literary fancy, which finds its pleasure in inventive word and phrase; and become dull to the really vivid beauties of a book so lengthy, but with no real evolution. Though there are words, phrases, constructions innumerable, which remind one how much the work initiated in France, by Madame de Rambouillet—work, done for England, we may think perhaps imperfectly, in the next century by Johnson and others—was really needed; yet the capacities of Browne's manner of writing, coming as it did so directly from the man, are felt even in his treatment of matters of science. As with Buffon, his full, ardent, sympathetic vocabulary, the poetry of his language, a poetry inherent in its elementary particles—the word, the epithet—helps to keep his eye, and the eye of the reader, on the object before it, and conduces directly to the purpose of the naturalist, the observer.

But, only one half observation, its other half very out-of-the-way book-lore, this book displays Browne still in the character of the antiquary, as that age understood him. He is a kind of Elias Ashmole, dealing with natural objects; which are for him, in the first place, and apart from the remote religious hints and intimations they carry with them, curiosities. He seems to have no true sense of natural law, as Bacon understood it; nor even of that immanent reason in the natural world, which the Platonic tradition supposes. "Things are really true," he says, "as they correspond unto God's conception; and have so much verity as they hold of conformity unto that intellect, in whose idea they

had their first determinations." But, actually, what he is busy in the record of, are matters more or less of the nature of caprices; as if things after all were significant of their higher verity only at random, in a sort of surprises, like music in old instruments suddenly touched into sound by a wandering finger, among the lumber of people's houses. Nature, "the art of God," as he says (varying a little a phrase used also by Hobbes, in a work printed later), Nature, he seems to protest, is only a little less magical, its processes only a little less in the way of alchemy, than you had supposed; or rather not quite after the manner you so lightly thought. We feel that, as with that disturbed age in England generally (and it is here that he, with it, is so interesting, curious, old-world, and unlike ourselves), his supposed experience might at any moment be broken in upon by a hundred forms of a natural magic, only not quite so marvellous as that older sort of magic, or alchemy, he is at so much pains to expose; and the large promises of which, its large words, too, he still regretfully enjoys.

And yet the "Discourse of Vulgar Errors," seeming, as it often does, to be a serious refutation of fairy tales, arguing, for instance, against the literal truth of the poetic statement that "The pigeon hath no gall"; such questions as "Whether men weigh heavier dead than alive?" being characteristic questions, as is designed with much ambition, under its pedantic Greek title "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," as a criticism, a cathartic, an instrument for the clarifying of the intellect. He begins from "that first error in Paradise," wondering much at "man's deceivability in his perfection" — "at such gross deceit." He enters in this connection, with a kind of poetry of scholasticism, which may interest the student of "Paradise Lost," into what we may call the intellectual and moral by-play of the situation of the first man and woman in Paradise, with strange queries about it. Did Adam, for instance, already know of the fall of the Angels? Did he really believe in death till Abel died? It is from Julius Scaliger that he takes his motto, to the effect that the true knowledge of things must be had from things themselves, not from books; and he seems as seriously con-

cerned as Bacon to dissipate the crude impressions of a false "common sense," of false science, and a fictitious authority. Inverting, oddly, Plato's theory that all learning is but reminiscence, he reflects with a sigh how much of oblivion must needs be involved in the getting of any true knowledge. "Men that adore times past, consider not that those times were once present (that is, as our own are at this present), and ourselves unto those to come, as they unto us at present." That surely, coming from one both by temperament and habit so great an antiquary, has the touch of something like an influence in the atmosphere of the time. That there was any actual connection between Browne's work and Bacon's is but a surmise. Yet we almost seem to be hearing Bacon when Browne discourses on the "use of doubts, and the advantages which might be derived from drawing up a calendar of doubts, falsehoods, and popular errors;" and, as from Bacon, one gets the impression that men really have been very much the prisoners of their own crude or pedantic terms, notions, associations; that they have been very indolent in testing very simple matters — with a wonderful kind of "supinity" as he calls it. In Browne's chapter on the "Sources of Error," again, we may trace much resemblance to Bacon's striking doctrine of the *Idola*, the "shams" men fall down and worship. Taking source respectively, from the "common infirmity of human nature," from the "erroneous disposition of the people," from "confident adherence to authority," the errors which Browne chooses to deal with may be registered as Bacon's *Idola Tribus, Fori Theatri*; the idols of our common human nature; of the vulgar, when they get together; and of the learned, when they get together.

But of the fourth species of error noted by Bacon, the *Idola Speciei*, that whole tribe of illusions, which are "bred amongst the weeds and tares of one's own brain," Browne tells us nothing by way of criticism; was himself, rather, a lively example of their operation. Throw them into concrete or personal form, suppose them introduced among the other forces of an active intellect, and you have Sir Thomas Browne himself. The sceptical inquirer who rises from

his cathartic, his purging of error, a believer in the supernatural character of pagan oracles, and a cruel judge of supposed witches, must still need as much as ever that elementary conception of the right method and the just limitations of knowledge, by power of which he should not just strain out a single error here or there, but make a final precipitate of fallacy.

And yet if the temperament had been deducted from Browne's work—that inherent and strongly marked way of deciding things, which has guided with so surprising effect the musings of the "Letter to a Friend," and the "Urn-burial"—we should probably have remembered him little. Pity! some may think, for himself at least, that he had not lived earlier, and still believed in the mandrake, for instance; its fondness for places of execution, and its human cries "on eradication, with hazard of life to them that pull it up." "In philosophy," he observes, meaning to contrast his free-thinking in that department with his orthodoxy in religion, "where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself:" which is true, we may think, in a further sense than he meant, and that it was the "paradoxical" that he actually preferred. Happy at all events, he still remained—undisturbed and happy—in a hundred native prepossessions, some certainly valueless, some of them perhaps invaluable. And while one feels that no real logic of fallacies has been achieved by him, one feels still more how little the construction of that branch of logical inquiry really helps men's minds; fallacy, like truth itself, being a matter so dependent on innate gift of apprehension, so præterlogical and personal; the original perception counting for almost everything, the mere inference for so little. Yes! "A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender," even in controversies not necessarily maladroit.

The really stirring poetry of science is not in vague and facile divinations about it, but in its larger ascertained truths—the order of infinite space, the slow method and vast results of infinite time. For Browne, however, the sense of poetry which so overmasters his scientific procedure, depends chiefly on its

vague possibilities; the empirical philosophy, even after Bacon, being still dominated by a temper, resultant from the general unsettlement of men's minds at the Reformation, which may be summed up in the famous question of Montaigne—*Que sçais-je?* The cold-blooded method of observation and experiment was creeping but slowly over the domain of science; and such unreclaimed portions of it as the phenomena of magnetism had an immense fascination for men like Browne and Digby. Here, in those parts of natural philosophy "but yet in discovery," "the America and untravelled parts of truth," lay for them the true prospect of science, like the new world itself to a geographical discoverer such as Raleigh. And welcome as one of the minute hints of that country far ahead of them, the strange bird, or floating fragment of unfamiliar vegetation, which met those early navigators, there was a certain fantastic experiment, in which, as was alleged, Paracelsus had been lucky. For Browne and others it became the crucial type of the kind of agency in nature which, as they conceived, it was the proper function of science to reveal in larger operation. "The subject of my last letter," says Dr. Henry Power, then a student, writing to Browne in 1648, the last year of Charles the First, "being so high and noble a piece of chemistry, invites me once more to request an experimental eviction of it from yourself; and I hope you will not chide my importunity in this petition, or be angry at my so frequent knockings at your door to obtain a grant of so great and admirable a mystery." What the enthusiastic young student expected from Browne, so high and noble a piece of chemistry, was the "re-individualling of an incinerated plant"—a violet, turning to freshness, and smelling sweet again out of its ashes, under some genially fitted conditions of the chemic art.

*Palingenesis*, resurrection, effected by orderly prescription,—the "re-individualling" of an "incinerated organism,"—is a subject which affords us a natural transition to the little book of the "Hydriotaphia," or "Treatise of Urn-burial"—about fifty or sixty pages—which, together with a very singular letter not printed till after Browne's death,

is perhaps, after all, the best justification of Browne's literary reputation, as it were his own curiously figured urn and treasure-place of immortal memory.

In its first presentation to the public this letter was connected with Browne's "Christian Morals;" but its proper and sympathetic collocation would be rather with the "Urn-burial," of which it is a kind of prelude, and strikes the keynote. He is writing in a very complex situation; to a friend, upon occasion of the death of a common friend. The deceased apparently had been little known to Browne himself till his recent visits, while the intimate friend to whom he is writing had been absent at the time; and the leading motive of Browne's letter is the deep impression he has received in his visits of a sort of physical beauty in the coming of death, with which he still surprises and moves his reader. There had been, in this case, a tardiness and reluctance in the circumstances of dissolution, which had permitted him, in the character of a physician, as it were, to assist at the spiritualizing of the bodily frame by natural process; a wonderful new type of a kind of mortified grace being evolved by the way. The spiritual body had anticipated the formal moment of death; the alert soul, in that tardy decay, changing its vesture gradually, and as if piece by piece. The infinite future had invaded this life perceptibly to the senses, like the ocean felt far inland up a tidal river. Nowhere, perhaps, is the attitude of questioning awe on the threshold of another life displayed with the expressiveness of this unique morsel of literature; though there is something of the same kind, in another than the literary medium, in the delicate monumental sculpture of the early Tuscan School, as also in many of the designs of William Blake, often, though unconsciously, much in sympathy with those unsophisticated Italian workmen. With him, as with them and with the writer of the "Letter to a Friend upon the occasion of the death of his intimate Friend,"—so strangely! the visible function of death is but to refine, to detach from aught that is vulgar. And this elfin letter, really an impromptu letter to a friend, affords the best possible light on the general temper of the man who could be moved by the acci-

dental discovery of those old urns at Walsingham—funeral relics of "Romans or Britons Romanized which had learned Roman customs"—to the composition of that wonderful book the "Hydriotaphia." He had drawn up a short account of the circumstance; but it was after ten years' brooding that he put forth the finished treatise, dedicated to an eminent collector of ancient coins and other rarities, with congratulations that he "can daily command the view of so many imperial faces," and with (by way of frontispiece) one of the urns, "drawn with a coal taken out of it and found among the burnt bones." The discovery had resuscitated for him a whole world of latent observation, from life, from out-of-the-way reading, from the natural world, and fused into a composition, which with all its quaintness we may well pronounce classical, all the heterogeneous elements of that singular mind. The desire to "record these risen ashes and not to let them be buried twice among us," had set free, in his manner of conceiving things, something not wholly analyzable, something that may be properly called genius, which shapes his use of common words to stronger and deeper senses, in a way unusual in prose writing. Let the reader, for instance, trace his peculiarly sensitive use of the epithets *dark* and *thin*, both here and in the "Letter to a Friend."

Upon what a grand note he can begin and end chapter or paragraph—"When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over:"—"And a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us." Dealing with a most vague range of feelings, it is his skill to associate them to very definite objects. Like the Soul, in Blake's design "exploring the recesses of the tomb," he carries a light, the light of the poetic faith which he cannot put off him, into those dark places, "the abode of worms and pismires," peering round with a boundless curiosity and no fear; noting the various casuistical considerations of men's last form of self-love; all those whims of humanity as a "student of perpetuity," the mortuary customs of all nations, which, from their very closeness to our human nature, arouse in most minds only a strong feeling of distaste. There is

something congruous with the impassive piety of the man in his waiting on accident from without to take start for the work, which, of all his work, is most truly touched by the "divine spark." Delightful as its eloquence is found to be, it is actually attained out of a certain difficulty and halting crabbedness of expression; the wretched punctuation of the piece being not the only cause of its impressing the reader with the notion that he is but dealing with a collection of notes for a more finished composition, and of a different kind; perhaps a purely erudite treatise on its subject, with detachment of all personal color now adhering to it. Out of an atmosphere of all-pervading oddity and quaintness—the quaintness of mind which reflects that this disclosing of the urns of the ancients hath "left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves"—arises a work really ample and grand, nay! classical, as I said, by virtue of the effectiveness with which it fixes a type in literature; as, indeed, at its best, romantic literature (and Browne is genuinely romantic) in every period attains classical quality, giving true measure of the wholly limited value of those well-worn critical distinctions. And though the "Urn-burial" certainly has much of the character of a poem, yet one is never allowed to forget that it was designed, candidly, as a treatise on one department of ancient "culture"; as much so as Guichard's curious old French book on "Divers Manners of Burial"; and was the fruit of much labor, in the way especially of industrious selection from remote and difficult writers; there being then few or no handbooks, or anything like our modern short cuts to varied knowledge. Quite unaffectedly, a curious learning saturates, with a kind of gray and aged color most apt and congruous with the subject matter, all the thoughts that arise in him. His great store of reading, so freely displayed, he uses almost as poetically as Milton; like him, profiting often by the mere sonorous effect of some heroic or ancient name, which he can adapt to that same sort of learned sweetness of cadence with which so many of his single sentences are made to fall upon the ear.

Pope Gregory, that great religious poet, requested by certain eminent per-

sons to send them some of those relics he sought for so devoutly in all the lurking-places of old Rome, took up, it is said, a portion of common earth, and delivered it to the messengers; and, on their expressing surprise at such a gift, pressed the earth together in his hand, whereupon the sacred blood of the Martyrs was beheld flowing out between the fingers. The veneration of relics became a part of Christian (as some may think it a part of natural) religion. All over Rome we may count how much devotion in fine art we owe to it; and, through all ugliness or superstition, the intention of it still speaks to serious minds. The poor dead bones, ghastly and forbidding,—we know what Shakespeare would have felt about them—"Beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man!" And it is with something of a similar feeling that Browne is full on the common and general ground of humanity; an awe-stricken sympathy with those, whose bones "lie at the mercies of the living," strong enough to unite all his various chords of feeling into a single strain of impressive and genuine poetry. His real interest is in what may be called the curiosities of our common humanity. As another might be moved at the sight of Alexander's bones, or Cecilia's, or Saint Edmund's, so he is full of a fine poetical excitement at such lowly relics as the earth hides almost everywhere beneath our feet. But it is hardly fair to take our leave amid these grievous images of so happy a writer as Sir Thomas Browne; so great a lover of the open air, under which much of his life was passed. His work, late one night, draws to a natural close:—"To keep our eyes open longer," he bethinks himself suddenly, "were but to act our Antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America!"

What a fund of open-air cheerfulness, there! in turning to sleep. Still, even in dealing with a writer in whom mere style counts for so much as with Browne, it is impossible to ignore his matter; and it is with religion he is really occupied from first to last, hardly less than Richard Hooker. And his religion, too, after all, was a religion of cheerfulness; he has no great consciousness of evil in things, and is no fighter. His relig-

ion, if one may say so, was all profit to him ; among other ways, in securing an absolute staidness and placidity of temper, for the intellectual work which was the proper business of his life. His contributions to "evidence," in the "Religio Medici," for instance, hardly tell, because he writes out of view of a really philosophical criticism. What does tell in him, in this direction, is the witness he brings to men's instinct of survival—the "intimations of immortality," as Wordsworth terms them, which were natural with him in surprising force. As was said of Jean Paul, his special subject was the immortality of the soul ; with an assurance as personal, as fresh and original, as it was, on the one hand, in those old half-civilized people who had deposited the urns ; on the other hand in the cynical French poet of the nineteenth century, who did not think, but knew, that *his* soul was imperishable. He lived in an age in which that philosophy made a great stride which ends with Hume ; and his lesson, if we may be pardoned for taking away a "lesson" from so ethical a writer, is the force of men's temperaments in the management of opinion, their own or that of others ;—that it is not merely different degrees of bare intellectual power which cause men to approach in different degrees to this or that intellectual programme. Could he have foreseen the mature result of that mechanical analysis which Bacon had applied to nature, and Hobbes to the mind of man, there is no reason to think that he would have surrendered his own chosen hypothesis concerning them. He represents, in an age the intellectual powers of which tend strongly to agnosticism, the mind to which the supernat-

ural view of things is still credible. The non-mechanical theory of nature has had its grave adherents since ; to the non-mechanical theory of man—that he is in contact with a moral order on a different plane from the mechanical order—thousands, of the most various types and degrees of intellectual power, always adhere ; a fact worth the consideration of all ingenuous thinkers, if (as is certainly the case with color, music, number, for instance) there may be whole regions of fact, the recognition of which belongs to one and not to another, which people may possess in various degrees ; for the knowledge of which, therefore, one person is dependent upon another ; and in relation to which the appropriate means of cognition must lie among the elements of what we call individual temperament, so that what looks like a prejudgment may be really a legitimate apprehension. "Men are what they are," and are not wholly at the mercy of formal conclusions from their formally limited premises. Browne passes his whole life in observation and inquiry ; he is a genuine investigator, with every opportunity ; the mind of the age all around him seems passively yielding to an almost foregone intellectual result, to a philosophy of disillusion. But he thinks it a prejudice ; and not from any want of intellectual power certainly, but from some inward consideration, some after-thought, from the antecedent gravitation of his own general character—or, will you say ? from that unprecipitated infusion of fallacy in him—he fails to draw, with almost all the rest of the world, the conclusion ready to hand.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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### THE OLD VIKING.

AN ADAPTATION FOR MUSIC.

BY JOHN RUSSELL.

WHY 'midst these shadowy woods should I  
In grave-like loneliness, lingering, die ?  
'Tis ours to unfurl the sail, and ride  
Away as of old on the flashing tide.

How bleak these beetling crags, and bare !  
What lifeless gloom broods everywhere !



In this poor mousetrap of a hold,  
How can a warrior's heart be bold?

The billows dark, the galley strong,  
I learned to love when life was young;  
Why then should I, with whitened hair,  
Die like an old wolf in his lair?

Oh, better far it were for me  
To risk my life on the rolling sea,  
To die as died my fathers brave,  
And sleep with them in their ocean-grave!

Farewell, ye woods and crags, farewell!  
My bark rides brave on the billowy swell;  
The tall mast swings, the sail flaps free,  
And our home once more is the boundless sea.

—Chambers's Journal.

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FRANZ LISZT.

AFTER an absence of forty-five years, Liszt has again visited England, and the attention of the entire musical world has been directed during the past week on this extraordinary man, who has been the object of more legitimate admiration, and, it must be added, of more extravagant idolatry, than any other figure in the annals of his art. How great he was at the zenith of his powers, this generation can never fully realize. But impartial judges, who enjoyed ample opportunities for comparing him with other great executants, have been unanimous in according him the foremost place of all. Schumann's comparison of him, under several heads, with Thalberg, Henselt, and Clara Wieck, is well known, and in it Liszt is certainly placed more often at the top than any of the others. Von Bülow and Tausig readily confessed their inferiority to their master; and few of those who have heard both are found to express their preference for Rubinstein, perhaps the greatest living performer at the present date. Boldness and frenzy, alternating with tenderness and fragrance,—these were some of the chief traits of Liszt's playing in 1840, according to Schumann, who adds, however, in a letter to his betrothed, that he would not barter art, such as she and he understood it, with its fine *Gemüthlichkeit*, for all Liszt's brilliancy, in which he detected a certain tinsel. Other witnesses testify to the

extraordinarily affecting character of his playing. In his hands the piano acquired the poignant anguish of the tones of the violin, and few sensitive natures could hear his rendering of Schubert's "Erl King" without shedding tears. Nor was he less successful in the stormy and grandiose vein, being never so well content, according to Berlioz, as when he had an audience of two thousand to subdue single-handed. When we reflect upon the full meaning of the word *orchestra* as Berlioz understood it, and recollect how disparagingly he speaks as a rule of the pianoforte as a means of musical expression, we begin to see what a splendid compliment he paid Liszt in telling him that he might modify Louis XIV.'s famous saying, and say with confidence, "L'orchestre, c'est moi." This is the language of magnificent, but well-merited panegyric. But his admirers have often transgressed the borderland which divides it from extravagant adulation, and in the case of his compositions, have prejudiced the cause they sought to advance by assailing established reputations. One such admirer, in a laudatory article upon Liszt's Symphonic Poems, alludes to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, his acknowledged masterpiece, as "an old boot." In equally bad taste are the outbursts of effusive eulogy which disfigure the otherwise attractive chapters on Liszt in Miss Fay's "Music-Study in Germany."

"Glorious Being!" so she explodes in one passage; "he is a two-edged sword that cuts through everything." And worst of all, "The real basis of his nature is compassion. *The bruised reed he does not break, nor the humble and docile heart despise.*" This outrageous flattery, which has pursued Liszt throughout his long career, might well have unhinged his nature, and it is therefore greatly to his credit that he should have used his unique personal influence and exalted professional position to promote the deserving interests of those less favored by fortune. His life abounds with instances of splendid generosity and chivalric devotion to oppressed genius. The completion of the Beethoven monument at Bonn was rendered possible by his liberality; and it is hardly too much to say that by his timely succor he turned the scale in Wagner's favor, to say nothing of his being in after-years the first and most active promoter of the great Bayreuth enterprise. Berlioz's Memoirs contain many proofs of Liszt's practical good-will toward the French composer throughout a lifelong friendship. Finally, to quote from a recent sketch of his life, "since the close of his career as a pianist, his public artistic activity has been exclusively consecrated to the benefit of others, to artistic undertakings, or to charitable objects. Since the end of 1847, not a penny has come into his own pocket, either through piano-playing and conducting, or through teaching." When we add to this that he has been an indefatigable worker all his life long, it will be seen that there are many admirable points in Liszt's character worthy of the emulation of his brother artists.

Liszt's career, as will have been seen, falls into two periods, the first containing his unparalleled successes as an interpreter, and the second being mainly occupied with his efforts to win fame as a composer. Viewed in this light, it furnishes an admirable commentary upon the pregnant words addressed to him at the climax of the first period by Berlioz:—"You great *virtuosi* are kings and princes by the grace of God; you are born, as it were, on the steps of the throne, while composers have to fight, to overcome, and to conquer, in order that they may reign." Liszt has in his own

person experienced the truth of this saying more fully than any other musician. Undoubtedly the greatest pianist among composers, he has striven hard to prove himself the greatest composer amongst pianists. And, above all, it has been his ambition to achieve distinction in the realm of oratorio. "His heart and soul are so bound up in sacred music," writes Miss Fay in 1873, "that he told me it had become to him 'the only thing worth living for.'" And again, "Liszt helped Wagner," said he to me sadly, "but who will help Liszt? though compared with opera, it is as much harder for oratorio to conquer a place as it is for a pianist to achieve success when compared to a singer." In reply to this appeal, many valiant champions amongst his pupils and admirers in England and abroad have devoted themselves to the task of familiarizing the public with his more ambitious works for piano-forte and orchestra, none more gallantly or consistently than Mr. Walter Bache. But with the general English public, oratorio is still synonymous with the highest manifestation of musical art, and no one can hope to win fame as a composer unless he succeeds in that sphere. These considerations will sufficiently account for the readiness with which Liszt has undertaken the fatigues of a long journey at his advanced age. It is not as an executant that he has come among us. As he somewhat pathetically expressed it the other day, his fingers are seventy-five years old, and he prefers to hear his music rendered by his pupils than by himself. He has come to witness as fine a performance as perhaps could be given anywhere of a representative specimen of his powers as an original writer. Under these circumstances, and with our honored guest still amongst us, it would be ungracious to enter upon any detailed criticism of his *St. Elizabeth*, produced on a scale quite worthy of the occasion last Tuesday night, before a brilliant and overflowing audience. But we are obliged to express our conviction that the enthusiasm displayed reflected the feelings of the listeners toward Liszt, rather than toward his work. The presence of a composer always adds immensely to the prestige of a performance, and this is especially true in the case of so picturesque and remarkable

a figure as Liszt, with his "Merlin-like aspect," the most famous living link between the present and the golden age of music. It does not fall to our lot every day to see a man who won the admira-

tion of Beethoven, who knew Schubert, who made Schumann "shiver with ecstasy," and drew tears from the eyes of Clara Wieck. — *The Spectator*.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

THE GREEK ISLANDS AND TURKEY AFTER THE WAR. By Henry M. Field, D.D., Author of "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The reverend author of this book has acquitted himself as a sort of clerical Bayard Taylor; and in his numerous goings up and down the earth like a roaring lion, seeking what he might intellectually devour, he has seen and noted much worth retelling. The ordinary book of travel is such a drug in the market, that one is tempted to turn away from a fresh one with an impatient sigh. But once assuming that the reader persuades himself to dip into the pages of Dr. Field's book, we may assure him he will be pleasantly entertained, perhaps instructed. The region around which the author's reminiscences in this case cluster, that is to say, the Greek Archipelago and the countries bordering the blue waters of the Ægean Sea, a name which recalls the most enchanting scenes of history, is among the most interesting in the world, even to-day. Dr. Field says of it in his preface quite eloquently:

"No such mingling of land and sea in either hemisphere, unless it be in the Inland Sea of Japan. And here to the beauty of nature is added the charm of historical and poetical association; and of sacred memories, as we follow in the track of the Apostles; so that the mind as well as the eye is full as we sail along these enchanted shores. To recall impressions so fair and yet so fleeting, is the purpose of these slight sketches. It is a chapter of travel by itself, which finds its natural culmination in that wonderful city, the bride of the Bosphorus, as Venice was the bride of the Adriatic, amid whose mosques and palaces sits a figure more inscrutable than the Sphinx—that of its strange master, 'the unspeakable Turk.' Of this I have written before, but it is ten years since I first saw the minarets of Constantinople, and in that time history has been making very fast. The whole Eastern question revolves round this narrow strip of the Bosphorus—the

border-line of Europe and Asia. Toward this line Christendom has advanced by forced marches in the late war, which cost Turkey half of her dominion in Europe, and set free her Christian populations after the oppressions of four hundred years. Bulgaria, twice desolate by the burning of her villages and the massacre of her children, is a free State, while Servia is absolutely independent; as is Roumania from the Danube to the Carpathian Mountains. These are signs of the beginning of the end of Moslem domination in Europe. The war by which this was achieved is one of the great events of modern times. Nothing since the Crusades has had more the character of a holy war than this in which the Russian soldiers marched day after day singing hymns, and over whose camps nightly rose the evening prayer. This is a glory worth telling not once, but twice, and many times as fathers tell to their children the deeds of the brave days of old. I found when passing over the very battleground, that the events had already faded, so that I was glad to refresh my recollection of them. Perhaps they have grown dim and indistinct to others who will also listen with revived interest to the thrilling story."

From this it is evident to the reader that Dr. Field is a Russophile, and he certainly spares no emphasis of language to show his detestation of "the unspeakable Turk," and his conviction that the sooner he is bundled neck and heels out of Europe the better. It is but fair to say that though Dr. Field's bitter prejudices tend to rob his political judgments of the Eastern question of the value they might otherwise possess, they do not materially lessen the charm and interest of his descriptions. That parts of the book have a smack of the guide-book flavor, something of the hackneyed style of the veteran traveller, who travels to make books, and who is compelled to rehearse an oft-told tale, is, perhaps, an unavoidable defect. The reader may, if he chooses, skip such stale passages, and yet find the wherewithal to amuse, perhaps instruct, himself.

Beginning with a brief sketch of Cyprus, as

a starting-point, the author coasts with us along the shores of Asia Minor, and recalls all the wonders of the past in his story. The biblical history wrapped up in the past of the route he traverses is made specially prominent. Among the more modern celebrities whom he recalls in his queer mosaic of gossip is Sir Charles Wilson, whom he met on this journey. He takes pains to defend this English officer from the aspersion cast on him, as the man through whose neglect and timidity Gordon was left to perish at Khartoum. Ephesus, Smyrna, Mitylene, Troy, pass before us in animated but hasty description, and the author finally arrives at Constantinople. Several chapters are devoted to Constantinople and the Turks. A particularly interesting account is given of the Christian missions at the Moslem capital, specially of the numerous schools which are widely attended by pupils of all of the nations non-Mohammedan, which are represented in the polyglot city.

Dr. Field reviews at much length the causes which led to the Turco-Russian War, and the important question involved in them, though strictly from the Russian side. His description of many of the more salient features of that war is animated and picturesque, though the interest in it has been, as he himself notices, displaced by fresher events. The world in this age will not permit any one thing to absorb the public mind for long. Dr. Field has made a readable book, as books of travel go. There is just enough professional flavor in parts to tell the reader that the author remembers that he is a clergyman, but of keen worldly interest also enough to prevent him ever posing as a prig.

MADAME MOHL: HER SALON AND HER FRIENDS. A Study of Social Life in Paris. By Kathleen O'Meara. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The *Salon* is peculiarly a French institution. There have been in other countries, houses which became celebrated as a gathering-place of wits, men-of-letters, distinguished politicians, in a word, all who had great reputation, whether as *beaux esprits* or men of intellect. Such a house was Gore House in the days of Lady Blessington, and its successor, Holland House, under the hostess-ship of the most charming of the brilliant Fox family. But anything answering to the French *Salon*, which was not only a delightful social centre for great people, but an intellectual centre which moulded social and political life, we look in

vain away from Paris. From the days of the Fronde, when Madame Rambouillet and her circle of *précieuses* flirted, talked *badinage*, philosophized and conspired, to the present, the French capital has not been without one or more of these essentially Gallic institutions. To-day we have the *Salon* of Madame Adam (Juliette Lambu), the editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*, who was the Egeria of Gambetta, and who has played an important part, not only in social, but in literary and political life ever since. The French language and literature have been materially affected by the *Salon*. The author says with no less truth than vivacity: "Paris is the birthplace and natural home of the *Salon*. It is a growth indigenous to the soil of the lively city, and an empire which has been respected ever since it was first founded by Madame de Rambouillet for the purification and perfecting of the French language. The throne has been left vacant at various periods, sometimes for long intervals; but there it has stood ready for any *pretendante* who could take possession of it. The right of conquest was the only right recognized or necessary. There was no hereditary law which transmitted the sceptre from one queen to another. There was no dynastic code to which she was compelled to conform, once she had grasped it. Like Cæsar, she had only to come, to see her empire, and to conquer it. Every woman who held in her individuality the power to do this might, under the most elastic restrictions, aspire to a sovereignty, at once elective, absolute and democratic."

Madame Geoffrin, who succeeded the Rambouillet, was a *bourgeoise*, and wielded her sceptre with even more grace and *esprit*, and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, who was poor, plain, and basely born, formed a *Salon* by the force of her wit and mental charm, which made her simple house one of the intellectual centres of the age, to which celebrities from every part of the world delighted to come. None of these women wrote books. They simply had *Salons*, where talking was raised to the height of a fine art, and where a brilliant *mot* made a reputation. Men and women assembled for intellectual stimulus, and that stimulus extended itself indirectly to every portion of society. Among the brilliant *Salons* were those of Madame Lebrun, Madame Constat, and Madame Récamier. After the Restoration, the latter lady, who was only beautiful and charming, not intellectually gifted, had some subtle power which drew together the most accomplished, witty and learned celebrities of the age, in

every department of life. Before this exiled queen of beauty and grace, who had been persecuted by Napoleon's petty spite, the world bowed in adoration, and she shared its homage with Chateaubriand, for whose sake she mostly valued the social excitement and intellectual atmosphere of which she was the centre. She gloried in her brilliant *Salon*, because it helped to *désennuyer* the sick god, the selfish, petulant, *blasé* man of genius whose good genius she was.

Madame Mohl succeeded the lovely Récamier in the sceptre of the *Salon*. No drop of Gallic quicksilver ran in her body. Of Scotch birth and family, she went to France with her mother at an early age, and was thrown with the best society in Paris. Mary Clarke, as she grew to womanhood, excited much admiration, not on account of her beauty, of which in the strict sense she had but little, but from the brilliant vivacity of her mind and temperament. She was a frequenter of Madame Récamier's *Salon*, and so became intimate with the men and women—the foremost in France and Europe—who were visitors there. Her training, then, from the first, was such as to fit her to be Madame Récamier's successor. Among the friends she made who became devoted to her were Edgar Quinet, Ampère, Fauriel, Lenormant, Princess Belgiojoso, Jouffroy, Manzoni, Thiers, Prosper Mérimée, Villemain, Cousin, etc. We hear her thus described in the early days of her youth: "Her child-like naturalness, her mercurial gayety and her sparkling wit, must have been in Madame Récamier's circle like fresh air let into an overheated, heavily-scented drawing-room. Her audacious fun, combined with an originality amounting even at this date to eccentricity, must have been a most refreshing element in a *milieu*, where high-strung sentiment was liable now and then to that inevitable recoil which follows overstrain in any direction. Mary's presence was death to *ennui*."

Much as she was admired, as many romantic friendships, even stronger feelings, which she inspired, she seems to have had no passionate attachment herself, unless we except that for M. Fauriel, who was much her senior, till she met Julius Mohl, a German scholar, who had settled in Paris to pursue his study of the Oriental languages and literature. Unable to marry till he was appointed professor of Persian at the college of France, he took immediate occasion to declare his feeling for Mary Clarke, and was accepted.

It is impossible for us to follow the brilliant

career of Madame Mohl, who, though never rich, had the fortune to make her modest house one of the most noted social centres of Europe. She was happy in her marriage, for her husband, to use the language of one of the habitués of the house, was "deep as a German, *spirituelle* as a Frenchman, and loyal as an Englishman."

When Louis Napoleon came into power, the Mohl house remained still a great *Salon*, though both the Mohls openly avowed their detestation of the new *régime*. Napoleon tried every way to placate this social power, but Madame Mohl was inexorable, and simply refused to answer all invitations to the Tuileries. Contemptuous silence was her weapon. It was not uncommon for royalties, who were being entertained by Napoleon, to refuse their hosts special hospitalities to spend the evening at Madame Mohl's, much to the *parvenu* Emperor's annoyance.

The entertainment given at the Mohls' receptions was of the simplest kind—tea and biscuits. No one was expected to dress. If a man were witty and agreeable, he could come as he chose. Thackeray and his two daughters once attended, the girls very richly attired in evening dress. "Now, my dears," shouted their hostess from the other end of the room, "didn't I tell you not to dress."

We cannot linger over the fascinating pages of Mrs. O'Meara's book, crowded as it is with social and literary gossip, anecdotes of famous men, and vivid pictures of men and women who excite our interest. Madame Mohl died in 1883, nearly ninety years old, and she retained her faculties almost to the last. Her *Salon* continued in its full glory almost to the last. This remarkable personality had, with no other attraction than her consummate social and conversational charm, made herself one of the most noted women in Europe. Mrs. Kathleen O'Meara, to whom we are indebted for these records of her career, has given us a most delightful book, and one which ought to find a wide circle of readers.

THE WATERS ABOVE THE FIRMAMENT; OR, THE EARTH'S ANNULAR SYSTEM. By Isaac N. Vail. Cleveland: Clark & Zangerle.

This book presents a new theory of the earth's formation. The recognized and accepted science of the world seems so far to have experienced no severe shock, nor do leading scientific lights appear to have been moved to either approval or condemnation. There is enough, however, in Mr. Vail's theories to in-

terest, without speculating overmuch as to his sincerity, his sanity, and his learning. It is not possible to speak in more than brief limits of what he attempts to teach, but his theory may be succinctly stated.

His claims are manifold, and all of them on lines of scientific originality. He begins with the assumption that the earth from the earliest times to the Noachian deluge was surrounded by rings of aqueous vapor, commingled with much of the solid matter now composing its crust. Mighty deluges visited the earth from this source, the Noachian having been the last. Coal, and many other formations of the entire earth fell to the earth from these rings. The evolution of terrestrial organisms can be readily and satisfactorily explained by these aqueous and mineral downfalls and not otherwise. Mountain upheavals occurred immediately after these baptisms, as a direct and necessary result of additional oceanic pressure, caused by the augmentation of the sea's volume and death. The falling of the aqueous rings of vapor to the earth from a vast height somewhat weakened the cord of attraction for the moon, which therefore receded from the earth. This, the author asserts, can alone explain the moon's apparent retardation. Again, the downfall of these rings of vapor necessarily took place in the Polar regions, and falling there as snow caused all the glacial periods in geologic times. The author, who appears to be a devout Christian, finds both argument and consolation in the thought that numerous passages in the first eight chapters of Genesis can be explained by this theory alone.

The opinions of Mr. Vail, which we have quoted as being good illustrations of the character of his views, it will be readily seen, would only excite the foolish prejudice, perhaps even the risibility of such stubborn and narrow-minded men as Lyell, Huxley, Tyndall, etc. But these haughty scientists, eminent as they are, do not include all of the world's intelligence. Mr. Vail need not feel discouraged in his propaganda of a new cosmogony and geology. We are sure there are enough minds of original, not to say eccentric tendencies, to be flattered by this severe appeal to their intelligence.

**MCCLELLAN'S LAST SERVICE TO THE REPUBLIC.** Together with a Tribute to his Memory. By George Ticknor Curtis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Three of the papers in this volume were originally published in the *North American*

*Review*. The fourth is a tribute to the memory of General McClellan, which was first published in the *New York Star*, shortly after the death of that distinguished soldier.

The main importance of the publication of the articles in their collected form is to set forth in clear sequence the remarkable facts connected with that terrible period in our war history when General McClellan, who had been relieved in disgrace to make way for General Pope, again took command after Pope's defeat, at the personal request of the President, when the hope of saving Washington from Confederate clutches seemed to be small indeed; and how a much-abused and insulted soldier succeeded not only in turning back the tide of conquest, but probably of saving the national capital. Such a loss would have been almost a mortal blow to the Federal cause.

The contention of Mr. Curtis, and of that school of war critics whom he so ably represents, is that there was no other man in the army of the Potomac who, at that time of shame, panic and disorganization, could have put the troops available for defence, on a fighting footing, and whom they would have followed to victory. Certainly the facts which Mr. Curtis has marshalled are very strong, and no less strongly presented. Everything seems to indicate that had McClellan simply followed the lines of his formal duty under the order which assigned him to the command of the defence of Washington, the city would have been in great danger. Instead of this, McClellan took the responsibility of boldly moving his troops out to meet the enthusiastic and victorious foe. The result is well known, how in two battles, the latter one the bloody victory of Antietam, General McClellan defeated the enemy, and drove them across the Potomac. The finale of that victory, the sudden removal of McClellan, and the appointment of one who had never shown any capacity except that of a fairly good corps-commander, of that General, indeed, whose sluggishness and disobedience of orders at the battle of Antietam only prevented it from being a most overwhelming rout for the Confederates, are among the most inexplicable facts in the history of the late Civil War. Mr. Curtis handles his subject with great ability, and presents an argument which it is difficult to refute, unless we utterly deny the facts. The services of General McClellan in that closing portion of his military career entitle him to rank among the most distinguished soldiers of the war, aside from any

other exploits associated with his name. Few have borne so much from the envy, jealousy, and misrepresentation of others. None have borne such malice with more dignity and self-respect.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

PROF. VILLARI, of Florence, is now passing through the press a new and entirely revised edition of his "Life of Savonarola," in two volumes. The work is something more than a new edition, as it is practically rewritten. The discovery of a number of important documents in the archives of Florence has made Prof. Villari recast the story of the great reformer. Both the Italian and the English editions have long been out of print, and we believe that arrangements for an English as well as an Italian edition of the revised work will be made.

MR. BROWNING has written about two-thirds of his new poem, which will fill a volume by itself, and may be ready before the autumn.

THE exertions of Schopenhauer's admirers have been so far successful that the erection of a monument to Frankfurt has now been decided upon. The German professors, with the exception of a few illustrious names, have kept aloof. They have not yet forgiven Schopenhauer's furious onslaughts on professional camaraderie. Contributions have come from every country in Europe and America. England is poorly represented.

THE London Society of Compositors, in its reply to the letter of inquiry addressed to the trades unions by the Local Government Board, states that it has spent on the support of unemployed members nearly 42,000*l.* in the last ten years, and nearly 1750*l.* in assisting emigration. The travelling allowances during the same period have amounted to about 750*l.*

AMONG the documents recently discovered among Archduke Rainer's papyri is a poetical description of the city Pi-Ramses, founded by Ramses II. in the Eastern Nile delta; fragments of a codex of Æschines, containing Oration iii. § 178-86, and of one containing Isocrates's Oration v. § 48-9; pieces of a lexicon to the "Midias" of Demosthenes, and of an unknown grammarian of the first century; a number of private documents belonging to the times of the Empire, and one dating from the twenty-second year of the Hegira. A sealed order of Amrou has also been found.

AN English publisher thus writes in the *Athenæum* of some of the cheap series now appearing in England: "Shilling story-books are appearing at the rate of something like three or four a day. When a good story does happen to make a stir, it is now promptly choked out of existence by another treading too closely on its heels, and that in turn dies before well born. Because a story is startling in situation, is told in a certain number of pages, and is sold for a shilling, the belief is widespread that a gigantic fortune follows. MSS. from untrained hands keep pouring in, but probably not one shilling story in every dozen that see the light pays its expenses. The bookstalls will not hold them, the reputation of the publishers is being ruined by them, and the public is sick of them."

THOUGH France has certainly not been backward in the collection and publication of its provincial folklore, it has hitherto possessed no recognized organization for this object. But with the beginning of the present year a Société des Traditions Populaires has been founded, mainly by the energy of M. Paul Sébillot, which already numbers more than 100 members, including the distinguished names of Ernest Renan, Jules Simon, Xavier Marmier, Jules Lemoine, Gaston Paris, Maspero, &c. The subscription is only 15 frs. a year, for which each member will receive the monthly *Revue* and other publications of the Society. Two numbers of the *Revue* (Paris: Maisonneuve) are now before us, consisting of about thirty pages each. M. Sébillot himself contributes to each a collection of proverbial sayings about the months; while the other contents range as far abroad as Hindustan, Tahiti, and Fiji. We notice a praiseworthy attempt to define the subject-matter of Folklore, under the name of "démologie," which certainly does not err in lack of comprehensiveness.

THE Bibliothèque Nationale has recently acquired a copy of Holbach's *Système de la Nature*, printed at London under the pseudonym of "Mirabaud," which contains copious marginal notes confidently asserted to be in the handwriting of Voltaire.

A CORRESPONDENT writes of Edward Solly, the distinguished English scholar and collector, who recently died, in the *Academy* as follows: "His specialty was his minute and extraordinary knowledge of the eighteenth century, from its masterpieces down to the merest broadside; and his collection of books on this subject, numbering some 30,000 volumes, was perhaps the most varied and most extensive

ever formed by a private individual. His loss will be mourned by many literary men, for no inquirer ever applied to him in vain."

THE mother of Dante Gabriel Rossetti died in London on April 8th, aged nearly eighty-six. Her maiden name was Frances Mary Lavinia Polidori, daughter of Gaetano Polidori, a Tuscan, a literary man and teacher of Italian, who in early youth had been secretary to the poet Alfieri, and of Anna Maria Pierce, whom Polidori met when she was completing her education in Paris in the early days of the French Revolution. One of their offspring was Dr. John William Polidori, who in 1816 accompanied Lord Byron as his travelling physician. Miss Frances Polidori married, in 1826, Gabriele Rossetti, the Neapolitan poet and political exile, the well-known commentator of Dante, and Professor of Italian in King's College, London. Of the four children of this union two are now dead—Maria Francesca and Dante Gabriel; two survive—William Michael and Christina Georgina. Mrs. Rossetti was a woman of cultivated mind, sound judgment, and much solidity as well as sweetness and modest reserve of character. It is probable that in the course of next year a collection of Dante Rossetti's family letters will be published, including many addressed to his mother. She died exactly at the close of four years from the date of her son's decease, April 9th, 1882.

THE most considerable German poet of the day, Victor von Scheffel, has died, after a long and painful illness, at the age of sixty. "*Der Trompeter von Säckingen*," first published in 1855, has gone through a great number of editions, and is one of the most pleasant books produced in the Fatherland during the last forty years. Among his other volumes are "*Frau Aventura*," "*Gaudeamus*," and an historical novel entitled "*Eckehard*," of which the scene is laid in the tenth century.

MR. SWINBURNE'S long-promised book of prose miscellanies is in the press, and will appear in May. It will be an important addition to the prose literature of our time, consisting of all his literary contributions to the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" (except the articles on Chapman and Marlowe), his monograph on Mary Stuart, his account of Lamb's manuscript notes on Wither, and his criticisms on Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare's sonnets, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Congreve, Prior, Wordsworth, Byron, Landor, Keats, Tennyson, Musset, Emily Brontë, Charles Reade, and others.

HUBERT HERKOMER, the artist, writing recently, paid this hearty tribute to the memory of the late Henry Bradshaw: "You mention in to-day's *Tribune* Henry Bradshaw, of Cambridge, England, as having been the greatest authority on Chaucer in the world. That is so; but that was not all. He was the greatest authority on many other matters of learning—indeed, nobody quite knew the extent of his learning. He showed it only on occasions when it was required. Few men, if any, have given their learning such a human turn. He saw history and the history of books from a human point of view. He was not satisfied mainly to know the old books, but desired to know why they were written and how they were written. His work of thirty years is contained in his note-books, which will astonish the world when they are made public. He never would have put them into form. That would have dragged him out of his old world into a new one that was not so congenial to his scholarly mind. These books are filled with facts, that are as scholarly as they are human, and as original as they are instructive and useful. He was most attractive personally, as gentle as a woman, and had, withal, the strongest possible identity. Firm and forcible in his type of mind, he was ever ready to give up all he had for his friends, who loved him as few men are loved in this world. The world will now find out that a great scholar, who worked for its good (though silently), has passed away, and left us the precious gift of his mind, and in a form that will increase in value as the years go on. He sat down to his books as usual late one night, after having dined with a friend, and was found dead in his chair the next morning. His eyes were closed and his spectacles were on his face."

#### MISCELLANY.

THE RUBY AND SAPPHIRE.—A fine stone of four carats weight is worth from £400 to £450; but above this weight rubies are very rare, and would command fancy prices. Tavernier has given a drawing of one belonging to the Shah of Persia, which weighed one hundred and seventy-five carats; and the Kings of Burmah were said to possess one of the size of a pigeon's egg. The largest ever seen in Europe is that one which Gustavus III. of Sweden presented to the Czarina upon his visit to Russia in 1777. It is of a fine color, and equal in size



to a small hen's egg. The finest rubies are found in the sands of rivers in Ceylon, in Siam, and Burmah, and in several parts of Europe. One of the titles of the King of Burmah was Lord of the Rubies, and he was said to retain for his own use the rarest and finest specimens found in his dominions. The mines of Burmah were rigorously guarded, and no European was allowed to approach them. The ruby, as well as the sapphire, is formed of pure crystallised alumina or corundum; and the two stones are so far identical in composition that the red sapphire is a ruby, and the blue ruby a sapphire. Thus a long crystal has been found, which was red ruby at one end, blue sapphire at the other, and colorless beryl between. The ruby is supposed to be tinted by the peroxide of iron, and the sapphire by the protoxide. The ruby has been most successfully imitated in paste, and garnets backed by a ruby foil are often met with. Crimson spinel is called spinel ruby, and rose-red or pink spinel, balas ruby. This last name is said to be derived from Balastan, the ancient name of Beloochistan. Although many may be deceived by the spinel, the ruby may be readily distinguished by its superior hardness, its specific gravity, and its crystallisation, which is hexagonal, the spinel being octahedral. Historical stones often turn out when examined to be unworthy of their fame; thus the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward the Black Prince by Don Pedro of Castile after the battle of Najara, A.D. 1307, worn in his helmet by Henry V. at Agincourt, and now placed in the Imperial State Crown of England, is a spinel. The monster ruby of Charles the Bold, set in the middle of a golden rose for a pendant, which was captured by the Bernese after his rout at Granson, was found to be false by Jacob Fugger after he had purchased it. The ruby was supposed to be an amulet against poison, plague, sadness, evil thoughts, and wicked spirits; and, most wonderful of all, it warned its wearer of evil by becoming black or obscure. Brahman traditions describe the abode of the gods as lighted by enormous rubies and emeralds. The magical properties of the sapphire are rated as high as those of the ruby. It was sacred to Apollo, and was worn by the inquirer of the oracle at his shrine. During the Middle Ages it continued in high estimation, because it was supposed to prevent evil and impure thoughts, and it was worn by priests on account of its power to preserve the chastity of the wearer. St. Jerome affirmed that it procures favor with princes, pacifies enemies, and

obtains freedom from captivity; but one of the most remarkable properties ascribed to it was the power to kill any venomous reptile that was put into the same glass with it. The "heaven-hued" sapphire is found in all tints and shades of blue. Stones of a deep indigo color are male, and those of a light blue female. Sometimes the latter are termed also water sapphires. These stones, which mostly come from Ceylon and Pegu, are sometimes found of a very large size. In the Mineralogical Department of the British Museum there is a statuette of Buddha, about an inch high, carved out of an entire and perfect sapphire. The largest stone known, which weighs  $132\frac{1}{2}$  carats, is named the "Wooden Spoon Seller," from the occupation of the man who found it in Bengal. It is also called the "Ruspoli," from the name of a former owner. It was bought by Perret, a French jeweller, for 170,000 francs (£6800), and is now in the Musée de Minéralogie, Paris. The sapphire has frequently formed the medium for engraving; thus a superb stone, engraved with the heads of Henri IV. and Marie de Médicis face to face, by Colderé, and dated 1605, is recorded as in a private collection in Paris. An engraved sapphire ring bearing the royal arms of England, which once belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, was sold at the sale of the Duke of Brunswick's collection. Mr. Emanuel tells, in his "Diamonds and Precious Stones," the story of a noble lady who possessed one of the finest known sapphires, but sold it during her lifetime, and replaced it by a skillful imitation, which deceived the jeweller who valued it for probate duty. It was estimated as worth £10,000, and the legatee paid legacy duty on it before he found out the deception. The white sapphire, when cut and polished, has been passed as a diamond.—*Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A., in the "Antiquary."*

ORIGIN OF THE LONDON CHARTERHOUSE.—The city of London would be a worse place to breathe in than it is if three Religious Orders of the Middle Ages had not planted houses near its then western boundary. Within the walls the Franciscans, or Grey Friars, founded the house to which Christ's Hospital has succeeded, and the Cistercians, a branch of the Benedictines, occupied the spot on which now stand St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Not far outside stood the Charterhouse. Within the walls of these brotherhoods must have lain more than thirty acres. The greater part of this area is still open, and it rests with the in-

habitants of London to say whether it shall remain so. A decision cannot long be postponed. An old legend ascribes the foundation of the Carthusian Order to a miraculous message from the dead. A learned doctor of Paris who had died in the odor of sanctity rose from the bier on which he was being borne through the streets to proclaim that he was condemned by the just judgment of God. This woful deliverance deeply moved the devout mind of the future founder of the Charterhouse and drove him to devise the austere rules of the Order as a way of escape from the wrath to come. The miracle is now repudiated by the Church of Rome, and the story of the foundation of the Charterhouse is a nobler one without it. In the eleventh century St. Bruno, a distinguished teacher in the schools of Rheims, was touched by the desire for a solitary and austere life. Abandoning the position he had made by his learning, he set off with a small band of companions to seek the rougher discipline for which he longed. After a visit to Molesmes, where St. Robert was soon to organise the Cistercian branch of the Benedictines, he travelled to Grenoble, where a former pupil was bishop, and begged for the grant of some remote spot in the mountains where he and his companions might organise a monastic life after their minds. St. Hugh, the bishop, had, it is said, dreamed a dream the night before St. Bruno's arrival, in which he had seen a vision of God building Himself a house in one of the neighboring mountain valleys. He hailed St. Bruno's request as the fulfilment of his dream, and showed him the spot where his house should stand. It was "an upland valley in the Alps to the north of Grenoble, more than ten thousand feet above the sea, and only to be reached by threading a gloomy and difficult ravine. High crags surround the valley on all sides, the soil is poor, the cold extreme; snow lies there most of the year, and the air is charged with fog." The name of the valley, La Chartreuse (akin probably to the Kentish term, "chart"), became that of the house; and, as the Order extended, the same name was applied to each new foundation, the first home of the Order being distinguished as La Grande Chartreuse. The spread of the Order was slow, and it was not till nearly a century after its foundation that a Carthusian monastery was established in England. Forty years later a second came into existence, but another century elapsed before further progress was made. In the fourteenth century six houses were founded, and amongst them was the

London Charterhouse. That fearful pestilence, which played so important a part in the social and economic history of England, the Black Death, was the immediate cause of the foundation of the London Charterhouse. London, a maze of densely populated narrow street and high houses, felt the plague severely. The small confined churchyards of the numerous parish churches were quite inadequate to receive the dead, and the Bishop of London, Ralph Stratford, bought a plot of three acres, at a short distance to the north of the city wall, to form a burial-ground for the victims. His example was followed by Sir Walter Manny, who for a like purpose bought from the hospital of St. Bartholomew thirteen acres and a quarter called the Spital Croft. Sir Walter has a good title to fame. His memory is preserved for us not only by the part he took in the foundation of the Charterhouse, but by his pleading with Edward III. for the lives of the Calais burgesses. "Ha, gentle Sire! bridle your wrath; you have the renown and good fame of all gentleness; do not a thing whereby men can speak any villainy of you! If you have no pity, all men will say that you have a heart full of all cruelty, to put these good citizens to death, that of their own will are come to render themselves to you to save the remnant of their people." The same noble spirit which breathed in these words made Sir Walter forward to help the citizens of London in their distress. In the burial-ground formed by the bishop and Manny it is said that fifty thousand bodies were interred. De Northborough had succeeded Stratford in the bishopric; and he and Sir Walter anxiously considered to what purpose they could fitly turn the land. They naturally thought of a religious house; and probably selected the Carthusian Order on account of the austere life it enjoined, and the strictness with which its members adhered to its rule. The ravages of the pestilence had struck men with awe; it was only fitting that a spot which would always be associated with so terrible a visitation should be devoted to high and holy uses. There could be nothing loftier, according to the view of the times, than a life of abstinence spent in solitary contemplation. Neither founder lived to see his work completed. Before long the bishop himself was dead of the plague, having left by his will £2000 (a large sum in those days) toward the founding, building, and finishing of the monastery, to which he also gave his divinity books and vestments, and certain holy vessels. Another ten years

elapsed before the Church was consecrated, and one of the first uses to which it was put, was the reception of the body of Sir Walter Manny. In 1371, on the Thursday following the feast of St. Hilary, the deceased founder was buried in the choir of the church, the king and all the court attending the funeral. In the same year a Royal Charter confirming the monastery in the possession of their lands was granted, and seven years later, in 1378, a Papal Bull endowing the monastery with certain benefices in the gift of Manny was obtained from Pope Urban VI.—*English Illustrated Magazine*.

**THE DIGESTION OF FATS.**—It is a dietetic fact of great importance that the assimilation of suitable quantities of fat is often of extreme benefit to an enfeebled and emaciated patient. From the comparative facility with which fat undergoes metabolism in the body, a notable economy of energy results, and the process may thus be more thoroughly accomplished. But the good results thus hoped for are not unfrequently rendered unattainable, on account of the nausea and gastric disturbance which follows the ingestion of fat or oil; and, even if these symptoms be absent or overcome, the diminished functional activity of the alimentary tract may allow their passage practically unchanged. One of the causes of the indigestibility of fats, especially in the form of oil, is the fact that they are with difficulty rendered amenable to the action of the intestinal juices when given *en masse*. For fats and oils to be efficiently acted upon, they require to be churned into some kind of emulsion, the finer the better; and when they form part of a meal a process of this description takes place. In any case, if the quantity of oil be in excess of the powers of the intestinal juices to saponify or emulsify, absorption cannot, for obvious reasons, take place. The best way to administer oil for medicinal purposes is either as an emulsion or in solution. The finest emulsion, however, obtainable by ordinary means, under the microscope shows oil-globules many times larger than those of milk, and with a strong tendency to coalesce. The form of oil most frequently given therapeutically is probably cod-liver oil, and this has the additional disadvantage of possessing a very unsavory taste and smell, which render its ingurgitation a disagreeable task for adults, and a difficult one with children. Curiously enough, it has recently been discovered by Kepler that this oil is, capable of being taken into solution by an

extract of malt which, if good, will take up a very considerable proportion of the oil, the smell and taste of which it very effectually disguises. Under the microscope no oil-globules are visible, and the field is perfectly clear; the presence of the oil is, however, made evident by allowing a drop of water to run under the slide, when the oil quits the solution in the form of extremely minute globules, the diameter of which is about half that of milk-globules. This, then, is an ideal form of administration of fat. Apart from whatever qualities the extract of malt may have *per se*, the oil is taken in a form which offers every facility for the further changes necessary for its absorption and assimilation. Why the extract of malt should possess this power is not clearly understood. None of its constituents have that property when isolated, and, moreover, every extract does not possess it to the same extent. The amount of oil which will enter into solution is directly proportioned to the care taken in its manufacture and in the integrity of its active constituents.—*British Medical Journal*.

**ANECDOTE OF WEDGWOOD.**—His perseverance—one of Wedgwood's strongest characteristics—receives illustration by an incident in connection with the production of the famous Portland vases. It affords one of the glimpses into the inner nature of the man which reveals its force more than could be told in volumes. The task of imitating the Portland vases in the form of jasper ware was no easy one, and in undertaking it no one knew better than Wedgwood how much depended on the issue. The vases were moulded time after time, but as often, when submitted to the crucial test of firing, they were drawn from the oven in an unsatisfactory state. Again and again the vases were formed in plastic clay, with irreproachable symmetry. Either the fire was unkind, or the materials were faulty, but for six months there were persistent and disheartening failures. At the end of this time, one of the workmen, after further proof of non-success, addressed Wedgwood in despair, "Master, we have drawn the oven again, and we haven't got a single good vase." Wedgwood's reply was characteristically homely and terse: "Well, you have had your wages, haven't you? Go on." The trials did proceed, and shortly after the celebrated vases, the admiration of connoisseurs, were produced, with a fidelity to the original which until the result was obtained was thought to be impossible.—*Great Industries of Great Britain*. ✓









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